

Gilda sighed to herself as she looked across the empty front of her bakery. Though her pastries were popular with the local townsfolk, this time of day always left the place a ghost town. The gryphon stood at the counter, her slightly plump form supported well by the backs of the various displays for her different items. Cakes, pies, and the crowd favorite, scones, lined the cases.

She eyed the clock, waiting impatiently for the time when the earliest ending shifts would come to an end, supplying the shop with commuters drawn in by the intoxicating aroma of her sweets. She looked the room up and down again, each time passing by her delicious looking scones. Each time, her attention was held a bit longer by the treats. After about five looks across the room and back, she had locked onto the delectable looking sweets in front of her. She breathed in deeply, almost able to replicate the feeling of eating them from their scent alone.

A series of thoughts began to pass through her mind: ‘Those are for the customers!’ ‘Those look so good.’ ‘What will they care about one scone?’ ‘Everyone loves them so much.’ ‘How long has it been since you treated yourself to one?’ She glanced at the clock again, still well over two hours before most would be getting off of work for the day. Her eyes darted back to the counter, where she had placed an entire platter of scones, seemingly entirely subconsciously. Slowly, she grabbed one and brought it to her beak.

The burst of flavor was immediate, flooding her mouth with a feeling of bliss. Without thinking, she ate the rest of it in one bite and immediately grabbed for another. She ate the second just as quickly, reaching again and again for more of the delicious treats. As she did so, her relatively slim form began to melt away. The constant stream of scones caused her stomach to develop a new roll of flab. Her hips and butt widened upon being introduced to the new body mass piling onto her figure.

However, too soon Gilda found her claw reaching for more and hitting nothing but an empty platter. Her stomach growled in protest to the denial of more scones, causing her to reach down in an attempt to calm it. Upon doing so, she felt all of the fat that had been added onto her after just one plate of her scones. She groped and squeezed at herself, appreciating her handiwork, before she suddenly stopped and thought for a moment. After about a minute, a devious grin spread across her face. She quickly bounded over to the entrance to the shop, turning the sign to saying that she was closed for the day, though her work had only just begun.

Late that night, in what was once Gilda’s living room, now was a giant metal contraption with all sorts of different conveyor belts sending ingredients and other such things all about a series of mixers, ovens, and other such machines. She stepped back from her now completed metallic monstrosity, a light sweat coating her after her long day’s work. To the average eye, there seemed to be no purpose to the insanely twisted metal pieces, but Gilda understood the true magnitude of what she had created: a fully automated scone machine. Each delicious finished project being sent on a simple belt leading directly to her.

She positioned herself in front of the machine and pressed a meager looking button to her side. Immediately, a great sound of whirring and clanking erupted from the machines as they set to work producing treats for their creator. Gilda waited for a minute, her eyes closed and mouth

positioned open, until eventually the first scone arrived. The feeling was indescribable as the endless stream of scones fell into her waiting maw. She happily munched away, savoring the flavor of each scone for a brief moment before swallowing and preparing for the next. She, much like the machine, had developed an efficiency regarding the pastries.

This efficiency quickly showed as Gilda's body began to swell with more and more fat. Her belly quickly developed from a few rolls of fat to a great pile of them. It swelled and sagged and, for some time, resembled a sort of apron that sprawled out in front of her. Her butt grew just as fast, creating a pair of cushions that adorned the gryphon's backside.

Her legs also saw growth. They swelled up from their meager proportions that they had started as to what looked like logs of fat. They grew and pushed each other apart, causing Gilda to widen her stance as she went on consuming more of her own delicious treats.

She continued to grow at this alarming rate, her backside quickly overtaking her belly in terms of growth. It swelled back as well as wide, creating an incredibly lopsided distribution of weight between her back and front. This unbalance took its toll, causing the gryphon to fall back onto her giant blob of a butt. She cared little, though, as it provided her with an excellent cushion to sit upon while eating her scones.

As she kept devouring the scones placed in front of her, even her face saw growth. Her cheeks swelled up considerably. Her chin grew many new versions of itself, quickly numbering itself at five, all layered and squishing against the fat of the others.

Her belly wasn't excluded from this onslaught of fat, either. It continued to fill out, completely hiding her legs from view. As she continued to eat on and on, it continued to bloat out forwards, squishing against parts of the machine still clamorously working to produce pastries.

Even as all of this was happening, Gilda felt none of it. None of the fullness of her stomach, or the cold floor pressing against her rear, or her massive gut pressuring the machinery. Her mind was entirely focused on one thing: food. She mindlessly gobbled away all of the delectable foods sent along the conveyor belt into her mouth, relishing in the state of scone induced bliss she had fallen into. As each pastry fell into her maw, she felt another incredible rush of flavor wash over her tongue, each somehow tasting better than the last. She had begun to moan softly between scones, the immense pleasure she was feeling being impossible to keep in.

And much like the pleasure, her body was also impossible to keep in. It continued to expand out on all fronts, her ass swelling further, creating a great mound of flesh and fat that piled up into a mound behind her body. Her chins now easily numbered nine, and jiggled intensely with each scone that she consumed.

Her belly continued to press further out, placing even more pressure on the great mechanical behemoth as her fat squished its way around its supports, applying its weight to that of the already heavy machinery that it had to support as well. As she grew, a loud creaking sounded out through the room. Metal beams bent under the intense weight of the blobby gryphon, making it quite clear that they wouldn't be able to hold on for much longer.

Eventually, as her body came close to filling the entirety of the room, there was the sound of a small snapping. Then, the snapping grew into a series of crashes and clashes as the various parts of the machine fell apart, bouncing off of her massive rolls of fat as they collapsed onto the floor.

It was only then that Gilda noticed what had been going on, the sudden lack of scones in her mouth bringing her out of her gluttonous trance. She looked over herself, seeing nothing but incredible piles of gryphon in each direction. She tried to move her limbs, finding them herself to be entirely immobilized by the immense layers of fat that covered her entire body.

Gilda's stomach rumbled greatly, a great pressure being felt from within her. It grew in strength and volume for a moment before a loud, prolonged belch escaped her beak.

A smile stretched across her bloated face. "Now *that!*" she declared to herself, "Was a good start!" she finished, giggling to herself in eager anticipation at the mere thought of making herself bigger, which she undoubtedly would. . .