

Getting that Bread

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A Patreon Poll Story

A novice mage and baker learns the hazards of his new jobs when he accidentally exposes himself to a dough potion and leavening formula. How will they interact with each other, and what can his mentor do to stop it?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Male Ferret, an Intersex Tanuki, Alchemical Mixtures, OSHA Violations, Dough transformation, Inflation/Rising, Self-Baking, Weight Gain, Hip and Belly Growth, I/M Sex, Cum Inflation, Hyper Cock and Ball Growth

The sweet scents of cinnamon and sugar saturated the air, lending the vast kitchen an unexpected intimacy. The floral wallpaper and wooden cabinets made the space all the more personal, though a few key features soured the image. Vast steel vats and secure containers hid amongst the quaint cutlery and well-worn tools, hinting at the space's underlying, innovative nature. Glowing flasks and beakers bubbled with impending discovery, bathing their nooks and crannies with arcane light. Faint runes and sigils pulsed at key points on the floor, designed to ground ambient energies and preserve the purities of the bubbling brews. Elda explained all that and more as she guided her recently hired apprentice through her wing of the bakery, bringing the ferret up to speed and preparing him to work. Deigio nodded and took notes as quickly as his nimble fingers allowed, eager and willing to follow in the tanuki's footsteps metaphorically and literally. The comparatively diminutive apprentice dared not leave her expansive shadow while he committed her words to paper, looking up only occasionally to match her pace. A grin crossed the baker's snout as she stopped abruptly, anticipating the moment he'd bounce against her backside. To her mild surprise, that moment never came, but the heat in his muzzle implied he only avoided it by a few hairs.

"You seem like a sharp young lad," she grinned. "I think you'll do just fine as long as you keep your head~" The tanuki reached down and ruffled his hair, kindling an off-guard blush. "Do you have any questions about what I've showed you?"

Deigio's eyes glazed as he struggled to find a starting point to his inquisitive maelstrom. Only recently initiated to the world of magic, he knew nothing of anything in that room.

The tanuki tilted her head. "You don't know where to start, do you," she laughed. "There's no shame in ignorance though, unless you try to hang onto it. Would you like me to start with what I've been working on?"

Deigio absently nodded.

"Wonderful~ This way please."

The tanuki woman waved Deigio on with a flick of her tail and a bump of her hips, easily enticing him to follow. A faint heat kindled in his face as he returned to her wake and delved deeper into her domain, passing innumerable arcane appliances, both small and large. His gaze bounced between her swaying rear, the enchanted tools and mixers to one of his sides, and the wall of ovens at the other, unable to remain fixed for long. Glowing heat warmed his face as he peered into metal boxes, and his brow furrowed with their mysteries. At a glance, the pastries within appeared ordinary, little gobs of dough rising in the warmth, though he learned better after a few seconds of observation. Movement stirred across the pans and tins before his eyes, which only widened further as the pastries animated. They gathered in vaguely humanoid forms and peeled each other from the metal mats, then frolicked without care as they baked and browned. A soft chuckle from his mentor snapped his gaze back to her substantial hips, where he struggled to focus without staring. Purposefully or otherwise, Elda did little to help, catching his attention on the tip of her tail and sweeping it

to the rest of her curves. The ferret couldn't ignore the similarity between her rich brown pelt and toasted bread, and the observation of her doughiness naturally followed. He almost learned the accuracy of his assessment when she abruptly stopped once again, setting him stumbling within an inch of her soft frame. While he recovered, she silently cursed his reflexes.

Elda nearly smacked him with her belly as she spun on her heel and directed his attention to a cluster of vats. Aside from the faintly glowing and softly bubbling liquid within, they appeared completely ordinary. "This is the first experimnt I've had move onto production in a little while," she admitted. "Most of the others were too niche or impractical to be catch on."

The ferret arched his brow. "How often do your projects get rejected?"

"More often than not, but it's hardly the end of the world. It just means we get to keep the recipe for ourselves." She grinned and patted her stomach. "But this batch is different. It's more of an ingredient, and it's designed to bake and leaven bread without an oven or flower. You can bake just about anywhere with it~"

Deigio's questions continued. "Is that practical?"

The tanuki arched her brow. "Are you sure this is the right job for you," she chuckled. "It's *extremely* practical. It's faster and more efferent than an oven. There's talk of switching all our new facilities over to it if it does well in large scale testing."

The apprentice whistled. "That's pretty impressive. Is it safe?"

"As long as you're not dough," Elda grinned. "It might cause a little swelling if you bathe in it, but nothing major or permanent."

"Huh. How does it work?"

The tanuki paused and considered the best way to answer. "The theory is a little complicated, especially for a novice, so I think it'll be easier to just show you." The baker pulled a ladle from the side of a vat and poured the luminescent fluid in a small glass. "I don't think I have any dough prepared right now," she trailed off. "Could you do me a favor? I've got another experiment simmering just down the end of this hall. Could you fetch that for me? It's a purple solution in a glass jar."

The ferret nodded with a degree of hesitation, then set off on his first assignment.

Elda licked her lips as he dashed away, admiring his figure until he disappeared around a corner. Oblivious to her appraisal, Deigio navigated the depths of the magical bakery and found her prototype lab with ease. His pace ground to a stop as he crossed its threshold, stunned by the sights and scents of the cozy space. A blend of arcane spices and sweets

danced around his snout, clouding his focus and waking his stomach. An idle paw rubbed his middle's subtle swell as he surveyed the room for his target, searching high and low. Despite his desire to accomplish his mission, his mind wandered, called by his mentor's enticing experiments. Complex diagrams of spells and processes covered the walls, connected by strings of revision and pulsing with potential. Several apparently failed treats littered her desks, tempting and tantalizing him with perfectly delicious scents. His mouth watered as he plucked one from the table and poured over its surface, checking for any obvious shortcomings. The desire to pop it into his mouth rose with his assessment and truly tested his self-restraint, though by the skin of his teeth, he proved himself a worthy apprentice and returned it. His stomach grumbled with discontent as he returned to his task, eventually finding the concoction in question. The jar fit neatly between his palms, and he cradled it as if it were his own life's work as he departed with haste.

The tanuki's ears twitched at the sound of his footfalls, and her heart skipped a beat when she spotted a threat in his path. A quick warning began to cross her tongue, but by the time it formed, she was too late. Deigio's heel slipped on a puddle of leaked potion, stealing his balance away in an abrupt acrobatic display. His feet swung above his head and his world inverted, and gravity swiftly slammed him to the floor. A wheezing cough sputtered from his chest with the graceless landing, mostly masked by the crash of shattering glass. The ferret groaned and groped his chest, and to his relief, found not even a scratch from the jagged container. The shock in his eyes faded as his breath returned, and a fierce tingling spread across his front as the freed experiment seeped into his pelt. A similar sensation spread across his back as she scrabbled in the puddled leavener, though it fell from his thoughts as a soreness suffused his body. Elda pulled him to his feet once her own surprise dissipated, and she plucked a rag from her apron to wipe the fluid from his pelt. The arcane liquid soaked through his clothing with ease however, and once settled, proved impossible to scrub away. Still, the ferret appreciated the gesture.

"I am so sorry," the tanuki sighed. "Our housekeeping has been short staffed for ages. Can't seem to keep anyone new around."

The apprentice sputtered and reclaimed the last of his breath. "No, its my fault," he muttered. "I shouldn't have ran."

Elda shrugged. "Fair enough I suppose, if you just want to call it even. "I think I have some clothes that'll fit you in one of my cabinets if you want to change. We can't have you working in those all day."

"Because it's a safety issue?"

"That, and you're covered in my experiment. We can't have that leaving here."

The ferret nodded and pulled his shirt over his head, exposing his modest chest and slight belly. Elda's gaze filled with approval, and a blush kindled in his cheeks.

"No need to be modest darling, it's nothing I haven't seen before. But I need you to take your pants off too. I need to see how much you've absorbed."

Deigio hesitated and his cheeks ignited, but once she ensured she was serious, he complied. He wiggled his hips free of his waistband and let the garment pool around his ankles, then resisted the urge to cover himself.

Elda arched her brow with interest, some carnal some academic, and drank in the details of his figure. She poked and prodded nearly every inch of his figure, playing particularly close attention to his hips and rear, and to her mixed motives, found nothing out of the ordinary. The ferret watched with growing concern as her appraisal traced his belly and chest, which she examined with equal rigor. Each poke produced a ticklish squirm in her apprentice, softly bouncing the few rolls he had. Heat kindled in his cheeks when she placed both hands on his paunch and squeezed, testing the consistency of his flab. She groped and kneaded her way up to his chest, until she found a detail that caught her attention. Her fingers sank into his doughy breasts farther than his frame should have allowed, raising a vague sense of alarm between them. The tanuki indulged in a few more seconds of massaging and testing before withdrawing, sending a wobbling ripple through his figure. Elda rubbed her chin in thought, until realization flashed across her face. The ferret waited for an explanation with waning patience, until she grabbed him by the love handles and turned him around. Deigio's tail frizzed when she cupped his rear with both hands, then shamelessly groped his globes and examined his pelt.

The ferret's arousal undercut his glare when he silently demanded an answer, though his figure spoke up before his mentor. A soft brown hue overtook the two-tone pattering of his back, smoothing his pelt down in an almost featureless surface. A tingle raced up his spine when the tanuki dragged her finger up the ridge of his spine, guiding his doughy transformation toward his neck. Soft groans of unexpected bliss escaped his chest while Elda rubbed and kneaded the spreading patch, gathering data and entertaining herself. A faint, persistent swelling confirmed her suspicions, and she withdrew her fingers and wiped them clean. Deigio's concern swelled when she spun him back around and found more signs of growth. His hips filled more space between her palms, and the tiny gap between his thighs closed completely. His paunch wobbled over his waistband and bounced over his crotch, and a modest pair of doughy breasts rested on the curve of his gut. A glistening sheen overtook his soft fluff, eliminating any doubt of her mixture's impact. Worry and panic arched the ferret's brow, prompting the tanuki to give her diagnosis.

"Well, I have good news and not so good news," she began. "The good news is you'll be fine. Probably. If these were detrimental to your health, we'd have seen it already."

Deigio let out a breath he didn't realize he was holding. "That's fantastic," he stammered. "What's the not so great news?"

"They were never meant to be used at the same time," she admitted. "There's no telling what's going to happen."

A wash of mixed emotions stunned the half-baked ferret. "Wow. I was kind of hoping I could make it at least a day before I made myself a test subject."

"It's a higher honor than you think," Elda smiled. "But we can discuss the logistics later. For now. Lets get you to one of the test room, where you don't have to worry about making a mess."

"That, uhh, sounds like a good idea?"

"It is. We should go while you can still move."

Her remark caught Deigio off guard, though he fell into her wake once he recovered. Within his first few steps, he discovered what she meant. His hips wobbled a little more with every footstep, rippling with the slow rise of his dough. His rhythm faltered as his thighs squished together, battling for rapidly diminishing space. The curve of his belly drooped toward his knees, eclipsing the last of his clothing. The ferret's pace slowed yet more when his growth reached his rear, straining his underwear and sinking it between his cheeks. A blush kindled in his face each time his swollen rear and love-handles grazed a counter or bumped an appliance, and his trail of modest destruction grew by the second. Elda pressed on, oblivious to his lagging progress, until he finally met his match and called out for help. The confusion in her eyes turned to mirth when she found him wedged between two islands, pinned by his increasingly bottom heavy silhouette. She fought down the instinct to playfully tease him, then walked around behind him and planted her hands on his rear.

The tanuki noted the firmness of his ass, and the reason for the change became evident as she explored. The light tan of his doughy hide darkened as she shoved him free with glacial speed, rising and firming beneath her fingers. A delicious golden-brown texture swept over his back as he rose and baked on his own, solidifying his wobbling figure. The pressure on his hips lessened as the leavener expended itself, lightening the kitchen's grip on his figure. Deigio popped free and stumbled forward with sudden freedom, and Elda grinned at the results of her effort. A pair of light lines adorned his hips where the counters had pinned him, and a pair of paw prints graced his ass where she had pushed him. Elda bit back her snickers and helped him up, then dragged him through the rest of her kitchen. Avoiding particularly narrow paths, they reached the opposite end of the room without issue and stood before an imposing set of perfectly sterile doors.

They opened at Elda's command, and the pair stepped through to a flawlessly empty chamber. A soft glow enveloped her wrist, and a double-wide chair rose from the center of the floor. Deigio took a single step forward, before his mentor stopped him and took the seat instead. "I have an idea of what's going on. I need to run a test to be sure, but it's a little... unorthodox."

The ferret wondered what could possibly be unorthodox compared to what happened to

that point, and before he could ask, his mentor gave an answer.

The tanuki pushed her apron to the side, revealing her lack of clothing beneath. Her plush belly spilled across her lap once freed and sent a gentle wobble through her figure, up through her soft breasts and down to her substantial sac. The pair of yoga balls bowed her legs and battled for space between them, inspiring him to wonder how she concealed such virility. The ferret dwelt on that question as she spread her flabby thighs, giving her spire space to emerge from its sheath and throb to its full length. It bucked and bounced with enough force to wobble her middle, gradually growing until its leaking tip reached beyond her knees. A shiver of arousal ran up her spine and a pump of pre spattered across the floor when she grabbed it and propped it upright, squishing it to the fluff of her belly. Deigio watched with equal parts intimidation and lust while she gingerly rubbed its underside, stoking her desires and enticing her apprentice to join her. Her hips rolled while he seemingly considered his options, until she broke the silence between them.

"I need to figure out which formulas are still active in you," she huffed, "and I don't have any test materials ready. I can't ask you to do this as your mentor, but off the record, can you indulge me?"

Perhaps it was a side effect of the potions and mixtures, or maybe a realization of how attractive he found the plush tanuki, but for whatever reason, he accepted her invitation with minimal hesitation.

Elda grinned broadly and patted her lap, and the ferret claimed the offered seat. She grabbed his broad hips the instant he backed into her reach, dragging him onto her thighs with eager and needy strength. A soft sound of surprise tumbled from his muzzle, and she eagerly wrapped her arms around him and squeezed his stomach. Her thick member throbbed between his cheeks and pulsed against his back, slathering pre across the toned and browned surface. The ferret's arousal built to match the tanuki's in response, unable to resist her kneading assault on his literally doughy curves. He reveled in the new sensations, rolling his head back with a submissive groan as his cock throbbed into his soft overhang. spurts of lust coated the underside of his belly as his hips subtly bucked and rolled, driving him to grind his hips against his partner's. A soft growl resonated in Elda's chest when she dug her fingers into his love-handles, etching marks of ownership into his breeding and sending lances of pleasure up his spine. She nibbled on his neck when he shivered and tossed his head back, betraying her waning patience with predatory growl. They agreed it was time to move forward when Deigio repositioned, dismounting to spread his rear and align his entrance with her spire. The baker teased his needy ring with her tip and coated it with her need, relentlessly teasing him until he could take no more.

Deigio's breath caught in his throat when he began his descent, squeezing her leaking tip through his entrance. His twitching ring spread around her with practiced ease, and a low groan resonated in his chest as she prodded his prostate. The tanuki groped his love-handles and resisted the urge to hilt him then and there, and instead met him at his own pace. Her hips rolled up to spur him, and speed their union, but despite her efforts, failed to

coax him passed a languid pace. Her needs and lust outpaced her patience and restraint while he paused at her midpoint to adjust, and she took control just as he resumed his descent. Elda lightly raked her fingers across his plush middle and set her grip, then braced and pulled him to her lap. A surprised shriek rang through the chamber as their thighs slapped together in a single, swift thrust, and his middle subtly bulged with her towering need. Tears welled in the corners of his eyes while his anatomy compensated for her size, overwriting discomfort with pleasure and melting soreness into bliss. The ferret wiggled his hips as much as their embrace allowed, and a bolt of pleasure seared his nerves when a ripple ran from her base to his core. A shot of his pre splattered across the floor, sparking a pulsing feedback loop between them. Her arms squished deep into his rolls as she reached beneath his overhang, then wrapped her fingers around his spire. Her length outclassed his several times over, though that was the farthest thought in her mind as she stroked him off. Slick arousal coated her hand and thickened with every pump, until he leaked like a faucet and squirmed in her lap. The Elda's hips rocked in time with his as they gathered momentum, establishing a rhythm that propelled them toward climax.

Despite their mounting needs, the baker and her apprentice never advanced beyond a casual pace. Elda's lusts and curiosities battled with each clap of their hips, torn between throwing restraint to the wind and documenting her findings. Her hands roamed the jiggling swells and bumps of his belly, particularly the one created by her cock, searching for changes in his consistency and his sweet spots. A playful grin spread across her snout when she found one in his navel, and she promptly explored her lewd discovery. Deigio jumped and shamelessly groaned when she sank a finger into his belly button, shorting his nerves with a burst of pleasure. Under normal circumstances, her arousing assault would have would put him in convulsions of pleasure, but mixed with the sensations of his new form, it took everything he had to not melt in her embrace. Each thrust of her cock ground against his prostate and plunged into his doughy anatomy, lighting every nerve ending along the way with bliss. His own length bounced and plapped the underside of his belly, which grew and enveloped his member more by the second. In the back of his mind, he noted the faint tingling of absorption in his core and the lack of sloshing, though an abrupt rush of heat derailed his train of thought. His insides lit with carnal fire as Elda's spire pulsed and throbbed with climax, and his head rolled back in rapturous bliss as she unleashed the full extent of her virility.

The first of Elda's volley pounded the inside of the ferret's belly like a drum, stretching his hide before it snapped and wobbled back in place. The second and third lost their impacts to the growing reservoir in his stomach, and by the fourth, his stomach swelled and sagged between his thighs. Deigio explored his growing dome with equal parts wonder and lust, impressed and aroused his form could take the tanuki's need. His own cock pulsed against the growing apron of his belly, grinding into its softness and pushing him over the edge. Every muscle in his body contracted and convulsed in unison while he painted the underside of his gut, creating a lustful mess that lazily dripped to the floor. A few droplets of the tanuki's output joined, though the vast majority stayed firmly in his flexing depths. The warmth in the ferret's core deepened as his middle's expansion tapered off, though only because of the dough leeching into his limbs. His thighs thickened further and his rear

swelled with excess mass, squishing around and over his partner's lap with ease. Curtains of doughy fat built upon his arms and swayed with every tiny movement, and funneled his expanding breasts along the curve of his belly. Elda's orgasm tapered to completion just as his silhouette eclipsed hers, concealing her behind a wall of delicious tan pastry dough. The ferret flopped back into her chest and basked in the results of their lust, gently running his fingers over his wobbling curves and sloshing his assets. A content sigh tumbled from his muzzle, and his mentor echoed the sentiment.

"I know I'm suppose to be impartial and scientific and such, but thank you," Elda laughed. "You might have stumbled on an extremely important discovery, on top of making my day."

It took the ferret a moment to recover and reclaim his thoughts, though they returned all at once. "Speaking of that, what do you think's going on?"

"That depends on what's still going on in your belly." She rubbed and patted his middle for emphasis. "If the leavening mixture and dough formula balanced out, you should be stable. If not, you might bake through fully, or you might keep making more dough."

"That seems kinda simple, doesn't it?"

"Hardly," she laughed. "If there were any impurities in either of those potions, there's no telling what might have happened. So you can thank me for being the best at what I do."

The ferret blinked. "Thanks, but you really should try to keep more cleaners around."

"Easier said than done when they end up so delicious."

The apprentice opened his mouth to question her comment, but a deep rumbling from his middle derailed his train of thought.

Their gazes fell to his belly as it trembled and gurgled, rippling and wobbling with an unexpected process. The fluid weight in his middle reduced and condensed, gathering into a dense mass in the pit of his stomach. The tanuki's academic side stirred as her partner squirmed and wriggled in her lap, struggling to cope with the rush of odd sensations. His gut shank while his hips widened, altering to accommodate the grand growth of his sac. A needy whine filtered through his teeth as his sensitive hide stretched taught, and a building pressure and pleasure gathered in his core. His inner reaches throbbed and pulsed in disorganized contractions, until a hard clench synchronized his muscles and drained the contents of his middle into his sac. Every fiber of the ferret's being tensed and pulsed with the rapturous process, stealing away his voice and control. The tanuki kept him in her lap and watched him writhe in bliss, piecing together the details of his inner workings. Her hypothesis came together as she reached down and rubbed his filling balls, subtly squishing their tight curvature under her fingers. Roiling currents swirled beneath his sensitive surface and tickled her palms, only stopping once his swollen belly reduced to a generous paunch. Discomfort blended with bliss as Elda's ministrations drifted to his shaft,

where she traced its throbbing length to its leaking tip. She gathered a sample of his lust on the tip of a blunted claw, then brought it to her muzzle and sampled its flavor.

A moan of delight filled her chest, and once finished dwelling on his flavor, licked her finger clean. "Today's your lucky day Deigio," she grinned. "I've decided to end your internship and sign you on full time."

Of everything to happen, that decision shocked him the most. "Wait, why," he stammered. "I mean, I'm not turning you down, it's just... unexpected."

She quelled his concerns by gathering up another pearl of his lust and pushing it between his lips. "Taste that glaze? You're a living pastry factory now and the possibilities are endless! Your role around here is going to be a little more research oriented, but I'd love for you to stick around." She pumped her hips and coaxed out a blissful groan.

"You don't have to try that hard to convince me," he chuckled. "I'm curious about the other benefits though."

Elda playfully slapped the side of his belly. "My benefits aren't enough," she teased.

A moment of awkward silence hung between them, until she broke it with a laugh.

"We can talk those when I'm not a few feet deep into you. For now, I want to take a few more notes and set up another experiment. I'm curious if different people will make you produce a different flavor..."

Deigio's cheeks flushed with heat. "I guess I'm good for another round if you have someone else ready to go."

"Oh my sweet apprentice, there are going to be several more rounds. We need a big sample size to make sure our data is good," she grinned.

The ferret's expression fell and he nearly fainted at the notion. "How many more people are gonna fill me up?!"

"None, if you don't want to. These types of trials are totally voluntary, and I'll be happy to arrange alternatives. But because of the nature of your condition, there's no way to do this without getting a little lewd."

Deigio ignored his increasingly pent up balls and considered his options. His cock swelled as he attempted to find faults in the offer, but his leaking need betrayed the fact he found none. "Alright, I'm on board."

"Great," Elda beamed. "I'm gonna need you to cum all that out before the next experiment, so while you work on that, I'll fill out some paperwork and get you your novice robes and

apron. Don't worry about making a mess in here, this room is designed for it." With that, his mentor departed and granted him a degree of privacy.

The ferret let out a sigh. It was only the first day of his job, and he'd already managed to turn himself into a half-bread magical sex disaster. He could only image what the next day had in store.