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Contains: Weight Gain, Dark Themes

Mia's Bakery Job

In the industrial kitchen of an ordinary bakery, a young woman was mixing dough. Surrounded by stainless steel counters and appliances, Mia hummed to herself as she worked. With long black hair tied up and collected in a net to

keep it from dropping into the ingredients, Mia measured flour and sugar into a large bowl. The bakery was quiet, and outside it was dark. It was Mia's first day, and she was enjoying the solitude.

Mia was a pretty girl, early 20's. Some friends told her she could have easily pulled off a 'goth' aesthetic, with her dark hair and pale skin. But Mia preferred not to draw that much attention to herself. Even positive attention. Mia weighed out the dough and portioned it into containers for later use. Mia was not a baker – her job was to do ingredient prep while the bakery was closed, so that her boss, Bill, could focus on baking and selling during the day.

A large plastic container on the corner held Bill's secret ingredient. It was some kind of dough, that much was obvious, but Mia had no idea what it could be. About halfway through her third hour of kneading doughs and mixing frostings, Mia's curiosity got the better of her, and she pulled up on the corner of the container's lid. It smelled like baking dough, though somehow *more*.

Mia knew she shouldn't, but she couldn't resist poking a gloved finger into that dough. Bringing a small morsel of it to her pale pink lips, Mia popped her finger into her mouth and sucked it clean. The dough was heavenly. It was like the best raw cookie dough she'd ever tasted. Stealing another finger-full of the special dough, Mia said to herself,

“Bill must add this to the cookies and stuff he makes.”

Over the next half hour, Mia stole a few more tastes of the dough while she worked. She fell into a kind of zone or trance where the work became mindless and 'zen,' and then the room went dark.

Waking with the sun, Mia found herself seated behind the wheel of her car.

“I guess the night shift is more tiring than I thought.”

Moving to start her car, Mia noticed something... off. As she glanced down to press the starter button on her car, she saw her legs beneath the steering wheel.

“What the hell?”

Mia was wearing black leggings. Simple and stretchy and perfect for the first day of a new job where she wasn't going to be seen by anyone. But those leggings now contained a lot more leg than they used to. Mia kept her shock under control with some effort and drove herself home.

When she arrived, Mia went straight to the bathroom to inspect herself in the mirror. Her legs were huge. Each thigh was as big around as her waist. Her hips spread several inches wider than her shoulders. When Mia turned to see its reflection, she found that even her ass plumped up beyond good squishy handfuls to a full-on bubble butt.

"Well that's something, I guess."

Mia wasn't vain, but was always a little embarrassed by her large but flat booty, so that was a welcome change. The rest of her transformation baffled her though. As she stared at the changes in her reflection, Mia suppressed a jaw-cracking yawn.

"Maybe I need another nap, I'll have to figure this out later."

Mia shed her clothes and passed out as soon as her head hit the pillow. When she woke again it was less than an hour before her shift. The sky was already growing dark and Mia was ravenous.

"I'll have to grab some breakfast... dinner? Whatever..."

Mia stopped for fast food on her drive to work and got an extra large combo, even though she usually was fine with a value menu sandwich and water. Without thinking she ordered the small feast and wolfed it down before she even got to the bakery.

Mia's second day of work wasn't quite as serene as the first. She started remembering all the slightly off things Bill said during her orientation. Trying her best to focus on her work and not be too creeped out by the empty shop, Mia couldn't help herself from sampling even more of Bill's secret dough while she worked. The container was twice the size of the one from last night, but Mia didn't notice the change.

Again, after a couple hours, Mia passed out. And again, she woke up in her car as dawn broke.

“Wha– again?”

Mia looked down to examine her body where she sat and was shocked. The tops of her thighs brushed the steering wheel. If she’d gained 30 pounds last night, Mia estimated that she gained another 40 tonight. Her hips were wider than the car seat, and though she couldn’t see it, she could tell her butt was larger because her head was much closer to the roof of her car.

Mia took some deep breaths to keep from panicking, started her car and began driving home. As she ran through the last two days in her mind, trying to spot any oddities, Mia found herself in line at a fast food drive thru. She’d done it automatically, all her conscious thoughts were focussed on the changes to her body.

“Can I have a breakfast combo 3 and 5 please?”

As the heavy bag was handed to her, Mia didn’t even consider the fact that she’d just ordered more than a full day’s worth of calories just for breakfast. The bag was empty before she got home.

Mia tried researching her condition online, but within minutes was struggling to keep her eyes open. She went to bed again, and woke up only once around midday. She made two full boxes of mac and cheese, wolfed them down, then went back to sleep. Once more she woke with just enough time to make it to her shift.

Mia stopped for her pre-work dinner again, ordering three extra large combos without a second thought. She inhaled every scrap of fried chicken and every potato wedge. The last drops of sweet tea went down her throat as she was pulling up to the bakery.

Just like the previous nights, Mia went about her work. It was a little more difficult with her newly enlarged lower body. Her wide hips caught on doorways to the pantry or the walk-in cooler. Her big shelf of an ass kept bumping into

tables and making her knock thing to the floor. Just like the previous two nights, she passed out after a few hours.

This time when Mia woke she was not in her car. Examining her body she was pretty sure she wouldn't have *fit* in her car. To call her pear shaped would have been an understatement the size of her gigantic ass. Mia's hips were nearly four feet across, her thighs like the trunks of oaks. And she was strapped to a table.

"Just three days Mia... that's a new record."

Bill stood near Mia's bound feet wearing his chef's apron, holding a plastic container. Mia could already smell the secret recipe dough. Bill ran a hand along one of Mia's immense thighs, arousal plain on his face.

"I left off the sleeping powder from this batch, so you'll be able to feel it working..."

Bill held a spoonful of dough near Mia's mouth. A tiny voice in her mind said she should definitely not eat it.

Mia opened her mouth.

The dough was even more tasty than her previous indulgences. Mia lightly chomped the sinfully soft dough before gulping it down. She knew she should resist, struggle against her bonds— after all this whole situation was absurd. But she couldn't help herself.

Mia's appetite had always been formidable. In school she'd been a runner, and her frequent high intensity workouts and track meets were more than enough to keep her relatively thin and fit. Of course, runners usually developed a certain physique, and Mia was no exception. As she swallowed mouthful after mouthful of sugary, sticky dough, Mia could almost feel her bottom half swelling even larger.

Mia's muscular runner's legs softened into solid pillars in the few years since graduation. Yet in the past three days they'd tripled in size to go beyond thunder or tree trunk metaphors and into the realm of the ridiculous. Each

massive flabby cone weighed almost as much as Mia's entire body weighed last week, and they were steadily growing heavier.

Mia felt her pelvis rising from the inclined metal table as her gargantuan ass cheeks swelled bigger and bigger. But every time Bill put the spoon near her lips, Mia opened her mouth obediently to greedily swallow it down again and again.

Eventually the plastic container ran empty. Mia was falling asleep even without the help of Bill's sleeping powder. When he unbuckled the straps holding her to the table, Mia staggered forward a few steps like a toddler learning to walk.

"-uuugh- I need to go home..."

"Are you sure about that, Mia? I don't think you'll be able to fit this thing behind the wheel of your little car."

Bill ran two large muscular hands over the twin baby seals of Mia's massive heinie. She was too gluttoned and cowed to even voice a word of protest.

"Will you -hic- drive me home please, Bill?"

Bill squeezed Mia's ass cheeks one more time, then leaned his head over her shoulder.

"Only if you promise to come back to 'work' tomorrow..."

"Alright, I -urp- I promise."

Bill helped Mia into the backseat of the bakery van. There were no seats, so she sat on the floor. Her hips nearly touched both sides of the vehicle as she propped her upper half up with her relatively narrow arms and stretched the massive blobs of her legs forward. Mia's legs and thighs never stopped jiggling the entire short drive back to her apartment.

"I'll pick you up tomorrow night!" Bill's promise sounded almost like a threat.

Mia's hips brushed against the doorframe to her apartment, and she waddled her way inside. Lacking energy for any further adventures in the wee morning hours, Mia collapsed on her bed face down. The springs under her mattress creaked in protest, and the twin globes of Mia's ass rose high in the air. She passed out almost immediately

Mia awoke up the next day early in the afternoon. She was ravenous. Pulling her phone from her modest cleavage, she opened her delivery app as if on autopilot. Looking at her enormous thighs, Mia told herself not to overdo it, but by the time her focus returned to her phone the app was already on the order success screen. Thirty to forty minutes later Mia's kitchen table was loaded down with Pad Thai, orange chicken, pizza, and cheeseburgers. Plus an entire cheesecake.

Setting the cheesecake with the rest, Mia stood for a few moments surveying the feast she'd subconsciously ordered. Looking down at the sheer girth of her lower half gave Mia pause. Whatever was in that dough Bill was feeding her was making her blow up at an alarming rate. She knew she shouldn't, but as her stomach made an audible "*grglglgl*," Mia pulled out a chair. Then, looking at the wooden seat and back at her protruding hips, she slid out a second chair.

Mia managed to stagger back to bed after her midday meal, almost getting stuck in the bedroom doorway. She napped several more hours until the vibrating of her phone woke her again. It was dark out, and she knew it was time for her 'shift' at the bakery.

Sloughing off her clothes, Mia changed into a fresh shirt and bra, and struggled for some time to get another pair of leggings up over her dump truck ass and whale-like thighs. Waddling her way to the door, Mia swung it open and saw Bill waiting, the bakery van idling behind him. As she stepped forward, Mia's forward progress was halted as she felt pressure on her hips. Looking down and behind her, Mia realized she was stuck.

"Bill can you... help me?" Mia said with a faint blush.

"Oh ho! Someone's been busy today..." Bill replied with a lecherous grin.

Taking both her hands in his, Bill pulled as Mia pushed, and she came free of the door with a *pop*. A few more waddling steps, Bill's groping hands on her giant ass, and Mia was back in the van.

The double doors to the bakery proved no challenge for Mia's expanded form, and Bill led her straight into the back room. She started waddling over to her station to prep ingredients when Bill stopped her with a hand on her shoulder.

"There's no need for that. I've done all the prep work myself."

Mia looked around, vaguely confused.

"Come through this way..."

Bill led Mia through yet another set of double doors. This second back room was dominated by an enormous chair the size of a full couch.

"Sit, sit."

Glad to be off her feet – even though she'd only been standing a couple minutes – Mia sat. From a nearby table Bill collected another container of the familiar dough.

"I never needed your help with the baking, Mia." Bill said in a sickly sweet voice. "All I want you to do... is eat."

Once again Mia hesitated. Whatever was in that dough was not only blowing her up, but making her more-than-healthy appetite insatiable. Knowing this did not stop Mia's mouth from opening eagerly when Bill brought a spoonful of the stuff to her lips.

Within twenty minutes the container was empty again. Mia somehow did not feel full or bloated, though it seemed her tanker truck thighs were already a little larger.

"This spoon business is a little inconvenient, don't you think, my dear?"

Mia was already getting hungry again and offered no opinion on Bill's cryptic question. Bill reached up to a handle high on the wall and drew down a rubber tube, about an inch in diameter, and supported on thin cables along the ceiling, disappearing into yet another room. The tube ended with a nozzle and a flow control trigger. Bill placed it in Mia's hand.

"Here you are Mia. Now you can have as much as you want, whenever you want."

Bill watched hungrily as Mia examined the mechanism in her hand, then experimentally placed her mouth over the end of the tube, and squeezed the trigger lightly. Sweet, delicious dough spurted into her mouth, and Mia gulped it like a milkshake.

"That's it, my dear..." Bill said, stroking one massive thigh. "Have as much as you like..."

The voice in Mia's head telling her to stop was shouting now, but it was a faint shout. The shout of a person quite a distance away, and moving farther all the time. The voice was drowning, in an ocean of soft, sweet, sugary baking dough.

-gulp-

-gulp-

-gulp-

The flow of dough into Mia's body was slow but constant. She breathed through her nose and reclined back on the large chair, squeezing the trigger just tightly enough to let a steady stream of the stuff pump into her greedy mouth.

After a few moments, Bill stepped back and just... watched.

-gulp-

-gulp-

-gulp-

Soon, the increases to Mia's growing body started to shift. Her hips kept spreading, her legs thickening, and her ass lifting her ever higher in the chair. But now some changes were finally happening to the upper half of Mia's bloating body.

Slowly, ever so slowly, the growth in her bottom half slowed, – though never stopping completely – and her neglected breasts got some attention. Mia's sad B-cups started receiving a few of the surplus calories and pounds that she'd been pouring into her lower half for the past four days.

Bill watched hungrily as Mia plumped up to a C-cup, and then a D. The stretch of Mia's dark leggings kept her covered throughout her unexpected expansion. Because her growth was so bottom-focussed, the button up denim top she was wearing hadn't given her any problems. Now however, the material of Mia's shirt started to grow snug against her burgeoning chest.

-gulp-

-gulp-

Mia swelled to DD, and her shirt puckered. Tiny, diamond-shaped windows appeared between the buttons and gave Bill teasing hints of the cleavage within.

-gulp-

-gulp-

Mia grew to an F-cup, and the buttons of her top clung on for dear life.

-gulp-

-gulp-

Mia bloated to G-cup, and the button at the crest of her bulging breasts popped its threads, and sailed across the room to land near Bill's feet. He smiled with wicked delight.

-gulp-

-gulp-

Mia increased to an H-cup, and her hips pressed against the side arms of the chair. The voice in Mia's head that wondered if she'd even be able to walk after this went unheeded.

-gulp-

-gulp-

Mia grew to an I-cup, and two more buttons went sailing free, narrowly missing Bill's head. Her ass cheeks were like enormous water balloons, starting to bulge upward on either side of her impossibly trim waist.

-gulp-

-gulp-

As Mia inflated to a J-cup, the last buttons of her top broke free, and she sat alone in a room with her boss completely topless. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her breasts had grown so rapidly that they barely sagged at all. Jutting high and proud on her chest, they were like fat round melons.

Each of Mia's thighs was almost two feet across, and they touched all the way to her knees, even with her legs spread wide in her reclined posture. Her hips squeezed her into the chair and her ass was so plump she felt like she was sitting on a water bed.

-gulp-

-gulp-

–hiss–

Mia sucked on the tube, but got nothing but air.

“Oh dear. Is it all gone?” Bill asked with feigned sympathy.

All at once Mia became aware of herself and her surroundings. It was as if the delicious dough kept her in a trance and now that its flow was gone, she was finally awake again.

“Wha... what did you do to me?”

“I gave you some nice tits! Haven’t you always wanted bigger boobs?”

Mia looked down at the bloated watermelons protruding from her ribcage, and found she wasn’t entirely displeased.

“I guess... but look at the rest of me!”

Mia gestured to her elephantine lower half.

“Ah well, there are always risks and challenges in the pursuit of scientific progress, my dear.”

Bill patted one of Mia’s thighs, which rippled and jiggled like ocean waves for several long moments.

“S... science?”

“That’s right. I’ve been trying to perfect my formulas to help women gain weight in *juuuust* the right places. Needless to say you’ve been a...”

Bill patted one ass cheek as it swelled upward against the arm of Mia’s chair.

“...big help. A *huge* help.”

“Um... thanks?”

“Don’t mention it, my dear.”

Bill produced a small white mint from his pocket.

“Here, have a mint.”

In spite of everything she’d been put through, Mia reflexively took the tiny confection and popped it between her lips. Within seconds the room went black.

Mia awoke in her apartment, alone. She was settled in her bed, which she was now overflowing by more than a few inches. On her bedside table was a note.

Mia,

Thanks again for your help. I won’t be needing your services at the bakery anymore. Feel free to use me as a reference.

~ Bill