

A Baker's Fattening... Retribution

A Patreon commission for JJBinx

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***Note: This story contains male weight gain to immobile and beyond size by a.. devilish...
BBW***

ding-a-ling-ling

“Trust me, Naven, you’ll get a total kick out of their glazed donuts in this place. They’re so delicious, it’s like they’re from out of this world!” comes a fairly high-pitched voice from one of the two men as they enter the bakery. The pair are both short, and the one speaking has long silver-colored wavy hair, with down-turned ears and curved horns. At only 5’2” and 250 lbs, his weight gain is very noticeable as it renders him into a near waddle, leading the way for his friend. The way his skin glows along with the animal-like features pegs him as a wood elven sheepboy.

His friend, speaking of which, is only a few inches taller and closely resembles the other in weight despite being about 50lbs fatter. His blonde hair parts for a pair of black up-turned horns, one on each side of his head, and lazily trailing behind him is a reptilian tail that pegs him as being of dragon blood. Both men heavily pot-bellied, though the first has slightly larger moobs compared to his dragon-man companion.

Which may explain what happens next.

“I guess, Abel,” Naven, the draconic man responds, “I just don’t see why this is such a big deal. It looks just like any other bakery-- oh, you have *got* to be kidding me.”

“That’s weird, did they put in like mood lighting or something? Everything’s kind of red in here.” Abel observes aloud as the bakery door closes behind them, silently locking itself as the pair step further in. Looking around, the bakery known as Devilishly Delicious Delicacies doesn’t appear to have anything out of the ordinary compared to any other baked goods shop. The only real difference, at least today, is that there seems to be a sudden red filter to everything.

“Something like that,” a rather large woman called out from behind the counter, her size giving the impression of someone you wouldn’t miss as you walked into the store, but a sudden red glow in her eyes flashing for the briefest of moments tells Naven exactly why they didn’t see her a moment ago. Ignoring his eyeroll, the 540 lbs redheaded baker shuffles out towards the pair, her gaze fixed entirely on Abel.

“Oh, my, my, my! And just who is this lovely young lady I see before me?” she asks aloud, stopping a couple feet away from Abel, looking him up and down with a wide welcoming

smile. “Why you must be that new regular customer I’ve heard so much about lately, coming in here daily and plumping right up on our delicious sweets.”

She steps forward, reaching and patting Abel’s soft belly as he blushes. “Oh, well yes, but I’m not--”

She immediately cuts him off before he can correct her on his gender, gently gripping his shoulders as she guides him over to a nearby table with Naven following closely behind. The two sitting in the booth-style seats across from one another as she sets Abel down.

“Oh, you can call me, Darla, darling. Just about everyone else does,” ‘Darla’ says as though she was asked her name. “And you must be famished; you look like you haven’t eaten all day! I hope you weren’t saving your appetite for my little shop.”

A momentary blur occurs before a large array of the bakery’s various offerings appear on the table between them, though the sheepboy doesn’t seem to notice as his gaze has been on the well-fed baker talking to him. Naven doesn’t react.

“Oh, well, I always end up ordering so much when I come here,” Abel, still blushing, shyly replies as he picks up a cream-filled donut topped with chocolate icing and taking a healthy bite from it. ‘Darla’ pulls up a chair from nearby and sits down, her massive butt cheeks easily spilling over the sides as her belly oozes between her legs and atop her large thighs. She leans forward a bit, ignoring the creaking protests from her seat as she does.

Naven rolls his eyes. “What are you trying to do, Ret--” he starts but is immediately cut off by ‘Darla’ as he sees her eyes flash that familiar red again instead of her current ... brown... you know, that red tint is honestly making it hard to tell her eye color. Regardless, she continues speaking with Abel, who doesn’t know her as the actual Devil named Retribution that Naven does.

“Oh, I know, I think you’re one of my favorite customers,” ‘Darla’ coos, picking up a cruller and gently pressing it into Abel’s lips. The elven sheepboy responding by opening his mouth and accepting the fattening treat. “Anyway, I think you were telling me about your dragon friend here on your last visit?”

“Well, one time I hear a friend of his pulled a bit of a dirty trick on him...” Abel started accepting a donut being fed to him by ‘Darla’, as she nods along attentively. Unbeknownst to him, his belly swelling visibly larger as the baked goods prove to be more fattening than they appear. Naven sighs as he grabs a glazed donut in annoyance, chomping down on it before picking up another as he soon starts to pack on the pounds as well.

“Apparently, she likes to do things like this to him a lot,” the now-fatter sheep elf continues, “and definitely in unexpected ways. Like, we were talking about this one wish he made, the silly guy...”

As Abel continues to relive the story as he heard it from Naven, Retribution aka ‘Darla’ continues to feed him donut after fattening donut, watching in silent delight as his belly puffs out bigger and fatter with every bite. Naven, of course, gets visibly annoyed with his friend getting all the attention in both conversation and feeding. In his fit of jealousy, he starts to follow their lead and stuffs his own face with the fried dough to keep up. One hand rubbing his soft stomach as it begins to plump up bigger and rounder, his thighs and chest joining in as they puff out with fat.

“And then, at one point, there’s this HUGE feast laid out before him and...” Abel continues, his buttons straining and starting to become undone as more donuts find their way into his mouth, bloating him still bigger.

Naven’s cheeks burn red as he listens to his friend retelling when he was made immobile all in the name of a wish gone wrong -- where he was made to gain hundreds of pounds in fat instead of gaining muscles and growing taller. A recurring theme, he remembers, as his own shirt and pants pull tight against his growing rolls as he continues to follow suit in stuffing donuts into his own mouth.

‘Darla’, as ever, continues to nod in feign interest as she continues to focus her attention on the sheepboy and pretends to ignore the short dragon man. Watching in delight as their clothes gradually rip apart as they crest past 400 lbs and continue to swell; Abel through her feeding ministrations, and Naven stuffing himself to catch up in his fit of jealousy. The devil Retribution, in disguise as the baker, has to hold back her grin as she delights in watching the two men swell fatter in front of her.

She can also sense their arousal climbing as they get fatter and drinking it in, but has so far failed to notice her own rolls bulging out slowly. Though these two men are growing a lot faster than she is.

Naven grunts in annoyance as his belly swells free of his shirt, forcing it to ride up unable to contain his gluttonous gains. He grunts again as he feels her fingers gently press into the soft expanse, her eyes stealing glances of his growing body despite keeping her focus on the sheepboy. Her other hand rubbing his growing gut as well, as Abel’s gradually shifted to feeding himself with the fattening treats.

“Goodness, you’ve outdone yourself today, Darla!” Abel says cheerfully, taking another bite of whichever donut has found itself in his grip. “Your goods are extra delicious today! Mmm, more...” he moans lightly as he bulges again, polishing off the dessert and grabbing another.

‘Darla’ smiles as she offers a pastry to Abel to eat alongside the one he’s grabbed. Naven, noticing this, redoubles his efforts. The pair ripping apart their clothing easily as they grow past 500 lbs, then 550. Retribution, unable to help herself, drinking in their unintended arousal as her own clothes pull tighter against her fatter rolls.

“Why thank you, dear,” she replies as Darla, the devil/baker, “You two are growing beautifully fat from my hard work, it’s impossible not to be proud. I hope you’ll keep on eating, boys, there’s more where that comes from~...”

True to her word, as the two men keep eating the pastries and donuts set out before them, the table continues to replenish itself with more of the fattening delicacies. More for them to consume, Abel out of what may be considered naïve greed, and Naven out of jealousy for who’s getting the devil’s attention. The reasons didn’t matter, not to Retribution under her baker guise as Darla. So long as she would be able to keep these two eating, she could keep them growing fatter and fatter to her heart’s content.

‘Darla’ gives Abel and Naven a pat on their fattening bellies, rubbing small circles on each of them. “My, and to see the both of you enjoying my hard work. It makes this baker’s heart swell with pride.” Naven, being the stubborn dragon that he is, huffs quietly as he continues his gluttonous competition against his friend. Abel, however, doesn’t seem to notice as he keeps eating one fattening pastry after another, small moans of appreciation leaving his lips on occasion.

The final stitch of clothing rips apart for both the greedy men, leaving them fully nude as they keep continue growing fatter with every bite they consume as their shirts quickly join their destroyed pants and fall off their growing bodies. At over 600 lbs easily and still climbing, whether due to the sensations from growing or simply enjoyment from growing bigger, their erections throbbed fully underneath their growing bellies and surrounded by the swelling pelvic fat. Their arousal all but hidden from Retribution save for her supernatural senses, and their reddening faces and slight panting that could almost be mistaken for exertion. Almost.

That delicious sensation of desire, the waves of pleasure hitting each of them just so with every bite is like honey for the devil, and apparently incredibly potent for her as some of her clothing pulls tight across of her softly growing curves. Such energy proving to be addictive, if not simply irresistible, as she scoots closer to the pair. The table fading out of existence, merely for convenience as Abel’s side rolls were quickly pressing into it, Naven’s own huge gut squishing fully against it, the poor piece of furniture unable to move or twist between these two fatties and their growing bodies.

And with how their fat was flowing over and underneath the surface, why the space for her fattening donuts and other such pastries was simply shrinking. With two ravenous men stuffing themselves bigger on her hard work, that simply wasn’t acceptable. Thus, with a simple

thought and a subtle wave of her hand, the table fades away and her replenishing baked treats start to materialize onto Abel and Naven's bellies instead. A suitable replacement given their new and growing sizes.

As they continue to stuff themselves, their bellies do something else that makes 'Darla's' fat swell just a bit more. As their bellies swell fatter, expanding outward with each bite, they've inevitably started to press against one another. And while the pair don't necessarily have an attraction to each other, the bisexual men feels their cocks twitch as their fat presses against the other's, feeling themselves grow against the other as more donuts and fattening pastries stack atop their obese guts.

800 lbs comes faster than the three of them expected, or cared. 1,000 as well, their bodies overflowing into other booths as their own seats crack and crumble under their growing masses, side rolls not pressing into each other spreading wider than their own heights, their asses billowing against the wall behind them. It's quickly become a perfect storm of fattening, their arousal for their growth only mildly unexpected as their squishing rolls merged to become the perfect table for more baked goods to materialize within their reach.

"M-more..." Naven moans, his voice muffled by a cinnamon roll he's stuffed between his lips only a moment ago. His cock throbbing with desire, jostled and teased further by his thigh and pelvic fat stroking him lightly from his body jiggling with small movements caused by his continuous eating. His and Abel's, the pair of 1,200-pound blobs shaking the other as they reach for another baked good to consume. Then another. And another.

"Don't you worry about running out, boys," 'Darla' coos, her hands reaching out to squeeze their fat bellies, feeling them swell bigger and bigger with every bite, and every swallow, "There's plenty more for you as long as you're hungry."

Her promise proved true, as well, the two men would continue to greedily grab one pastry after another to stuff. It wasn't just donuts, buttery croissants, or crullers, that would materialize on their makeshift table formed by their squishing fat rolls and well-fed stomachs, either. When the pair fattened to over 1,400 lbs, various cakes start to pile on with the others. Chocolate double- and triple-layered cakes and cake slices, along with any other number of flavors or cremes (including buttercream icing) such as vanilla, strawberry, birthday cake flavor, and cheesecakes.

"Mm, so good... need more..." Abel moans around a mouthful of chocolate cake as his pillowy arm reaches for more to stuff into his fat mouth. 'Darla' groans softly as the seams of her clothing pull tight against her rolls as she drinks in their arousal and hunger for more, one hand rubbing the side of her belly fat as she feels herself swell just a little fatter.

She soon frowns as she watches the two well-fed blobs start to slow down their feast just as they crest past 1,500 lbs. The incredible amount of fat puffing up their arms to over 2 feet

wide are also weighing them down more and more with every bite. Thanks to their immobility and clear addiction to the very fattening baked goods, a small swirl of magic can be seen surrounding their arms briefly as the baker wiggles her fingers with a grin. And as they continue to eat, Retribution was no longer feeling the need to disguise herself as the baker she named Darla. Her features of her face shift, the changes subtle but recognizable as it shifts back to her normal visage, her skin darkening and changing back to its normal red hue.

The 550lbs devil, now fully revealed in her true form as Retribution, is still wearing her baker's uniform as her slowly swelling fat rolls strain the very clothes she donned for her scheme. The red-tinged lighting of the room only accentuating her curves further as it meets her red skin. Smiling, the obese devil continues to grope and squeeze their enormous stomachs as the pair don't even pause their donut-fueled binge.

Well, almost.

"Dammit," Naven says, his voice very muffled as he shoves a slice of triple-layered chocolate cake into his mouth, "I knew this was you!" he manages after swallowing before 2 lemon-flavored cupcakes follow immediately after.

Retribution only smiles in response as her fingers continue to grope their fat. The 1,600 lb male blobs encouraged to only eat more, to grow fatter and fatter. Their arousals spiking as their cocks, buried deep in their fat, throb with need as they feel their skin stretching to contain their greed and indulgence. Abel probably more-so than Naven, given his penchant for enjoying his weight gains as his dragon friend is more competitive and jealous. Not that their motives mattered to Retribution right now, as she gets to enjoy watching these two men stuff themselves and grow massive and immobile and so very FAT.

Which is exactly what she does. Drinking in their arousal and pleasure as they eat and moan softly, enjoying their expansion even if they wouldn't readily admit it. Their energy proving to be more than nutritious for her as her seams pull apart slowly, her own body growing fatter as she drinks it in. Rubbing her large belly as it swells subtly under her fingers of one hand, the other alternative feeling Able or Naven's bodies plump up further. Passing 600lbs herself as the sides of her chef's jacket *rip* apart, the seat of her pants splitting open while the pair surpass 1,800 lbs.

Retribution grins as she pulls the ripped jacket off, undershirt and all, followed by her torn pants to forgoing any further destruction to her clothing and making herself comfortable. Fully nude now, the obese devil coos as the last few pastries pass through the lips of the now two full ton immobile blobs before her. Totaling just over 4,000 lbs of male blubber combined, their rolls covered in the remains of icing, frosting, and crumbs of their multitude of fattening desserts that fueled their growth. Their fat rolls covering the length and breadth of the front dining area of the bakery; which should be impressive as any other bakery would be too small to house two fully van-sized fatties.

Naven and Abel's arms stop moving just as they finished the last of their decadent desserts, too fat and finally too tired to keep eating. Of course, that's only after the food's seemingly run out.

"My, my, look at you two greedy gluttons," Retribution coos as she slowly climbs onto their immense rolls, hands and feet sinking into the adipose like massive pillows. She makes her way onto the spaces where their rolls overlap and squish against the other's fat, strangely making a slightly firmer but still comfortable spot as she lays down. "What perfect beds you make."

Her hands reach out to each side of her, gripping and kneading both blobs' fat. "Don't get too comfortable, though, boys. I've still got plenty of food left to fill these insatiable bellies."