

## Wimberly's Wonderland: The Bakery

**Contains sexual fetish content, not suitable for under 18s.**

**[fudge expansion, factory tour, dark]**

Mel shivered and pulled her jacket closer as the cold autumn wind blew across the factory courtyard. She waited apart from the other guests, wondering when the tour would begin.

The mysterious candymaker of Wren Wimberly's Confectionery Wonderland had hidden a limited number of golden tickets inside the wrappers of Wimberly-brand candy bars, of which Mel had somehow managed to find one. Though she wasn't a huge fan of chocolate, even Mel had been curious to learn how Wimberly's factory had been kept running after it closed its doors to the public almost a decade ago.

Mel had decided to dress in her usual gothic style, wearing a leather jacket over a black corset top, black ruffled skirt, fishnet leggings, and black combat boots. She had brown skin, dark shaggy hair with red streaks, and green eyes framed with eyeliner and eyeshadow to complement the look.

Examining the other tour guests, Mel couldn't help but wonder if there was anyone she could befriend. She felt sad that no one was making conversation, as others seemed to be in their own little worlds. *Hopefully it won't be so awkward on the tour.*

The first guest was a stunning brown haired woman with olive skin and brown eyes wearing a white button up blouse, blue jeans, and dark blue high heels. She looked to be more interested in her phone than the tour, sometimes posing and taking the occasional selfie. Mel couldn't help but snort at the ridiculousness, but apparently the woman heard her and shot her a nasty glare. *Whoops, I guess not her then.*

The second guest was a tall red haired woman with green eyes and round glasses wearing a light brown sweater, black pants and white sneakers. She scribbled furiously in her small notebook, looking around to stare at something before popping her head down again. Mel decided that she might be worth talking to, but perhaps later when she wasn't intensely focused on taking notes.

The third guest was a short caramel haired woman with blue eyes wearing a cream cardigan, white crop top, orange checkered skirt, and silver platform shoes, who was wringing her hands anxiously. Mel caught her eye and approached slowly with her best smile. "Hey, I'm Mel, are you okay?"

The woman turned and stared at Mel appreciatively. "Oooh, I love your outfit, very stylish!" Mel laughed as the woman turned pink and gave a sheepish smile. "Sorry, my name's Charlotte. I just get nervous talking to people and fretting about the time, it's a usual occurrence for me." She excitedly glanced up at the factory clocktower. "I've been a fan of Wimberly's for years now," Charlotte gushed, "I can't wait to meet her!"

A loud noise rang out as the clocktower bell chimed. The large wooden doors of the factory were flung open, revealing a grinning Wren Wimberly looking down at the startled tour guests from the top of the stairs. "Welcome, esteemed tour guests, welcome to my wonderful factory!"

The exuberant woman had wavy blonde hair, with two pigtails dyed with rainbow streaks. She wore a brilliant golden corset, black leggings with coloured polka dots, and rainbow high heels. Her eyes were a bright shade of bubblegum pink, and her plump blue lips smirked in a way that implied she knew something the others didn't. Mel could appreciate style, but she had never seen that much colour and lustre on a person in her life, and she couldn't help but be reminded of a harlequin or a court jester.

"Sorry I'm late! I just had some messy business to take care of, but now that that's sorted we can get started with the tour! Shall we?" Wimberly beamed as she led the group into a long hallway draped in red carpet, seemingly oblivious to their awkward glances. It was refreshingly warm compared to the outside.

"Excuse me, Miss Wimberly?" It was Charlotte who piped up as the wooden doors slammed shut behind them. "Where should I put my cardigan?" Wimberly turned around in surprise, staring at her blankly for a moment. "To collect at the end of the tour," Charlotte added nervously.

Wimberly blinked in surprise. "Oh, of course! Anywhere will do just fine." Wrinkling her nose, she added, "And please just call me Wren, Miss Wimberly makes me feel old."

Mel reluctantly placed her jacket on a coat rack in the corner with the others. The woman with the notebook looked up for the first time with curiosity. "Don't you want to learn our names?"

Wren thought for a moment and then shook her head. "Oh heavens no, I've been watching the news." She walked over and snatched the notebook out of the redhead's hands, causing a cry of indignation. "I'm afraid, Penelope Fitzgerald, that notebooks aren't allowed in my factory. My closely guarded secrets might get out, and we can't risk that, can we~?" Penelope pouted, folding her arms in sour disappointment.

Wren turned to Mel and smiled, making her feel self-conscious about her choice of outfit. "You're the goth, Melanie Chaudhuri, was it?"

"I prefer Mel, actually," she mumbled nervously, but Wren had already turned her attention to Charlotte, who was failing to tone down her excitement.

"Oh my god," Charlotte squealed happily as she wrung her hands. "My name's Charlotte Robinson, but obviously you already know that! I've been such a huge fan of your products since forever, especially your profiteroles!"

“Oh really?” Wren looked pleased with herself. “Well I’m not surprised, anyone would be.” The woman on her phone rolled her eyes and Wren suddenly spun towards her with irritation. “Ah, and you must be Isabella Diaz, the one who’s been bragging online about winning a ticket.”

“Well I’m allowed to, I was the first winner after all.” Isabella smirked as she took out her phone and tried to take a selfie, but Wren snatched it out of her hand.

“Only because of her father,” Penelope muttered quietly.

“No phones allowed,” Wren tutted as Isabella fumed and stomped her feet, trying to snatch it out of the candymaker’s outstretched hand. “You can have it back at the end of the tour. That counts for the rest of you as well, there’s phones located all around the factory for emergencies.”

The tour guests all grumbled but reluctantly handed their phones to Wren, who placed them in the corner with the jackets. “Everyone settled? Excited?” Mel wasn’t sure how to respond but Charlotte nodded eagerly, and that must have been good enough for Wren. “Excellent, then on with the tour!”

Wren marched purposely down the hallway as the group followed behind, not wanting to get separated so early in the tour.

“Excuse me, Miss Wren,” Charlotte piped up, “but where are we going? Will we get to try any free samples?”

“You’ll just have to wait and see,” Wren grinned, “but yes, they’ll be free samples.”

“How come it’s so hot in here,” Penelope asked, looking around with curiosity. “It’s not that cold outside, but you’ve got your thermometer turned up quite a lot.”

“Ah, that would be for my factory workers, the Swellettes, who you will meet right after I show you all our first stop.” Wren stopped and turned to the tour guests in front of a golden brown wooden door, framed with what appeared to be white icing sugar. A golden sign on the door read **THE BAKERY**. “Here we are! The room we’re about to enter is where I make and bake all of my breads, cookies, cakes, doughnuts, bagels, pastries, pies, and more! You can try select samples that are marked as safe to eat, but please contain yourselves! We certainly wouldn’t want any unfortunate accidents to happen...”

It must have been her imagination, but Mel swore that Wren shot them all a smirk and decided it would be wise to clarify. “Then what counts as not safe to eat?”

Wren’s smile turned sardonic as she stared at Mel. “I hope none of you are stupid enough to find out.”

Mel felt unnerved by the candymaker’s comments, but before she could voice her concerns, Wren opened the door and stepped inside.

The enormous room reminded Mel of a mix between a modern restaurant bakery and an industrial kitchen, with its beige walls, black and white checkered flooring, and numerous baking ovens and conveyor belts. There were trays of unfinished dough left to cool on cooling racks, and samples of delicious smelling baked goods placed in wooden display cabinets all throughout the room. Around half of these were marked with signs saying they were fit for consumption.

Charlotte drooled with excitement as she ran to the nearest display to admire the delicate pastries. "Oh my god, there's so many treats!"

Penelope frowned and muttered something about missing her notebook, while Isabella pushed past and looked around the room mischievously, before dashing off towards the fudge.

"Be sure that you don't try anything without a sign," Wren warned, "quite a few things are still not ready for consumption."

Mel nervously complied with the request, wandering around as she examined the bread loaves. While Charlotte stuffed her face with cream puffs and Penelope sampled a pumpkin tart, Mel glanced up to see Isabella at the far end of the room, inconspicuously sneaking pieces of fudge into her mouth from a moving conveyor belt. After Mel looked around and spotted Wren chatting with Charlotte, she quietly hurried over, worried they would all be kicked off of the tour.

Isabella looked up with a glare, her annoyed expression smeared with traces of some kind of chocolate. "Leave me alone, emo girl, I know you're here to tell me off. I don't care about some stupid rules."

Mel decided to ignore the rude remark. "Didn't you hear Wren say not to eat anything?"

Isabella rolled her eyes. "What part of '*I don't give a crap*' do you not understand? Wimberly isn't going to care about a few measly pieces of fudge, and if she does I'll just get my mother to pay for it."

A voice coughed behind them. "A few pieces of fudge, hm?" *Uh oh, this isn't good.* Mel stepped back as Wren approached with a smirk, Charlotte and Penelope wandering over to see the commotion. "I'm disappointed in you, Isabella. I didn't even have to do anything and you still disobeyed me."

Mel's blood ran cold, but her question went unspoken as Charlotte pointed with confusion at Isabella's nose. "I think you missed a spot."

"Huh?" Isabella wiped her nose, but rather than remove the chocolate, a vibrant brown shade seemed to spread outwards across her olive skin. Isabella went cross-eyed as she looked down at her nose, the colouring having spread outwards across her face. It showed no signs of stopping and quickly washed downwards across her shoulders to the rest of her body, even staining her hair a rich shade of dark chocolate. "What the hell did you do to me? I look like a turd!"

Wren's unimpressed eyes bored into Isabella's furious expression as she wrinkled her nose. "It's not what I've done, my dear. You ate my untested confectionary, now you get to suffer the consequences." Wren suddenly smirked as Isabella doubled over and clutched her stomach. "Ah, here we are ladies, I hope you enjoy the show!"

The other four guests stepped back in alarm as Isabella's stomach began to push outwards into her hands, rising out of the top of her jeans like dough. The lone button keeping her jeans together was forcefully opened with a pop as her zipper was slowly pulled apart by the increasing belly flesh. "What the fuck is this?!"

"That would be the fudge I told you not to consume, expanding uncontrollably inside you," Wren drawled, completely uncaring of her plight. "When the chemicals aren't balanced correctly, the mixture becomes unstable and seeks to fill its container completely, which in this case would be you..."

Isabella's swollen paunch overflowed her palms and filled the remaining space in her jeans as the button at the bottom of her blouse strained against the pressure, before slowing down with a jiggle. Isabella let out a frustrated huff as she supported her belly, trying to push it back to its former toned physique. Mel quietly thought she looked like an expectant mother whose pregnancy was due, but she wisely decided not to voice those thoughts. "Your stupid chocolate made me fat! It's going to take me weeks to get back into shape, god damn it!"

"Weeks?" Wren raised an eyebrow in amusement and giggled with saccharine sweetness. "Aw honey, that's so cute! No, since you ate so much, your body is going to keep producing fudge until you're stuffed to absolute the brim. If you're lucky, it could take *months* for us to remove it all."

Isabella's face fell as her belly let out a loud gurgle. She yelped as it pulsed outwards with a new vengeance, quickly resembling the heft of a squishy beachball stuffed underneath her overstretched blouse. "Make this stop you crazy bitch!" Isabella's snarl was venomous but Mel could see a hint of growing fear in her eyes.

Isabella's hands flew down to her thighs as they both began to bloat with fudge, straining the seams of her jeans as her flesh thickened through the gaps like escaping dough. She gritted her teeth and blushed, rubbing them together in increasing discomfort as her thigh gap vanished distressingly fast.

As the fudge spread out to fill the lower half of her body, Isabella's hips and ass began to fatten themselves with fudge, wobbling and rippling with fervour. Isabella's eyes widened in panic at some unseen development, desperately pawing at her jeans with a distressed whine. "Oh my fucking god, please no-!" With a loud *snap*, Isabella cringed as the strings of her taxed panties finally broke. Isabella's butt cheeks, now looking like watermelons stuffed down her jeans, tried to swallow them deeper, but with a furious blush Isabella pulled them out and tossed them unceremoniously to the floor with a wet *plop*. "S-Stop looking at me, perverts!"

Charlotte made an effort to look away with embarrassment, but Penelope and Mel couldn't help but stare with morbid fascination while Wren looked on smugly.

Mel had her doubts at first, but as the panicking woman swelled up in front of them, she was pretty sure that Isabella was trying hard not to enjoy the strange transformation happening to her. It wasn't obvious to Charlotte, who had returned to peering through her fingers anxiously, or Penelope, who was openly staring like she was studying a specimen, but Mel noticed that Isabella was flushing despite trying to fruitlessly squeeze her ballooning curves back into her tightening clothes, her fattened cameltoe dripping with a pungent mixture of arousal and fudge. Mel wasn't sure whether to feel pity or disgust towards the dishevelled woman, but secretly she was just glad it wasn't happening to her.

Not wanting to be outdone, Isabella's previously curvaceous breasts began to bulge forward. She grasped at her ballooning tits as the cups of her now visible lacy purple bra struggled to contain swelling mounds far too big for their usual confines. Isabella tried to heft the soft handfuls of boob flesh upwards to keep them from throwing her off balance, but soon they reached the size of giant pumpkins. Isabella gasped as she tried to remove her blouse, panting heavily at her increasing discomfort and sensitivity as she felt her pathetically tiny bra strain fruitlessly against her bulging cleavage, forcing it to press up into her chin like she was squeezed into an ill-fitting corset. With a noise that sounded unnervingly like a squeal and a moan, Isabella's bra finally burst off, the insides of the stretched cups revealing sticky stains of chocolate fudge where her engorged nipples and areola had rubbed maddeningly against them.

As mortifying as it was for Isabella to look over her massively swollen melons to see the other tour guests, she couldn't help but notice their horrified reactions as she bloated up before their astonished eyes. Before the tour began, Mel thought that Isabella was beautiful, with her gorgeous brown eyes and handfuls of curves in all of the right places. But now, like an approaching disaster, Mel couldn't look away from the terrified woman grasping at handfuls of dark chocolate flesh, whining and whimpering as her once stunning curves swelled and fattened outwards with sticky chocolate fudge.

A loud groan echoed across the room, and Isabella stared with wide fearful eyes as her enormous belly swelled forward once more with gusto. Her ballooning curves demolished the remaining buttons of her strained blouse and the threads of her tight jeans as she tried desperately to hold back the onslaught of fudge from overwhelming her completely. "W-What are you assholes waiting for," she moaned, visibly blushing maroon and panting as her body swelled bigger. "I'm already too full, get this shit out of me!"

"Oh you're far from full, my dear," Wren smirked, delighted by how huge Isabella was turning out to be. "Your belly is just now catching up, which means you've got a ways to go!"

Isabella let out a frustrated whine as she stumbled forward on her high heels, balancing unsteadily as the increasing weight of her ballooning gut threatened to topple her over. Just as Isabella managed to steady herself, Wren's hand sunk deep into one of her supple melons as she gave it a hard shove. With a terrified shriek, Isabella's humongous curves jiggled madly as she collapsed with exhaustion on to her belly, the sight of her buttonless blouse slipping off adding to her misery. The remaining threads of her taxed jeans finally gave out and burst off of her ass cheeks, her curves jiggling and rippling madly like a giant waterbed. Isabella tried standing up, but with dawning horror she realised that her heavy curves had lost her all control of her mobility.

"Mm fuck, why does everything feel so tight?" Isabella's eyes widened in horror as her belly began to overtake the rest of her swollen body. "O-Oh god please no, the pressure is too- *mmph~!*" Isabella moaned loudly through stuffed cheeks as she wobbled on her enormously taunt gut, flapping her hands and kicking her feet pitifully as the few remaining limbs ballooned into bloated parodies of themselves, no longer able to move as they were quickly swallowed into her swollen body. Her curves rounded out and filled up the rest of her body until she was nothing but a gigantic naked chocolate sphere, her tiny head almost touching the ceiling. Her unwanted arousal was now obvious by the chocolate fudge that began to leak and dribble on to the floor through her fattened nipples and engorged pussy lips.

"Isn't she wonderful," Wren exclaimed excitedly, startling the group out of their trance. "A few pieces and this bratty woman is now a delicious mountain of fudge!"

"This... This disobeys every law of science known to man," Penelope protested without much conviction, her eyes bugging out at the colossal size Isabella had swollen to.

Before the tour, Mel would have agreed with her and called the whole notion insane and ridiculous, but now the proof was in front of them all. As the giant swollen orb swayed precariously upon her leaking crotch, Mel shuddered to think of how sensitive Isabella must have felt as she mewled and whimpered lustfully, moaning and whining and pleading to anyone who would listen through fat stuffed cheeks to make her cum, flapping her indented hands fruitlessly as she tried to reach the rest of her body.

Charlotte looked up at the candymaker with sad pleading eyes. "Please Miss Wren, you've got to help her! I know she was mean but you can't let her explode!"

"Explode?" Wren shook her head. "Oh dear, that simply wouldn't do at all! No, I think we'll need some extra help to roll her where she needs to go." Wren reached into her cleavage and pulled out a bright orange whistle, which she blew into loudly before stuffing it back in. "We've got a Code Brown on our hands!"

Mel was confused about who she was talking to, but then a large section of the wall stretching to the ceiling slid open to reveal a swarm of identical creatures running up

to the group. They were of unusual short stature and had tanned skin, short bubblegum pink hair done up in space buns, and yellow eyes. Their curvy figures fit snugly into rainbow sweaters, short denim blue overalls, black belts, sheer leggings, and black combat boots.

Wren gestured to her workers emphatically as they poked and prodded Isabella's fattened thighs as she moaned and kicked her useless feet. "Esteemed tour guests, please welcome my workers, the Swellettes!"

Mel grew nervous as a few of them examined the group with curiosity and whispered to themselves, giggling as they pointed straight at her. She estimated that they reached to the top of her thighs, but if Mel needed to outrun them she still didn't like her chances.

The Swellettes apparently knew what to do as they went to work, positioning themselves in front of Isabella's swollen ass cheeks and shoving her with all their might. Their efforts were surprisingly effective, Isabella letting out a muffled squeal that was quickly cut short as her tiny sunken head rolled underneath her body. For a horrible moment Mel thought Isabella was stuck upside down, but then the Swellettes shoved her again and her shocked chocolate brown face popped up. Her hair was tussled wildly around her dizzy expression, covered in tears of overwhelming panic and arousal.

The tour guests startled as the Swellettes began to hum a simple tune, rolling Isabella closer to the open doorway as they began to sing, their voices playful and mischievous.

*"Isabella Diaz, the selfish brat,  
Took some fudge that made her fat.  
Always used to getting her way  
But at last we cried 'Not today!  
She needs to learn to be polite,  
To not be spoilt and have foresight  
To put others' needs before her own.'  
Now we'll make sure she's really grown!  
First things first we laid the bait  
And with one chew she sealed her fate,  
Gave us all this new pristine  
Never-ending fudge machine!  
With clever science and all our power  
We removed the things that made her sour.  
Turned her into something sweet,  
Now she's such a delicious treat!"*

"Roll Miss Diaz to the Fudge Room so we can begin production immediately!" The Swellettes giggled and cheered as they finished their song, shoving the moaning Isabella through the doorway and deeper into the factory. Isabella shot the tour



group a final lustful expression, her dazed sweaty face smearing her once perfect makeup as she cried out with muffled squeals and whimpers of ecstasy that slowly faded as she disappeared around the corner.

"One naughty guest gone, three nice guests left..." Wren beamed at the tour group but her face fell when she noticed their reactions. "Why are you all upset? If you're worried about your friend, she'll be set up into one of our state of the art milking machines, ready to begin her new life as a Wimberly employee! Isn't that exciting?"

Mel, Penelope, and Charlotte all exchanged uneasy glances, unsure how to voice their concerns. After a tense silent argument with Penelope, Mel gathered the courage to speak, though her instincts were telling her to run. "You're not going to turn Isabella back to normal?"

"Oh god no, we're going to extract an infinite amount of fudge from her to use throughout our factory." Wren grinned at the horrified tour guests with a dangerous gleam in her eyes. "Now, who wants to be next?"