

## **Wimberly's Wonderland: The Creamery**

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

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

Mel stepped back in shock. Curiosity and the chance of a lifetime had brought her to the factory, but now too late she realised they were at the mercy of a maniac. "What the hell is wrong with you?"

"With me?" Wren barked out a laugh. "I warned you all twice, remember? It's not my fault the dumb brat didn't listen."

"She wanted it to happen," Penelope exclaimed, her eyes hardening with realisation. "I think... I think she enjoyed watching Isabella transform."

Wren sighed dramatically. "Of course you'd be the one to figure it out, not that I was trying to hide it well." Her eyes roamed over the horrified faces of the remaining tour guests, no longer trying to keep up any pretence of civility. "I have a few spots available that need to be filled, and luckily for me you're all perfect candidates! So, either you submit to me now and I'll let you choose your new position here at Wimberly's Wonderland, or you can make this difficult for all of us and try to run away." Wren smirked. "I'll give you thirty seconds to make your decision."

Mel decided in that instant she wasn't going to let herself be transformed. She lunged for Charlotte's hand, eliciting a terrified yelp from the woman as she dragged them around the large piles of sticky chocolate fudge. Together they ran to catch up to Penelope, who had immediately sprinted to the other end of the Bakery, where Isabella had been rolled to an uncertain fate.

"Excellent," she heard Wren exclaim as they ran through the exit, "I was hoping you would make this more exciting! Thirty, twenty-nine, twenty-eight..."

Mel didn't stick around to hear the rest of the countdown. After a few minutes of panicked running, the group stumbled down yet another corridor like the hallway they had entered the factory through, except with many colourful doors on either side placed at irregular intervals. Mel slowed to a walk as she looked around, hoping for some kind of emergency exit, but she quickly realised there was none in sight.

Charlotte panted and leaned against a wall as she wrung her hands anxiously. "Where do we go now? I don't wanna be turned into fudge!"

Mel shuddered, remembering Isabella's pleading eyes and whimpering moans. "Surely we can go back to the main entrance," she suggested half-heartedly, though Penelope was already shaking her head.

"Wimberly would have already thought of that and locked the doors," Penelope said grimly. "I'm afraid we're on our own."

At this Charlotte stifled a sob, and Penelope looked apologetic as Mel hurried over and wrapped a comforting arm around the poor woman's shoulder.

"If we want to get out of here then I suggest we start moving," Penelope added pointedly as she adjusted her glasses. "Who knows where Wimberly and her workers are now."

Mel nodded and led Charlotte down the corridor as they followed Penelope's determined strides, occasionally pausing to read some of the signs. Behind each door hid the relentless sounds of machinery, along with many different alluring scents that tempted Mel to peek inside. As they walked along, the names of the rooms only became stranger and more confusing.

"**"MOUNT CROQUEMBOUCHE,"**" Mel read aloud on a golden-brown door covered in threads of caramel. "Like, an actual mountain or...?"

Her question went unanswered as Charlotte examined a multi-coloured striped door. "This one says, '**EASTER BUNNY WARRENS.**'" Her sad expression disappeared as her eyes lit up with excitement. "Oooh, they have bunnies?"

"Don't go in there," Penelope warned. "I'm guessing it's a maze; we'd just end up getting lost."

"We're already lost," Mel grumbled with growing frustration. "We have no idea where we are."

Penelope shot her a nasty look. "Do you have any better ideas?"

Charlotte put herself between the pair before they could argue and placatingly held up her hands. "Please stop! Fighting will get us nowhere." Mel and Penelope both looked down in shame and muttered apologies. Charlotte took a deep breath before turning to Penelope. "Now, do you have a plan to get us out of here?"

Penelope stepped forward, happy to be of use. "The security room, if they have one. Then we can unlock the doors and leave or at least look through the security cameras and find a way out."

"That's probably our best bet," Mel admitted, glad to have a goal to work towards.

The group set off once again, but after a minute of silence they were suddenly startled by a loud feminine moan. It came through a white door left ajar in front of them labelled **THE CREAMERY.**

Charlotte's eyes widened with alarm. "There's someone in there!"

Penelope rushed forward. "Wait, it could be dangerous!"

"If someone's in trouble then we have to save them!" Charlotte flung the door open and disappeared into the room, Penelope cursing as she followed her inside.

Mel realised with a start that she was now in the corridor by herself and quickly joined the others, not wanting to be left out there alone.

The room they found themselves in was large, with alabaster walls and small alternating cream and brown floor tiles. To their left was a series of pens containing cows mooing noisily, except that each one had a swollen udder so large it squished against the floor. Every teat was connected to a milking machine pump that sucked the milk through tubes in the walls. To the right were glass ceiling tubes connected to piping bag nozzles, which squirted milks, creams, butters and cheeses into glass bottles on a conveyor belt, transporting them out of the room through a square opening.

But the thing that caught their attention was a swollen pale white sphere at the back of the room, jiggling on a giant shallow metal bowl with a large ramp leading to the rim. The sphere was gigantic, somewhat smaller than Isabella but still massive. It had two huge wobbling breasts spraying cream into milking machine pumps connected to the ceiling, and three noticeable divots of two flapping hands and a tiny whimpering head lost in the throes of pleasure. There was also a thick layer of cream spilling out of the bowl like a waterfall and falling into a large circular drain below.

As they stared up in shock, Mel realised with dread that it was the woman they had heard in the corridor. "Oh my god, what's happening to her?"

"It seems Isabella wasn't the first," Penelope answered glumly. "I'd guess by the soft texture and leaking fluff that she's become a giant ball of marshmallow cream."

"Who's there," the woman cried out suddenly through fattened cheeks. "Pwease, hewlp me!"

Charlotte swallowed her nerves and stepped forward. "We're here to get you out! I'm Charlotte, what's your name?"

"F-Fiowna," she mumbled, scrunching up her eyes and moaning as her whole body rippled with vibrations. Fiona whimpered and turned pink with embarrassment. "Gawd, I'm so fuwl..."

"We have to save her," Charlotte said as she turned to the others.

Penelope shook her head. "No way, we don't know how to fix her or get her out of here."

Charlotte huffed in annoyance. "But we can't just leave her!"

Penelope was about to argue but Charlotte had already marched over to the bowl, looking the most determined Mel had ever seen her. Mel grew nervous as Charlotte examined the bowl and then began pushing it in an effort to tip it over. She glanced over at them standing idly around. "Guys, come on, I can't do this by myself!"

Mel stepped forward to help when a robotic feminine voice crackled to life through a loudspeaker in the ceiling. "**INTRUDER DETECTED! EMERGENCY DEFENCE PROTOCOL CREAM PUFF INITIATED!**"

A panel in the ceiling slid open and a pair of white gloves attached to flexible metal arms emerged. As the women stared at them in disbelief, the hands suddenly grabbed Charlotte by the wrists. "Hey, let me go! What the hell is this?!"

Charlotte shrieked and tried to pull herself free as the robotic hands firmly tugged her across the room, but they overpowered her easily and brought her next to the conveyor belt. The piping bag closest to Charlotte began to move, and before Mel could warn her, the nozzle shot forward and stuffed itself inside her mouth.

Charlotte gave a muffled cry of alarm as the nozzle began to pump her full of some kind of substance. Mel and Penelope stepped back in shock as Charlotte's midriff bloated and swelled steadily outwards with each panicked breath, her eyes pleading for them to save her. They quickly broke out of their stupor and rushed forward to help Charlotte as she spluttered and moaned, spurts of cream dribbling out of her mouth.

Penelope grabbed one arm as Mel grabbed the other. "Pull on three," Penelope instructed. "One, two, three!"

They pulled as hard as they could until each glove was removed from Charlotte, who reached up and yanked the piping bag out with her freed hands. "Oh god, it feels so tight," she gasped, hefting her now protruding belly as it peeked out from between her white crop top and orange skirt. Mel estimated that her belly made her look like she was several months pregnant.

*"There you are!"* Mel's heart sunk as Wren's voice echoed from a loudspeaker in the ceiling. *"It took me a little while, but I finally found you! I see you've discovered my marshmallow and tried to free her. Not to worry though! Because of her little tampering efforts, your friend will be joining her soon, I've made sure of that."*

Mel's eyes widened in alarm as she pointed at Charlotte's belly, which was starting to puff out on its own. "Shit, Charlotte, you're still growing!"

"Ngh no, not me too!" Charlotte groaned and tried to shove her belly back down as it gurgled ominously. "I-I didn't even swallow that much..."

Charlotte's body ignored her protests as she continued to bloat and fill with whipped cream. Charlotte already looked stuffed, but Mel and Penelope watched in horror as her crop top slowly rose as her unnaturally perky gut swelled relentlessly over the seam of her skirt. As she grew her midriff turned lighter, until in a few moments it was an unnaturally pale creamy colour. The colouring quickly spread up and down through the rest of her body, dyeing her completely white from head to toe.

"Oooh, this feels weird," Charlotte gasped, lifting her expanding belly easily with fearful awe as it gurgled with a vengeance. "It's so light but full!" As she dropped her belly it sloshed loudly, jiggling like a filling water balloon.

"We have to get you out of here fast," Penelope warned, "otherwise you won't fit through the door."

"Please don't let me turn into a marshmallow," Charlotte cried, turning to Mel as she pleaded, "I don't wanna end up like the others!" Her palms made light divots as she squeezed the sides of her massive gut, desperately trying to push it back down, but as she let go it quickly returned to its previous spherical shape, all the while still swelling bigger.

*"Aw honey, that's not marshmallow cream in there," Wren chided, "that's my special patented whipped cream! It's light and airy but very delicious and thickening, so it's great for filling profiteroles and naughty guests who break my rules~!"*

"Oh god, my thighs!" Charlotte whined with fear as they swelled freely with whipped cream, completely unimpeded by pants or leggings. Her thickening tree trunks squished together as they rubbed against each other, jiggling like jelly as her thigh gap quickly vanished.

Mel cringed as the whipped cream spread down to Charlotte's hips and butt. Charlotte panted with effort as she turned on the spot, waddling to look at her swelling behind. Her creamy white ass cheeks ballooned outwards as she accidentally flashed her cameltoe, her pale crotch visibly bulging out from underneath her bright yellow panties. Her prominent love handles worked with her ballooning rear to lift her skirt up to her waist.

Charlotte whimpered and wrung her hands in a panic. "Shit, everything's getting too big!" She flattened her hands against her plump hips, groping handfuls of soft creamy flesh in a panic as they filled her palms.

Mel shook herself out of her hypnotised daze and rushed to Charlotte's side in an instant. "It's going to be okay," she said in what she hoped was a calming voice. "We're here for you, what do you need?"

"It's my skirt and underwear!" Charlotte teared up as she blushed profusely. "They just won't come off!"

Mel had always felt shy about people undressing, especially other women, but she swallowed her awkwardness for Charlotte's sake and examined the situation.

Charlotte had been curvy before the factory tour, but now she looked like a swollen parody of her former self. Below her enormous spherical belly her straining yellow panties had been swallowed into the deep valleys of her ass cheeks and thickening thighs, while her skirt was now nothing but a belt tightening around her swollen hips. Mel bent down, grimacing as she tugged at the pitiful garments until they finally broke with loud *snaps*. Charlotte let out a soft moan as her thighs and ass ballooned forward, both women embarrassed as they realised the noise she had made.

Penelope stepped forward to their immense relief. "I'm sorry to interrupt, but if we're going to get her to safety then it needs to be *now*."

"Right." Mel straightened up and nervously looked into Charlotte's worried blue eyes. "Can you try and walk for me?"

Charlotte took a shaky step and found that moving her swollen body forwards was a struggle, her huge thighs sloshing wildly against each other.

"That'll have to do," said Penelope, grabbing one of Charlotte's arms as Mel grabbed the other. "Let's go."

They started by slowly marching along, one shaky foot at time as each step took coordinated effort. Soon they were making steady progress, but the loudspeaker crackling to life once again gave them pause.

*"Aw that's cute," Wren cooed, "you guys are trying to save the cream puff! Seriously though, you're not going to get very far with her. Better to leave her with me so we can hook her up to a milking machine and extract all her delicious cream for my pastries!"*

Mel tried to ignore Wren's taunts as Charlotte whined in fear. "I'm not going to let that happen to you," she promised, though she noted with worry that Charlotte was still swelling bigger every minute.

Charlotte suddenly stopped waddling and gasped. "G-Guys, it feels like something is happening!" For a moment Mel couldn't tell what was going on, but then Charlotte's crop top began to strain like her previous torn clothes. "Help me, I'm getting so big!"

Wren cackled excitedly. *"Oh wonderful, this is my favourite part! Shouldn't be long now!"*

Mel and Penelope backed away in alarm as Charlotte cried out, another wave of growth surging through her body. Her deepening cleavage squeezed together as her breasts struggled against the tightening confines of her yellow bra. Charlotte whined, trying to fiddle with the bra clasp digging into her back, but with a loud *snap* her bra crumpled to the floor. She groaned as her breasts pressed tightly against the crop top, two raised bumps poking beneath the fabric.

Charlotte shivered and blushed profusely as she grasped her breasts, a glazed look of arousal forming in her eyes. "M-Maybe if I get the cream out I could..." Charlotte squeezed them together, whimpering softly as her plump nipples perked up and spurted out two large dollops of whipped cream on to the floor. "Oooh fuck," she gasped, eyes rolling to the back of her head, "why does it all feel so *good~?*"

Charlotte massaged her breasts with fervour as she desperately tried to squeeze the whipped cream out, but this only agitated her swelling as she bloated out of control. "M-More, *more~!*" With a loud *bloomph* her crop top tore apart, breast flesh bulging out beneath the gaps as it shredded to pieces under the burgeoning pressure.

"Charlotte, no, you have to resist!" But Mel's cries fell on deaf ears as Charlotte moaned loudly, eyes rolling and tongue drooling. She groped and kneaded her giant melons as spurts of sticky whipped cream made a mess on the floor, now lost to the overwhelming waves of pleasure that rippled through her body.

*"Attention Swellettes, we need a cleanup crew and a transfer team to attend the cream puff in the Creamery," Wren announced. "She's not round enough to be rolled yet but she will be soon!"*

Mel and Penelope stared up in horror at the gigantic cream puff her friend had turned in to. Charlotte's belly swelled outwards with a vengeance as it quickly grew to surpass her wobbling hourglass curves, every part of her stuffed tightly with whipped cream as she bloated and blimped up beyond recognition. Her tiny white head panted through muffled cheeks and plumped lips as she began to round out, her thickening limbs slowly being sucked into her enormously spherical body. She cried out and kicked her fattened feet, her ruined platform shoes slipping off as her swollen labia mashed against the ground, coating her crotch in a sticky layer of whipped cream.

Mel let out a sob. "I-I'm so sorry, Charlotte, I couldn't save you..."

Mel jumped in surprise as she felt Penelope tug on her arm, the redhead's eyes wide with alarm. "We can't stay here, the Swellettes are coming!"

"I'm not going," Mel said, trying not to burst into tears. "We can't just abandon Charlotte!"

Penelope stared at her in disbelief. "Yes, we can, it's already too late for her!" Penelope tried to pull Mel more insistently, but she refused to budge. "Don't be ridiculous and come on!"

Mel shook her head. "I know it's a bad idea, but I can't leave her trapped in this hellhole."

"Fine," Penelope grumbled, "then you're on your own." As she backed away, she added, "If I find a way out, I'll alert the authorities!"

"God damn it, Penelope, come back!" But Penelope had already disappeared down the hallway.

Cursing in frustration as she wiped her tears away, Mel's expression softened when she turned back to Charlotte and took in her sorry state. "Oh Charlotte," she mumbled, "how do I get you out of here?"

Charlotte was now entirely spherical and completely white, with only enormous swollen breasts, sunken hands and feet that wriggled uselessly in their divots, and an engorged labia to remind Mel she had once been a woman. She moaned and flapped her hands as her body pulsed with pleasure, her engorged nipples and pussy both gushing whipped cream lazily in a mess across the floor.

Mel placed a hand on one of Charlotte's thick thighs as she wondered how she was going to move the whimpering cream puff by herself. She was surprised at how soft Charlotte's pale flesh felt as she experimentally pushed inwards, a deep divot forming beneath her palm as the cream sloshed and shifted around. Mel's real worry

was the loud gurgles that reverberated deep inside Charlotte's body, signifying that she was still somehow swelling bigger. She took her hand away and the divot returned to its spherical shape.

"I'm going to roll you now, okay?" But there was no indication that the giant cream puff understood her as Charlotte shuddered and whimpered. It took a few moments for Mel to orientate Charlotte so she wouldn't roll underneath her body like Isabella had, but soon with some effort she was on her side. Mel heaved with her whole body and Charlotte squealed as she was spun around, surprisingly heavy for someone filled with something so light. Charlotte's white hair hung loosely from her scalp as her sunken head repeatedly faced the ceiling and then the ground, her face a jumble of dazed confusion and euphoric bliss. Mel felt a twinge of guilt as she rolled the cream puff who just this morning had been her friend, racking her brain for a way to save her from her terrible fate.

As she was weighing the pros and cons of squeezing the cream out herself, Mel's heart fell as she heard several pairs of light footsteps rapidly approaching the room. Looking around the room, she panicked upon realising there weren't many places she could hide. Out of options, Mel turned to Charlotte apologetically. "I-I'm so sorry, Charlotte, I'll come back for you, I promise." She ran to Fiona and hid behind her quivering form, hoping that whoever was coming wouldn't be able to see her.

Mel heard the familiar sound of laughter as a bunch of Swellettes entered the room, and she decided to carefully risk a peek. She counted six in total as they examined Charlotte from every angle, delighted to see what had become of her. They stepped forward and began to squeeze handfuls of her soft creamy body, causing Charlotte to cry out. "Ngh, gawd yesh~" she moaned through muffled cheeks, flapping her hands as she rocked back and forth on her crotch. Mel felt a sense of rising dread as she heard the Swellettes begin to hum the familiar tune she had heard once before as they started to sing.

*"Charlotte Robinson was kind and sweet,  
A gentle soul to all she'd meet.  
She loved the factory and all its sights,  
And having her here was a real delight!  
But just as she was starting to endear  
She made the foolish choice to interfere.  
'It's awfully rude to intrude,' we cried,  
So on a punishment we had to decide.  
To make sure our lesson would really stick  
We stuck in a tube and blew her up quick.  
Her shirt, bra, panties, shoes, and skirt  
Stretched and snapped as the pressure made her squirt.  
Once a woman who loved to talk,  
So stuffed with fluff that she can't even walk.*



*Hear her moan and whimper and scream,  
Now we've pumped her full of whipping cream!"*

Mel turned away, blocking out the lewd noises of Charlotte enjoying herself and the Swellettes' horrid song as she tried to think of a way out. The Swellettes were completely distracted singing, so maybe if she avoided the conveyor belt and hid behind the cows, they wouldn't realise she had been there at all.

Putting her plan into motion, Mel looked around Fiona to make sure the Swellettes were all focused on Charlotte, before quickly sneaking towards the cows. Ducking down behind them, Mel let out a quiet sigh of relief, but as she listened closely, she realised something was wrong. *Why have the Swellettes stopped singing?*

Peeking around the cows, Mel jumped up as she realised a Swellette was staring straight at her, giggling as they smirked and cockily put their hands on their hips. Her eyes widened in fear. "Oh shit, um, hi."