Never Trust a Skinny Baker

Birthday gift for AlexiosDrake62

Summer break, the time of fun, travels and spending time doing whatever you want instead of worrying about school. For Miku Nakano this time presented a unique conundrum. On the one hand, she was finally free from having to take the extra tutoring lessons. On the other hand, she and her sisters had to spend some time without their mutual crush, Futaro. Of course, every one of the quints already had plans on how to impress him when they would meet again.

Being the shyest of the Nakano siblings, Miku decided to seek wisdom of the Sengoku era to bolster herself. She knew that her sisters had the advantage and planned to spend the whole summer just resting and getting pretty for Futaro. Thinking about what a great general would do, she remembers the Battle of Okehazama, where Oda Nobunaga baited Imagawa troops into a false sense of security and struck them down while they were partying.

While trying to act behind her sisters' backs wasn't something she would normally contemplate, Miku was sure that this was her only chance. All she needed was to get them out of the picture was to get them to laze through the summer while she worked hard to impress him. The first part of the plan was suspiciously easy, as her sisters didn't need much encouragement to act like a quartet of pampered princesses. The second part, thinking of a way to impress Futaro, was also unusually easy. As the saying goes, the way to a man's heart is through his stomach and Miku worked part time at the bakery. Sure, she didn't bake and wasn't planning to work there over the summer, but she did manage to ask the manager to lend her a cookbook. With that, she was set. "After all, how hard can it be to learn how to bake?", she thought to herself, tempting fate.

People say that cooking is art but baking is science and Miku was about to learn it the hard way. Her first attempt at making chocolate muffins was, to put it mildly, underwhelming. Stodgy, flat and overly sweet, the dark brown blobs have taunted her from the baking tray. Their taste left a lot to be desired, especially since they were clearly overbaked. While she didn't want to let her sisters know about her failures, Miku wasn't willing to let them go to waste.

"Maybe the frosting will make them bearable?", she asked herself, slathering the lumpy cream over her sad looking muffins.

"Hmm. Not enough…", she thought to herself, while seeking something to break the sugary taste of her failure. Her rescue came in the form of a jar of tart cherry jam Itsuki left on the counter.

“*Gulp*… I guess I’ll be able to finish them this way…”, she said to herself before continuing her attempt at finishing her half a dozen culinary failures. Through the combined power of mediocre frosting and half a jar of jam, Miku managed to finally dispose of the muffins.

“I guess that will be it for my supper tonight… Good thing I’ve baked few small ones at start.”, she thought to herself, blissfully unaware that she just ate 1500 calories worth of sweets, a number close to the recommended daily intake for a sedentary girl like her.
Next day, Miku woke up feeling weirdly full, still unaware of just how much she really ate yesterday. Of course, she just dismissed it as an effect of eating stodgy dough. Her next attempt at chocolate muffins went pretty similar to the first one, albeit with some incremental improvement.

“At least the frosting worked out this time…”, she thought to herself, chewing her creations. “This jam goes well with muffins. I should have thought about adding it from the beginning. I wonder, what else can I add?”

This pattern of incremental failures at making muffins followed by salvaging them with new jams, frostings and other condiments continued for the rest of the week, resulting in a incremental improvement of Miku’s baking skill and surprisingly quick increase in both her appetite and her ability to come up with good flavor combinations. Of course, disposing of failed attempts in her own stomach meant that her weight was also increasing, growing by five pounds in just a week.

Her first fully successful baking attempt, a big platter of decent chocolate muffins covered in a decadent mixture of buttercream frosting, cherry jam and candied cherries, was finally ready to serve her sisters.

The results were surprisingly good, though the sudden appearance of a massive feast of thirty full sized muffins has raised obvious questions among the quints. Of course, Miku didn’t want to tell her sisters that she was the baker and stir them to action just yet, so she just told them that she got them from the bakery.

After gaining some confidence with her skill at making muffins, Miku came to the two conclusions. First, that almost all of her actual progress came from the mostly ready-made condiments instead of the cake itself. Second, that she was moving too slowly to really try to woo Futaro with her homemade cake.

“Well, I guess that one cooking attempt per day is too little. Hmm… If I keep on making smaller trial portions, skip other snacks and eat a bit less at dinner I should be able to squeeze in two, maybe three trials per day. Especially since my failures seem much easier to stomach now.”

Her trail of thought was mostly correct except for the one detail she was blissfully ignorant of, namely the sheer amount of calories in sweets she ate and the effects of daily bouts of gluttony. It was true that as her skill improved she had less trouble disposing of her failures, though it was partially a result of her expanding stomach and growing appetite. In the same vein, she could

theoretically fit her cooking attempts into her normal diet, if she wasn't completely underestimating how calorie dense her creations really are while simultaneously overestimating how much calories she really burns.

The new strategy was quick to show the results. Just in one week Miku became proficient enough to bake both Swiss rolls and cheesecakes, marking the point where her baking has gone from sufficient to eat with good frosting to actually tasty on its own, at least after a few failed trials. It also marked the point where her total weight gain passed into double digits, leaving her 12 pounds heftier than in the beginning. If she wasn't normally wearing baggy clothes day to day, she would have already noticed her softening features.

With the initial success of her new method and surprisingly unaware of her weight gain, Miku decided to buckle up and continue. After all, if something works, why change it? Plus, her sisters did enjoy munching on her more successful creations. It seemed like some extra sweets was enough to keep them from snooping around.

The third week was pretty obviously dedicated to pies. Apple pie, key lime pie, blueberry pie, all the classics. And of course all impossible to try out at sizes small enough to allow a lone, sedentary girl to eat three of them in a day and not gain weight.

"Mmmm~ This is already good enough for me. I wonder how good I'll get later!", thought to herself Miku while finishing the whole key lime pie.

Sure, the size on the baking tray said "small", but it was still supposed to be enough for four people. After the impressive kake binge, her weight shot up to one hundred thirty two pounds, a full ten pounds more than the last week.

The next week was marked by the rain, which gave Miku an excuse to spend even more time in the kitchen, hastening both her rate of progress as a baker and her weight gain. Whole week of pound cakes and sweet breads has caused her to pile on extra twelve pounds without even trying. It was only through the might of baggy, stretchy clothing and strength of her denial that she has just barely started to notice something wrong.

"Hmm, my butt is getting a bit soft. It must have been because I've been missing my daily walks… Well, once I'm done with baking I'll just burn it off.", Miku stated as if she didn't just gain thirty four pounds in just a month without any sign of slowing down.

The fifth week continued to be marked by the rain, giving the increasingly corpulent baker a great reason to avoid exercise and dismiss her now obvious pudge as just a few stray pounds she can lose at any time.

Miku's current ambition was pavlova cake, her last trial before she will start trying to bake her perfect dessert to steal Futaro's heart. It was also the first cake in weeks to actually result in more failures than successes.

“Why can’t I get marique right? It’s either too gooey or too dry.”, she thought to herself while gobbling up her fifth failed pavlova cake of the day, too focused on her new culinary challenge to notice that in two days she has eaten enough cakes to last herself and her sisters for a week.

After much effort, she finally served her pavlova cake to her sisters. To Miku’s surprise, Nino took her to the side and asked her bluntly:
“Why are you pretending that these cakes are from a bakery? Did you think we didn’t see you spend the last few weeks in the kitchen?”

“I… I wanted it to be a surprise…”, responded Miku, trying to avoid confrontation with her sister.

“Surprise for who?”, asked Nino, clearly accusing the shy girl of trying to get closer to Futaro.

“For all of us… I wanted to make all of us a bit happier…”, lied by omission Miku.

“Fine, I trust you. I mean, if you were really trying to get closer to Futaro behind our backs, you wouldn’t do this to yourself.”, said Nino, clearly talking about Miku’s obvious weight gain.

“Yes. Thank you for trusting me…”, said Miku, confused as to why Nino trusted her.

And so, the fifth week ended with Miku gaining three things: the ability to bake meringue, her sister’s trust and shocking fifteen pounds of extra adipose, focused mostly on her bottom part. One could say that right now the candied pears weren’t the softest pear in the kitchen anymore.

With a lingering taste of victory and pavlova cake in mouth, Miku was ready for her final culinary challenge: baking a majestic cake for Futaro. She decided to create a perfect desert, complete with home candied fruits, fresh baked meringue and decorations from coloured buttercream and hand shaped chocolate. Something that would definitely take a few weeks of trial and error to perfect.

“Well, I guess that I’ll think about losing these two or three stray pounds after I finish this cake.”, stated Miku, hilariously underselling her actual excess weight of forty nine pounds.

The next three weeks blazed through in a consistent rhythm: wake up, breakfast, bake, dispose of results, dinner, bake till the evening, go to sleep, repeat. A perfect routine to quickly become both a great baker and a fat glutton. One could say that at this point Miku’s adipose was a reflection of her skill, since by the last week she wasn’t really making any mistakes that would warrant disposal. Of course, it didn’t stop her from just baking several cakes just for herself, supposedly to keep herself from getting rusty before the big day. The end result of this frenzy was the biggest, fanciest five layer cake Miku could imagine and her body growing so much that the extra energy needed to maintain her adipose caused her weight gain to slow down around two hundred pounds mark.

Finally, the day she was looking forward to came. Everything was planned perfectly. She had her house to herself, her cake was perfect and Futaro was coming to visit and talk about more tutoring. Everything was in tip top shape, except Miku herself.

“Come on, why did my blazer shrink in the washing just today?”, she asked, still in denial of the fact that she weighed nearly twice as much as before summer break.

Nervous and in clearly overly tight clothes, she was awaiting Futaro to start her surprise party for two. Just when she was on her wits end, she heard the sound of an intercom ringing.

“Please come in, the doors are open”, she said. “It’s now or never.”, she thought, while letting Futaro into the building and turning off the lights.

Soon, she heard footsteps and then the door creaking. She hid herself behind the couch to pretend that the apartment was empty.

“Wait, why is this place empty? Did you ditch me again?”, asked Futaro entering the dark apartment. “Well, I can wait for them, I guess.”, he said, flipping the switch.

The second the lights turned on, Futaro noticed the massive cake lying on the coffee table, soon followed by a loud “Surprise!”, as Miku jumped out from behind the sofa, followed by several loud plinks and a scream.

When Miku jumped from behind the couch, her overstretched blazer finally gave in, sending several buttons flying and letting her doughty gut spill out, followed by her meaty boobs tearing open her cleavage. When she instinctively bent forward to catch the flying buttons, she heard a tearing sound from behind her as her pantyhose finally gave in, opening in multiple tears oozing with tender flesh.

Too embarrassed to say anything, Miku just stood there, trying to stretch her ripped clothes over her massive, bottom heavy frame. Just when she turned around to run back to her room with tears in her eyes, she suddenly felt Futaro’s hand grab her meaty arm.

“Wait, what is going on, Miku? Are you alright?”

“D-don’t look at me… I’m such a p-pig…”, she murmured, ashamed of how fat and sloppy she became.

“Look, I don’t know what happened, but you called me there for a reason. Right?”

“I-I wanted to throw you a surprise party… and show you my baking skills…”

“So you were the one to bake that cake? That’s awesome, Miku!”

“A-awesome?! Look at me! My attempts at becoming bakers turned me into a total fatass!”, she yelled, tears with her eyes. “I’ve ruined my chances with you!”

“Your chances with me? What do you mean?”

“Are you serious? I’ve fallen for you, y-you dummy! But now it’s all for nothing ~*sob*~ no guy wants a lardass lime m-me.”
“Miku… I don’t know how to answer. Honestly, I also started to fall on you. You are kind, earnest and you always care about your siblings. Plus, you are cute.”

“C-cute? ~*sob*~ Do you still think I’m cute?”

“Of course. You are still the old cute Miku, just a little bit softer.”, he consoled her as he wiped her tears.

“I-I… ~*sob*~”, words frozen in her throat, she just hugged Futaro.

“Shhh. Everything is fine. Take your time.”, he said, patting her head.

“I love you, Futaro…”, she said, tightening her hug and turning her face towards him.

“I love you too, Miku.”, he said, caressing her plump cheeks.

The tender moment was interrupted by a sudden rumbling sound coming from Miku’s stomach.

“I-I’m sorry…”, said Miku, red from embarrassment.

“Well, how about we try your cake then? I’m sure it’s amazing.”

“You bet!”, said Miku in a more lively tone.

“This seems like a good enough first date, right?”, said Futaro, leaning in for a kiss.

Miku didn't bother with an answer, just kissing him. Filling up her noisy belly could wait a little, since she now had a different kind of treat to take care of. Locked in soft, warm embrace the new couple didn’t need words to communicate. And judging by how eager Futaro was to caress Miku’s soft body, their future together would be sweet indeed.