

Tossing a basket of to-be-glazed doughnuts into the fryer, Belle wiped an arm across her forehead. Kneading dough never got any easier. It was an unspoken fact about doughnut shops how much sweat went into their products. Her stomach growled hungrily for its morning treat and Belle's mouth began to water. It was one of her few bad habits as well as one of the habits she refused to kick.

"Think I have time for a little cool off!"

The fridge opened to reveal a shelf of personal cans of whipped cream waiting for her as always. Choosing any one of the open canisters, Belle popped the lid off and filled her mouth with the chilly, puffy goodness. Its taste was rich and delighted her addicted senses as it inflated her cheeks before swallowing.

"Mmmm!" Belle shivered, licking her lips before taking another shot. "And they say coffee is the only way to wake yourself up in the morning!"

*BEEP BEEP BEEP*

A timer alerted her to a finished batch of doughnuts and she set the can down to attend. Arms working to move the fried pastries to a glazing station, Belle noticed something was different in her movements. The usual tickle of her tank-top against her sides had abandoned her and it felt as if there was a greater amount of airflow under her sports bra and across her stomach.

Double checking to make sure she had remembered to wear her tank-top under her overalls that day, Belle eyed her chest suspiciously. Lifting an arm into the air, she also eyed the widening space between her clothes and stomach.

"Little weird..." she hummed. The front of her overalls was lifting higher off her body. Wiping her hands against the denim, Belle pressed it flat to her abdomen only to watch as the fabric pressed firmly into her breasts causing them to bulge out the sides. Releasing the pressure caused her tits to spring forward again and lift her clothes away, recreating the cavity of air below.

A giddiness ran through the baker then. Holding her arms at her side, Belle bounced on her heels and watched the resulting jiggle on her front. Increased weight was apparent as it pulled at her black sports bra beneath.

Giggling, Belle bounced again before laughing. "I think my boobs might have grown a little!" She brushed her fallen blonde hair from her face before pressing her fingers into the sides of her exposed sports bra testingly. "How could I not have noticed this morning?" Another giggle filled her chest as she prodded the bulging assets again. "These feel *way* bigger than my E cups!"

*BEEP BEEP BEEP*

Another timer announced itself and tore Belle away from her personal development. "Ah! No time for titties right now!"

She rushed to get back on schedule. Tossing another round of pastries into the fryer, she set to readying the jelly and cream-filled varieties. These were the most time consuming of her chores and filled the gaps between waiting for other doughs to rise or bake.

The front of her store was brightening with the rising sun casting sleepy shadows across the floor. Soon customers would begin their descent on their way to work. As always, Belle was ready. Another tireless morning of kneading, shaping, filling, and glazing had delivered trays of delectable sweets to her display. No sight made her more proud.

The clock showed a few minutes past six. Assuming her regulars were on time, Belle figured she had earned some down time before the rush began. Pulling a stool to a table in the kitchen, Belle sat down with a satisfied sigh. A phone rested in one hand while a can of whipped cream filled the other. Before looking at today's news, Belle filled her mouth to the brim with cream three times over until the canister expelled an empty puff of air.

"Aww..." she frowned. It flew across the room in a long arc before landing in the trash can with a solid thud. Belle smiled and saluted the discarded topping. "Thank you for your service! You will surely be honored in--*Oh!*"

Belle felt her tummy rumble and vibrate under her overalls. Placing her phone on the table, she looked down and rubbed it gently with both hands. "T-That feels..." Belle grimaced as a pressure traveled up her body. "That feels really weird..."

Looking at her stomach, Belle was confused to see her hands disappearing from view. An encroaching wave of denim was cast into her line of sight. "O-Ooohh... What's going on??" she groaned. Belle's eyes widened when the sides of her sports bra peeked out of her top and pressed into her arms, a firm bulge of flesh resisting against her biceps. The neckline of her tank-top traveled down to reveal a line of cleavage tightly pressed together against a tightening pair of overalls. Mammaries like swollen cantaloupes fought for space in the increasingly-tiny area.

"Are my boobs...*growi--*"