

CHRISTMAS BAKERY

FIRST PERSON STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Oh, I am so screwed.”

For *some* reason, my mother had decided that she wanted to have a Christmas party this year despite the fact that she had never wanted to in the past. She wanted to invite family and friends from all over for that Saturday night and was adamant that we needed enough food to keep them all satiated. With this little bit of information alone, I was *already* not enthusiastic about the whole ordeal, especially since I was more than certainly expected to show up.

Parties and I did *not* exactly get along. I was an introvert by nature, and the type of introvert that was very sensitive to what other people thought about me. I wasn't thin or attractive, so outside of work I didn't really like socializing with others more than I had to. I had my friends and honestly? That was enough for someone like me. I *certainly* didn't like going to family gatherings where I would have to interact with family members that were living arguably better lives than I was.

But my woes related to this party had only grown exponentially when my mom shoved some *responsibilities* my way. Despite being an adult that didn't even *live* at home anymore and hadn't for a while, she was still treating me like a kid that had an obligation to help out with family affairs... even if it was a party that I did *not* want to attend. Of all roles, she had perhaps pushed the worst possible fit onto me: baking snacks and desserts for the party.

I had a kitchen, *obviously*. But I wasn't really much of a *baker*, and even though my mother sent me all of her recipes... I was *not* confident that I could make it work. Making matters worse? On the day that I had

planned on doing all of that baking – on the day *of* the party? ...I had accidentally slept in. “**Am I even going to be able to get all of this done in time?**” I had to leave at 5PM, but it was already after noon. I also had a laundry list of things to bake and only a singular oven.

Could I just go out and buy some similar items? No, there was no way that my mother wouldn't notice that I hadn't actually baked them. Could I just be honest with her? I *could*, of course, but this whole situation was a failing on my part for sleeping in when I should have been up on time. She would have been immensely disappointed. Of course, I could just try my best to get as much done as I *could*. It would be less of a blow than showing up with nothing.

While resting my face on the side of the table, I mumbled something that under no circumstances should have resulted in anything whatsoever. “**I wish all of my party problems were solved...**” It was kind of a broad thing *to* wish, but of course there was no way that wishes like that could be granted in the first place. Magic *wasn't* real, and even if it was? Surely there were more important wishes out there to grant, like world peace or something?

As it ultimately turned out? I was *very* much possible for a wish to be granted. Why whatever would grant it had chosen *my* wish was a point that I would never understand, but in the end? The broadness of that wish of mine was about to provide some ‘benefits’ that I couldn't have possibly anticipated. Not in a million years. “**...Huh?**” I shot up in my kitchen chair at the first sign that something was *off*, going as far as to push that chair back and look down at my... belly?

The only thing that could have provoked such an urgent reaction from me was the sensation of my gut telling me I might be sick. The feeling was a fleeting one, but when I looked down? I began to reasonably wonder if there was something even *more* concerning at work. “**...Wait.**” I initially wasn't even sure if what I was looking at was *correct*. My belly was still distended with fat as I sat up straight, but there appeared to be significantly *less* of it. My shirt was increasing sagging against my torso before my very eyes. “**Uh...**”

I was having difficulties formulating even a proper sentence at the sight before me. I placed my hands on my gut in awe and left them lax, but they sunk closed and closer upon a belly that had basically become nonexistent in a matter of moments. I finally worked up the courage to lift my shirt *up*, and in doing so revealed both what was obvious – my tummy was now completely flat – as well as what *hadn't* been obvious. Namely that any hair on my stomach had been erased *along* with any stretch marks.

“I’m... thin?” It was shocking, but was it necessarily a *bad* thing? I was self-conscious about my weight to the point that it was a big part of the reason that I struggled socially. It was hard to find a downside to instantly becoming skinny, even if I didn’t understand how the hell it had happened. If it had *only* been a change in my weight then it could have been something to be celebrated – aside from an urgent need to find clothes that fit – but that *wasn’t* where it stopped, as I quickly realized.

All of a sudden, my sitting posture shifted despite me making no movements on my own. My sock-covered feet were sliding forward across the hardwood floor all on their own, and it looked like the table was getting farther and farther away from my eye level? Toss in my shirt clearly sitting higher on my torso with my arms jutting slightly out of my sleeves, and my baggy jeans showing off my ankles, and I *finally* found a reason to stand up. **“What the hell!?”** It was *much* more obvious when I stood.

That I had grown *taller*. Without any excess body weight, my outfit was in this weird place where it was too big for my width but too short for my height. My shirt was baggy enough to cover everything still, so this was more obvious in my pants. Either way? It was shocking that I could have grown at *all* since I had already been roughly six feet tall. I’d somehow sprung up three inches. **“I’m 6’3” now? ...Wait.**” How did I come to such an exact number without measuring myself? It wasn’t even an estimate. I just *knew*.

By this point, it was reasonable enough for me to start assuming that maybe I was experiencing some sort of *dream*? In what world could someone become thin *and* tall in a minute’s time? Magic *wasn’t* real – which was something that was becoming more and more difficult to believe. I really couldn’t comprehend what was going on, and that trend continued when my loosely fit clothing began to tighten once more. **“I’m not getting fat again, am I?”** That would have been *pretty* cruel, all things considered.

Fortunately for me, that *wasn’t* what was happening. My body was bulking up because of my *musculature* instead; something that felt odd to realize because I didn’t really have much musculature at *all*. And yet, the long sleeves of a shirt that had already been pulled shorter gripped tightly around arms that *ripples* with strength. My upper arms nearly *tripled* in thickness, all of that added mass through muscle alone. **“Wh—!?”**

Those sleeves felt so tight that I was worried that one wrong move would tear them – and I was right. They tore at my shoulders, but I couldn’t even pay attention to that because it promptly occurred to me that it

wasn't *just* my arms that had grown bulkier. The seams of my pants split at the sides as my thighs became *thunderous* with muscular mass, giving them a shapeliness that could almost be considered *feminine* despite the strength they exuded as they pressed against each other – but that was by design. “**Mmn!?**” There was already so much happening that could have been considered *surprising*, but that noise was perhaps the *most* surprising thing so far.

A sensual, womanly *moan*.

My thighs rubbed together *as* I moaned, which I had feared would invite a grinding against my dick. But that didn't happen, namely because it was my dick – or a lack thereof – that had brought the moan to surface in the first place. “**A-Am I a...?**” *Woman?* There *was* now a conclave pussy between my legs below where my cock had been, and I didn't *need* to reach down to realize as much. Thinking of myself... I *was* a woman, right? “**But I'm a man!**” My *voice* didn't even suggest that, because it was higher and huskier without sounded overly deep.

Too distracted by my changed sex and the struggle of trying to process *whatever* was going on with my memories, it didn't occur to me at the time that my thighs had thickened further. The definition of my excessively large muscles remained, but the sight of them was slightly softened by a layer of fat that encompassed them. My thighs were thicker than my *waist*, so great in size that my hips were pushed almost *five* inches wider and those thighs *still* touched each other beneath the smallest of thigh gaps.

My pants were *really* beginning to struggle. They had become *way* too tight even with the seams split at the side. Wider hips pulled the button in the front to capacity, and as my ass *ballooned* into a gigantic heart shape that extended almost *ten* inches out behind me? The back seam of those pants finally split, and the button popped *clean* off. “**Ah!? My... butt?**” I arched my back and turned my neck so that I could get a good look at it. It was *massive*. ‘Cake’ wouldn't even begin to describe what I was looking at! It was like an entire *Christmas bakery!* Yet, as shocking of a sight as it was, I also could remember looking at that ass numerous times before.

“**Ugh... My memories...**” Things were making less and less sense to me, and through all that was going on? There were even changes to my body that I hadn't even noticed yet. Take my face, for example. You would think that my voice would be a mismatch for my masculine face... except that face wasn't so masculine anymore. My lips had swollen to nearly *triple* their original size above a chin that had thinned and sharpened, and below a nose that was shorter and thinner, but had developed an upwards arch.

The eyes that I was looking around with differed too. Their shapes had narrowed, and their eyelashes had grown long. But it was their *colors* that stood out more than anything else. They brightened to develop a strange form of heterochromia? Both eyes were blue, but the right one had a vaguely pink ring around the outside of its iris. Regardless, I had the face of a woman in her *twenties* that was *incredibly* beautiful, possessing full, glossy lips that looked quite sexy when paired with my tall, muscular, and increasingly shapely body.

I was beginning to make sense of my memories just as I felt my hair tickle my shoulders – courtesy of it growing longer. It wasn't like I was actually confused, nor was I forgetting anything. New memories were just overlapping with old ones, showing me two different lives at the exact same time. Stranger still, the name that emerged of the woman I was becoming... it was familiar. I knew it from a game, and my body's shape was a perfect match. **“It can't be... I can't be becoming her...?”** Because that Servant from Fate / Grand Order should have been fictional.

Not that those memories were 1:1 with her life's. That would have been *terrible*. It was more like... I had her name and body in those memories, but the people in my life were all the same.

My hair not only crept longer as I finally parsed this. It had already grown well down my back and appeared to stop *right* before my full ass. But it was full and wavy in texture, and the strands lightened to a blonde that was somewhat expected now that I recognized *who* I was becoming. Fluffy bangs crossed beneath my eyes while some was messily swiped to the side. It was a very *wild* hairstyle, but that was part of that character's appeal.

Speaking of her appeal, though... I ended up staring right down at my own chest. It had flattened entirely with my previous weight loss, but knowing what I knew at that point? I *knew* it was only a matter of time before that weight returned with the vengeance. Since everything else had already changed? I was right on the money. It began with the sight of my nipples poking up against the underside of the shirt, entirely erect. I could see their shapes swell several sizes, my areola presumably larger than my eyes before long.

“I'm going to grow a huge pair of...” *Tits?* The transformation itself couldn't have timed it better if it had tried. The sensation of my skin stretching around fat that appeared out of nowhere caused a light blush to tickle my cheeks initially, but that fat was built upon so quickly that I hardly had time to think about how strange it felt. Instead, I watched my view of the floor become increasingly obscured by a pair of mounds that

ballooned while lifting up my shirt to show off the toned abs that had developed in my belly. Each tit was *larger* than my head and bounced with enthusiasm with nothing to support them. I was *very* lucky the rippling of my muscles extended to my back; else I might now have been able to support that weight.

“They’re... huge.” And I didn’t even need to touch them to tell how sensitive they were. I had *memories* of fondling them, of making myself feel good not only with those tits but with my pussy as well. The memories deepened my blush, but they also turned me on a little. I was given a stark reminder that it was *not* the time – namely by a pinching in my ears. **“Ouch!?”** Reaching broader yet now manicured fingers up to touch, I found silver hoop earrings had pierced cartilage where no piercings had been before.

And when I looked down again? I wasn’t even burdened by the ill-fitted men’s attire I had been wearing. There was now a sexy, red dress hugging my body. It was evidently designed to fit my curves to perfection, because it even wrapped up across the underside of my tits so that you could perfectly make out their shapes. The skirt only reached the peak of my thighs, which had my shyly tugging at it to try and cover more, while my shoulders were bare and a pair of matching heels had appeared near my door. Of course, I had a red thong on underneath... but no bra, because the dress did its part just fine.

I didn’t even notice the orange and blue-gemmed headpiece in my hair.

“This is impossible. These clothes...” Noticing a red *purse* that matched with my new dress on my kitchen counter where my wallet had nakedly been before, I shuffled over to check inside of it. I could recognize that I shouldn’t have had a purse, but at the same time? I was able to rummage around inside of it with my big, firm fingers as if I did so daily. I knew exactly where my wallet was inside, and where my ID was held inside of that wallet. **“Even my name...”** Everything about that ID was different *aside* from my surname.

My first name was both different *and* what I had expected it to be: *Barghest*. Like the Saber-class Servant from Fate / Grand Order? **“Ugh. This means that reality has changed, right?”** That if I went to that party tonight, that everyone would always think I had been this tall, beautiful, buxom, muscular woman my entire life? What if someone flirted with



me? I wasn't good at romance even *now* as my tweaked memories revealed to me.

I'd become a *bombshell* of a woman, really. The complete package. But my social incapacibilities hadn't been addressed, which was probably why I was still single. More memories were slowly added to allow me to acclimate, though. Memories of being fairly popular and helping manage a local gym. The wish had clearly addressed my insecurities about socializing and being out in public – at least in a way where I didn't feel like anyone would be thinking poorly of me.

They might be thinking about how *hot* I was though, which was a different issue.

“Wait... The party!” I'd been so distracted by my *body* that I'd forgotten all about the baking. I spun to where I'd left the ingredients (the sudden motion making my tits bounce in the process) but... There *weren't* any ingredients. Everything was already baked *and* wrapped. Memories came to me of doing it all the day prior. **“...Then what am I going to spend my afternoon doing?”** Well, a few things came to mind. I could explore the new body of mine more *intimately*, or...

I could go show off my party dress at the gym where I worked down the street?