

Flaking Out

My name is Jason, and I messed up.

Here we were, me and my wife, our friends... a grand, wonderful seaside resort in Greece. Pearl-white houses in all directions, beautiful marbled sand. The fizz and blueness coming in from the waves as they splashed back and forth. It was a beautiful place for our honeymoon. A great place to spend some time with others here and there. We'd gotten a pretty good deal from a friend who chose this island specifically. It was... amazing.

Oh right. It was amazing. I said the wrong things. Brought up old issues while we were in our hostel. I said it all in front of everyone. Letting it fly, you could say. I wish I could take it back.

I sometimes lose my temper, and it just makes me realize I need someone to have a gentler hand, to have a person care for me as if I'm the most important person in the world for them. To feel... no more stresses. It's hard for me to really explain, and I don't want to really mention what was said.

I can't take it all back. But what I can do is try my best to make up for it. My wife, bless her heart, has a thing for sweet treats. I figured I'd take the time to go out and get something for her rather than sulking in our room because she's out with the rest of our

friends who are no doubt wondering what my problem was. Yeah, it was my bad, but I'll make up for it the best I can.

A bakery was in the area and I traveled to it by walking out of the hostel and onto the beach. The sky to my right was a thunderous gray with storm clouds and lightning in the far. There were a few yachts out there surely ready to endure these conditions in the next hour. Rain didn't bother me, but it did make everything more tense, more dramatic.

Based on memory alone, I took a left up some stairs and finally made it. 'Chef Arkadios's Bakery.' What a name. The building had stairs that led to a kind of balcony a floor above the dunes, outdoorsy with two stretches of boardwalk on the opposite sides of the stairs, like arms extending out from a body. With each step there was a soft whine of wood until I meandered into the inner parts of the bakery.

The doors were wide open, the incredible vista glamorized from here. With bright yellow wall lamps on white-coral walls, it made the wooden benches seem fitting to be here. Like it was rustic. There were no other people inside, and the wind hit me from behind, rustling my brown-orange hair. I scratched my full beard, adjusting my dark glasses. I had flip-flops, a white shirt, and cargo shorts. A typical attire for tourists like me.

The lack of anyone there was slightly disturbing, my only company being sliced up cakes and decadent strudels on display. The smell of the room was sweet, thickly so. But all-in-all, it was a sight to behold as I gazed past the glass. Everything was more than likely made this morning, and yet it all looked truly fresh and damned tasty too!

My wife would like something like this, truly.

But I would never expect the next thing my eyes saw. I looked up, noticing a large creature with its head high above my own, a white chef's hat scraping the ceiling as I gasped, putting both hands over my mouth. It walked on two legs, putting its back to me, as if this was completely normal. With a single, confident turn, it was now staring at me, giving a quick smile before it realized the face I was making. A large, anthropomorphic bear with a gut that pushed out his apron by nearly two feet.

"Are you okay sir?" he said it so casually, and with a slight Greek accent too. Definitely a local.

"I..." what could I say? He was as confused as I was. Even after he looked down, examining all over himself. Twisting his body to the side, I could see a large puff of a tail, one that shaked as the bearman stared at it. "You're... why are you talking?"

The bear baker tilted his head, his longer, wider muzzle curving in not an annoyed way, but one still full of puzzlement. "I am talking because I am... I can? Should I not be allowed to talk?"

"You're a bear!" It was harder to say that out loud. Harder than you'd think. But the time for stammering and confusion was over. While the face and snout looked real, it could just be the gimmick of this place. After all, the logo outside did resemble something relatively ursine.

The beastly humanoid fell backwards, leaning his plump rear against the counters further from me, knocking over empty cups and various other supplies as he looked left, then right, past me, and lastly, at me. "You weren't supposed to see this."

A chill ran down my spine, a step taken back as more wind coursed into the establishment, a booming roar from the storm soon approaching.

"It's going to rain soon. You live far?"

My legs felt frozen, knees slightly shaking. "I can make it home just fine. I'm... I'm visiting, I'm a tourist."

The bear man walked out from behind the counter, holding up his hands by his gut in an innocent fashion, trying to keep me calm as if I was some skittish housecat.

“You like our land? You like Greece?”

I nodded. “Uh-huh. I didn’t expect this. That’s not a-”

“No. It’s real, This is real fur.”

The angle was awkward, and his large body terrified me in an instinctual way. Sure, he was talking, walking on two legs, but his hands had large nails, the girth of his stature. It was human... but not. Soon enough, I hadn’t realized instead of walking out back to the outdoors patio, I was against one of the white walls. A bench to my left, and one of the pastry stands behind some glass to my right. If I ran, he’d grab me easily now.

Technically trapped, the situation was tense but he stopped his approach. “I am one of Callisto’s descendents. The first she-bear. We hide our forms with the ancient ways, but I can see that I did something wrong for you to see me like this. I won’t hurt you. Okay?”

“Yeah. You won’t hurt me. Sure.” I couldn’t really trust anything he was saying, the fact that he acted so serious, as if I committed some carnal sin. I didn’t want to be here, I didn’t *want* to see him. “Can I go? I... I wanna go home.”

“My name is Arkadios. I’m the chef, or the baker. What is your name?”

I trembled and stuttered, but I got my name out. “Jason.”

His eyes became kind, a twist of his head and a smile from the side of his muzzle. While the thunderstorm was still apparent to my left, the arguably blue sky now much more gray, I didn’t feel as tense. His belly was going to touch me. Arkadios was holding something... but I couldn’t see it from how he slated his hand behind his back.

“Do you trust me? I am a good baker. Have you eaten some of my pastries before?” His left hand landed on my shoulder, squeezing there. It was fat and heavy, causing my whole body to squat a few inches from his stern grip, the pressure rather strong.

I grit my teeth, having them bared as I knew I looked uncomfortable to him. Maybe he was just a friendly fella and he wanted to go over some things, explain all this and he’d let me go with a sweet treat for my troubles. “I was getting something for my wife. I yelled at her earlier.”

“Oh... marriage. Always a bit of trouble with that. It’s often times like this that I find there to be many ways in dealing with a problem. You were going to get her an éclair? Those are pretty good, no?”

Chef Arkadios's muzzle was getting closer to me, the nose on it looking larger than just a few moments ago as well. His paw was right behind my neck, cradling it. I was being pinned against the wall now by the protruding gut he possessed, and that other hand rose up to finally reveal a piping bag.

"Some things change Jason. We all change at some point. Open your mouth. I want to show you what I mean."

I felt his hand tighten its grip, his thumb shoving into the side of my neck as my mouth opened with the slight amount of pain I felt. In the next moment, a thick cone was shoved directly in, not even the swiftness of my teeth clenching could stop it. With a flex of his hand, a few pumps of overwhelming thick cream forced itself deep into my mouth, chugging down my throat as my cheeks puffed up.

I flailed my arms, groaning out as he straddled my body, using a combination of his paw and round belly to keep me still as one sugary glob after the other shot into my gullet.

"Shh, shh Jason. Don't make too much noise. A customer could come in at any time and I need them to think you look exactly like every other treat in here."

My eyes exploded in shock, his hand had thickened around me, no longer able to grasp my neck but somehow nearly the entirety of my head. As if he could just wrap all his fingers around and pop my top off. It made me easier to clasp, easier to control, and the cream... it was making everything hard to understand.

The emulsified goop was slightly yellow in appearance, tasting so sweet you'd think the devil made it. Overtones of hedonistic pleasure wrapped around my mind. I was shrinking, and I couldn't think of a reason to care. With a steady flow thanks to Arkadios's thumb pinching the bag, I was never given a break. I'd never realize it but my lungs had already been coated and swallowed up by the amount and viscosity of that which entered me. My eyes faltered, and it was just a few rhythmic expulsions into me, a few muffled moans I couldn't help but give out.

My legs were no longer on the floor, more so dangling between the bear's fingers, as if my fat butt which puffed up could easily sit rest in his palm. That luxuriously delectable piping bag. I wanted it all, I *needed* every single ounce of what was in there within me. It didn't matter that my pants were starting to bulge and widen and tear. My genitalia wiping away as my skin took on a tanned, crispy crust. So much of me was changing and there was no way I could resist. My hands, my feet, the fingers on my right palm became puny nub-like beads, rolling over themselves as I tried to contract what little bones were left in them. After but a few seconds, my arm was a mere stump.

Cream was starting to cause a deluge inside me. My flaky exterior inflated, as if my body was just the simple vessel of containing that which was filling me. Organs, muscles, tissues, all of it was used to create and pile on more of what my new form was meant to be. My head looked more like a melted gummy bear's head than anything rightly human. The place that held my brain deforming as the pleasure within skyrocketed higher and higher. I moaned as if mid-orgasm with one dollop after the other. My shirt was riding up my gut as my lower body expanded with width, the final stretch tearing open my pants to look like a rolled out rug underneath me.

I was given enough freedom for now to stare down at myself. No longer did I have the body of a person but something soft and rectangular. My front was covered in gooey chocolate, thick sprigs of colorful sprinkles dotting all over me. I hadn't felt the wall on my back in sometime now, mostly because I rested between the loving pads of my creator. Everything in my mind was getting so heavy. Even my hair was wiping away.

My exposed belly button was but one entrance that the cream could escape from. The stuff flowed out from everywhere. The disfiguration of my face had my lips curl over themselves, no longer pink but rather giant flabs of sticky flesh that clung to the conical entrance of the bag as parts of me folded around it. The bear was understandably excited, which caused me to groan out even more as his nails sunk into me, a thick thumb he used to rub my stomach driving a claw to gorge my creamy insides.. It could be seen as terrifying, but I didn't mind it.

I didn't mind it at all really. There was no pain, no discomfort. It took a second to get used to it. The tip of his index finger, something so round and big it had a thicker circumference than my head, was like a pillow for me to lay against lazily, making everything about this situation feel so normal.

He was carrying me over behind the counter as new customers were arriving. They looked at me, human beings like me, but smiled. They spoke in their native languages and I couldn't understand a word. But from what I could decipher, however I looked right now...

Was that I were no different than the baked goods they could choose from behind the displays. I felt like I was back in college again, in some gym building, screaming out into my mind to be chosen for a sports team. If I had been left out until the end of the day only to be thrown out then my entire existence, all the years that took for me to reach this moment would be for *nothing*.

Yet I was not done. Even as the glasses fell from my face, the last of my hair withered as legs and feet and arms were just four corners that subconsciously wagged until ceasing their movement. My ears hadn't sealed, nor my nose, causing multiple ejaculations from the orifices. My ass was not spared either. It was all relative in glee as

well. There was a force similar to an orgasm that blasted out from my ears, making my mind go blank as it did so, the furthest rope as far as about three inches.

And with one great blast that felt like a pack of dynamite cracking off, everything became quiet. One eyeball went north, the other angling to the south as the thick crust of where my brow was washed over my face like incoming waves. More thunder from outside shook the building, but the people talking over it showed no fear. Soon enough, the very last vestiges of my sight went away, and I saw nothing.

Then my ears.

Then my nose.

The only thing I could do was feel. Feel the gigantic digits of the bear hold me as I was placed onto some kind of parchment paper. A cold tray beneath it. I felt naked without him, and oddly enough, as if I could still move in a sense.

But it was then that something behind me was opened, and I only perceived it from the rather intense heat that wafted from the source. The tray I laid on was picked up, the warmth so close until I felt it envelop my body. Like a switch, the room temperature escalated to an overloading of my senses. A snugly broiled blanket

surrounded me, giving me the experience of being toasted just like I had done to countless pastries and breads of my own.

It would be weird to say before the transformation, but I get it now. The idea of nourishing others. There's camaraderie I feel with what I've devoured in the past. It's like nature in a way. I was able to eat sweet goods here and there, and now someone would get to enjoy me.

Although, that kind of higher thinking was starting to fade away. With my head gurling the cream all around my crumbling brain, my pastry flesh crackling from the convection oven... it was dreadfully hard to think or even be conscious. I must've... always been a pastry. I had been made today. One of dozens. The oven's loud fan above me swirled around and around, making sure I'd be perfectly baked.

A baked eclair. That was me. That was... me. That was...

By the time Chef Arkadios had the time to check in on his new creation, he was worried that he had burnt the thing. After all, it was transformed to be technically cooked. But he never enjoyed denying them the bliss of the flames painlessly bringing them up from staleness to being freshly made. No matter if it was pies, danishes, cakes, donuts, bread, or even... pizzas, he wanted them to *feel* what they were now.

And this éclair was damn near perfect. A 9 out of 10. He couldn't give himself too much credit, but the poor human did unfortunately see through his disguise. Coincidentally though... this was a good thing.

Callisto's scions were feasting later tonight on the second floor. They'd be able to enjoy their true forms while the rain trickled against the windows. It got close there with the chef nearly revealed. Thankfully, even though the éclair was pretty much a fattened, immobile human, all of the Arkadios's customers saw the man as just a funny design, mostly because their minds saw what they wanted to see. Something unique and cute. The bear's cream never failed. If he wanted someone to change, and they happened to find the buttery white goodness in their maw, it was already too late.

The pastry was kept under a hot lamp, not even a single jiggle coming from its brainless, soulless, conscious-less frame. It was there, in a way that your burgers are there, or your chairs are there. You don't tend to notice them until you need them. You don't pay too much attention to them. An object in the simplest of explanations.

When the bears of this island arrived to partake in their private feast, many had brought their own foods for a kind of potluck. After all, Arkadios was simply a bakery for sweets and savory grains.

A large portly bear woman spotted the chocolate covered eclair with sprinkles on top. Its custardy cream within that'd sounded delicious as the main baker listed out its features like a proud inventor. It was basic with its ingredients in a sense but nostalgic to some. With a tong, it was grabbed and placed into a paper wrapping that'd allow one to hold and eat without getting too messy. It was proper etiquette here to eat your meals with manners after all.

The grease left behind from the oils used in the eclair soaked and drained out from the bag it was placed in. As the female ursine walked and talked, her other hand holding a glass of white wine, she laughed at the jokes and comradeship of her fellow bears. Their affinity went back for so long, and without many of them around left, each person was treated like family.

Every time conversation ended, paused, or she was given enough time to think, another piece of the eclair was chomped up in her jaws, her sharp teeth striking the crust as it practically softened and liquefied. Rendered to such a point that her own saliva was potent enough to clarify it as along with the yellowish cream, it all went downwards, deep into her stomach acids. Like a hot tub, it bubbled and engulfed the scraps along with whatever else was sent down to it. If Jason was still there, it'd be even more tantalizing than becoming a fat whole pastry.

Which is why over the course of ten measly minutes, that cream-filled pastry was torn apart piece by piece until each was digested without any regard of its origin. In fact, the woman herself would never once come to think that the flavorful baked good was ever a person. But it's not like she'd be too upset. Food is food, and had she known, it still would've fallen to its same fate.

Falling... falling... falling down and down and down until the last piece was no longer unbound. Every section slowly but surely erased from physical existence.

The remnants of Jason had his body portioned out to different parts on the woman's beary form. A bit going to her breasts, some to her rear. It didn't matter. Like biological goop, he was morphed with the other fat pockets to become one. There was some kind of... presence that could be debated on whether he was truly still there, if not a literal inanimacy with the mind of a genuine object.

Yet, not even that would matter. Morphing and merging together, what could even be considered Jason was gone as his split form adapted to its new places. Once the womanly ursine would exercise or walk, or even do a basic task that required her overweight body to do any kind of labor, a fraction of him evaporated.

Eventually, someday, that fat would be used up for energy, and be gone forever. It was the cycle of life.

But why should you care? Who cares so much about a devoured pastry after all?

You shouldn't. Not one bit.

Unless you'd like to keep up this caring facade and share its fate? Forget and move on.

Forget, and leave.

Forget... and indulge on Chef Arkadios's succulent... **cream**.