

In a kitchen somewhere, a blue haired maiden took a bite of cake and immediately spat it out.

“No, this is not correct! Juvia must make the perfect cake for Gray!”

She picked up the pan with the less than perfect creation on it and walked over to the garbage, but was stopped by an armor wearing woman with deep red hair.

“Juvia, I will not let you waste one more cake!” Erza Scarlet exclaimed.

Juvia pouted.

“But it must be perfect...”

Erza sighed, and looked at the cake.

It listed slightly to one side, but still looked perfectly palatable.

She licked her lips.

She always had a weakness for sweets.

“Alright, here's a deal. I'll let you bake as many cakes as you want, and I'll taste test them for you so you can improve and make the perfect cake.”

Juvia pondered this for a moment, then smiled.

“Juvia thinks this will be a great deal.”

Erza took the cake pan from Juvia and set it down on the table.

She took out a fork and stuck it into the cake, getting a good forkful of batter and frosting.

She brought it to her lips and took a bite.

It was better than she was expecting, a lot better.

“Juvia, this is good!”

The bluenette simply kept pouting.

“Juvia did not set out for good. Juvia set out for perfect.’

Erza chuckled as she kept eating.

“Well now that I’m helping you, I’m sure you’ll reach perfection in no time!”

It seemed like a match made in heaven.

Juvia would keep honing her skills, attempting to make the perfect cake for her beloved Gray, and Erza would have a steady supply of cakes to satisfy her own appetite.

But as time wore on, it became clear that maybe Juvia was making too many cakes.

Erza woke up one morning, flecks of frosting still dappled around her mouth from last night's feast, and attempted to put on her armor.

Attempted being the key phrase.

“Urgh, why is this so difficult!”

The reason for the redheads' difficulty was the rather substantial pot belly she had developed, but to acknowledge that would mean that Erza would have to forgo her cake eating habits, and that is something Miss Scarlet desperately did not want to do.

So with a sigh she clasped the armor shut around her belly and did her best to drive the knowledge of her weight gain to the furthest depths of her mind.

Walking into the dining room Erza saw that Juvia had laid out her usual breakfast spread of heaps of pancakes.

(“Juvia will master all forms of cake for Gray! Even those made in a pan!”)

Even though she had not “perfected” them yet, they were still pretty delicious.

With heaps of butter and a drenching of syrup, they were even better.

Erza was already fit to burst by the time she finished, but couldn't resist the deluge of cakes Juvia had prepared for her by then.

Then that night Erza would stumble into bed, stuffed absolutely full of cake and cream, and still wonder why her armor would be tighter in the morning.

The other members of Fairy Tail all saw this happening, but were not inclined to intervene, even as Erza ballooned under this calorific catastrophe.

Erza found herself staying inside more, insisting that she was training ;behind closed doors,” when in actuality she was just eating more and more of Juvia’s cakes.

Even when her muscles atrophied and just getting out of bed was enough to leave her panting, she refused to alter her behavior, lest they take away all the cakes she had been eating.

Even Juvia’s waistline was not left unscathed.

She was only taking bites of cake rather than entire cakes like Scarlet, but that was still a lot of extra calories she had introduced into her diet with no extra exercise to counter.

She gained in a more hourglass fashion compared to Erza’s more belly heavy focus, but she still had a not insubstantial belly pressing against her chefs apron.

The days came quicker and quicker, and still the two of them grew fatter and fatter.

Erza would often wake up in the middle of the night to devour any leftover cakes with her bare hands, not caring for the crumbs and frosting that would cover her face.

She didn’t care that she was getting fatter, or that she was worrying her teammates, or about what would happen when Juvia somehow managed to create the “perfect” cake.

She only wanted more.

More and more and more.

Her belly began to eclipse her lap, and her arms grew laden with adipose.

The once sharp features of her face were just another casualty in Juvia’s crusade for perfect baking, not that Erza seemed to mind.

And then one day, it happened.

It was passing like any other day, with Erza taking up almost half of a large couch, eating cakes almost as fast as Juvia could make them.

Her time as a living cake disposal unit had made her absurdly massive.

Her stomach refused to split into rolls, instead protruding from her middle as a single mass that looked well on its way to reaching the floor.

Even when she extended her meaty arms to their full length they failed to reach all the way to grasp her sheer enormity.

Juvia set out her latest cake on top of Erza's belly.

It looked no different than the others , same coloring style, same size, but the moment Erza took a bite, she knew.

This was perfection.

Erza blinked, and the cake was gone. Not even a crumb was left, but she still felt the delectable taste passing through her taste buds.

Juvia saw the look on Erza's face and squealed with glee.

She pumped her flabbier arms in the air, causing everything about her to wobble.

She pulled out another cake she had made, in the same style as the last one.

"Finally, Juvia has made the perfect cake!"

Erza just huffed, letting the perfect cake sit inside her stomach.

"I thought," she started, before pausing to let out an "UUUURP" as she belched, "that they were all quite delicious.

Juvia did not even acknowledge her, instead rushing to give the perfect cake to her beloved Gray.

Erza had the horrifying realization that now that the perfect cake had been completed, she had lost her constant source of sugary treats.

"I wonder if Lucy wants to take up baking..."