

Emily's Blueberry Fate: story written by Nicole Berry

Emily Dawson had long been ridiculed for her naturally violet eyes and hair. Even being frequently compared to a character from some old movie about a chocolate factory. She had always shirked off the comparison, even finding pride in her natural, if not exotic, features. Still, it came as a surprise to her when one day during her normal browsing, she received a popup message with an invitation to a local candy factory. She didn't remember entering any contests, but looking at the date listed, she realized she had nothing planned. Chuckling to herself, she clicked accept, soon receiving an email with official instructions.

"Looks like violet is going to the candy factory after all"

Weeks passed before the day arrived. In a little bit of irony, and an inside joke for herself, Emily decided to wear a stretchy blue tracksuit, complete with white accents down the sleeves, and some comfy blue sweat bottoms. She figured if she was going to a candy factory, there was a chance for samples, and she wanted to be warm and comfy. Walking up to the doors, she was surprised to find she wasn't the only one there. A small crowd had formed, oddly all girls. Was this supposed to be a multi person tour? Her message hadn't mentioned anything about other guests. Listening into the conversation, she found that all of them had received the same popup invitation as herself. Some had thought it was a scam, while a few had even just come on a dare. Personally, Emily was just happy for a new experience and to get out of the house for a while. Besides, who could say no to free candy?

After a few minutes of waiting, the doors opened on their own, surprising the small crowd. Chuckling at their surprised gasps, the girls gathered themselves and walked through the entrance. Inside, they found what looked to be a sort of lobby, adorned with pictures of various candies, some colorful wallpaper, and the wafting aroma of sugary confections. Emily found herself wandering the area, soon coming up to a line of kiosks. On the screen she found what looked like a typical safety waiver. The other girls didn't seem surprised, and after shrugging to herself, she signed her name at the bottom, not bothering to read all the legal jargon on display. After hitting submit, a small chamber opened at the base, dropping in it her first free sample, and a note instructing her to take a seat.

"Oh cool. Looks like a little peppermint! I'd sign stuff more often if they all rewarded me like this."

Giggling, she popped the treat in her mouth, sucking on her little treat as she took a seat. Not long after, she started feeling a little drowsy, her eyes getting heavy. Looking around, the other girls seemed to be in the same state. The last thing Emily remembered was a pair of doors swinging open. A tall woman wearing a colorful petticoat and top hat walking out. Even through the drowsiness Emily could see she was gorgeous. All curves and a bit of sass in her stride. She approached Emily with a smile, lifting her head and giving her a knowing smirk.

“Welcome to the factory~”



Emily awoke to find herself in a strange room, surrounded by towering walls and a high ceiling. She looked around, eyes going wide as she realized there were no doors. The only thing in the area was a podium with a small object resting on top.

“W-whats going on... where am I? Hello! Is anyone there?”

She walked around the strange chamber. Pressing against the walls, kicking the floor, trying to find any way she could to gain her freedom

“This isn't funny! You can't keep me here! Let me out!

She kept searching, fear creeping into her heart, and questions in her head. Had she been drugged? Where was she? Who was that woman, and what did she mean by her comment? Was this....somehow part of the tour? If it was, she really wasn't amused. She didn't have any answers and feared she wasn't going to receive any by just standing there. Looking back, she saw the podium again. With no other option, she approached it slowly, finding a small cube of candy, and a note tucked underneath. Slipping out the paper, she read only a single word from it. 'Enjoy~'

“Nuh-uhno way. They can't really expect to put me alone in this room, and that I'll just blindly eat some piece of candy!”

Emily would spend the next several minutes looking for anything to help her situation. Circling her little chamber, growing more and more desperate. From banging on the walls, to screaming into the void. Nearly breaking down as she realized there truly was no way out. Looking back to the pillar, she gulped loudly, starting to approach. There was no other choice but to follow directions. At least if she ever wanted to have a chance of leaving.

“Okay Emily...you can do this. If this is the game they want to play, then you just need to play to win. Don’t let them beat you...you’ve got this...”

Feeling only marginally better from her self pep talk, she grabbed the piece of candy...no...the piece of gum? Giving it a sniff, she found that it smelled distinctly fruity, but she couldn’t place her finger on what flavor it was supposed to be.

“Alright! I’ll chew your gum. But then you better let me out of here!”

She realized she didn’t really know if this gum was the key to her freedom, but what else was she supposed to do? No doors. No windows. And no other directions than the simple slip of paper. Steeling her nerves, she pops the small cube in her mouth, and starts to chew. Her eyes widened. Bringing her hand up to cover her mouth as the flavor coats her tongue.

“Whoa.. that’s...actually really tastyIt’s likeblueberry? But so much better than that. Mmph... and so juicy”

She barely manages to say as she chews and chews. Finding the more she chewed, the more she was needing to gulp down the strange juice it seemed to be producing. She looks up, absently chewing away as she looks around.

“Alright...I tried the dumb gum...y-you cant let me out now....please? If you just want a review, it’s uhm...it’s great! In fact it’s probably the best gum I’ve ever had! S-So you can’t let me go now...the taste test is done!”

But there was no response. No creaking of a secret door or unseen voice from hidden speakers. The only sound was from her endless chewing and gulping. She did notice she felt kind of...tingly? Emily began to worry if this gum had been drugged too. But the more she gulped, she realized the stronger the sensation was becoming. Spreading around her whole body, making her feel a little fuzzy. And after what felt like an endless supply of juice flowed down her throat, a strange fullness began to follow. She placed a blue hand on her belly, rubbing it slowly.....wait....blue?! Emily gasps as she holds up her hand, flipping it front to back

“W-Why am I blue!? When....h-how!”

She frantically rubbed her hands against her clothes, somehow hoping that the blue hue would simply scrub away the blue hue. She looked around herself, finding to her dismay that it wasn't just her hands that had changed color. Lifting her top to see her belly had changed. The same went for her arms, her legs, thighs and butt. Even her chest was not free of this new blue hue as she pulled her top forward to inspect. She unknowingly started chewing faster as her panic rose, gulping the seemingly endless juice. The sensation of fullness started to grow stronger, the tingling intensifying across her cerulean body.



“Nnng...what...what is this...w-whats happening to me...?”

Emily groaned as a new sensation made itself known. She noticed that her hand...wasn't resting as flat on her belly as it had a few moments ago. Looking down, she nearly shrieked as she watched her slender athletic flat belly slowly start to swell. Pushing out slowly against her stretchy top. She couldn't form words or sound as she watched her belly persistently pushing out. It was only as she felt her waistband start to become snug that she was able to break her trance.

“No...no no no no no! T-this cant be happening! Im...im getting bigger! B-blowing up like some kind of balloon!”

Emily could only look on helplessly as her waist grew wider. The gap between her thighs quickly closed as her hips grew plump and full. Her clothes became form fitting, and then slightly too tight as her body grew. She tried pressing against her belly, hoping against hope that she could push it back to its former slender shape. This of course was to no avail. Her

belly merely squished around her hands as they sunk into the swelling fat of her tummy. Adding to the sudden spike of pressure that was pushing her belly out from within. Sloshing gently as she whimpered. Wait.....sloshing?

“Am...am I filling up with something? Its...its so heavy...”

Unable to help herself, she made a few test movements, her fast scrunching as the strange sensation of the sloshing liquid moving around inside of her. It was at this moment she realized...she had been chewing this whole time. Which meant she was still gulping down



that...incredible juice. She tried to stop. Tried to prevent herself from swallowing another drop. Eyes squinted close as she put all her focus into stopping her jaws from crushing the delicious gum. She waited a few moments, daring to open one eye. Only to see, that not only had she not stopped, but that she had continued to grow bigger in just those few seconds. Despite her efforts, she was still chewing. Still gulping. Still growing... Her mind became a frenzy of thoughts. Why couldn't she stop? Was it because it tasted so good? What was all the pressure in her belly? She groaned, whimpering as she was starting to feel so full and bloated. Still guzzling the strange syrupy juice. And no matter how much she tried, she couldn't stop herself from chewing more and more! It was almost like the gum was...

She paused. No...No it couldn't be. She had always been teased. Always been told she looked like...but..but that wasn't really possible. That was just a joke about a work of fiction! There was no way! But the signs were all there. The Gum. The juice. The flavor. The blue skin

and the swelling. She didn't want to say it out loud. Didn't want to speak it into existence. Didn't want to utter the damning words that would solidify her transformation as real. But there was no denying it any further. No escaping the truth of what she was becoming...

"I'm...I'm turning into a blueberry!"



As soon as the words left her mouth, her belly let out a loud gurgle. Her face twisted, looking down to see her swelling had doubled in speed. The sloshing turning from a low gurgle, to a persistent churning. She pressed her hands around her swelling gut, feeling as the juice surged around her touch. Pressing right back against her hands, and even spreading her fingers as the surface grew bigger and fuller. A gentle gasp escaped her lips as she felt so suddenly sensitive. Her tummy was so soft and yielding to her gentle caress. Despite the fluid filling it, it moved almost like she had just gained a massive amount of weight. She had almost expected her round belly to feel like a giant water balloon. Instead it felt..soft like fat. Glorping

and churning as she lifted and dropped her new blue pudge. Involuntarily biting her lip as the tingly sensation spread throughout her core as she absently played with her swelling frame. She could hardly believe the weight that she was putting on or how heavy she was becoming. Twisting to look at her meaty thighs. Her hand gently stroked her newly added curves.

“I...I always wanted more of a butt...but not like this....not this big...not this...juicy...”

The irony of her statement was not lost on her as her butt swelled by her words. Forcing her to widen her stance as her thighs pressed against each other. She groaned softly as her waistband really started to dig into her swelling hips. Her panties became snug against her swelling curves. Somehow despite it only being a few moments, as she changed her view from her giant backside back to her front, she was amazed to see its progress. Her belly had truly pushed past her top now, exposed to the open air as her shirt rode up to cup her chest. Her belly hanging in front of her like a giant batch of dough. She reluctantly squeezed her new love handles, wincing not in pain, but in surprise pleasure as her hands groped the soft blue flesh.



“I...I can't believe this is really all me. This is insane. Just how much bigger is this...this stupid gum going to make me grow...just how much more am I going to...to blow up”

Despite her protests, she kept on chewing. Already helpless to the gum's influence over her body. She gulped a few more mouthfuls of blueberry juice, the fluid visibly adding to the

volume already nested in her big soft belly. Literally able to watch her belly surge with each new gulp. Every movement was making her sway and jiggle like jello. Her form becomes quite full bodied and, dare she say it, voluptuous. Sure her gut was getting huge and round, but she couldn't say she disliked what the juice was doing to her curves. She wanted to hate the way her figure was being destroyed, how it was undoing years of exercise and effort.. Wanted to...to WANT to go back to the way her old body had looked and escape this fruity nightmare. But....no matter how much she tried to convince herself that she hated what was becoming of her... deep down she started to know those feelings were a lie. There was a certain appeal to her pretty new blue hue. Matching nearly perfectly with the violet hair she had been teased and ridiculed for so endlessly in her youth. She didn't have any way to see her reflection, but she could only imagine how her deep purple eyes looked against the blue backdrop of her face.

Her attention moved to her swelling lower body, her hips becoming so soft and inviting. Her tummy now likes the softest comfiest cushion. The sounds of sloshing and churning could likely lull you to sleep if you were to rest your head against its warm surface. So soft and yielding to her touch. As she was starting to admire what was becoming of her, a new sensation began to bloom. She watches in wide eyed disbelief as her modest chest begins to join the growth affecting the rest of her body. Her breath hitching, her nipples stiffened. The tingling that had been so gentle before became like a tidal wave of sensation. Her breathing became quick and fluttery as her girls surged past cupsize after cupsize. From her previous modest C's...to D...Double D...more than she even knew how to measure. Her view of her feet, and even her new belly became obstructed as her sensitive globes grew. She wanted to reach up and touch them. Wanted to wrap her hands around her boobs...no....no boobs wasn't a strong enough word for how big her girls were becoming. These were tits. Breasts. Udders~. She wanted to feel them pressing against her palms, but held back for fear of her touch somehow halting their incredible growth. She watched in rapt attention as she grew to sizes she thought impossible. Her nipples tenting the fabric around her newly swollen berry globes. Barely able to see around her new assets, her swollen berry tits standing proud and perky on her growing frame.



Emily shook her head. What had come over her? She couldn't seriously be admiring her body as it was...d-destroyed from within! She was swelling up like a giant piece of fruit! Why wasn't this terrifying her like it had at the start? Could it be the ever comforting taste of her endless supply of yummy juice? Or maybe the feeling of her jaw working away at that damned...I-lovely cube of...evil paradise.... Her mind was at war with itself, but her swelling body paid no care as it kept expanding. She gasped, having thought that there couldn't possibly be anything new that could surprise her at this point. But as her cerulean tits became suddenly warm...and damp, she was proven to be wrong. She finally slowly reached up to cup her juicy jugs, groaning at the sensation of her groping herself. Finding exactly what she feared as she brought her damp hand up into view...she was leaking. A thin blue fluid was slowly dripping from her nipples, soaking into her blue top in a spreading patch of sticky warmth. Unable to help herself, she lifted her tight top over one breast to see it with an unobstructed gaze. It was exactly as she imagined. A deep violet nipple perched proudly on a sea of soft supple blue flesh. Sloshing loudly from the juicy bounty contained within. She watched, breath heaving slowly as juice beaded up at her firm peak, the weight of its own sweetness pulling it to slowly cascade down her breast. Dropping on to her still swelling belly, and further down to the floor. The smell of fresh blueberries was quickly becoming too overwhelming to ignore. A special flicker of pride as she realized that smell was all from her~. Juice began to practically leak from her pores, staining and soaking her already blue outfit a deep purple as the juice spread. Filling her nose with its sweet fragrant scent. She watched for a few moments as her body grew bigger and bigger. Bigger than she ever imagined could

ever be physically possible, and still with no signs that the growth was even close to stopping. Her clothes were getting so unbearably tight. She could hear the threads of her outfit groaning under the strain and pressure that her juice swollen form was putting on it. Little creaks and pops as her carefully selected clothes were coming undone at the seams under the weight and strain of her blue body. In the back of her mind she wondered how she was growing like this without any hint of pain. How was it possible that her skin could stretch with what must be hundreds of gallons of juice by now without so much as an ache. But in the forefront of her mind, she realized she didn't care. In a world where this transformation was even possible, what did the previously understood laws of nature really matter? Instead, a new thought started repeating itself in her head, drowning out any and all other thoughts. Silencing any rationale for her predicament that she fruitlessly tried to think of. Every internal protest she tried to weakly give fell away. Instead replaced with just two words. Two words that she knew once uttered, there would be no going back to the way things had been before the gum. No more returning to her desires to revert to her pre-gum self. In the end, she couldn't help herself. Didn't even want to resist as the words slipped from her plump violet lips

"More...mmmmmmmph~...b-biggerrrrrr~"

GURGLE

Emily's body seemed more than happy to fulfill her wishes. Moaning softly as she palmed her growing breasts, seeing her belly pushing out bigger and heavier. Oh the weight~. The sensation of gravity pulling on her juice filled body, it made her shudder. She thought of trying something new and daring...taking a single step. She bit her lip as she shakily lifted her leg,



nearly falling backwards as the juice inside her shifted. The simple action seemed to be too much for her hefty body. Setting her foot back down had similar results, the weight of her body nearly pulling her forward onto her swollen belly. She had to giggle to herself as her body jiggled and swayed, even if she knew if she fell she wasn't getting back up. How could she dream of making it back to her feet if she couldn't even walk? But the test wasn't without reward, the low gurgles and sloshing from her efforts were driving her nuts in the best way. So heavy. So full. So...so....juicy. She wanted more. I wanted to be bigger. No longer resisting her urges as she gulped away at her precious juice with glee.

"Nnnngnf...its like they always said...chewing like a cow does~"

She sang to herself. The churning of her body is the perfect chorus to accompany her little song. Her growth picked up even further as she hummed the tune that had plagued her younger years. The music in her mind slowly drowned out. The sound of her clothes tearing away. Emily whimpered as her bottoms wedged in her butt. Rubbing her nether lips as they grew more and more snug, making her gasp out in pleasure. She didn't know how it hadn't occurred to her before. With all this growth, why couldn't...other areas have gotten nice plump and juicy~? Did she dare find out for herself? Emily sure felt she deserved to try. Much to her dismay however, as she tried to reach low, her magnificent globe of a belly prevented her from reaching her prize. She whimpered needily as she tried leaning forward, hearing the seam of her bottoms split across straight down the middle, exposing her fat blue buns to the cool air. But Emily paid that little mind, she had more important things to focus on at the moment. With the newfound freedom from restraint, she widened her stance, hoping that as her body grew, or.... dare she say rounded out, that her needy slit could make blissful contact beneath her and give her the friction she so desperately needed. She could feel it was close, she just needed a little bit more. And so...her chewing continued. Gulp after gulp disappeared down her throat. Guzzling cups, pints, gallons~ whatever it took to get her bigger. Rounder. Ripe~



It wouldn't take too much longer until she found all her desires coming to fruition. Her arms are no longer able to reach up to grab at her leaky nipples, or to squeeze her soft juicy belly. She could no longer rub the curve of her hips. Heck, she doubted she could even identify where her hips started anymore, having grown too round to be anything more than upper half, and lower half. She was just becoming so immense and huge. Her limbs began to recede into her growing blueberry body, sinking into divots within her massive form. Her clothes finally gave up the fight, shredding off with a sound that would excite her dreams for the rest of her juicy life. Her breasts bounced freely into the air, splashing sticky nectar across her giant swollen tummy. She was panting and moaning constantly. The sounds of her excitement reaching a crescendo, pairing beautifully with the endless sloshing, gurgling and symphony of growth. And much to her delight, her legs finally gave out, stuck spread wide as she fell onto her puffy lower lips. The satisfied groan that escaped her lips made even herself blush a deep violet. Though that didn't stop her from trying to bounce and sway her body, grinding herself against the tatters of fabric that had somehow covered her immensity. She began begging for more friction, more motion. Craving sensation and pressure as her heavy body moved in a way that made nothing else matter. She realized that in her frantic desire, she had missed her arms fully sinking into her body, her feet weakly wiggling in their little divots. She flapped her hands helplessly as the final stages of her transformation came to pass. With nowhere else to go, the juice started to surge into her cheeks, giving her a natural pout with her plump lips pursed into a permanent look of bliss.

"Mmmph....nnnnngf...yeeeeesssh...Im....Im a bwig...shexy...juishy bwubewwyyyyy!"



With the final words she finally blissfully climaxed. Her squeals of pleasure drowned out only by the sounds of juice splashing around her. Gushing from her overgrown fat juicy tits, and flowing freely from her plump pussy. She quaked and shuddered. Becoming racked with wave after wave of juicy pleasure, never giving her a moment to reprieve. The sensation was so overwhelming she didn't notice she had accidentally swallowed the gum, though by now the damage had been done. It was only as the final shudders ran through her body that she realized she truly missed the sensation of her endless chewing. A thought even crossed her mind. "I wish I had another piece~" Still, she could feel the gums affect deep within her body. Filling her up from inside her enormous belly. The pressure mounted in the most amazing way as she grew fully round. Finally, Emily Dawson, the girl with the purple hair, was ripe~

Minutes passed as she sat in puddles of her own juice. The erotic sounds of her pleasure had gone silent. Only the occasional drip of her juice splashing against the floor breaking the quiet. Unable to see past her own massive...well...everything, she wondered what was to happen to her now. She didn't have to wait too much longer as she could start to hear the mechanical whirring of machinery. Emily felt confused, trying to look around to see where the sounds could be coming from. One disadvantage of this new berry body of hers was that she was oh so helpless, a realization that gave her a little tingle. She was finding so many new things about herself today. Unable to move. Unable to turn or twist. She was just too...immense. And she could not get over how much those thoughts excited her. She suddenly yelped through her swollen cheeks as she was jostled forward. The whole floor underneath her started to move! Emily realized she must be on some kind of massive conveyor system. Moving steadily forward...into the wall? No wait...the wall, the whole wall, was opening! With a hiss, a bright light shone on the slowly moving berrygirl. Opening wider than she thought necessary, at least 10 or 12 feet acrossbut, as her sides squished

against the opening, she realized how big she must be now. Still, her progress was not halted as she moved along, gently swaying as her body stabilized on the conveyor. Soon hearing...moaning? She was brought into a huge room, filled with massive chambers that almost looked like farm stalls. Looking past her body as best she could, her eyes widened as she realized just what, or rather who, was coming into view. It was...the other girls from outside. The ones who were supposed to be on the tour with her! And...it seemed they had suffered similar fates. There was a red skinned girl with the biggest tits Emily had ever seen. A purple woman that was nearly as round as her, though a little bigger on her bottom? A girl with alternating green stripes running across her body, one who was orange, one who seemed to be covered in bumps...oh god were those boobs!? It wasn't until she saw a girl with a massive ass but tapered off towards the top that she realized...the woman was quite pear shaped...with green skin to match. And then it hit her...all of these girls looked like various fruits. And all seemed to be in the same blissful state as herself. Emily flapped her hands, realizing everyone had been turned into giant juice filled fruits...but what for? Her question was answered as she approached an empty stall, The label above reading V10/37.... She blinked..."violet"...As the thought crossed her mind, she was rotated on her platform, before moving backwards into her new home. She helplessly wiggled her feet as she came to a stop, facing a round orangish red hued girl that had a more emphasized but than herself...maybe a peach? It didn't really matter. She heard a hissing sound, looking up to see hoses slowly descending from above, cups attached to the ends. It didn't take her long to realize that they were meant for her breasts. Were...they going to milk her? Or...she guessed...juice her? As the cups suctioned themselves to her tits, she moaned as the gentle suction started pulling her precious juice from her body, splashing the cups with her blue syrupy bounty. She started to lose herself again to the sensation, nearly missing a clear plastic cover rising from the floor, sealing her inside stall. And in the middle.....a small piece of paper. She barely recognized it through the fog of pleasure brought on by her juicing. A brief memory flashing in her mind, something that seemed so long ago now. It was the waiver...the waiver from the start of her visit. Her name is so innocently signed at the bottom. It was only then that that tall woman's words echoed in her mind...

"Welcome to the factory~"