

Blueberry Blues

Teresa was certain that she had plenty of supplies to get through the weekend without ever having to step foot outside her home. However, she realized her crucial mistake as she opened up her medicine cabinet to find an empty bottle. Picking up the container, she let out an exasperated sigh at the refill date printed in front of her that had passed one week prior. Just like when she first swallowed the accursed gum, she felt like she only had herself to blame for her misery. Knowing that she had to make yet another arduous journey to the pharmacy, she stowed away the bottle and got ready to head out.

As she closed the cabinet, Teresa paused to look over her reflection in the mirror. She could still remember the dirty blonde ponytail that she used to adore so much. In place of her old locks, were frayed strands of a bizarre, purple color that shimmered under the bathroom lights. The uniquely colored follicles contrasted against the deep blue that could be found along her chubby cheeks and every other inch of her skin.

Stepping back from the mirror, Teresa winced as she watched her bulbous, blue belly jostle around. Hearing the juice inside slosh about, she put a pudgy hand up to her gut to try and ease it down. Chewing on her lips, she took note of the rivulets of blue liquid that had managed to seep out from her plump, darker colored nipples. Managing to soak up the juice with a towel, she waddled about her double-wide form to make herself somewhat presentable to the public.

Managing to just barely squeeze her way out of the bathroom, Teresa took on the task of finding something that could fit her berry body. What she was forced to settle on was a simple outfit of a white t-shirt and black shorts. Despite having to resort to the lackluster fashion, that still only gave her the slightest margin to slip herself into the clothes. Tugging at the shirt to ensure that her bloated belly was mostly covered up, she set her sights on the doorway.

“It will only take a few minutes,” she said to herself as she chugged down a bottle of water. “Sucks that I can’t fit in any cars right now,” she added, drinking up another serving to appease her body’s excessive need for hydration. “Maybe I’ll have to look into renting a truck when the next lawsuit check comes in.” With her hand resting on her gut as a plea for it to behave, she squeezed her way out the door and started waddling down the sidewalk.

It didn’t take long for Teresa to start drawing attention. If her bright, blue skin wasn’t enough, the constant sloshing sound that emanated from her gut ensured that. She thought that being stuck like this for several months now would have given her thicker skin to deal with the gaze of gawking onlookers. That proved to be harder than expected considering how soft her berry body was.

“Mommy, why is that lady so blue and fat?”

Out of the corner of her eye, Teresa watched as woman muffled her son’s mouth and carried him off. With the words still echoing in her ears, she could feel her body starting to shake. One of the many things the researchers at the candy company had warned her about was the side effect of becoming overstressed. Still wondering how she was supposed to stay calm with blueberry gum modifying her body into being part fruit, she regardless fell back on her standard method for keeping her juice production in check.

Hoping that no one would see the purple-tinted blush appearing on her cheeks, Teresa slowed her gait as she lifted up the hem of her shirt. Putting her palm along her gut, she made small circles around the middle of her belly button. As demeaning as it was to put her condition on display, the soft massage managed to gently soothe her insides. For just a moment, she allowed the sensation to calm down her various worries. Without thinking, she closed her eyes for a moment as she continued to blindly waddle forward.

Inevitably, Teresa's zen-like state was abruptly ended as she waddled into someone. Opening her eyes, her apology could barely be heard over the noise of the juice inside of her being shaken around. Grateful that the man was willing to shrug off the low speed collision, she shuffled forward with the intention of keeping herself calm with more belly rubs.

Teresa's plan fell apart immediately as a crowd of people came walking her way. Any attempts to simply move out of the way were proven futile thanks to her girth. Each time she tried to move aside or even just stand still resulted in more than a few people getting shoved up against her girth. Her efforts only ended up with a group of people getting hit by her swaying, double-wide rear.

At first, Teresa worked through the purple colored embarrassment to apologize to everyone she had knocked flat with her backside. That was until she noticed hints of blue sprinkled across the clothes of those who had come in contact with her. The sight made her heart sink as she recalled where she had seen the droplets before. They were the very same ones that had clued her in that she was part of the unlucky few who had an adverse reaction to the gum. Sure enough, she was able to find more of the blue spots simply by looking down to gaze at the pair of wet spots on her shirt.

Grasping at her heavy bosom, Teresa immediately regretted it as she ended up spilling out more juice from her plumped up nipples. Creating a small puddle beneath her feet with the trickle, she cursed herself for forgetting the crucial set of absorption pads she had back at home for just this occasion. Holding her palms up against her tits to suppress the flow, she tried to press on.

Teresa shuddered as she felt the juice continue to leak onto her palms. She was momentarily overwhelmed by the powerful, sweet aroma that drifted up to her face. The odor

was something that had not lost its effect no matter how many times it engulfed her. It became near impossible for her to keep walking with the constant feeling of the juice running down her spherical belly and down her legs. Very much aware of the blue trail she was leaving in her wake, she was determined to get to the pharmacy as fast as possible and out of public sight.

Pushing herself to waddle even faster, Teresa felt a sense of relief as the rivulets of juice slowly moved away from her legs. The adjustment was appreciated for a moment, only until she had to consider where the blue liquid was going. She got her answers as she felt the pair of leaks begin to slide down the middle of her gut. With the juice pouring out parallel to her belly button, she realized that the reason for the change in direction was the simple fact that her bosom was starting to swell.

Immediately releasing her spherical breasts, Teresa ignored her leaking teats for a moment to frantically rub at her expanding gut. Though the motion was the same, any hopes of getting back into a state of calm had been completely erased. Not helping matters was the constant muttering under her breath that kept switching back and forth between cursing the company responsible for the tainted gum and her own ignorance.

Teresa's fruitless endeavor to prevent her growth became diminished as she was left unable to reach more and more of her belly with each passing second. At first, this was simply due to her gut becoming overstuffed thanks to its overabundance of juice. Things only truly became dire as she realized that her arms themselves were becoming unable to move. Shifting her thickened neck back and forth, she was horrified to discover that her limbs had been forced to be held aloft thanks to the developing roundness of her body.

Time was short, but so was the remaining length of Teresa's walk. No longer caring about who was watching, she clumsily trotted her way down the sidewalk with her eyes set on the

pharmacy. This tunnel vision worked in her favor to allow her to ignore the juice continuing to pour out from her breasts to leave her clothes soaking wet. She chewed on her lips as her gut made more and more of her shirt unusable as it was pushed up by its girth. With the same swelling turning her shorts into a pair of skimpy undergarments for her bloated butt cheeks, she had to give everything she had just to keep herself moving.

Teresa's last ditch sprint slowed as she felt another leak somewhere. Though she had no hope of seeing past her bloated boobs or swollen belly, she could certainly hear a third downpour of juice spilling onto the sidewalk. Realizing just how bad her situation had become that her body needed to find another opening to let off the pressure, her mind began to race with the mental images of her exploding. While she tried to deal with her impending doom, her journey to the pharmacy was restarted by a group of "helpful" children running up and giving her bulbous butt a shove.

With her legs sunken into her globular form, Teresa had no hope of stopping herself as she began to roll forward. Frantically wriggling about her fingers, she tried to call out a warning to people amidst the juice leaking from her lips. Crashing through a rack of bikes and snapping apart a mailbox, she rolled faster and faster. Vision blurred from the constant rotation, she braced herself for the inevitable crash.

Teresa's momentum came to a sudden halt as something latched onto the sides of her bloated body. Opening up her eyes and shaking her head to get her locks of purple hair out of her face, she looked ahead to see the interior of the pharmacy. As pleased as she was to have made it to her destination, it didn't do her much good considering she was currently lodged in the entrance. While she was trying to wriggle her way free of the sliding glass doors, a familiar face strolled up to meet her.

“Hello Teresa,” said a man in a white coat with the name Tommy plastered on a metal nametag. Despite her leaving a massive, blue puddle in the doorway, he greeted her with a friendly smile. “Forgot your refill again?”

Teresa let out a sigh. “Yeah,” she replied, her exasperation showing in the spray of juice she shot out from her lips.

Briefly wiping the droplets from his coat, Tommy reached into his pocket to pull out a pill bottle. Retrieving a singular, sky blue capsule he worked through the juice pouring from Teresa’s mouth to place it on her tongue. Though it took several tries, she eventually managed to swallow it down. A few moments later, she was relieved to feel her body start to swell down.

“That should keep your body in control for now,” Tommy said, using the help of two other workers to pull Teresa free. “Have a seat while I go get the rest of your prescription.”

Waddling her way over, Teresa sat down to take up an entire bench with her bloated rear. Slowly being brought back down to a manageable size, she thanked her luck that enough of her juice-soaked shirt was still intact to keep her somewhat modest. Bemoaning the thong-like state of her shorts was put on hold to address the group of people that were still staring at her. Managing to dismiss them with an angry glare on her puffed up face, she tried to get comfortable while she waited.

“Four years,” Teresa muttered to herself. “That antidote better not take a second longer,” she said a little louder, the words mixing with the sounds of her juice splashing onto the tiled floor.