

Rise's Revenge (Blueberry Inflation, Persona)

Bound to the bed by her ankles and wrists, wearing more than lingerie, Ann Takamaki squirmed, fighting furiously to pull free. Only the gag over her mouth kept her from screaming in fury.

As she thrashed with renewed vigor, the door creaked open, allowing a fine thread of light to creep into the room. A moment later, a feminine figure filled her view. "Hello, Ann," said the silhouette's owner, audibly smiling. "Are you having a good time? What's the matter?" She raised a hand to her ear. "Can't you hear me?"

"Mmmphf! Mmmphf!" Ann writhed on the bed, throwing her furious glances.

"Oh, that's right," said the voice, cocking her head playfully. "You didn't even get a chance to see who I am, did you, Ann? Well, allow me to resolve the mystery."

The flick of a light switch. Ann's eyes widened in surprise. "Mmmphf!"

Rise laughed in cruel delight. "Surprise!" she called, twirling on the spot. "I bet you didn't expect to see me, did you?" She giggled.

"Mmmphf?!"

As Ann squirmed in frustration, Rise leaned in and planted a teasing finger on her breast. "Oh, Ann," she said, stroking circles around the blonde's nipple. "So beautiful. You're really the darling of the media now, aren't you? You're soooo popular. No one's got any time at all left for poor, little Rise~." She pouted like a punished child.

"Mmmmmphf!"

Rise smirked. "I wonder what would happen if you were to gain a little weight though? Do you think all those men would still love you if you came back twice as large? And what if you changed color, too?" She smirked. "What if you turned a deep shade of blue? Do you think they'd like that? If you blew up like a big, human blueberry? No, I think you're right—I think they'd *hate* it." On cue, she produced a large syringe full of thick blue fluid. "It would be such a terrible shame if *that* were to happen to you, wouldn't it? *Wouldn't it?*"

Without another word, she stabbed the needle into Ann's thigh. The blonde squealed in pain.

As the last of thick blue fluid disappeared into Ann's body, Rise pulled out the syringe and tossed it away with a snicker, watching as the glistening fluid spread through Ann's veins. Slowly, slow enough it was almost difficult to notice, Ann's skin started to turn the same shade of deep blue as the syringe's formula. Her eyes widened in shock; she squirmed even harder.

Her skin wasn't the only part of her changing, however. As it spread across her form, covering her exposed limbs and curves, Ann's eyes widened in something other than sheer horror.

With a wet *bo-woing*, like a water balloon being dropped from a height just low enough not to pop it, Ann's stomach exploded, doubling instantly in size, pumped so fat it looked more like an exercise ball than a human belly. "Mmmphf! Mmmphf!" She squealed and writhed, fighting against her restraints even harder, not that it made the slightest difference.

Like a balloon on the hose, Ann swelled and swelled and swelled again, her bra and her panties audibly creaking with the strain as her fat blue body filled them with its growth. One second, she was the size of a chubby, but still reasonably healthy woman. The next, she'd grown into a gigantic blue sphere, inhumanly round and sloshing with the juices being produced inside her body. She squealed, screwing up her eyes and whimpering as her skin strained to hold them all in. She was visibly shaking now, skin trembling, looking like she'd pop any second. And still she kept growing.

Rise stood back to watch, a smile dancing on her face, as Ann grew larger and larger and larger again, her big blue breasts finally popping out of her bra to blast blueberry juice at the ceiling with the force of a hose. It rained on her, splattering the unfortunate blonde all over, but all Ann could do was moan. A similar puddle formed between her fat blue thighs as the juice leaked through her panties. She squirmed and moaned, struggling to stop it, but all it seemed to do was make the flow even worse.

Giggling in delight, Rise leaned in and placed a hand on Ann's fat round belly, making the new blueberry moan as she pressed her hands fingers into the fat. "Do you think they'd like to see you like this, Ann? Do you think you'd still be as popular?" She pressed her hands down deep, till they disappeared into Ann's skin. She squealed, blueberry juice squirting out of her nipples.

Smirking, Rise danced her fingers down Ann's belly and the swollen spheres of her legs, which were rapidly disappeared into the globe of her torso. "My, what's this?" she asked as she reached Ann's feet. "It looks like my big blueberry has something stuck to it." She pinched Ann's toes, eliciting a squeak and a moan, and, smirking in delight, started to stroke her finger up and down Ann's soles. Her victim squealed even louder, rocking from side to side, so hard you could hear the juice sloshing about inside her. And still she continued to grow, her sides pressing against the walls of the bedroom.

Rise licked her lips. "What's the matter, Ann?" she asked. "Don't you like it when I tickle your feet?" Ann's moan of a response only encouraged her further. Grabbing Ann's feet, she started to tickle them simultaneously, tickling and teasing until the sound of Ann sloshing and squealing drowned out her laughter.

Breathing hard, her face red with amusement now, Rise bucked against the bed and tickled her even harder, enjoying the hard wood of the bedpost against her sex as she pushed Ann towards insanity. With every second, her victim was a little bigger, a little fuller, a little closer to bursting. How long would it be before Ann finally reached her limit and popped like the enormous balloon she'd become?

Rise could only hope she'd have time to orgasm first.