

Mountain Blues

By BE Engineer

“Are you sure you should be eating those?”

“Hrph?” Maggie looked up from a berry bush with her mouth full.

Her friend, Lisa, asked again, “You’re certain those aren’t poisonous?”

Maggie swallowed, wiped blue juice from her mouth on the back of her hand, and nodded. “Pretty sure! They look like regular mountain blueberries to me. You should try one! They’re *super* sweet! Really refreshing!”

Lisa eyed the small handful of berries being offered, but shook her head. “It’s almost dinner time. I want to save my appetite. Plus, those don’t look like normal blueberries. They have purple streaks...”

“That just means they’re extra ripe! Like juicy stretch marks!” Maggie laughed. “Not to mention, dinner time was an hour ago, and we’re not even back at camp... If I hadn’t found these berries, I would have ended up eating you.”

Making a teasing face, Lisa asked, “Mmmm, is that a promise for later?”

“We’ll see how cold the tent is, and if we need to cuddle to stay warm.”

The sun was starting to set. Enjoying the second day of their camping trip, lovers Maggie and Lisa were returning from a day hike. Twilight hues colored the dirt path winding between the trees. Though each of them was dirty and crusted in sweat from a day of summer outdoor adventure, no amount of grime was enough to quell the playfulness of their relationship.

Lisa watched her partner pluck berries from the bush and stow them in a small bag for later. It wasn’t a scene without entertainment; Maggie had worn a light, short-sleeve, button-up flannel shirt over a flattering sports bra. The bra hugged her DD breasts in such a way that it pushed teasing cleavage over the neckline. As she leaned forward to pick berry after berry, Lisa was happy to watch the soft, pillowy line of flesh bulge and sway with her movements and dangling brown hair. A tight pair of jeans took care of her other angles when Maggie’s back was turned.

Sweaty or not, Lisa planned on helping herself to a healthy serving of Maggie’s desserts later that night in the privacy of their tent.

“Are you done yet? Or should I just come back in the morning and get you?” Lisa asked, moving a stray lock of black hair from her face.

“Only if you bring me breakfast!”

“Not a chance. Now hurry up before we have to hike back in the dark!”



Maggie nodded. Gathering several more berries and shoving them into her mouth, she tied her bag loaded with purple treats and stashed it at her hips. “Alright, alright. I’m done!” Running to Lisa’s side, she smiled and leaned in for a kiss.

“Uhh... You have--” Lisa motioned to a trail of juice trickling from the corner of Maggie’s mouth.

“Oh?” She leaned in closer. Sugary juice lingered on her breath. “You don’t want to *help me clean it off?*”

Lisa kissed Maggie’s clean cheek and whispered, “*Maybe I’m just scared that if I start, I won’t be able to stop...*”

Maggie’s face went red as Lisa gave her a light spank before continuing down the trail.

“Now hurry up!” Lisa demanded. “I’m hungry!”

She followed, wiping her mouth. “So have some berries!”

“Hmm, I think I’ll wait and see if you make it back to camp alive first.”

Rubbing her belly as the fruit settled, Maggie sputtered, “It’s only a few blueberries. What’s the worst that could happen?”



The forest was shrouded in dusk’s creeping chill by the time Lisa and Maggie returned to their secluded campsite. It was one of the couple’s best-kept secrets and far from any main road

or campground. Here, they always felt they could be alone. While Lisa entered camp with a hungry pep in her step, Maggie lagged with a foot-dragging slowness.

Lisa went to the car to find the cooler and other cooking supplies. "Can you work on building the fire?"

"Ngh... Sure thing."

Maggie approached the circle of rocks. The remains of their fire from last night stared back as a pile of coals. She hiccupped, feeling a little woozy. Her hand rubbed her belly as it felt too warm for comfort. The waistband of her pants felt too tight.

"What do you think? Cup of noodles, or hot dogs?" Lisa asked from the car.

"Maybe neither...?"

"Neither?" Lisa turned around. "You've never turned down either one! Are you feeling alright?"

Slowly working on gathering kindling and logs, Maggie gave a sheepish grin. "I'm fine." The armful of wood clattered to the ground near the fire pit. Almost annoyed, she tugged on the bottom of her flannel shirt. The garment wouldn't stop riding up.

"Are you sure? You look..." Lisa watched Maggie struggle with awkward movements. Her steps almost waddled, as if she were carrying more weight than she was used to. "You don't look so hot." Frustration peppered her words. "Was it those damn berries? Are you sick? If we need to get to a doctor, then we need to leave *now*."

"No, no. I'm not sick," Maggie promised. "I just--" She breathed through her mouth and smoothed the front of her shirt. It had been loose before their hike. Now, the shirt fit as if it were several sizes too small. It hugged her body so tightly that it left stress lines spreading from the buttons across her abdomen. "I just--" She groaned. "I just feel so *fucking* bloated."

"Bloated...?" Lisa approached the fire pit with an amused chuckle. "What's the matter? Did someone eat too many berries on an empty stomach and-- *Oh wow*."

She caught sight of Maggie's flannel. It looked as though it had been buttoned across the pregnant belly of a woman in her second trimester. Small gaps opened between the buttons as they pulled across her curves. The bottom of the shirt refused to stay down and was hiking up her belly several inches. On top, the shirt was stretched across Maggie's bust in much the same way. Fabric lay bunched and pinched between her breasts and belly as if her curves were trying to eat it.

Lisa snorted and covered her smile. "Bloated is putting it mildly. What the hell is going on with you?"

"*I don't know!*" Placing her hands on her belly, Maggie frowned at her ill-fitting shirt. "I just feel... *full*. Like I've already had two dinners."

"You *look* like it, too."

"Not helping..."

Rmmbl!!!

Maggie groaned as her belly growled. She feared she'd seen her shirt drawing tighter. From one of the gaps, her belly button popped out. "I think I'll skip dinner..."

"You might blow your shirt open if you eat anything." Lisa smiled. "In which case, *let me make you several cups of noodles.*"

"*Shut up!*" Maggie huffed and considered taking her shirt off altogether. She squatted down to tend to the kindling and logs. "Just-- Go make your dinner, and I'll get the fire going."

"Yes, Ma'am!" Lisa saluted before turning back to the car. "Just let me know if you need help with it. It's not right for a girl as far along as you to be hauling so much--"

Shhrrrrriiip!

Ripping fabric split through the woods. Barely able to contain her amusement, Lisa turned around to see Maggie squatting with a face apple-red and the back of her jeans split open. Cotton blue panties sat wedged between her cheeks.

"*Oh, what the fuck?!*" Maggie swore, almost falling backward as she tried to inspect the ruptured denim. Her hand felt around her nudity in disbelief before standing up and turning around several times like a dog chasing its tail. "*My JEANS! I LOVED these jeans!*"

"Blew *right through 'em!*" Lisa snickered. "You've really let yourself go, dear. Maybe I should have brought salad makings."

"It's not-- I-I didn't-- This isn't--" Bewildered, Maggie held a hand to her backside and glared at her chiding lover. "*These clothes fit fine this morning!*"

"Su~ure they did, su~ure they did!" Lisa exaggerated. "All this mountain air must have shrunk them."

"*Would you stop?? This isn't normal!*"

"I'll say! You look like a new mom trying to fit into her old wardrobe!" Lisa laughed, snorting again. "I told you those berries weren't--"

Maggie inhaled in anger against her struggling shirt. "*It's not the damn berries! I only ate a couple before we--*"

POP!

A button sprang from Maggie's chest, exposing a mound of impressive cleavage that made the girls' eyes widen. There was far more mass than what a pair of DDs should have been able to muster.

"Did your shirt just--"

CREEAAAK

Maggie winced, eyes shooting from her chest to the front of her jeans. "*Nngh! Fuck! These things are too--*"

BOOM!

Lisa gawked as Maggie's face went pale. Her jeans exploded at the front with a sound like a pistol. The button struck the fire pit to send up a cloud of ash, while her zipper split apart.

The bloated dome of her navel flared the garment apart, intent on never letting the pants fasten again.

“Jesus...” Lisa whispered. Concern overrode her humor now. “What in the world...?”

Maggie swallowed, fearful of the extreme bloating attacking her figure. “A-A-Alright, maybe it was the berries...”

Gurrrgle...

They stared, listening to a muffled churning coming from Maggie’s body. She whimpered, holding a hand to her belly in hopes of calming whatever was happening inside. Even her panties felt too tight for comfort. “I-I think I’m gonna go to bed early and sleep this off...”

“And you’re sure you feel alright?” Lisa asked, stepping forward to comfort her.

Maggie avoided being touched. Having another person's hands on her figure when it already felt so taut was more frightening than she cared to admit. She nodded. “Mhm. Just... Just *very bloated...*”



“Maybe you were allergic to those berries. You look... almost... puffy.” Lisa inspected her partner’s body with worry. What remained of her jeans looked ready to split down the sides of her thighs, while her flannel was forced over a belly like half a beach ball. Maggie’s chest rested atop her abdomen like overripe fruits ready to pop another button. “Let me know if you start feeling anything else, or having trouble breathing, ok? This could all be a sign of something worse to come.”

Maggie nodded and held her clothes together as best she could while slinking to their tent. Incredible heat was making her head swim. “I-I will. Love you.”

“Love you too...” Lisa was about to make the fire herself, before she heard the zipper to their tent and called out, “Oh! And for God’s sake, *don’t eat any more of those berries!* You should throw out that whole bag you collected!”

A grumble came in response, but Lisa didn’t hear from her love again for the rest of the night.



It was the dead of night when Lisa roused in her sleeping bag. The forest had gone quiet. Only the moon was there to greet her weary eyes as it illuminated their campground through the trees and made their tent glow a dull orange.

Lisa wasn’t certain of what had awoken her. Groggy, she squinted at the illuminated face of her digital watch. It read ‘2:33 am’.

“Nnngh...”

A groan emanated from beside her. Immediately, Lisa’s concern returned for Maggie. She rolled over to inspect her, still fearful of an allergic reaction to the blueberries. The air outside of her sleeping bag was cool with only a thin camisole and pajama shorts to provide warmth. Lisa stared, unsure if her eyes were playing tricks on her in the dark, or if she was still dreaming.

“What the--”

“Mnngh...! Full-- Too... Full...” Maggie moaned.

Puzzling shapes filled Maggie’s sleeping bag. As she slept on her back, two bloated forms were busy mounding the top half of the fabric. Those rose and fell with Maggie’s labored breaths. Lisa ogled the strange bulges, wondering if her lover had pulled her backpack into her sleeping bag during her sleep.

Gurrrrrrgle...

There came a sound of dense, muffled fluid. Maggie’s sleeping bag seemed to rise higher, doming over what should have been her chest.

“N-Nngh~” she panted in her sleep.

“Maggie,” Lisa whispered, becoming worried. She struggled to adjust her eyes to the dimness and leaned in closer. Heat was pouring off Maggie in a way that made her dizzy, along with a strange, sugary scent that made her mouth water. “*Maggie, are you feeling alri--*”

She paused. Watching Maggie’s face, she saw what looked like dark splotches over her nose and cheeks. Sweat beaded on her face and neck as she gasped for air.

“Shit. *Shit shit shit! Maggie!*” Lisa scrambled, horrified that she was asphyxiating. Hands scrambled for an electric lantern. “*Wake up! You’re--*”

The light clicked on. Lisa’s words caught in her throat. The splotches upon Maggie’s face weren’t bruises or signs of oxygen deprivation. They were colored with vibrant blues and

purples, almost speckled with a fruit-like texture. It covered her nose and cheekbones beneath her eyes. The longer Lisa stared, the further it spread.

“M-Maggie...?” Lisa called softly. “What is going on with you...? You’re... *You’re turning blue...*”

Guuurrrrrgle...!

“Mmmm~!” Maggie moaned, pursing her lips as something ravaged her in her slumber.

The mass mounding over her chest swelled again. Lisa held her breath, leaning over her partner in silent observation. She knew she should wake Maggie up, but couldn’t bring herself to do so. There was something intoxicating about the scene. Lisa couldn’t ignore the breast-like appearance of the two beachball-sized mounds hidden within her bag.

Guuuurrrrrgle!

“Mmmm!!”

Lisa’s eyes widened. The entire sleeping bag’s surface shifted and pulled. While the portion over Maggie’s chest pulled taut, other shapes were rising to make themselves known. A large, globular mound had begun pressing from below her chest. Even further down, firming curves pressed into the sides of the bag. Maggie squirmed in her sleep, causing the array of sleeping bag-wrapped mountains to shift and rub against the fabric.

Visions of Maggie’s figure earlier that night flashed through Lisa’s mind. Images of her bloated belly... Her jeans burst down her ass... Her thighs ready to split the seams... Her breasts popping one button and threatening to blow another...

Lisa gulped. The combined shape of all the mounds squeezing ever tighter within the sleeping bag was unmistakable, yet she couldn’t bring herself to believe it.

“It almost looks like... *you’re blowing up...*” she whispered.

It was impossible, yet the position of the curves couldn’t be denied: Maggie looked as though she’d grown an extreme hourglass figure with a pregnant belly burdened with triplets far beyond their due date. The sleeping bag clung to her figure with betraying accuracy.

Guuuurrrrrrrgle!!!

The shapes engorged, tightening the sleeping bag around her like a straitjacket. Filling it to the brim and pulling the fabric taut to strain its stitches, Maggie’s head looked comically dwarfed compared to what Lisa saw as her body.

“Nnngh! Haahhh~ Nnggaaahhhh~ *L...Lisa...*” Maggie pleaded.

Lisa’s mouth watered with strange arousal. She should have been frantic with worry as she watched her lover’s body expand to fill her sleeping bag, yet she couldn’t bring herself to do anything but watch fabric pull tighter as if there were a series of water balloons inflating within its confines. She wished they hadn’t packed so light; Maggie’s backpacking sleeping bag didn’t have a zipper for her to undo and sneak a look at what was happening.

Guuuurrrrrrrrrgle!!

“Mmmm! *A-Ahhh...! Heavy-- They’re-- Tight...!*”

Creeeeeeaaaaak!!

Lisa held her breath when seams strained. The sleeping bag looked like a cocoon ready to explode. Purples and blues spread across Maggie's face like a virus.

GUUURRRRRGLE!!

CRREEAAA--POP!!

A stitch burst loud enough to make Lisa jolt. The sound startled Maggie awake like a distant gunshot.

"Nggh--Ahh!! W-What??" Maggie's eyes shot open. They looked around. "What's--" Lisa watched as she tried to move. It only caused the hulking mass of her sleeping bag to sway and wobble. "Lisa?!" she squeaked breathlessly, eyes falling upon the mountain of doming fabric rising above her. "W-W-What's happening?! I can't-- Haahhh, haahhhhh I can't... move!! I'm-- Nnnngh! Something doesn't feel right...!"

Her confusion drew Lisa out of her hypnosis. "Hey, hey! Everything is alright! I think you're just having a reaction to those berries!"

"A reaction?! I feel like I'm trapped in this sleeping bag with a blimp! Why--" Maggie's eyes crossed. "WHY THE HELL IS MY NOSE BLUE?!"

GUUURRRRRGLE!!

Her panic squeaked into silence when a thick, syrupy rumble traveled through her sleeping bag. Her chest heaved forth to pull the fabric drum-tight. The mouth of the sleeping bag started to open.

"Lisa! L-Lisa!! Something--" Maggie squirmed. "I-I feel weird! My chest-- Oohhhh my BELLY! Everything feels like it's--"

SLOOOMMMSH!!

Fluid sloshed and bubbled. Maggie's eyes bulged wide as they watched two fleshy mounds expand from the mouth of her sleeping bag.

"Lisa!! I'm-- It's-- I think I'm-- MMPH!?"

Cleavage pushed into her face. Panicked words were lost into the hot chasm of tit flesh squeezed from the opening.

Lisa ogled, mouth falling open upon finally seeing her lover's bust. "They're... blue."

Dark hues of violet and blue had tinted Maggie's breasts. Shiny and taut in the lantern light, the rich colors shimmered with a ripening appearance much like the blueberries she'd eaten along the trail.

SLOOOOOMMMSH!!

SPLRRRTCH!!

"MMMMPH!?"

Maggie moaned when pressure moved through her overblown beach balls. Two soda can-sized protrusions jutted forth, eager to tear through her bag. A sugary scent filled the air

before Lisa saw a thick wetness spreading across the fabric. It grew dark and purple, staining the green fabric as it soaked through and began running down the sides.

“Mmph!! M-MMMPH!!” Maggie squirmed and writhed, eyes fluttering at the exotic sensation of fabric rubbing across every inch of her swollen body.

“You’re...” Lisa breathed, the scent making her shiver. *“I think you’re leaking, Maggie...”* she swooned.

CREEAAAA--POP!!

“MMNGH!”

Another stitch burst. Maggie heaved at the stinging rupture like a slap across her engorged ass.

One of Lisa’s hands reached out. Maggie’s eyes widened, watching it approach one of her quivering nipples pulsing with fluid.

“Are those your nipples...?” Lisa awed. *“They’re massive.”*

Maggie shook her head as best she could, but it only made her chest shimmy. *“Mmph!! Mmmphhh!”*

“They look... so...” A finger pressed into the erect dome.

“MMMMMM!!!” Skyrocketing sensitivity made Maggie’s eyes roll backward when Lisa’s finger sank into her bloated areola. Juice squished from the soaking sleeping bag as Lisa dragged her finger down. When she pulled back, her hand was coated in a thick, viscous purple fluid. It reminded her of snow-cone syrup as it ran down her fingers and palm.

“This looks like... juice.”

The tip of her tongue poked out. Maggie watched as her nectar was sampled like honey. Seeing Lisa’s eyes illuminate at the taste made her heart pound in both worry and excitement.

“Oh my~” Lisa licked her lips, then licked the rest of her hand clean. A growl vibrated her stomach with midnight hunger. She looked upon Maggie as if she were a king’s feast. *“Maggie...”*

“MMMMMMMPH!!!”

She smiled, eyes drunk with the overwhelmingly sweet taste of Maggie’s warm juice. *“I think you’re ripe.”*

CRREEAAAA--SHRRRIIPPP!!!

BLOOMSH!!!

“MMMPPHH--AAHHH!!”

The sleeping bag trembled, then in a great tearing asunder, burst down the middle. Purple-hued flesh billowed forth as if Maggie were a butterfly. Almost wing-like, her breasts jumped outward before tumbling to her left and right, piling over the tent’s floor as two quivering mounds of juice. They dwarfed their owner, each one carrying the volume of a yoga ball. Their sudden arrival pushed Lisa against the side of the tent. She sat there ogling the impressive girth her partner now presented in the tiny space.

“Holy-- My-- M-My tits-- My-- Nnnngh, my belly! God, is that my ass?!” Maggie gasped and panted, arms barely able to explore herself. She tried to sit up but found herself unable beneath the weight of her bust.

Everything was tinted shades of blue. It was darkest at the centers of her curves, the most pronounced of which were her nipples, belly button, and groin. The shades turned lighter blue from there as they spread across her rounding skin. It hadn't yet gotten to her hands and feet, but as Lisa watched the color creep, she knew it wouldn't be long.

“I-I look--” She whimpered, taking the sides of her tightened, doming belly in her hands like an oversized beachball. *“I look like a--”*

“Blueberry...” Lisa offered, hypnotized.

GUUURRRGLE!!

SPLRRRTCH!!

“Gaahhh! Haaahhh oh God!!” Maggie piped, feeling juice spray in thick streams. It coated the top of the tent before dripping down in thick globs. *“I can't hold it! What the hell is this stuff?! My chest is so big I can't even sit up!!”*

“It's juice,” Lisa said calmly, eyes sparkling. She approached, leaning over the engorged woman with a drooling hunger.

“Lisa-- L-Lisa-- Hold on! What's gotten into you?! I need help! This isn't-- MMMMMM!!!”

Lisa sank a hand into Maggie's breast. Hot, sticky, juicy skin swallowed it up to her wrist.

SPLRRRRRTCH!!

A geyser of purple sprayed from a nipple swollen as thick as her bicep. It gushed over Lisa's front, though she made no attempt to dodge. Her mouth was waiting to capture a mouthful, swallowing greedily upon filling with the sugary treasure.

“Ohhhh~ Ohhhhhhhh God...!” Maggie labored. Slowly, her legs were spreading apart from her combating thighs. Rolls creased around her waist and back at the impossible circumference of her belly.

Lisa swayed, licking every corner of her mouth. *“I've never tasted anything like this. You're intoxicating.”*

“Do-- Ohhhh do that again! Please!! I--” Maggie whimpered, heavy eyes taking in the rising curves of her body. *“I can't believe I'm saying this, but-- I-I think... I need to be juiced!! My skin feels like it's stretching! C-Can you push on me again and-- MMMMMM!!!”*

Lisa was happy to oblige. With a hand beneath a nipple and another beneath Maggie's belly button, she applied her full weight.

SPLOOOOMMMSH!!!

“AAHH-- AAHHHH~!! MMMNGAAHHH~!!!”

Her body gurgled like a volcano. Juice surged forth from her body as if she were a sponge. Twin rooster tails sprang from her nipples to paint the inside of the tent blue. From

between her legs, Lisa saw Maggie's pussy bulge forth before it flooded the floor in a torrent of sugar.

"M-More...! Juice me-- MORE!!" Maggie pleaded, writhing under the surge of shifting pressures. *"It feels... so good!! Like-- Like each time-- I spray-- Is an orgas--MMMMMMGH!!!"*

SPLOOOWMMMMSH!!!

Another deluge of juice quieted her into a barrage of orgasmic gasps for air. Juice dripped from every inch of the tent. Lisa had been dyed purple from her baptism of sweetness. She drank whatever she could, gulping and swallowing mouthful after mouthful of her lover's nectar. It sat heavily in her belly, distending it slightly against her pajama shirt.

"Haahhhhhh... Lisa... It's..." Maggie swallowed and stared at her body. She couldn't sit up, but the stretching had ceased. Juice was no longer flowing to fill her to the brim. *"I-I think I stopped filling... Maybe the berries lost their effect!"* There was as much a tone of relief as there was disappointment. There had been tremendous excitement in feeling her body transforming at the whim of gallons of juice. Her heart still fluttered from the idea of blowing up like a balloon. *"If we can...nnngh!...just get the rest of this juice out of me... Maybe we can--"*

Maggie paused and listened. Lisa's hands weren't pressing upon her anymore. Juice had stopped being produced, but she wasn't being emptied either.

"Lisa?"

There was a shuffling and sloshing of liquid across the tent's floor. Maggie tried to sit up on her elbows but found it nearly impossible. The weight of her chest still pinned her arms mostly to her side.

"L-Lisa...? What are you doing? I need this juice--"

She returned, though with a devious, drunken look in her eyes that made Maggie uneasy, especially as she climbed atop her protruding belly and straddled it like a playground toy.

Sloooosh!!

"Ooompph!" Maggie gasped, feeling her girlfriend's weight press upon a great reservoir of nectar. Pressure pushed against her pussy like a damn, and shifted into her breasts to make them round out with fullness. *"E-Easy! I'm not a damn yoga ball! I'm still full enough to--"*

Maggie saw it then: her baggie of blueberries she'd collected earlier. Lisa clutched them with crazed eyes and juice dripping from her mouth.

"L...Lisa...? What are you--"

Lisa's fingers dug into the bag and withdrew a dripping handful. *"We need to start the juice again."*

Terror fell upon Maggie. Her heart raced with a panicked excitement she couldn't explain. *"Lisa... Lisa! No! Stop! Snap out of it! Think about this! I didn't eat that many, and look what happened! I-I don't think I can handle--MMMPH!!!"*

Berries mashed into her face. Forced into her mouth, Maggie's eyes widened as she felt her cheeks bulge and juice drip down her throat.

"Mmmmph!!"

Lisa only leaned forward, her weight sloshing upon a rotund belly and engorged breasts. *"If you could only taste it, Maggie... You would understand! It's DIVINE!"* Her eyes sparkled as her hand refilled with another helping of berries. *"I'll help you make enough! Enough juice for both of us! We need more!"*

"MMMMPH! MMMPH!!!"

Maggie's eyes watered and she shook her head. There was nowhere for the berries to go but down as she swallowed time and time again.

Rmmmbbllll

"M-Mmmph!!" she whimpered, feeling renewed pressure rumbling through her body. Fresh juice was coming, and it wouldn't be so gentle this time. As intense as the coming storm was, Maggie couldn't deny the lusty excitement welling within her at how it would feel to engorge so massively.

"More... MORE...!" Lisa encouraged, feeding her more berries. *"You'll be perfect! You'll be overflowing! You'll be--"*

Rmmmbbllll--GLOOMSH!!

"MMNGH!!"



Everything heaved forth several inches with such force that Lisa had to catch herself on a breast. It was enough to knock her free of her juice-induced trance.

She looked around, dazed as a rock-hard belly button rubbed against her crotch. “Wha-- Maggie? What did--”

GUURRRRRGLE!!

“MMMMM!!! MMMMMMPH!?” Maggie panicked beneath her.

Lisa looked at the crushed berries in her hand and the juice running out of Maggie’s mouth. The empty bag dropped from her grasp as she felt heat building between her legs, within Maggie’s belly like a boiler coming alive.

“Oh no. Maggie-- I-I don’t know what came over me! I-- I couldn’t--”

“Nnngh!?” She swallowed the rest of the berries and gasped for air. “LISA!! WHAT THE HELL DID YOU--”

RRMMMMBBBBBLLL!!

She fell silent, wincing as pressure beat against her skin. Everything rounded out. Bucking beneath Lisa like a bronco, she fell forward again when her belly mount surged several inches bigger. Maggie’s breasts widened and swelled. Any gap between them was closed as her cleavage came together and swallowed Maggie up to her neck.

“Lisa...” Maggie said softly, worried. Their eyes looked at her belly as it groaned like a bomb. “L-L-Lisa, what’s gonna happen to--”

GLOOORRRMMMMP

Maggie’s eyes turned purple. Juice resumed production, putting her previous expansion to shame. No longer was she swelling in bursts. Now she was victim to a constant, rapid filling attacking her frame from every angle. Lisa’s legs had to widen their grip as Maggie’s belly filled wide and taut. Her fingers pressed into skin that resisted back with ripe, rubbery firmness. Looking over her shoulder, she watched as Maggie’s thighs bloated thicker than tree trunks and spread her lower half eagle. An ass twice too wide to fit through a doorway was encroaching across the tent floor.

“L-L-LISA!! Something-- SOMETHING FEELS REALLY WEIRD!! MY BODY!! I-- IT FEELS LIKE IT’S ALL-- STRETCHING!! LIKE I CAN’T-- MMMPH!?”

Lisa turned back in time to see Maggie’s breasts swell to cover her face once again. Eyes wide with panic and confusion tried to look over her chest at what felt like an immense amount of pressure building.

RRMMBBBBLLL!!!

Her body shifted as juice looked for places to settle. Lisa watched, feeling Maggie’s belly and breasts tighten to purple drums beneath her.

“Uhhh-- Uhhhh-- Shit! I-- What do I do?!” She started pressing on Maggie’s breasts again, but no juice would escape her nipples. They were too engorged.

Rapid exhales wheezed from Maggie’s nose, helpless to only watch her body inflate.

STRRRRTCH!!

Lisa saw it then. The bases of Maggie's breasts were lifting. The shape of her abdomen was changing. Pressure was moving around her sides and to her back, inflating her entire torso and smoothing out the rolls that had once darted around her waist.

"MMMPH!!!"

GUUUURRRRRGLE!!

Juice continued to pump. Lisa watched as everything expanded. There were no limits to where the juice could go now, as Maggie's entire body was forced to ripen at full force. Looking around, Lisa saw her lover's calves start to thicken. The bases of her breasts were widening, spreading across the top of her belly as it ballooned to enlarge her torso as one mass.

Creeaaaa--POP!!

"AH!!" Lisa shrieked and scrambled.

There came a flash of light, then darkness. Maggie's belly had crushed their lantern. Lack of light didn't help her juicy engorgement, however. Lisa wobbled atop her ballooning partner. The sopping roof of the tent came to press against her head, then back.

"Maggie!" she warned, hunching down and lying across her belly. *"Y-You need to slow down! This tent only fits four!"*

"MMMPH?!?" she grunted, as if to say, *'ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!?!'*

RRMMMMBBBLLLL!!!!

Growth accelerated with her anger. In the darkness, Lisa saw the sides of Maggie's belly lift the sides of her breasts as her back continued to round out. She began tilting, unable to lie flat any longer. This finally stole Lisa's balance and she toppled from her perch against the door of the tent.

Here she saw the true bulk of what she'd done. Belly and breasts rising toward the tent's ceiling, Maggie's entire body had begun taking on a rounded, ballooning human shape. Her legs spread wide and lifted from the ground as her belly distended between them, swallowing her thighs to her knees. Her breasts had little movement of their own as their bases had spread so wide that they could no longer fold over.

"M-Maggie? I--"

STRRRRTCH!!!!

"MMMMMM!! NNGH!!"

"L-Listen! I--" Lisa searched for the door's zipper as hot, purple flesh pushed her against the wall. *"I-I think I'd better leave before--"*

RRMMMMBBBLLLL!!!!

"MMMPH!!!"

The tent opened. Lisa fled into the night, stopping at their car to watch from cover. For a moment, all was still. Her heart pounded in her head with anxiety over what she'd done.

The tent shifted.

RRMMBBLLLL!!

The sides pushed outward. Internal pressure was inflating it like a balloon. Lisa could make out the shapes of nipples, hands, and feet pushing on the walls, but soon those were lost to much larger curves. Lumps from their backpacks were overpowered and crushed in the corner.

“MMMMMMMM!!!” Maggie’s groans filled the silent night.

The tent pulled taut. Earth moved when the stakes pulled free.

Creceaaaaa--SNAP!!

The poles shattered. The door, left partially open from Lisa’s escape, granted a view inside as a gargantuan juice-drenched pussy pushed into view.

Still she grew. The tent rounded forth into an orange sphere, yet it was asked for more. Nylon tensed. Stress creases shot across the globe. Rips began popping along the seams. A zipper burst along a window and Lisa saw a head-sized nipple crushed against the mesh.

Lisa held her breath. The process seemed to be slowing. The tent could contain her. It trembled against the last few gallons filling Maggie’s body to the limit.

RRMMBBBBLL!!!!

“MMMMMMMM!!!”

CRREEEEEEAAAAAAAANK!!

It fell still. Lisa watched the deformed tent filled with her juice-logged girlfriend.



The forest waited in silence.

“M...Maggie...? Are you--”

Shrrriiip

A stitch gave way.

Pop...!

A seam blew.

Crreeeaaaaaa--

The entire, heaving mass trembled--

BOOM!!!

The tent exploded, opening at the top like a banana peel as Maggie pushed it beyond its limits.

SLOOOOONMASH!!!

A heaving, gargantuan, rounded figure of a naked woman emerged. Coming to rest like a fluid-filled beach ball straining against gravity, Maggie’s body had ballooned into an all-consuming sphere of blues and purples. Breasts over five feet wide sat tight and domed atop her globular figure, almost too stretched and flattened to distinguish themselves from her belly. Her hands and feet remained slender, though were sunken into bulging hollows where her limbs had retracted into her body. A tight, three-foot-tall crease of leaking pussy folds glistened blue in the moonlight.

Lisa stepped cautiously from her cover. The scent of so much juice swirling within her lover made her stomach growl. She could hear it churning even from a distance.

“M...Maggie...?” she called.

RMMMBBBBLLLL...

Hundreds of gallons of juice wanted to be free. Her body was straining to contain every ounce. Trickling streams ran down her curves from leaking nipples.

“Maggie?”

“Nnnngh...! L...Lisaaaaa!” she moaned.

Maggie circled and found her head. Like her hands and feet, it had been pulled inward until Maggie’s cheeks squished against the prison of skin.

“Holy shit... You’re--” Lisa gulped. “*You’re HUGE.*”

“Go-- G-Go for... help...!” Maggie was visibly struggling against the pressure. Juice sprayed in warning from her pussy. Her nipples stiffened, pushed outward by her contents. Her hands clenched into fists. “*I-- Oh, God! I think... I’m ripe!! I feel like... I feel like I’m gonna explode if I have to hold anymore juice!*”

“Ripe... Like a blueberr--”

“LISA!?”

“Right!! Sorry!! I--” She looked around for her bag from the tent’s explosion and found her keys. She started for the car. “I’ll go! I’ll find help! Just-- Uhh-- S-Stay there! Stay there and don’t touch anything sharp! I’ll be--”

Grrmmmbllll...

Lisa paused, bending over slightly and placing a hand on her stomach. It was hot and distended with all the juice she’d enjoyed, though there was a distinct sensation of bloating. In all of the excitement, she hadn’t noticed how tight her camisole had become, or how it had ridden up her belly. The neckline was stretched against more cleavage than there should have been, while her navel swelled to draw her pajama shorts downward.

Pop!!

Her belly button sprang free. Lisa’s eyes widened, her breath catching as something warm and thick moved through her body. There was a blue tint to her belly. It slowly grew darker, spreading across her bloated stomach before her breasts swelled to hide it from view. Her shorts were pulling into a wedgie, rubbing far too tightly against her crotch.

“*Shit-- M-M-Maggie??*” she whimpered, tasting fresh juice in the back of her throat. “*Do we have a Plan B? Something tells me I won’t even make it down the mountain!*”