

Ugh, Blue is So Not My Color (Blueberry Inflation, Totally Spies!)

Sam held her breath as she looked around the corner, careful not to do anything that might give away her position. Infiltrating the facility had been a nightmare, even by the standards of normal spywork. Guards on every corner, cameras and sentry turrets—it was a miracle she'd gotten *this* far.

Of course, she hadn't accomplished her objective yet. She still had to grab the Device and escape. Unfortunately, that was even trickier than it sounded: while her target might only be around the corner, it was surrounded by an entire laboratory's worth of scientists, all standing around in their labcoats and prodding it with spanners. There wasn't a chance in hell she could grab it and get out again. Unless...

Plucking her compact from her belt, she took one last chance to inspect her make-up, snapped it shut, and hurled it into the lab like a Frisbee. It sailed across the room and struck the far wall with a clatter.

"Eh?" At once, every head in the room snapped up. "Gadzooks." "What was that?" "Some sort of localized weather phenomenon?" "Let me see, I need a topic for my next research paper, or they're going to cut my funding!" Like sheep, the scientists shuffled off in search of the source of the commotion.

Wow, I can't believe that actually worked, thought Sam. *Here goes nothing.* Rushing out of the corridor, she sprinted across the room as fast as her legs would carry her, snatched the Device off its pedestal—it looked like a laser of some kind, though exactly what it did was beyond her—and turned to leave.

"Some sort of novel airborne bivalve with reflective interior properties—Hey! Look, she's taking the Device! Grab her! Or at least shout for someone else to grab her!" Most of the scientists took the latter option.

As she neared the exit, Sam dared to think she'd succeeded. *I've done it!* she thought. *I've done—*

Three steps from the door, a thin blue beam struck her in the buttocks, making her gasp a strange tingling surged through her form. Falling to her knees, she dropped the Device and clasped her gut, moaning as a shockwave rolled through her limbs and flexed her fingers. *Nnn! Wh-what's happening to me?!*

"See? I told you we should save the prototype," said one of the scientists, striding forward with a replica of the Device in hand. "Especially since she seems to have damaged the finished product. Tch."

The other scientists gathered around her like a herd of curious sheep, prodding at her and the broken Device both. "How are we ever going to complete it now? It will take months of work to repair it!"

Glorp! Sam moaned as her stomach burbled and groaned. By now, it felt so full it was ready to burst, and with every second, it felt a little tighter. The pain was terrible.

Forcing her eyes open, she looked down and moaned at what she found there: her stomach had swollen into a sphere the size of an exercise ball, stretching her catsuit tight around it. Even now, it squeaked, fighting the strain, until at last, it tore with a terrible *rrrip*, allowing her fat, bloated belly to spill out into the open, rotund and blue.

...B-blue?!

"By Jove, just look at her!

"Violet! She's turning violet!" ("Stop saying my name, you old coot!")

"Why, it seems as though the prototype is functioning more effectively than I remembered. She's showing clear signs of blueberry DNA."

"Perhaps, rather than repair the finished device, we can simply spruce up the prototype a little?"

"Why, Heinrich, you're a genius!" ("My name is Egelbert, sir.")

Glorp! Her eyes wide and her face slick with sweat, Sam stared as her stomach surged in size, its fat round form swelling like a water balloon. She could *feel* the juices inside it sloshing from side to side, and worse, as it grew, it seemed to be spreading to the rest of her body too.

With a *rrrrrip* of tearing lycra, the chest of her catsuit came apart, allowing her own chest to spring out into the open, two fat blue spheres big as her head and growing larger with every second. Blueberry juice poured from her fattened nipples, squirting all over the floor.

"Gosh, just look at the cans on this one!"

Sam moaned as her butt bloated, spilling over the sides of her legs in the process. As the pain of it struck her, panic washed through her mind. *I-I've got to escape! Before I turn into a complete blueberry!*

"Ohoh! Her derrière isn't to be laughed at either!"

With great effort, she managed to force herself to her feet and lurch in the direction of the doorway. The scientists simply stood aside and watched, laughing and nudging themselves. It didn't take long to figure out why.

Even as Sam stumbled on, her belly continued to fill with juice, growing fatter and fatter, till it lifted her boobs and spread her arms and her legs wide with its swollen circumference. Moaning, she struggled on, but she could barely even wobble now, her body had grown so round.

She fought on all the same, desperately swinging her arms to and fro, but it wasn't long before the blue hole of her belly swallowed them, leaving only the stubby socks and mittens of her arms and feet poking out of her bloated girth. Large as a small house and round as a planet, she squealed as her thickened labia struck the floor of the lab, making her scream as it set off a fresh round of leaking.

Finally, she could move no more. Coming to a stop, she rolled back onto her butt and panted, moaning between each heavy, labored breath.

The scientists resumed their circle around her, poking and prodding with their pens. "Gosh, look at the size of this one! I've never seen it produce such a plump berry!" "Does she have *any* human DNA left?" "We'll have to take a sample."

Together, they rolled her away from the door and deeper into the lab, making her moan each time her swollen assets struck the floor and were squished under her. *Nnn~! This is awful... At least Clover and Alex will be able to save me...*

"Put her in the cage with the other two. Yes, that's the one."

She found herself in a cell with two other giant blueberry-women, their familiar faces staring at her in horror.

The bars clanged behind her.

Oh no, thought Sam.