

Bluefairy

Contains full-body blueberry expansion

“There it is! There it is! Look at all of it!”

“Shhhhhh! You’re gonna get us caught!”

Wings and giggles fluttered through the air as two fairies flitted into the cottage. In the dead of night, their tiny voices carried more than usual. Snores came from the other room where the cottage’s owner slept after a long day’s work.

The duo came upon a table laden with food. Bread, butter, cured meats, fruits, and leftover desserts made their eyes glimmer as much as their own glowing wings.

“I can’t believe they just left it all out like this...” Glida said, drooling. Hunger pulsed through her green wings.

The pink one, Aimee, tossed her hair in pride. “Well of course! Like I said, I put sleeping dust in his ale! He barely made it to his bed in time before collapsing. Just stay away from his mug and the rest is an all-you-can-eat buffet! You’re *welcome*.”

“I want bread! With LOADS of butter!” Excitement sent Glida sailing toward the still-warm loaf. With eager hands, she began scooping butter and spreading it over chunks of bread before burying her face in the delicious goodness. *“MMMMMMMM!! Try it, Aimee!”*

Aimee snickered from above. “Keep eating bread like that and you’ll get too fat to fly. You barely fit in your dress as it is.”

Glida stuck her tongue out before pulling down the hem of her leafy garment to cover her thighs and going back to her bread.

“I’m going for something healthier than bread and butter. Fruit is what fairies are meant to eat! Not that human food.” Her eyes fell upon a large jar of blueberries. Most were gone, but a handful still remained at the bottom in a layer of dark purple spheres. “Now blueberries; *those* keep a fairy healthy and fit.”

A muffled chuckle came from below. “Maybe if you ate bread every once in a while, *your* blueberries would look like *my* blueberries.”

Aimee looked down to see Glida confidently arching her back to show off a hefty pair of breasts jutting from her tiny frame.

“Shut up!” she cried before diving toward the jar.

Glass distorted and muffled the world around her when she landed inside the container. When full, it would have held roughly half a gallon of blueberries. The walls rose tall and glossy around her as she stood among the berries left behind. She picked one from around her feet: a grapefruit-sized delight compared to her stature.

Juice erupted over her cheeks when she bit into it. Feeling it gush down her chin, Aimee sank her mouth into the fruit with ravenous hunger. Her throat could hardly keep up with her bites.

“Ohhhhh, Mother Nature, those are good~” she moaned. The back of her hand wiped her face partially clean.

Rmmbllll...

Her stomach growled. Whether due to the sudden surge of food or a desire for more, she didn't know, nor care. Aimee plucked another and ate it just as fast.

“Glida!” she yelled from inside the jar. “You *have* to try these!”

“*But breeaaaaaad!*” she whined.

“*Mmpsh... Mmpsh...*” Breathing through her bites, Aimee reveled in the overwhelming juice. “*M...More for me...!*”

Two more were gathered in her hands. She dove into both like a king plunging head-first into the cleavage of a busty whore.

Tink~!

She allowed herself to fall back, sitting among the berries. As one hand became empty, she would grab another fruit from nearby while eating the berry in the other. Juice washed over her front to stain her petite cleavage and sewn leaves. Pressure ached in her belly at the half dozen blueberries she'd eaten; already she could feel her dress pulling tight against her protruding gut.

“*They're... Mmngh...*” Aimee had to catch her breath. She hadn't eaten so well in days. “*They're so...good...*” Leaning back, she stared at the obvious dome of a bloated stomach. A hand patted the curve.

Guurrrrrrgle...

“*N-Nngh... I--*” She winced, feeling her stomach tense as fruit tried to settle. “*Maybe I...got too excited...*” Looking up out of the jar, she called out, “Glidaaaaa! Come try one!”

“*Fiiiiiine.*”

Warped green shimmers danced outside the jar as Aimee watched her friend fly over. Glida landed outside the jar and looked up.

“Come on! Inside!”

Glida read the jar's label several times. “W-Wait--”

Aimee took a massive berry and bit down despite her belly's protests. She'd never eaten berries so good that they caused her breasts to tingle and her nipples to harden. “You *have* to try one of these blueberries!”

Her eyes widened. “But those aren't--”

“Trust me! You've never had them as juicy as this! They're--”

“*AIMEE, THOSE AREN'T BLUEBERRIES!! THEY'RE EVER-JUICE BERRIES!!*”

The fairy froze with a mouthful of fruit. Horror gripped her as her stomach groaned with rising pressure. “...*What?*”

Guurrrrrrgle...!!

Glida pointed to the jar's label. *"The label says 'Ever-Juice Berries'!"* Pressing her hands and worried face to the glass, she looked in. *"Tell me you haven't already eat that ma--"*

GUUURRRRRGLE!!

"N-NNNGH!!"

Aimee bent forward, hugging her stomach as pressure surged. Her gut rounded forth, tightening her dress and pulling it high up her thighs until it covered only the top half of her hips. Frantic hands wiped juice from her face and chest. Panic rose higher when blue and purple splotches refused to come away from swollen cleavage. The colors were spreading to stain her skin from within.

"G... Glida-- Glida!!" she whimpered.

GUURRGLE!!

Her belly swelled in her arms. Leaning back, she saw it force itself between her legs. The dress pulled up to her navel. From between her thighs, purple skin shone taut and shiny. Resting on top, she saw her breasts rising with plumpness. Already more than double their usual size, Aimee's breath hitched upon seeing the rounding purple domes jiggling with fullness. Cleavage bulged at her dress's neckline.

"GLIDA!!" Her wings flapped madly but her body wouldn't budge from the jar's bottom. *"GLIDA, I NEED HELP!"*

Her friend flew to the jar's top and peered inside. Finding Aimee's belly swollen to the size of an apple left her slack-jawed. *"Mother Nature!! How many did you eat?!"*

GUUURRRRRRGLE!!

SHRRRIIIIP!!

Aimee's dress split down the front. Rendered naked, her rapid transformation was laid bare. She was bloating, her curves expanding in all directions as they took on purple shades matching the juice filling her from the inside. Normally pink, her nipples now stood out fat and engorged, as dark purple as the berries crowding around her.

"Nnngh!! T-Too many!! I ate way too many!!" Her arms reached up. *"Help me out!! Before I-- Gaahh!"*

Juice surged within her curves. Knowing the situation was dire, Glida flew into the jar and hooked her arms under Aimee's. Two pairs of wings beat madly but her weight wouldn't lift. Even as they tried, Aimee could feel her bare cheeks pumping larger against the glass. Her thighs thickened before mashing together and fighting with the bottom of her belly.

Both knew the dangers of ever-juice berries. To humans, they were a sweet, enchanted treat that produced over ten times their volume in juice when eaten. To fairies, eating even one was more than enough to test their waistline.

"Hurry-- Hurry!! I'm-- Mmmnnghh! T-The...juice!!" Aimee gurgled as cleavage pushed into her neck. Every inch of her body releases dense, muffled gurgles of trapped fluid gushing forth from within. It shifted and pulled as if in a war with invisible hands.

GUUUUUUUURRRRGLE!!

“Ahhh-- Ahhmng!! It’s--” Aimee stared at the belly rising into her face. Blue hues spread rich and vibrant across her frame. “It’s getting-- Tight!!

“Ahh!!”

Glida jolted when juices shifted under Aimee’s skin and against her arms. Releasing her, she saw rolls of fullness pulling around Aimee’s back as her belly enlarged to an impossible girth. The purple had spread even here, meeting at the base of her spine to blend into the creeping hues of her wobbling ass.

Slowly her belly was pushing the other berries away and mashing them into the glass. Juice leaked to spread over the bottom as they were crushed. Even Glida stumbled back, her wings meeting with the jar as Aimee swelled to demand most of the jar’s space at the center.

“Mmph!! MMMPH!!” she cried, breasts swollen enough to engulf her mouth. They pushed up as they lost the battle with her belly.

“C-Come on!” Glida urged, timidly stepping forward. “We need...to get you...out of...here...before--”

Her arms trembled as she heaved. Aimee slowly drew into a knock-kneed standing position. Leaning on her belly, her new figure was put on display.

Everything was engorged. She looked as though she’d put on the weight of ten fairies. Watching the blue colors reach into her hands and feet, Glida stepped back and realized it was too late. The juice was spreading. Exposed and swollen like a dam ready to burst, Aimee’s groin bulged between her thighs and pushed downward as her belly ballooned to swallow the tops of her thighs. Her hips widened and maintained their shape with a fairy butt four times as wide as it should have been, but it too lost itself to her creeping waistline. Slowly her ass rounded out, smoothing into the fullness creeping down Aimee’s back as if she were gaining weight all over.

Bloooooorrrmp!!

“MMMMMGH!!”

Sloooooomsh!!

Sloooooomsh!!

Juice sloshed when Aimee tottered. Her arms flailed at her sides, feeling her abdomen rounding like a ripening grapefruit. Slowly it forced her limbs up and out.

“G-Glida! GLIDA!! WHAT’S HAPPENING TO ME?!” she whimpered, eyes bulging from over two fairy melon breasts. “I’M...BLOWING UP!!”

Her legs spread apart. Skin distended between them, taut and rounded as her thighs were swallowed.

“I’m-- I’m gonna-- Ahhh!!”

Glida had just enough time to fly up to the jar’s mouth before Aimee’s legs gave out, flaring to the sides as her body slammed into the jar’s bottom. Blue flesh wobbled full and sugary, squeezing the leftover berries against the walls.

“IT’S NOT-- STOPPING!!” she moaned, eyes rolling into the back of her head. Stretching skin pulled tighter and tighter across her body. Breasts once small and perky now wobbled fat and dome-like atop a globular body. Arms flailed as they were engulfed into ballooning love handles, stealing away any humanoid shape Aimee had left. Her eyes shifted back and forth at the expanse of skin swelling around her.

Sqqquveeeeeaaaaaak!

“MMMMGH!!!”

She whimpered when glass rubbed against her skin. On all sides, she felt her body being squeezed. Pressure ached, trapping the fairy in a cylindrical prison.

“IT’S TOO SMALL!! IT’S TOO SMALL!” she cried helplessly. *“GLIDAAAAA!! D-Do somethiiiiing!!”*

Glida only watched from the jar’s top with stunned enchantment. *“All that juice... You’re...”*

GUUUURRRGLE

STRRRRTCH!!!

“Mmnngh!! NNNNGH!!! T-Too...tiiight!! It’s...squeezing...meeee!!”

Slowly Aimee’s body was forced taller. Blue skin pressed into the glass, filling the jar’s bottom half while her breasts and belly slowly rose. At the bottom, she could feel her pussy mashing over the smooth surface like two peach slices. Hands and feet wiggled within their prisons, pulling into smooth divots on the sides of her spherical form.

“Nnnngh! Make... M-Make it stooooop!” she begged with berry breath. Tension tickled and pricked across her body. *“I can’t-- I can’t hold anymore-- Juice--”*

Glida ogled. Nipples as large as her head puffed in anger and pressed against the jar’s walls near the top. Juice tried to leak and relieve pressure, but the glass stopped all. *“You’re getting so dark!!”*

GUUUURRRRRGLE!!!

Aimee could feel it. She was ripening. Becoming too ripe. Juice sloshed and bubbled to fill every available nook and cranny. No part of her body was left unfilled. Even her cheeks puffed and her tongue thickened as juice rumbled in the back of her throat. Hair fell into her face, now dyed blue and sticky.

“Mmppsshhh!!” she tried to yell, but only sloshing sounds came forth. Skin rubbed against her cheeks as her head sank into her body.

Creeeeeeeeeaaaaaak!!!

The jar shuddered. Glida flew away in caution, horrified as her friend’s body rose to fill the container to the brim.

Crrrk!

A crack split the side. Aimee’s body bulged over the rim like trapped dough. Shadows and creases pressed against the glass with nowhere left to expand.

RRMMMBBBBBLLLL!!!

Head buried up to her eyes, Aimee's face clenched in preparation.

GGUUUUUUURRRRGLE!!!

"NNNGH!! N-N-NNNGH!!!"

CRREEEEAIIIIIIIIII--CRASH!!!!!!

The jar exploded. Sending chunks in every direction, Aimee's body lurched forth to fling itself into the air before coming to land back on the table with a mighty *BLOOMSH!!!!*

"Mmmngh!! MMMMPPPSHHH!!!"

Speaking was impossible. Stranded and blown as big as a honeydew, Aimee's rounded body stood out among the rest of the food with taut, purple-dyed nudity stretched to its limits. Juice sprayed from her nipples and groin at the incredible pressures built up inside, her body refusing to hold any more. The slightest prick could have spelled doom.

"Holy Nature!" Glida gawked, fluttering down before landing between two oversized breasts. Skin hardly indented beneath her hands and knees as she crawled over to look at Aimee's sunken face. She grinned, bouncing teasingly and watching Aimee's wings flutter in a useless panic. Skin groaned across the violet sphere of feminine contours stretched to their utmost limits.

Amused, Glider chided, "Wow... Tell me again about how the bread was going to make me too big to fly?"