

Blueberry Bloated Heroes

Wandering between the empty warehouses that villains so often frequented, Midnight tried to keep her eyes peeled for any sign of the culprit of the recent strange occurrences in the city. Her long, black hair and black dominatrix outfit helped her to blend in with the shadows as she moved. There was a chance that her red eye mask and buxom curves would give her away, but it was hard to get rid of the things that made her the hero she was. In any case, she was certain that her quirk and whip would be more than enough to take care of any trouble she ran into while she searched for the suspect.

Midnight's attempt to stealthily creep amongst the buildings faltered at the sound of something running up behind her. Turning on her heels, the heroine prepared to defend herself. As the figure came rushing towards her and was illuminated by the moonlight, her stance relaxed as she recognized the familiar face and pair of long, white ears.

Coming to an abrupt stop, Mirko managed to stop a few feet away from Midnight. Stomping her powerful legs, she waved about her locks of white hair to let the tips sway against her toned hips and thighs. Stretching out the crescent moon symbol on her white leotard, the rabbit hero showed off an eager grin as her eyes scanned the area.

"Any sign of the villain?" Mirko asked, tapping her rabbit-like feet against the ground. "I'm itching to really smack them around."

"Shh," Midnight said, holding up a finger. "You need to be quiet."

"Sorry," Mirko replied, lowering her voice. "I'm just raring to give that creep a beating for what he did to those other heroes."

Midnight let out a knowing sigh. "I'm just as eager as you are, but we need to be careful. The last thing we want is to end up like Mt. Lady."

A shudder went down the rabbit hero's spine. "Yeesh, don't have to remind me. I think they're still cleaning up the mess she made. When we catch this villain, I wonder if we can force them to fix Mt. Lady. Or at the very least, aid in picking up the leftovers of her--"

Mirko paused as her ears picked up something. With a wave of her hand, she gestured for Midnight to follow. Staying close to one another, the heroines made their way to the side entrance of one of the warehouses. From behind the locked door, Midnight could make out the sound of someone muttering on the other side. As she pondered how to get in, she only had a half second to recognize the thunderous steps charging towards her. Managing to the swing out of the way in the nick of time, she watched as Mirko slammed through the door with an axe kick.

Groaning at the rabbit hero's brash nature, Midnight regardless followed inside. What she found was an empty warehouse that provided little hiding places for a man dressed up in a chef's outfit groveling on the floor. Recognizing the angular moustache and bulbous nose, she managed to piece together who exactly he was.

"It's over, Conniving Chef," Midnight declared. "We're her to put you under arrest."

"L-let's not be too hasty," the man pleaded, trying to stand up only to freeze as Mirko pounded her fists together. "It's not what you think."

"Seems pretty clear cut to me," Mirko said as she loomed over him. "You're the scumbag that's been turning heroes and innocent civilians into those freaks."

"T-that's because of my employers," he quickly explained. "They force me to use my cooking quirk to come up with strange food that can alter a person's body. If I didn't, they said they would break my fingers. Can't you see that I'm just as much as a victim as they are?"

"Pretty hard to prove you're innocent after what you did to Mt. Lady," Midnight accused.

“It was self-defense,” he answered, shuffling away from the heroines. “She was so big and intimidating that I panicked. I don’t think logically when I’m stressed out.”

“A likely story,” Mirko said, cracking her knuckles as she stepped closer to him. “Let’s see if it holds up after I’m done with you.”

“P-please, you have to believe me.”

“We’ll see if you’re telling the truth, after we take you in,” Midnight said, already preparing to unleash her quirk to put him to sleep.

“No. I can’t go to jail. My culinary career will be ruined. GET AWAY FROM ME!”

A flash of blue appeared at the tips of the Conniving Chef’s fingers. From his palm sprung two, violet colored jelly beans that zipped through the air. Recognizing the candies as being the very same ones that had taken out Mt. Lady, Midnight shut her mouth tight to let one bounce off her lips. Using the momentary distraction to his advantage, the chef made a break for the exit.

“Get back here!” Midnight shouted out as the “villain” rushed out into the night. “Mirko come on, we need to...”

Midnight trailed off as she turned towards Mirko. Her heart stank as she saw something sink down the rabbit hero’s throat. Her worry only grew as she saw a shade of blue appear on the tip of her comrade’s nose and gradually spread out along her face.

“Mirko, did you swallow the candy?” Midnight asked, rushing towards her ally’s side.

“Yeah, but I’m fine,” Mirko replied, trying to keep a straight face even as the blue coloring spread to her cheeks. “More importantly, we need to chase after that evil-
UUUUUUURRRRPPPP!”

Staggering back from the belch, Mirko tried to keep herself standing. Wiping her face with the back of her glove, she came away with a trail of blue liquid. Recognizing it as berry juice, she tried in vain to spit it out onto the ground. However, she was stopped by another burp rolling up her throat forced her to be surrounded by the smell of blueberries.

“I’m calling off the mission,” Midnight said, keeping an eye on Mirko while still maintaining a safe distance. “We need to get you to a hospital as soon as possible.”

“Yeah, let me just BWOOOOOOOORRRPPPPP!”

Mirko’s boisterous belch sent a tremor through her swelling form. Under the duress of the shudders, her costume began to tear. The breaking point formed around the middle of her leotard where it was trying to contain her rapidly growing gut. Though the hole started off small, it was torn wide open as another belch parted her lips to let juice dribble down onto her exposed, bloated belly.

“Come on,” Mirko said, trying to take care of the problem by beating against her sloshing gut. “It’ll take more than a little UUUUURRPP candy to take me out of commission.”

Mirko’s constant beating against her belly came to an end as a squeaky fart leaked out from her backside. The blueberry scent that wafted up seemed to trigger something inside of her. The ferocity in her eyes became glazed over as her brain seemed to reset. When her mind came back, it was only to shift her attention towards purposefully squeezing her swelling form to push out more gas.

This change in priorities culminated in the rabbit hero destroying the rest of her leotard herself to let her breasts breathe. While they were still small in comparison to her swelling gut, her boobs had gone through a drastic growth spurt to make them larger than her head. The added heft of her teats proved to be more than just for show as blue droplets began to leak from them.

Midnight only had a few moments to gaze at the bare, leaking breasts for a moment before the rabbit hero lifted them up to her face to begin drinking from them.

“Cut that out,” Midnight said, rushing over to try and stop Mirko. “Ingesting the juice will only make things worse.”

“I don’t care,” Mirko said, her voice muffled by her own nipple. “It tastes soooooo BWOOOORRRPP good.”

Fighting against what her fellow heroes had warned her about, Midnight lurched forward to grab Mirko’s wrist. Even with her muscles hidden beneath her swelling, blue flesh, the rabbit hero managed to struggle against her friend’s attempt to help her. Back and forth the two of them went; threatening to tip over the blueberry bunny at any moment. Though in the end Midnight did manage to remove the breast from Mirko’s lips it came at a heavy cost.

A loud popping noise filled the warehouse as the teat was pulled out of the rabbit hero’s mouth. No longer controlled by its owner’s drinking, the breast was free to gush forth with the sweet liquid. Midnight tried to keep her mouth shut to avoid getting any of the juice inside of her. Unfortunately, her lips were pried open as Mirko leaned forward to slam her gut into hers as revenge for putting a premature end to her delectable drinking session.

The sweet flavor that graced Midnight’s tongue did little to ease her fears. Backing away from Mirko, she pulled out a compact mirror and held it up to her face. Clenching her teeth as she saw a tiny, blue spot form at the tip of her nose, she struggled to think of a way to avoid succumbing to the same fate as the others. She could try to chase down the chef, but there was little chance that she would find him in time. It would also take too long for other heroes to show up to stop her from becoming like the gassy, blueberry bunny. So busy focusing on her imminent expansion, she nearly forgot about Mirko.

“Mid-BWOOOOOORRRRPPP-night,” the rabbit hero belched, getting her teammate’s attention by wobbling her gut against her. “I need you.”

“I know, I know,” Midnight replied, trying to pay attention to Mirko while also watching her mid-section for any sign of change. “We’ll just have to hope we can hold on long enough for someone to come and...”

Midnight’s words trailed off to match the feeling of liquid sliding down her back. Turning around, she watched as Mirko sloshed around her belly and breasts to purposefully produce more juice. The blue droplets seeping out of her lips were sprayed further as she let out a moan. This display of self-stimulation came to a premature end as her hands were left unable to reach past her belly.

“Please, UUUURRRPPP fuck me,” Mirko pleaded, the glazed over look in her eyes devoid of any higher thought.

“Absolutely not,” Midnight replied, backing away from the growing puddle around Mirko’s feet. “That’s probably what that villain wants. To make us give in and hasten our progress into-“

Tired of hearing Midnight’s excuses, the rabbit hero gave a smack of her belly to produce a rumbling BRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPP from her bloated buttocks. Overwhelmed by the stench of blueberries, Midnight could feel her mind start to slip. Clenching her fingers to try and keep her thoughts clear, she could already see Mirko winding up for another gas barrage. Fearing what would happen should the blueberry bunny gas bomb her, she begrudgingly gave in to Mirko’s request.

“Midnight BWOOORRRPPP fuck?” Mirko asked as Midnight walked towards her.

“No,” Midnight said, trying to keep herself from getting splashed by juice as she slid her hand along Mirko’s inner thigh. “But I can at least try to give you some relief to calm you down. IF you stand still. Understood?”

Mirko’s muddled mind didn’t fully comprehend what her fellow hero meant, but she caught on after a few flicks against her vagina. Rapidly sliding her fingers across her ally’s labia, Midnight tried to focus on the clitoris to make things go as fast as possible. The task was made all the more difficult by her partner’s still swelling stomach trying to push her away. Her progress was slowed even further by the constant gushes of juice that spurted out of the rabbit hero’s womanhood. The trickling noise of the downpour flowing into the puddle on the floor added to the euphoric moans that left Mirko’s mouth.

Losing the fight against her companion’s juices, Midnight was forced to get closer to finish the job. Pressing her head up against the underside of Mirko’s belly, she dug her fingers in as deep as they would go. A few more strokes brought the orgasmic cry she was hoping for, along with another guttural belch. Unfortunately, this release of lust came with an outburst of juice from the rabbit hero’s mouth and breasts. Too close to see it in time, Midnight ended up swallowing more of the tainted sweet liquid.

Stumbling out of Mirko’s puddle, Midnight winced at the sound of a hole being ripped in the front of her outfit. Just like her companion, her mid-section began to swell from juice filling up her body. A loud pop coincided with her suit tearing apart to make way for her bulged out gut and even more luscious tits. Too busy staring at her blue, plumped up nipples, she yet again failed to pay attention to her fellow victim until it was too late.

“You did UUUUUURRRPPP good,” Mirko said, colliding her much larger belly bulge into Midnight’s. “You drink now.”

“Mirko, this has to UURPP stop,” Midnight replied, wincing as more of her costume was torn asunder by her swelling form. “I don’t want to become a BWOOOOOORRRPPPP!”

Midnight’s belch acted as a signal to Mirko to make her move. Despite her added bulk, the rabbit hero demonstrated that she was still quite agile when it came to grabbing the heroine. Putting her extra weight to her advantage, Mirko pulled her partner in close and refused to let go. Mouth left open from another burp rolling up her throat, Midnight fell right onto the rabbit hero’s still leaking teats. Before she could recover and escape Mirko’s clutches, her captor was eager to share her gift by giving her bloated breasts a good squeeze.

A surge of sweet juice began to fill up Midnight’s mouth. She tried to fight it at first, but her endurance weakened with each delicious drop that slid down her tongue. Purposefully getting closer to Mirko, she clamped her lips around the nipple to suckle from them like a big baby. Enamored with swapping between the two leaking breasts, she paid little mind to her still swelling form. She didn’t even stop as a rippling PHHHHHHHRRRRTTTT escape her swelling rear to fill the area with more, fruit-scented fumes. All that mattered to her was giving her simplified desires exactly what they wanted.

Between gulps of juice and blasts of gas from both ends, Midnight’s hands began to drift towards her womanhood. Feeling the trickles coming from between her legs, she shuddered as she reached ever closer to satisfying the well of urges that had taken over her body. That made it all the more agonizing when she realized that her swelling gut had grown large enough to block off access to her wet muff.

“Why you UUUUURRRPPPP stop?” Mirko asked.

“Me can’t BWOOOOOORPPPP touch pussy,” Midnight whined, trying to drown her sorrows in more juice only to have Mirko back away. Further irritated, she let out her anger by

stomping her feet into the ground and producing a rumbling, berry-scented fart. “Give me UUUUURRRPPP juice!”

“Me want juice BOOOUUUURRRPPP too,” Mirko replied, waddling back to her. “Wait, me UUUURRRP think of way to help us both.”

“What you mean, bunny woman?”

“Easier if me show BWOOOOOORRRPPP you.”

Jolting herself forward, Mirko managed to knock her comrade to the ground with a single belly bump. Cushioned from the impact by her swollen butt cheeks, Midnight began to lift herself up only to stop as her fellow hero got down on all fours. Confused, she could only watch as the blueberry bunny dragged her gut through the puddle to get closer to her nether region. Though her mind was still a haze of thirst and lust, she managed to figure out what was going on as Mirko got close enough to duck her head between her legs.

Mirko got the drink she had been yearning for as she took the first big gulp of the juice leaking out from Midnight’s womanhood. As the rabbit hero’s tongue frantically slid across her labia, Midnight was granted the pleasure that her belly had been holding back from her. The women encouraged one another with their barrages of gas to keep their libidos high and their ability to think muted. Their hazy minds and focus on indulgence led them to ignore just how big they were growing.

At the very last moment, Mirko managed to make her partner orgasm just as her body lifted her too high off the ground. In the wake of her ecstasy, Midnight managed to roll her spherical body over and use her stubby legs to get into a standing position. Moving at a glacial pace, she treaded through the leftover puddle of her blue juices to approach Mirko. The sheer mass of the car-sized Mirko made it unclear to Midnight exactly what she was looking at.

Walking around the bloated bunny to figure out what she was, Midnight eventually found her comrades own, dripping womanhood. Rather than worry about getting stuck in the same position, she dove her face right in to start sucking on the pumped up pussy lips.

Each mouthful of juice Midnight drank served to further swell her body and return the pleasure she had received mere moments prior. Accompanied by the sounds of Mirko's gas and moans, she threw herself at the task in an attempt to drink every last drop. She had to strain her neck as her body swelled to better match her companion. Forced to wobble about as her enormous, blue belly encompassed her, she was determined to continue sucking up the sweet nectar. Thankfully for Mirko, her companion managed to gift her with an orgasm moments before she also became too large to keep herself steady.

The ensuing BRRRAAAAAPPPPPP that erupted from Mirko's backside was powerful enough to force her partner away. Spinning across the warehouse floor, Midnight left a trail of juice in her wake. Crashing into a wall, she was overtaken by a series of tremors across her form. The shaking forced juice to sprinkle out of her various orifices and once more irritated her libido. Unfortunately, she still couldn't reach her genitalia and Mirko wasn't in any position to help either.

"Mir-BWOOOOOORRRPPPP-ko," Midnight whined, her attempts to move herself limited by her hands and feet being swallowed up by her spherical figure. "Me want fuck and UUUURRPPP juice."

"Me too!" Mirko called out, her more aggressive flailing leading to her body producing an abundance of gas to fill the warehouse. "What we do UUUURRPP now?"

Rather than try to answer through the belches and liquid seeping out of her mouth, Midnight scanned the room for a solution. Limited by her puffy face and her neck being sunken

into her berry body, she could only manage to stare off at Miriko's bloated form. Smacking her lips in desperation, her shifting gaze managed to finally notice something in her peripheral vision.

Straining herself to look up, Midnight spotted the silhouette of a man slipping in from the rooftop. A shimmer of light across the man's body revealed his black outfit and the white binding cloth around his neck. Concentrating through her haze of urges, she managed to recognize the man's unkempt hair and the black stubble around his chin.

"UUUUUURRRPPP Aizawa!" Midnight belched out, excitedly wriggling about her fingers and toes.

Realizing that his attempt to go undetected was foiled, Aizawa stepped out into the light. "Guess I'm too late to stop you from getting blueberried, but at least you're still conscious enough to speak."

"We BWOOOOOOOORRRPP fuck good!" Mirko shouted out, smacking her lips as she stared up at Aizawa.

"Well... partially at least," Aizawa commented as he glanced over at the rivulets of juice leaking out of the heroines' orifices. "Maybe there's still time to do something to reverse the effects. I wonder if Recovery Girl's quirk would work. No, that would only lead to her getting infected too. Same goes for Eri. There has to be something that can--"

Midnight interrupted Aizawa with a loud BRRRRAAAAAAPPPPPPP slapping out of her swollen rear. "Too much UUUUURRPP talking. Come down and BOOOUUUUURRRRPP fuck."

Aizawa raised an eyebrow. "Absolutely not. One drop of that stuff and I'll be left just as horny and idiotic as you two."

“And BWOOOOOORRRPPPP juicy,” Mirko added, not helping her case as a rumbling fart from her backside shook droplets of blue liquid from her teats. “It fun.”

“And tasty,” Midnight added, sucking up the juice that filled her mouth. “Join BOOOUUUUURRRPPPP us.”

“I said, no,” Aizawa replied, trying to get the berry women to shut up with a glare he had used to great success on his students.

“Fuck BWOORRRPPPP us!” Mirko shouted out.

“Juice UUUUURRRPPPP us!” Midnight commanded.

“Fuck!”

“BOOOOUUUURRRPPPP juice!”

“Fuck PHHHHHRRRRTTT!”

“Ju-UUUUURRRRPPPP-uice!”

“BWOOOOOORRRRPPPP FUUUUUUUCK!”

With their words and rude expulsions doing little to persuade Aizawa to give into the temptation of becoming a blueberry, he turned his back on them. Pulling out his phone, he tried to figure out the best number to call to handle the situation. The ever present concern of exposing more people to the juices made him carefully consider who would be able to take care of the human produce. Narrowing his list down to Black Hole and other heroes in full body suits, he attempted to call them over to the scene.

Before Aizawa could even get past the first ring, he was forced to drop his phone thanks to a series of tremors going through the warehouse. Holding onto the catwalk’s shaky railings, he peeked over the side to check on his indisposed allies. What he saw was the horny berries’ attempt to take care of their own needs by constantly rolling into one another. Their enthusiastic

collisions pushed out more of their gas and juice as they moaned out in pleasure. The explosion of flatulence swiftly rose up to meet Aizawa and enshrouded him in the fruity aroma.

Forced to drop his phone, Aizawa attempted to block the fumes with his binding cloth. The whiffs that managed to seep into his nose started to peck away at his mental fortitude. Awkwardly stumbling across the catwalk, he had to put all of his focus on just standing up under the duress of the girl's repeated collisions. Unfortunately, one misstep forced him to topple over the railing.

Aizawa's plummet was cushioned as he fell upon a pair of soft, sloshing spheres. Feeling the liquid quickly seep into his clothes, he scrambled to try and get himself off of Mirko and Midnight. He took a moment to wrap his binding cloth tightly around his lips to avoid any unnecessary samplings of the women's juices. Managing to crawl his way down to the ground, he tried to make a mad dash for the exit.

The many years of experience that aided Aizawa's run proved to be no match for the sheer fervor of his two pursuers. Moments before he could reach the door, he was forced to leap out of the way as Mirko slammed her body into it. Escaping from the resulting blast of flatulence, he stepped back to have Midnight's bloated form barely graze him. Using the distraction of the berry women rubbing against one another, he attempted to run off in search of another exit. His escape attempt came to a premature end as his feet slipped on one of the many puddles of juice along the ground.

Without the heft of his allies to soften the blow, Aizawa was left dazed by his head hitting the floor. Wincing as he picked himself up out of the puddle, he froze as he heard a familiar sloshing sound drawing near. Turning himself over, he witnessed Midnight's blobby form make a

beeline towards him. Repeatedly failing to stand up in the puddle he was laying in, all he could do was brace himself as she rolled on top of his body.

Aizawa was lucky enough that Midnight managed to stop herself just enough to prevent him from being crushed. However, this still left him pinned beneath her massive form. Try as he might to squirm away, all his struggling seemed to do was sink him deeper beneath the horny globe. In the midst of trying to escape and avoid the trickle of juice from above, it took him a moment to realize that Midnight had purposefully stopped herself at the right angle to show him exactly what she wanted.

Concerned that he would become a splatter on the ground, Aizawa relented in giving Midnight some stimulation via rubbing his fingers against her womanhood. The berry woman expressed some satisfaction through the use of a belching moan, but the way she squirmed against his hand made it clear that she wanted more. Working double time, he tried anything he could think of to try and satiate the dripping pussy. As more juice leaked down onto his face, he realized that he had to take a chance if he wanted to make his escape.

Hoping his binding cloth would hold steady across his mouth, Aizawa leaned his face up against Midnight's womanhood. Pressing himself up against the labia, he managed to force out more moans from the indisposed heroine. Though the cloth managed to stop the juices from getting past his lips, they couldn't fully prevent the smell from reaching his nostrils. A particularly powerful BRRRRAAAAPPPP erupting from Midnight's rear as she drew close to her release afflicted him with a sort of haziness. Even still, he fought through the influence of the tainted gas to finish off his comrade.

Midnight's resulting orgasm came with a series of tremors that wracked her bloated body. Though the shakes managed to knock her off of Aizawa, they also led to a downpour of juice that

surged onto his face as she rolled away. In the process of slipping out of the resulting puddle, the cloth around his face began to slip. Trying to get the fabric back into place, he was too late to stop a few droplets from passing his lips. The sweet taste that greeted his tongue was little comfort for the ensuing worry about what it would mean for him.

“My BWOOOOOORRRRPPPP turn!” Mirko called out.

“Mirko, no. I need you to try and focus on...”

Aizawa trailed off as he turned to face Mirko. Rather than her puffed up face, the rabbit hero had elected to greet him with a view of her massive butt cheeks. In an effort to see the torrent of juice dripping from her pussy, he ended up getting a little too close to her backside. This led to his already unstable mental state being further influenced by the loud PHHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTT that rippled out of Mirko’s rear. With the fumes taking on the task of pushing aside unnecessary things like worries or higher thoughts, all he had left to rely on what his base feelings. Through this miasma of berry scented gas, the idea that stuck in his head was that he needed to help out his ally in some way.

Allowing his binding cloth to come fully undone and drop into juice puddle below, Aizawa approached Mirko’s womanhood. With his mouth fully open, he dove into her muff to begin licking at her folds. The pleasure the act gave to his partner was reinforced by the continued indulgence in the sweet taste. Blinded by both her girth and the farts that kept blowing in his face, he was left completely ignorant to his degrading condition.

Only pulling away from Mirko once he downed several gallons of juice from the downpour of her orgasm, Aizawa stumbled backwards. Like the others, his face had turned a deep blue to match the sweet droplets clinging to his lips. His top was starting to strain against his swelling belly, but it was miniscule compared to the heroines. The same could be said for the

pair of pants that were being sucked into the deep crevasse of his expanding rear. However there was one thing that made him stand out from the other berries.

Something pulling at the front of Aizawa's pants forced him to reach beneath his gut to unzip them. Freed from its bindings, his cock was able to push forward to let its tip peek past his beachball-sized belly. Fondling his enhanced manhood let him feel the added girth to his shaft and the heft to his testicles. If he had forgotten the source of these enhancements, the droplets of juice leaking from the blue member were more than enough to remind him and garner the attention of the other berries.

"Looks BWOOOOOORRPP goooooood," Midnight said as she licked her lips. "I UUURRP taste?"

"Um BOOOUUURRRP sure," Aizawa replied, his inebriated-like state getting him to stagger forward.

Opening up her mouth wide, Midnight greedily began to suck on Aizawa's cock. While she had been turned into a bloated, gassy berry, she still managed to retain her skills as evidenced by the way her tongue slid across his length. Giving into this unique pleasure, he pushed further forward to slid more of his cock down her throat. Sinking his fingers into her mass, he started to shift his hips back and forth to get closer to his release. The resulting surge of blueberry flavored cum that filled Midnight's mouth came with Aizawa's euphoric moan and a squeaky fart emerging from his backend.

No sooner did Aizawa step away from Midnight did he stumble right into Mirko. Turning around, he saw that she had managed to roll onto her back in her effort to reach him. This gave him a perfect view of her bloated breasts, the rivulets of juice leaking from her nipples, and the eager look on her face.

“My turn! My BWOOOOOOORRRPPP turn!” Mirko belched out. “Me want cock UUUURRRPPP too.”

“Then get down here,” Aizawa replied in response to the rabbit hero’s head being far out of reach.

Mirko let out a brunt BRRRAAAAPPPPP that rippled through the puddle she was soaking in. “No, little UUUURRP man get up here!”

Having enough cognizance to remember how difficult it was to convince Mirko, Aizawa began to scale up her body. Still mobile enough to make the trek, he was momentarily stopped as he reached the peak of her body. For a few moments he lingered just to stare at her breasts. As much as he would have liked to use her tits to further fill his belly, he was hurried along by another blast of flatulence by his partner. When he finally did manage to reach her upper body, his lingering obsession over her bosom led to a less direct way of fulfilling her desires.

Grabbing Mirko’s boobs, Aizawa pressed them up against his shaft. Vigorously rubbing the gigantic breasts along his manhood quickly brought it back to its full length. While Mirko was initially annoyed that she wasn’t directly drinking from his tip, she was left sated by the way the act stimulated her swollen tits. Continuing to pump his cock between the pillowy embrace of her bosom, Aizawa eventually shot out a load of his cum. More than ready to receive, Mirko opened up her mouth wide to catch every last drop of his sweet release. In the process she got to suck up the resulting fumes that erupted from his backside that signaled the very last of his self-control being taken away by the juice’s influence.

Pulling his big, blue cock out of the rabbit hero’s mouth, Aizawa began to slip backwards. Rolling onto his bloated gut forced out another puff of gas from his rear and got him caught against her bosom. Tugging himself free of her cleavage sent a shower of her juice spraying

across the floor. As his hungry eyes watched the droplets join with one of the many puddles that had flooded the warehouse, he felt Mirko's body begin to shake.

"Juice BWOOOOOOORRPPP me!" Mirko shouted.

"Me UUUUUURRPPP coming," Midnight replied, very slowly wobbling herself over to her fellow blueberry. Her pace stopped for a moment to lick up one of the puddles and revel in a cloud of her own flatulence.

"Midnight need BOOOUUUUURRRPPP hurry up," Mirko called out. "Me not know how long-MMMMPPPHHH!"

Coming down from her euphoric moan, Mirko tilted her thick neck forward to find the source. What she discovered was a very hungry Aizawa with his lips clamped around one of her teats. Drinking deeply from her reserves helped to spread the blue covering over any part of his skin that had yet to be affected. Each gulp further swelled his gut and strained his juice soaked clothing even further. As excited as Mirko was to watch his growing form begin to resemble the spherical body of her and Midnight, part of her logical mind managed to work through the haze. However, the moment of clarity wasn't to figure out how to reverse the effects or call for help, but to instead ensure she got exactly what she wanted.

Bobbing herself back and forth, Mirko managed to knock Aizawa loose. Forced to let go of the rabbit hero's teat, he bounced off against her gut. Rolling down onto the floor and through a puddle, he looked up towards his partner with a look of pure betrayal.

"Why you BWOOOOOOORRPP do that?" Aizawa asked.

"Me not want you too UUUURRPPP big," Mirko replied.

"That dumb," Midnight said, voicing her disapproval with a follow up BRRRRAAAAPPPPP. "Big berry boy mean big BOOOUUUUURRRRRPPP fun."

“Man no fuck if UUUURRPPP man no move,” Mirko answered.

Aizawa ran his plumped up fingers through his hair. “Me not understand.”

“Here, me show you.”

Rolling herself forward, Mirko managed to have her vagina face Aizawa once again. On instinct, he attempted to lean down to drink from her pussy, only for him to be stopped by his gut. While his mouth was left unsated, the throbbing sensation coursing through his cock managed to work through his hazy mind to tell him what his partner wanted. Tearing off the remains of his pants to leave ample room to move around, he staggered forward to shove his member into her womanhood.

Getting as tight a grip as possible on Mirko’s globular body, Aizawa proceeded to roughly thrust back and forth. Each repetition was met with the force of his gut bouncing off against her girth. Even if this prevented him from getting close enough to taste the liquid flowing out, the sheer size of his manhood was more than capable of reaching deep enough to satisfy his partner. Gritting his teeth and sucking up the berry flavored drool leaking from the sides of his mouth, he managed to hold out on releasing until a series of tremors overtook the rabbit hero’s body.

In the wake of his partner’s orgasm, Aizawa’s cock gifted her with a wad of cum to fight against the torrent of sweet liquid that poured out. Though he was no closer to drinking up from the source, the resulting orgasm did send rivulets across her body from the trickles coming from her breasts. Sucking up every last drop, he constantly pushed up against her girth. The constant motion managed to push out more gas from her body to further entrance both of them and garner the attention of Midnight.

“Not BWOOOOOOOORRRRPPP fair!” Midnight called out, getting Aizawa’s attention with a rumbling PHHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTT. “Me want fuck too!”

Wiping his mouth clean of droplets, Aizawa pulled away from Mirko. “Okay,” he said, waddling his way over to Midnight, adding his own downpour of juice to the warehouse floor as he moved. “Turn over.”

“No,” Midnight replied, unwilling to roll herself any further. “We fuck UUUUUURRRPPP here.”

Aizawa let out his own frustrated fart as he pushed his hand against her. “Me can’t reach BOOOOUUUUURRRPPP pussy.”

“Me not care,” Midnight replied. “Just fuck!”

With neither of the blueberried heroes capable of communicating exactly what they wanted, it fell to their expanded bodies to do the job. Specifically, the constant bouts of gas leaking from Midnight’s backside acted as a signal for Aizawa to approach. Following a trail of juice leaking out from between her buttocks, his eyes locked onto another opening. Further entranced by a blast of gas to the face, he moved forward to take care of both of their needs.

Midnight’s swollen buttocks proved to be more than adequate for Aizawa as he held onto them through his session of rough thrusts. As much as his cock filled her insides, that didn’t stop a constant stream of farts from slipping out over the course of their session. Left in an inebriated-like state from the fumes, he found little reason to hold himself back. Fully giving into the feeling of her insides clamping around his cock, he reached his orgasm moments before she reached her own.

Staggering back from his release, Aizawa was cushioned from the fall by his bloated belly. Left in a daze from his lingering euphoria, he paid little mind to the remnants of his top

falling off of his body. Lazily brushing aside the last of the fabric, he noticed droplets of juice begin to fall from his own nipples. The question of how he was lactating was something far removed from his simplified brain as he attempted to lift up one of his sagging man boobs to try and drink the sweet liquid. Though he came a few inches short of putting the teat to his lips, he didn't have to look far to find someone willing to take care of his thirst.

Without hesitation, Aizawa opened up his mouth to wrap his lips around Mirko's teats. Drinking deeply of the juice helped him to catch up to his corrupted comrades. Reveling in the sweet taste on his tongue, he paid little mind to the fact that his body was growing larger than a car. Even as his arms and legs were sunken into his spherical form, he continued to indulge his taste buds. When he had finally gotten his fill, he made sure to thank Mirko for her service with a loud BWOOOOOOOOOOORRRPPP.

Distracted by letting loose a fruit scented BRRRRRAAAAAAAPP, Aizawa was almost knocked over by Mirko bumping into him. Just barely able to keep himself upright, he let out a euphoric moan as the rabbit hero proceeded to suckle on his man tits. The unusual make up of his form allowed her an equally delicious deluge of juice to fuel her girth and gas. Blue liquid falling from his lips as he enjoyed the strange pleasure, he drew further attention to himself with a PHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT that sounded like a roaring thunder cloud.

Coming down from a drinking-session induced orgasm, Aizawa opened his eyes in time to watch Midnight roll right into Mirko. Though there was a scuffle at first, the various rude comments and belches at one another gave way to the thirst clinging to the berry women's tongues. Managing to eventually come to an agreement, they managed to push themselves together to each take one of Aizawa's leaking nipples into their mouths. The shared drinking

session fully integrated the trio into the unbridled indulgence of their berry forms. To celebrate, they came to the unanimous decision to see just how far they could push one another.

“Me want BWOOOOOOORRRPP dick in butt too,” Mirko called out, not waiting for a response before swiveling herself around.

“Wait bunny UUUUUURRRPPP berry,” Aizawa replied, starting to waddle towards Mirko only to be distracted by boisterous BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPP from Midnight.

“Me need BOOOOUUUUUURRRRRPPP fuck too,” Midnight whined.

“It okay, me UUUUUURRPP help,” Mirko said. “Move over to me mouth. Me BWOOOORRRPPP thirsty.”

Managing to roll herself over to Mirko’s face, Midnight’s effort was rewarded by her companion licking at her womanhood with a vigorous fervor. With her face bombarded with juices and Midnight’s gas, Mirko was left unable to vocalize exactly what she wanted. Thankfully, her own fumes and the way her body shook were more than enough to get Aizawa to take the next step forward.

Plugging up Mirko’s anus with his blue, bloated cock, Aizawa once more let his libido run wild. Each thrust further pushed his partner to pass along the enthusiasm towards Midnight. Sucking and licking away at Midnight’s pussy, Mirko allowed her euphoric moans and belches to vibrate through the berry woman’s body. Though she couldn’t directly pleasure her partners in return, Midnight was sure to add her cacophony of gas and ecstatic cries as background noise to the impromptu orgy.

In the wake of the trio’s near simultaneous orgasms, not a single spot of the warehouse’s floor was left dry. Having flooded the area with their various juices, the berry people lazily rolled off of one another. Once they were done slurping up the remains of their releases from the

ground, they came together again to further sate their thirst. Taking turns drinking from each other's chest, the outside world seemed to fade away.

The group lost track of time as they continued to indulge themselves in any way possible. Freed from any sense of shame, they were more than willing to do anything to satisfy one another. Eager to drink from any source of the sweet liquid, they pleased one another's orifices with their mouths to savor every drop. When Aizawa was too lazy to find an appropriate hole to stick his girthy member into, the girls were more than willing to let him constantly push it into their bellies for the added exhilaration of the gas bomb each thrust unleashed. Lost in haze of feeding and fucking, they didn't seem to notice that they were no longer alone.

Completely enamored with their berry bodies, Aizawa, Midnight, and Mirko ignored the police officers that came in through the door to see their corrupted states. Nor did they seem to notice when they were taken out of the warehouse and brought across town on the back of a flatbed truck. The only thing they cared about was that they were still enjoying their gassy, swollen selves.

"Present Mic," the scientist said, coming up to the hero with pointy, blonde hair. "You can see them now."

Pinching his forehead, Present Mic put his sunglasses back on and pulled back his moustache to affix a gas mask to his face. "How bad is it?"

"It's easier to show than to explain," she replied, gesturing for the hero to follow her into the holding area.

Present Mic froze as he saw what lurked behind a one way mirror. On the other side were three of his fellow heroes, Midnight, Mirko, and Aizawa. Due to each of them being the size of a house, it was hard for him to tell their bloated bodies apart. It was only by their various hair colors and Aizawa's gigantic manhood was he able to identify who was who. Through the glass, he could hear the symphony of moans, belches, and farts that constantly spouted out from the corrupted heroes. Watching as the group swapped between drinking up their juices between having sex in as many positions as their bodies allowed, he forced himself to turn away.

"How long have they been like this?" Present Mic asked.

"Three weeks," the woman replied. "On the positive side, it appears that the effects have stabilized. They're not going to get any bigger, but we've yet to find a way to change them back."

"Well, at least they seem to be enjoying themselves," Present Mic commented, finding small comfort in the pleased look on Aizawa's swollen, juice-filled cheeks. "You keep working on a cure while the other heroes and I focus on finding the villain responsible for this. We'll make him pay for--"

The blue tint to the room was taken over by flashing red lights as the alarm system went off. Hearing the announcement that there had been a containment breach, Present Mic rushed out of the room. Hoping to lend aid to any researchers caught in the accident, he made his way to a deeper part of the facility. Seeing a small opening in a set of enormous, metal doors, he slipped through to see what was going on.

Present Mic was left in awe as he looked up to see an enormous blueberry, that was easily ten times the size of his corrupted comrades. Daring to get closer, he managed to see a similar, puffed up pussy lips and anus that he had seen on Mirko and Midnight. Wading through the ankle

high lake of juice along the floor, he came upon a pair of wrecking ball sized tits that were the main culprit for flooding the chamber. He only had a moment to crane his neck up to see the woman's familiar strands of blonde hair before he was nearly crush beneath her girth.

The impact of the giantess's form pressing down on Present Mic managed to push the mask off of his face. With nothing in the way, the flood of juice was able to force itself down his throat. In an instant, his mind became overcome with ecstasy to match with the way his body rapidly swelled with juice. Losing sense of self-control, he thought little about his torn clothing, the fart that rumbled out of his expanding rear, and the way his massive cock throbbed against the underside of his belly. Freed from the giant's embrace, he was eager to greet the puffed up face of Mt Lady with a smile, showing that he was more than ready to join her and the others in their blueberry bliss.