

"That's the nice part about the mercenary game; there's always work to be done." W snickered to herself as she worked with her current trap.

The silver-haired beauty had found herself with an interesting request this time around; Reunion of all groups, had hired her for another explosives job. Even she was surprised, but she couldn't pass up the uniqueness of the request and the truckful of credits deposited into her account. It was a fairly unique bomb she had to set up this time; a bomb designed to circumvent Trimount's defenses by turning the target into a blueberry, and then making them explode. W had experience working with interesting unique requests before, but making an explosive that turned someone into a giant blueberry was quite the task. She had to work around the natural limitations of the body, add in skin plasticizers, and find a way to make the target produce juice. Reunion's choice of target was also an unusual one, targeting Kichisei of all people; the apathetic layabout barely did anything around the base, but apparently she'd stumbled onto Reunion plans and caused quite a ruckus.

"Just a little more tweaking, and we'll be done." W wiped a bead of sweat from her forehead as she worked.

Trying to set a bomb in Trimounts always put her a bit on edge; the city was filled with people who could easily trace it back to her. That was probably why Reunion requested such a unique bomb, so it could slip by without alerting any guards. W continued her work, fiddling with the wires and canisters while looking down the halls. She didn't have the look of an explosives expert, her rather thin clothing offering almost no protection, but she had the mind for it. Her glowing red eyes and red-tinged hair made her seem more demonic than anything, more likely to tear her foes apart with razor-sharp claws, but she detested up-close combat. A leather jacket hung just barely to her shoulders, showcasing her white tee and sizable bust, an outfit far too casual for combat. Her blue stockings scraped against the smooth stone below her as she continued putting the finishing touches on it.

"There. Perfect work, if I do say so myself." W held up the completed device with a satisfied grin. "Just in time too; Kichisei just entered the city."

W looked down at the notification on her watch, seeing the signal from her employers that the target was in the city. It was hard to expect that Kichisei would hide down in such an out-of-the-way tunnel, but it wasn't her job to question, just to get paid. W looked at the mass of wires and tubes she called a bomb with curiosity as she set it. Tucking it away in a tiny alcove out of sight, she fiddled with the sensitivity, making sure it would go off the moment Kichisei walked by.

Bweweweeee

W looked down at her watch; Kichisei had just been spotted walking towards the maintenance entrance with a drink in her hand. W took a leap back, pulling out her motion sensor to watch the target move. There was only a single blip, but it was getting closer and

closer; she watched as the blipping red circle moved across the scanner, getting tenser as she scanned the halls from her hiding place. She could hear footsteps echoing faintly, but no sign or movement. The blip on her radar was getting closer, moving until it was almost on top of her, but there was still no sign.

"What is this? Was this a setup?" W looked down the halls, nervously peering above her as the blip closed in.

Then it was right on top of her; the blip and her own spot on the radar merged into one, but there was no sign of Kichisei to be seen. W looked around in confusion before she heard a beeping from behind her. She only got a second to look back before her bomb detonated, not in an explosion but in a cloud of blue. W had made the trigger too sensitive; the moment Kichisei got in range, it went off. The only problem is that Kichisei was a couple floors above her. Now she was caught in a cloud of blue smoke, inhaling more chemicals than she liked. She hacked and sputtered, trying to clear her lungs of the irritant; each hack was followed by a small spray of blue.

Rglglglgg

There was a rumble in her stomach, an uneven gurgling that made her midriff quiver; she looked at her hand to see the blue spray of fluids on her fist and realized it was already taking effect. Pulling out a mirror to inspect her nose, the first sign was already making itself known. A splotch of blue was crawling its way across her face, looking like a puddle of spilled ink, slowly dyeing her nose and then spreading to her cheeks. In no time her face was completely blue, and she knew it was too late.

"Fuuoooouuurrrrrp I've got to see if I packed the antidote." W's exclamation was interrupted by her own trailing belch.

A gout of blue mist erupted from her mouth as her exposed arms started to dye the same shade. W rifled through her pack, searching for any chemical she could use to reverse this, but the job was so unique and so rushed that she didn't have a countermeasure prepared. The best she could do was inject herself with some med-gel, hoping it would be enough to stave off the impending effects, but that remained to be seen.

Biblbiblb

Fpppptttt

W blushed as she felt and heard the loud bubbling from her stomach, her cheeks turning a deep purple as a spray of blue mist escaped her backside. Her generous curves smacked against each as the raucous evacuation echoed down the halls. She'd never be caught dead doing something like that in public, but she at least was content that nobody heard it. The bubbling in her stomach, though, that had a more worrying effect; W looked down at her midriff

with a mortified glance. Her trim stomach, one that was normally impossible to see over her generous breasts, was now poking out from her torso like a bubble.

The gradual slope of her stomach bloated out, peeking out from the growing gap between her waistline and shirt, a sliver of blue that widened with the passing time. Out of curiosity, she put her hand on the swell, feeling the substance within; it was liquid. Her stomach rippled under her grasp like gelatin, shaking back and forth as she played and inspected it, growing with each passing second. It wasn't long before her growth turned from gradual to explosive; she could feel juice pumping into her stomach at an alarming rate. Gallons upon gallons filled her gut from an invisible source, the weight of it making her teeter back and forth.

Gllunk

Slosh

Glunk

Her abdomen swelled, making her look like she'd swallowed a watermelon, her shirt riding up completely to showcase the azure swell. Her unbalanced steps made it slosh, liquid splashing inside of her in great leaps. W was given little time to process her growth as it was spreading throughout her body now; everything about her had been dyed a deep and rich blue, her and the places covered in that azure tone were starting to swell. Juice flooded her ass, making her luscious buns poke out from the seat of her pants. Her mounds sloshed over the waist of her shorts, flowing in wobbling waves that pushed against the fabric. The seat of her pants stretched out, the tightly fitted garments digging deep into the crevice of her ass, outlining the rounding globes. She had gone from generous curves to a bubble-butt in no time, and it wasn't staying isolated to her ass.

Her thighs started to blimp out, swell with retained juice, and curl out around the edges of her shorts. Thick spindles turned to curvy trunks as her thighs swelled, pushing into each other and forcing her legs apart. There wasn't any chance to move or maneuver now; she was completely trapped by her own body. She could feel herself starting to widen as well, a heavy weight that grew and pushed against her hips. It was a constant struggle, her waist widening, her pelvis swelling as her stomach's growth carried lower, and yet her thighs still kept touching. She could hear her stockings snapping and popping as she expanded, bubbles of blue flesh poking through the nets and then snapping them. Her shorts were digging into her waist like a belt, adding a cinched dividing line to her gut as the juice kept pumping.

Bblbbblbb

Hooooouuurrrp

Another bubble and another unladylike belch; blue fog was filling the air around her as the expulsions kept coming. The juice inside of her seemed to be fermenting and bubbling,

making her swell at a faster rate. Blue stains were forming on her chest as her shirt absorbed the juice that had been seeping from her nipples. Tiny, wet puddles of juice that were escaping her breasts, seeping out as they grew. While her stomach was consuming her torso, her breasts were leaping through the cup sizes. She went from supple oranges to heaving melons and then to basketball-sized breasts in the blink of an eye, each leap straining her shirt further. The leaps in growth strained her shirt, showcasing more of her cleavage, showing off a vast canyon of blue you could lose an arm in.

Uuurlll

Brrnnnnnttt

Fffppbbttt

Ffrrttttt

While her breasts were enjoying their little renaissance, her stomach was turning into a yoga ball of fermented juice. It was growing so large that it was consuming her torso, her flanks rounding out to join in her gut's growth as the blue bubble inflated. With fermentation comes gas, and she was gassing up the place; billowing expulsions of blue mist poured out from her generous backside. Fart after rolling fart slipped past her cheeks, clouding the room and turning it into a fog hazard. She couldn't see anymore; the dense mist had completely obscured her vision, but she could feel something was off about her growth. The widening of her waistline had carried to her torso; her swelling growth was moving lower.

Snap

With little ceremony, her pants had popped off her body, tearing down the sides in a jagged crescent that her bulging flesh poked through. Without her pants to keep her in check, she billowed out to her full size, her pelvis rounding out to match the explosive growth of her stomach. It crawled lower, the rounding expanse of her pelvis creeping over her swollen thighs and enveloping them like an ooze. She could feel her legs vanishing under her form, her feet being lifted off the ground as her undercarriage hit the ground.

"This is so dumb, ***hoooroooooulllp*** Did I let this happen to me." W felt her cheeks bulge as another great expulsion cut off her sentence.

Her frustration was palpable as her stomach rose up into her arms, pushing her sternum outward as she took on a perfectly spherical shape. She was ripe and taut, full to the brim with juice and gas, unable to do anything but flap her arms against her body. Each flap was met with a wet thwack as hand met skin. Her body was welling up beneath her, an ocean of blue flesh that pushed itself upward.

Rmbblbblbl

Crkkkkk

Of course I'm about to blow, an operator can only get so big.

W shrugged as she felt her skin start to tighten; her body began to vibrate as the tension carried through her form. She wasn't growing anymore; stopping at room-filling size seemed to be the limit of how much she could grow. Now the bubbling and the gassy noises had an accompaniment to their symphony, the sound of stretching rubber. Her growth was slowing down, her form crawling outward at a snail's pace, moving so slowly that it became imperceptible.

Frrpppttt

Grnnnnn

Hhuuuuurrpp

She couldn't stop herself; her rude eruptions had become the same as breathing to her, her body's last-ditch effort to try and keep her intact. Pressure was evacuating from both of her exits at such a ferocious rate that it seemed impossible for her to handle more. Her body groaned from strain, her skin trembled from the pressure, spittles of juice trailed her raucous belches.

Crkkkkkk

Rmbbblbbl

She could feel her skin thinning, growing tight as a drum, her body consuming her form. Her head sank completely into her own skin, sealing her belches around her and blocking one of her exits. The rumbling intensified, growing so fierce that it set off tremor sensors around the city, rising to a crescendo before the inevitable.

Blooosh

She ruptured, tearing like an overly ripe fruit on the vine, juices spraying out in a great flourish, carried by the gaseous mists she'd been containing. Her clothes were torn to shreds by the blast, leaving nothing but silver hair and scraps of clothing in the air.

"Is somebody down here?" Kichisei poked her head around the end of the hall, looking for the source of the explosion.

The only thing in the hall was the bubbling puddle of juice that coalesced in the center of the room.

Plop

Plop

"I don't know what happened, but it's above my pay grade." Kichisei yawned, stretching her arms as she left the puddle to linger in the room.

For a moment, there was a quiet, an odd stillness that permeated the room, only broken by the loose bubbling of the juice puddle. Then the bubbles turned to eyes, red eyes. The puddle was starting to gain the features of W as she mustered her strength.

"Well, I'm not dead. But now what do I do?" W looked down at her gooey form, trying to control it.

She could splash a little when she tried to move her arm, so it was a start, but who knew how far that could take her? W did know that there wasn't much time to learn the ins and outs of her goo body, as today was cleaning day.