

"This is so demeaning. I don't know why we have come here." Bismarck glowered as she drank in the saccharine surroundings.

The war was still ongoing, things were still on edge, yet here they were. Both she and Prinz Eugen were tasked to attend the grand opening of some confounded candy factory. Bismarck grumbled and moaned about the assignment, but she still dutifully obeyed her orders; it was her role as head of the Iron Blood army. Her pride in the army was obvious, given the way she wore her uniform, keeping it as prim and pressed as the day it was tailored.

"Come on, it's not so bad; this place was just a bit suspicious, so the Admiral wanted us to check it out." Prinz Eugen smiled as she sidled up to her comrade, hanging on her shoulder and being as big of a nuisance as possible.

The two stood as contrasts to each other; Bismarck was a tall and cold-eyed blond with a shapely frame and tall heels. Her blue eyes were enough to pierce holes into ships before her cannon fire did, while Prinz Eugen, on the other hand. Well, Prinz Eugen was very few of those things; standing a couple heads shorter than Bismarck, she lacked the blonde's serious demeanor. She chose to walk around in a gray ensemble with only the barest hint of the Blood Iron flag, while Bismarck marched around in full attire. She had long silver hair that was tied into twin tails, and with red eyes against Bismarck's blue. She lacked Bismarck's stunning bust and juicy thighs, sitting more on the petite end of the spectrum. Despite their opposite natures, they always seemed to accomplish missions, and today would be no different. It just so happened that today's mission was to investigate a candy factory that had cropped up on the outskirts a few months ago.

It was a striking place, filled to the brim with technicolor spirals and deep shades of purple; purple seemed to be its motif. The candy it produced came in purple wrappers, the factory mascot was purple, and even the wall paper was purple. Purple wasn't the reason the girls had been sent to investigate it; the reason for their investigation was how quickly the candy rose to popularity. Everyone on both sides of the war was being dragged into its craze, chocolate wrappers littered all the battlefields, stores were rife with crates of the addictive chocolate. The sweets were sold at such a low price that it should have been unsustainable; nobody could afford to produce chocolates at that low of a price, so the girls were doing recon. They hadn't learned much from the tour proper and had decided to break off from the main group, venturing deep into the factory depths. They passed by a fantastical chocolate river, a room made entirely of candy, and a room filled with bubbles, but none of them seemed to lead them any closer to the truth. They were starting to suspect it was a normal candy factory until they reached a room marked "top secret".

"Hmpphh. This seems so obvious that it must be a ploy." Prinz Eugen scratched her head as she stared at the looming red doors in front of her.

"We must still check it, just like all the others." Bismarck pushed through the doors without a care, barging in with the direct approach.

Tchunk

Tchunk

Psffuuusshh

The quiet of the factory halls was immediately broken by the cacophony of noises that came from the room in front of them. Machinery pumped and pressed, pushing fluids through pipes and depositing them into vials. Decanters of brightly colored juice spun in circles around centrifuges as other machinery pressed sugar into candy. The machinery there seemed completely out of place; it was more advanced than anything that should be commercially available. The two cautiously moved through the room, looking about for anything that could clue them in to the factory owner's plans. More specifically, Bismarck was doing most of the looking, as Prinz was off goofing around. She didn't believe there was much in the room that would help them, so she took it like a leisurely stroll, an actual tour. She passed by chocolates molded to look like army men, taffy taller than she was, walking until she finally saw something that caught her interest.

"Everlasting gobstopper." Prinz touched her finger to her chin as she bent down, smirking at the little candy.

There wasn't a cautious thought in the girl's head as she popped the candy into her mouth, immediately being greeted by an explosive rush of flavor. It was both tangy and sweet, a miraculous thing that she couldn't get enough of. Her lack of patience led her to try and crunch it between her teeth, but the lumpy rock seemed so sturdy that she was worried she'd break her teeth. Instead, she sucked on the candy, letting the sweet flavor fill her mouth; it was coming at such a fast rate that it filled her mouth. The little candy felt like a decanter of sweet nectar, an endless supply of flavor, no matter how much she sucked or licked. She hummed happily to herself as she wandered around the factory, looking for more sweets to satisfy her urges. All the while, a small bubble was starting to form on her torso; her curve-hugging dress was showing off the small bloat that was forming in her stomach. She wasn't used to the huge amount of sugar flowing into her, and it was causing her stomach to act up. Little pockets of gas were forming in the mixture, adding to the bubbling feeling in her stomach.

Bllrlglgl

Prinz's belly let out a low and rumbling gurgle as she walked about the factory, doing her best to not do any work. Her trim abdomen was curving out into a little bump, a hill of bloat that distended the creamy surface and made her look like she'd spent too long at a buffet. A rounding ball that was steadily growing as she ignored it, too enraptured in the idea of not working to pay it any mind. The bubbling inside was only growing fiercer as time went by, turning her softened belly into something a bit tighter as she passed towards a new little treat. At the far end of the room was a small little display with some gum on it, just a single blue stick. She found

it odd for so much ceremony to be given to such a lonely piece, but there was a card underneath to denote its importance.

Three-course gum. Three meals in one piece of candy.

"Huh. Hey Bismarck, you might want to...**ooooohh**" Prinz bent over as she felt a rumble in her stomach.

Hunching over, she was finally brought face to face with her own distended stomach; the juice-filled blob sloshed when she pressed into it, moving like a water balloon. She wasn't given much time to enjoy her jiggling stomach as the rumbling soon led to a burning pain, a sensation that shot all the way down to her core. She felt a pressure welling up at her back door, the familiar sensation of gas. At first, she was hesitant to let loose, but she wasn't at the base, so nobody would know. Prinz bit her lip, curling it in pleasure as she pressed into her stomach.

"I heard you call, what..." Bismarck had come running as soon as she heard Prinz's voice, but the scene she got was not what she had hoped to see.

Fppppppfffbttttt

Bismarck was greeted by a blast of fruity gas that washed over her as Prinz let loose the gustiest fart she'd ever seen. Fruit air fluttered her short skirt and blew back Bismarck's hair as Prinz's blustering gale tapered out. The curve of her stomach was looking far less bloated, a lot more soft, giving her something fun to play with as she turned around.

"Oh, sorry about that. Didn't think you'd come running so soon." Prinz blushed, absentmindedly twiddling her juice-balloon of a belly, the gobstopper bulging in her cheek.

"That was disgusting; have some class when you represent the army." Bismarck readjusted her hat as she berated her comrade. "And of course I came running, we're on a mission. What did you find?"

Bismarck's berating left Prinz in a bit of a huff; she hated being chewed out, especially when she wasn't on base. She was a dutiful little shipgirl, though, so she led Bismarck to the piece of gum.

"I found this miracle ration here. Says it's three courses in a single piece of gum." Prinz pointed at the gum in its display case.

"That seems impossible." Bismarck nudged Prinz out of the way as she inspected the stick.

"It's not; look at this gut. I took two of those a little bit ago. Filled me up real good." Prinz motioned to her stomach, cupping the sloshing orb for emphasis.

Prinz had no idea what the gum did, but she wanted to see, and if it did something weird, then that was proper payback.

"Hmm, so what are the flavors?" Bismarck was still cautious; ideally, she'd want to take it back to the base for testing.

"I think it's different for each one. I got fruit cocktail and waffles for mine." Prinz surprised herself with how quickly she was thinking.

"Hmm, alright then." Bismarck took the gum from its holster and placed it on her tongue.

She convinced herself that it was for the good of the army; any self-respecting leader would be the one to try a new medicine before anyone else got a chance to. With a hesitant chew, she bit down on the gum, letting the flavors wash over her tongue. What she experienced was so wondrous that she couldn't describe it. The feeling of warm tomato soup was flowing down her throat, a sensation so real she felt like she was taking spoonfuls of it. After a few more seconds, the flavor changed, moving from tomato soup to roast beef. Once again it was like she was eating the real thing; each chew of gum had the same texture as the dishes of the meal. Baked potatoes with sour cream, and roast beef with seasoning and gravy; it was all so miraculous that she felt ready to melt in place. Prinz hadn't been lying about the wonders of the gum, as she felt completely sated, like the gum was nourishing her. Little did she know, she was actually dining on the foods she tasted.

Prinz looked on in amusement as Bismarck's stomach began to round out, just like hers; the tight chains of her military dress pulled against the cloth as her stomach rounded out. The skin-tight skirt she wore beneath her jacket showed off every rounded edge of her growing midriff. Her stomach rounded out as it filled with the pounds of roast beef she was eating, turning into a small hill atop her abdomen. It looked like a real and true food baby, and Prinz was eating it up. She'd never let Bismarck live something like this down, not after the chiding she'd just given her.

"Oh, I think it's changing again. These come with dessert? You didn't mention dessert." Bismarck closed her eyes to experience the sensation in its fullest.

"Mine didn't. Tell me, what's yours?" Prinz grinned as she fixed her eyes to Bismarck's face.

"It's wonderful, a warm blueberry pie, just out of the oven. It's got ice cream and whipped cream. I've never had something so luxurious." Bismarck sounded like she was having the time of her life as she described the wondrous flavors.

"Oh yeah?" Prinz was having trouble hiding her laughter as she looked at her ranking officer.

Like a patch of spilled ink, a splotch of blue had appeared on Bismarck's nose, a splotch that was currently growing. It crept its way from her nose to her cheeks, dyeing them a deep blue as it spread from cheeks to forehead. Soon her whole face was a deep azure, and it wasn't just her face either. Her juicy thighs were being painted with a blue brush, her creamy skin turning the same color as her face as whatever was affecting her crept lower.

Glunk

Slosh

Prinz almost burst out laughing as she saw Bismarck's stomach lurch out, the little bubble surging out into a sizable paunch in no time flat. Moving so fast that it almost snapped the chains from her jacket, the brass bindings digging into her sloshing tum as it filled out. Every chew was another bit of growth; the trim appearance of her stomach had completely melted away and was replaced with a balloon of what she could only assume was juice. It was bubbling out from underneath her skirt, the barest hints of the blue dollop making itself known as it pressed into her skirt. Prinz could only assume she was filling with juice, just like she had been, just in much higher quantities.

Oourlllr

Prinz clicked her tongue in disappointment when she heard the loud growl come out of Bismarck's stomach. Surely it would be enough to break her from her little trance and ruin the fun.

"Is that your stomach Prinz? I swear, you have no discipline. Glutting yourself like a pig and sounding off like a cow. You're a disgrace to the fleet." Bismarck still hadn't opened her eyes.

"Yeah, I guess I am a disgrace. Not like you. The model military girl." Prinz snickered under her breath as she watched her comrade bloat out.

She wanted to wait a bit longer, let Bismarck get larger before really rubbing it in her face. It was just amazing at how oblivious someone could be to their own body.