

Succulent Part 1

Contains blueberry BE, and full-body spherical blueberry

“Are you sure we’re allowed to be here??” Megan whispered over the sound of their footsteps crunching in the dirt.

Paula rolled her eyes and pushed a branch out of her way. “*Of course we’re not supposed to be here!*”

“*What?!*”

“*Well we are trespassing!*”

Megan’s heart raced. She looked over her shoulder but found only dense trees coated in the setting summer sunlight. “*Isn’t trespassing illegal?!*”

“*DUH.*” A snort flared Paula’s nostrils. “Don’t worry; we’re not going to get caught. It’s late on a Sunday. Nobody is watching the fields, *especially* this far out.”

“*But--*”

“Megan, do you want these blueberries or not??”

A whimper came in response. “Y-Yes...”

“Then come on!!” Without waiting for an answer, Paula dashed from their cover, across a dirt road, and into a sprawling blueberry field.

Megan followed in a rapid stumble. “*Slow down!!*”

Thick blueberry bushes created a wall on either side of them reaching higher than their heads. Rows of such foliage were bursting from the berry farm as its peak harvest period approached. Juice Fairy Farms was famous across the country for its delicious blueberries. Its cultivation methods a guarded secret, no other farm could rival its fruits.

“*Mmmmmm...*” Paula breathed deep enough to strain her sports bra across her ample bust. “Smell that? We’re in the right place.”

Megan could indeed smell it: the scent of thick sugary delight filled the air like an invisible syrup. It made her mouth water an almost worrisome amount. “But... We’re not going to get in trouble are we?”

“Only if we get caught! Now open a bag and start picking! Their berries are good, but they’re insane if they think I’m paying fifty bucks per pound. Who do they think they are, charging so much for some--*MMMM!!!!*” A moan broke Paula’s complaining when she ate several berries. Juice ran down her fingers from where she’d plucked the fruits. “*God they’re SOOOOO good!!!! Try some!!*”

Feeling exposed despite the wall-like bushes, Megan played with her t-shirt before selecting a fat blue orb from a branch. It exploded in her mouth the moment her jaw applied pressure.

Megan’s eyes widened. “*OH MY GOSH!!*” Juice dripped onto her t-shirt when she attacked the bush, eating berried handfuls at a time. “*THEY’RE AMAZING!!*”

“Whhooaaa, easy there!” Paula laughed, wiping her mouth clean of juice. “We’re here to pick, not eat! Eating comes later!”

“*I can do bopsh!*” Megan insisted through bulging, juice-smears cheeks.

Berries piled into Paula’s bag as she chuckled and ate several in between each deposit. They were small but heavy in her stomach. “And here you were the one who was nervous to--”

GUUUUURRGLE

“*N-Nngh...*”

A deep, guttural groan brought Megan to pause. Paula glanced over to see her friend doubling over and holding her belly.

GUUUUUURGLE

The sound of churning fluid drifted between the rows of bushes.

“Megan...? You alright?” Paula took a step toward her friend before hesitating. Her own stomach was starting to swirl. She placed a hand over her abdomen, taking note of how difficult her sports bra was making it to breathe. “Mmgh... Oh wow... Yea they kind of hit you, don’t they...?” She breathed and tried to catch a breath that her lungs couldn’t grasp. A glance at her friend caused her to squint in the evening light. “Megan... *Is...I-Is your nose blue?*”

“*Nngh, huh?*” Grimacing against a rumbling belly, Megan crossed her eyes before squeaking in shock. “*WHY IS MY NOSE--*”

GUUUURGLE!!

Megan swooned amid a sugary head fog. “*AH! I... Ngh I think I ate...those blueberries too fast...!! I feel--A-A-Aahh!!*”

STRRRRTCH

Megan’s hands spread apart across her belly. She stumbled back, a pressure striking her like a fire hose. Her abdomen trembled under her fingers. Tingles peppered her skin. Sweat ran down her back and between her small, heaving breasts.

“*Paula!! P-Paula...!! Nnnngh!! Something doesn’t feel right!!! I’m... Mmmgh!! Why does my stomach... Why does my belly feel so heavy??*”

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE

Her waistline bloated in her hands. As if a beach ball were taking form inside of her, Megan’s belly swelled outward to stretch her shorts.

POW!!

The button of her shorts blew open against an incredible fluid-filled weight. The sudden transformation into a woman appearing within minutes of giving birth pulled all the color from Megan’s face. Her shirt jumped over her rounding stomach and her shorts flared open to reveal the taut cotton of a pair of panties well beyond their capacity and struggling to contain her navel.

“*Paula!!! PAULA WHAT’S HAPPENING TO ME?! I’M--*”

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

She bloated larger, her hands flying to the sides of her stomach.

“I’M BLOWING UP!!!” At first thinking it was a trick of the light, Megan stared hard at the front of her stomach when a dark blue tinge spread from her belly button and over her skin. *“MY STOMACH IS TURNING BLUE!!!!”*

Paula dropped her bag and ran to Megan’s side in a panic. “The hell?! Are you allergic to those berries or--NGH!!”

GUUUURGLE

Paula’s pulse quickened. Her sports bra was squeezing the life out of her. What should have been G-cup breasts felt far heavier than normal. Extensive cleavage had pulled the neckline of her tank top low to display a bulging shelf of flesh squeezing over the spandex garment. The sensation of the bra tightening sent shivers down Paula’s spine.

“W-What the hell?! Are my tits swelling up?!”

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!!!

Sounds of thick, swirling juice answered her when her bust engorged. Paula’s hands flung to its aid, groping the bottoms of her swelling globes as her sports bra pulled away from her ribcage. Already they were larger than her head and displaying no signs of slowing down. Intense pressure moved throughout them as thick-flowing fluid sought a place to settle.

SHRRRIIIIP!!!!

“AAH!! Oh no!!! No no no my shooorts!!” A scream rang out when Megan’s bottoms split down the middle. Her swelling was pushing her belly between her legs and down through her thighs. *“Haaahhh!! Haaaaah my stomach!!! My stomach feels so full!!!”* Megan grappled with her waistline as it got away from her. Like a yoga ball, it was coming to dominate her torso. A gaping, stretched pussy was pulled taut and plump across its underbelly, rubbing down her thighs as she filled.

“Make it stop!! Make it stop, Paula!!! My skin feels like it’s stretching!!! I think I’m filling up!!! My body feels like a water balloon!!! I’M GETTING BLUER!!”

“Kind of dealing with my own problems over here!!!”

As her legs were forced apart by a distending stomach, Megan glanced at her friend. Two breasts the size of beach balls had engorged full and tight within Paula’s sports bra. Trembling skin squeezed through around the straps and out of her tank top as it pulled into a second bra.

“PAULA YOUR BOOBS ARE--”

GUUUUUUUURGLE

Megan shrieked when energy surged within her own breasts. Terrified, she shot her gaze lower to find two mounds tenting her t-shirt. *“M-M-MY BOOBS ARE GETTING BIGGER TOO!!”*

Paula’s cleavage darkened. From its heaving depths rose worrying blue tones that spread with every heartbeat. Warmth flooded her throbbing nipples before darkness soaked through the front of her shirt. Together the girls watched as their busts turned a dark blue, the color seeping through their torsos in a slow migration.

“Paulaaaaa!! Those berries...!!! Those berries are making us--AH!!”

BWOOOMSH!!!!

“MMMPGH!!!” Megan toppled backward as her legs failed. Juice sloshed within her pear-shaped body while she rolled back and forth. Pinned beneath the churning bulk, panic gripped her. She pushed her hands into her breasts as they swelled large enough to push into her chin. A massive belly heaved them upward, doming into her field of view like a blue mountain. “P-Paula!!! PAULA!!! HELP!!! I’m too big!!! I-I feel like I’m filling up with--”

GUUUUURGLE

SPLRRRTCH!!!!

“JUICE!!!!”

Paula’s voice shot through the field after a thick, spraying sound erupted from her front. Blue fluid pelted Megan’s body before running down her firming flesh. What landed on her lips was sweet and warm.

RRMMMMBBBBBLLLLL

Megan’s chest vibrated between her hands as her former B-cups engorged into bloated watermelons. Soaking fabric revealed fattened nipples pulsing larger. “NO NO NO NO NO!!! PLEASE DON’T GET ANY BI--”

SPLRRRTCH!!!!

“MMMNGH!!!!”

Juice sprayed from her mounds in a fountain of blue syrup.

SNAP!!!!

“GAH!!!” Paula gasped when her sports bra burst across her back. Sloshing globes fell into her arms without the aid of spandex, their dark blue curves stretching lower than her hips.

Megan gasped for air as her limbs flailed to find purchase. “We’re filling with juice!!! WHY ARE WE FILLING WITH JUICE?! What is wrong with these berries?!” It was becoming harder for her to move. It felt as though her pussy was squeezing between her knees. Firm, hot skin was rubbing around her thighs and biceps. Struggling to reach her hands to her sides, Megan discovered her entire body was beginning to round and fill. Fleishy wells were sucking in her limbs as she ballooned, her belly coming to conquer her body.

“Jesus you’re huge!! Megan, your body is fucking round!!” Paula exclaimed, collapsing to her knees. Her breasts mashed across the ground in sloshing heaps. Nipples larger than a fist leaked sugary fluid into a growing pool around her. “I’m... God my tits feel so fucking FULL!!!”

GUUUUUUUURRRGLE!!!!!!

A frightened whimper trembled Megan’s purple lip as her legs spread wide. Her arms flung straight out, forced open by her widening spherical form. “I’M TURNING INTO A BLUEBERRYYYYYY!!”

Paula looked at her hands. The blues and purples were moving down her arms and penetrating her fingers. The juice was everywhere, permeating every inch of their bodies. As she felt her breast pushing against her thighs to lift her legs, she knew there was no hope for escape.

GUUUUURGLE!!!

Megan's belly heaved like a blimp. It was pulling tighter, rounding out enough to raise her hips several feet from the ground. The bases of her breasts pulled wider as her torso ballooned. Although they were larger than beach balls, the firmness was forcing them into taut trembling hemispheres rising from her spherical body.

SPLRRRTCH!!!!

Juice sprayed from her sopping pussy. Its plumped lips had risen to a jaw-dropping girth, rivaling her calves in thickness and length.

"Aahhhhh I feel like I'm going to POP!!!" Megan screamed, the sound of rushing juice loud in her ears.

Paula wobbled atop her juicy mass. "M-My feet can't touch the ground!!!"

GUUUUURGLE!!!

SPLRRRTCH!!!

SAQQUUULCH!!!

"MMMGGH!!! PAAUUULAAAA!!! I can't MOOOOVE!!!"

Megan's hands and feet pulled into the bulging confines of her body. There was no hope for mobility. Pressure was rising rapidly as her figure ran out of space for her juice.

STRRRRTCH!!!!

"Ahh!! Ahhhh!! No more juice!!! No more juice!! I think I'm ripe!!!" she begged, watching her breasts rise high and tight, doming over three feet tall into her face. "Paula, I don't want to burst!!!"

RRRMMMBBLLL!!!!

Paula squeaked when her weight rolled forward to pin her nipples against the ground. The resulting pressure backing up was instant, sending her chest into heaving mountains trembling with their contents. Frantic, she began pressing her hands into her breasts as hard as she dared. The massaging only stimulated her production more.

"I can't leak!!! I-I CAN'T GET THE JUICE OUT!!!"

STRRRRTCH!!!!

"I'm ripe!!! I'M RIPE I'M RIPE I'M RIPE!!!" Paula panicked. Cleavage firmed around her and her breasts darkened to a rich purple. "I-I'M GONNA POP IF I RIPEN ANY MORE!!!"

STRRRRTCH!!!!

STRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

"DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT BEING RIPE!! I'M--MMMMGGH!!!! MMMMPH!!!!!"

Megan's cries for help became muffled when her body swelled up around her mouth. Her hands flailed helplessly against her body, causing her form to roll back and forth as it turned round. Her

eyes turned to saucers upon seeing her nipples double in girth into fat, sopping columns of purple flesh. Curves rose before her like a blimp, taut and shiny from every angle. The weight of her breasts pulled it off center, rolling her back to lift her feet into the air and present her crotch for the world to see. Purple folds ran thick with sugar.

STRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Paula *“AAHHHHH I DON’T THINK I CAN TAKE ANY MOOOORE!!!”*

Their skin pulled tight. Juice struggled to make it through their swollen nipples. Even Megan’s crotch, as big as it had become, was engorged to the point of her lips damming her juice within her pussy. Paula didn’t dare move atop her breasts for fear of pushing her juice-filled mounds too far.

“MY TITS LOOK LIKE GIANT FUCKING BLUEBERRIES!!” Paula screamed. *“NO MORE!! NO MORE!! I DON’T WANT TO--”*

VRRRRRRRR!!!!

A distant sound stopped her words.

“MPH?!” Megan grunted, trying to see anything other than her globe-like body.

Paula’s heart sank when she saw dust rising from the road running alongside the field.

“Shit! Shit shit shit!!”

“MPGH?!?!”

“It’s the farm owners!!!”

“MMMMMPGH!!!!!!”

GUUUUUURGLE!!!!!!!

Megan’s panic made her juice rush faster, bloating her body several inches wider until it trembled with pressure. Tires pulled up, coming to a rapid dirt-crunching stop that sent pebbles bouncing off Megan’s belly.

“H-H-Hey! Hey listen!” Paula tried to defend when several men jumped out of the van.

“We were just passing through and--”

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

Her panic wouldn’t let her explain any further. *“AUGH!!!! PLEASE DON’T LET US POP!!! I-I THINK WE’RE RIPE!!!”*

The men surrounded the girls, paying no mind to Paula’s words.

A voluptuous woman stuffed into a pair of overalls and flannel exited the van. She eyed the girls with narrow eyes full of hidden delight. Slowly she brought a radio to her red lips.

“We’ve got them... They look ripe,” she informed. A garbled response came through with a layer of static and a thirsty tongue ran over an emerging smile. *“Roger that; bringing them in now.”*

To be continued