

All-Organic

Contains blueberry butt, thigh, pussy, and breast expansion

Janine's presence was heard throughout the grocery store's produce section. Sun-baked flip-flops clapped and slapped with her every step. Freshly tanned after a day at the beach, the mother of three was happy to show off the body her hormones had left her. Skinny jeans and a white t-shirt owned a revealing grip on her curvy figure. The lack of a bra was the icing on her alluring MILF cake; months of breastfeeding had left her bust full and perky to the point of a bra becoming pointless. The gentle shade of her darkened nipples showing through the fabric was just naughty enough to push the limit of what one could consider appropriate for a beach-side grocer.

Her list was short today: bread, fruit, and milk. She smiled at the third item, tempted to text her husband asking why it was on the list when they already had so much at home. The thought threatened to harden her nipples: a dangerous game when she was already in need of a pumping session. In a white t-shirt, the result could be catastrophic. In the end she thought better of the idea and returned to her groceries.

"Fruit... Fruit... Apples?" Janine puffed a blonde strand of hair from her face and continued on. "Maybe a melon? Haven't had one of those in a while..." She paused at a pile of cantaloupes and half grinned while glancing at her comparable assets. "Nope, got melons at home already too...!" A teen boy on the other side of the stand was observant enough to make the same comparison, his blushing quickly averted gaze not lost on Janine as she moved on.

"Something juicy. And refreshing. Like-- *Peaches!*"

Plump, creased fruits snatched her desires. Janine rushed to the pile, taking in their distinct aroma. Thoughts of a cobbler or pie were already tempting the back of her mind. A plastic bag billowed before accepting one peach after another, each one being squeezed prior to acceptance.

"Mike would lose it if I baked him something with these. Pie a-la-mode? Could be sexy... Maybe--"

Janine paused. Something stared back from the fruit pile: a peach stained blue and purple. Her hand recoiled as if she'd touched something moldy, but after a moment, she saw there was nothing visually wrong with the fruit.

"What in the..."

She pulled it from the others. It was still firm. Not rotten. Its color reminded her of a plum, but the shape and texture were unmistakably that of a peach.

"A blue...peach? Maybe it's a hybrid of something?" It turned over in her hands. Nothing was amiss aside from the hues. The scent, however, was overwhelmingly sweet. Saliva coated Janine's mouth. The peach may not have looked natural, but it was more enticing than the rest of the bin combined.

Juice was running down her chin before she knew what was happening. Janine's teeth sank deep into the fruit, tearing off a mouth-filling chunk that bulged her cheeks.

"MMMM!!! HOLY PHIT!!!" she groaned through a full mouth, drawing attention from those around her.

"Ma'am?" a younger employee asked nearby, "Is everything ok?"

"IT'S DELIPHIOUS!!!" She didn't care how she sounded; the peach was exquisite. Rich flavors and deep, satisfying sweetness filled her to the brim. Swallowing was a bitter farewell to the mouthful, but she knew there was more to be enjoyed.

Her teeth bit down on air. Startled, Janine looked down to see her empty juice-stained hand. A cloud of purple faded away from her palm as if the peach had vaporized into a puff of smoke.

The blonde could only stare. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. If it weren't for the juice, she would have thought she'd hallucinated the entire delectable fruit.

"Excuse me," Janine asked the employee, head in a fog with euphoric tastes dancing on her lips, "do you have any more of those blue peaches?"

He raised an eyebrow. His eyes drifted from her stained hands to her waistline.

"Blue...peaches?"

Inner thighs colliding to tease her enchanted mind, she nodded and stifled a moan.

"Right. I just had one and--N-Nngh..."

Guurrrrgle

Janine winced, letting a hand settle across her stomach. The waistband of her jeans had grown uncomfortable around her hips. Enough heat was boiling between her legs to light a fire.

"Ma'am?"

"The... Nngh t-the blue peaches... I just had one! It was the most... Mmng!!!"

Guuurrrrgle!

Her hand clenched at the front of her pants as they pulled drum-tight. The employee's eyes bulged upon seeing a muffin top rapidly forming over the denim as if Janine's lower half were dough rising out of a bowl.

"Miss...? Is everything--"

POW!!

A button exploded with enough force to rip her zipper open as if it were paper. Silence filled the space between them. Janine stared, face red, as her jeans flared open against the bulging mass of her navel and abdomen pushing into the open. The extreme swelling and exposure of her panties would have been the most concerning aspect if it weren't for the dark blue and purple hues painting her skin.

Guuurrrrgle!!!

“Ahhh...!! Aahhh~!!” Janine gasped and trembled, her lower half bloating into a distant vision of its former self. Engorgement left her nearly twice the woman she’d been moments ago and tested the seams of her pants. “What’s... What’s happening to me?! Why am I--”

SHRRRIIP!!!!

A frightful tearing sound shot from behind. Her hand flung to her ass and collided with a wall of flesh long before she expected to find anything. What should have been air was now a heaving mountain of wobbling cheeks jutting behind her and splitting her jeans down the back. Only a sliver of her red underwear was visible before it was swallowed into the purple abyss.

Blllooummp

“Gah!” She half fell, caught only by the edge of the fruit bin, when her legs jolted.

The employee stepped back when Janine’s lower half heaved with a mind of its own, as if heavy syrup-like contents were throwing their weight around before settling within her body. Her navel swung, its blueness spreading to her stomach and hips.

“M-M-Ma’am... You’re--”

BLLLOUUUMMP

Her thighs ballooned. To the left and right, her hips burst forth in sloshing fluid-carrying curves. Slaps bounced off the tiled floor as her flip-flops fought for grip and Janine flailed to stay upright. Her legs refused to cooperate, pushing one another away with widening girth. Denim creaked around them like bark about to burst from a tree.

“I-I’m blowing up!! I’m--” Gasps stole her breath. “I FEEL LIKE MY BODY IS--”

Gravity finally won. She fell with a skin-smacking collision heard through the store as her exposed ass slapped the tile.

“AHHH!!!!”

SHRRRIIP!!!!

The sight sent the employee reeling as Janine’s hips and rear swallowed her waist like a bean bag. Tears split down her thighs and two blimped legs burst forth, covered only by the shredded remains of her jeans.

Blue and purple dominated her skin. It covered Janine’s lower half, spreading over her body like a virus. As it crept down to her ankles, her knees and calves plumped to immobility and her legs spread open at the command of her pillow-wide thighs.

GUUURRRGLE

Churning fluid filled her ears like a river. Her hands raced around her curves, pushing and squeezing the engulfing mass that was her hips as it lifted her higher on a makeshift couch of flesh.

“I-I-I’m filling up!! I’M FILLING UP WITH SOMETHING!! I think... I-I think it’s JUICE!!” she whined. Her voice did not match her words of fright as she blushed a purplish red. Blue-tinged saliva drooled from her lips and she gasped to fill her lungs. “I-I-I’M--”

Blloummp blooummp

Her pupils contracted. Janine looked down, both hands hovering over her navel in anticipation.

“Miss? Miss???” The employee held out a hand to help calm the swollen blue woman. She was blocking the majority of the aisle with her rear end, her cheeks wobbling behind her in a sloshing mountain range. “I’ll call a doctor!! Don’t worry!! Just--”

“MY PUSSYYYYYYY!!!!”

Her scream shot through the store and fed the gathering crowd. Throwing her head back, Janine sank her hands between her slickened thighs to find a throbbing mound of flesh pulsing with life. Her panties had flossed their way between her lips, stimulating every fold to the point of agony.

“MMMGH FUCK EVEN IT’S BLOWING UP!!”

Pillowry skin pushed around her fingers. Every breath plumped her larger, engorging her treasure like a tiny balloon of juice. Nectar drooled from her folds to coat her wrists and palms. The tips of her fingers fought with her underwear, desperate for access.

SNAP!!!

“GAHH!! Hhaaaahh!! Haaaaahhhh ohhhh GOD!!”

Her panties exploded and finally allowed her entry. Soft, engulfing twin mounds swallowed her hand. Against her palm, a bright purple clit distended to the size of a grape throbbed with an energy ready to burst.

“Is she doing what I think she’s doing??”

“Is she allergic to something?!”

“Don’t touch her!! She looks like she’s going to explode!!”

“This is just like that movie!!”

Speculation and ridicule attacked from every direction. Janine could feel their whispers burying her as she masturbated. She didn’t care what they saw; it felt too good. Felt too good to swell and bloat. Felt too good to fill with juice. Felt too good to have her skin stretch and pull like the surface of a ripe fruit. Sugar danced in the back of her throat: a rich, sweet flavor taking over her mind.

“Her tits!!!” someone yelled, jabbing a finger in her direction. *“LOOK AT HER TITS!!”*

Even she’d failed to notice them during her self-pleasure. Looking down, beyond her purple nose, Janine saw her t-shirt moving and warping. Fabric pulled tense into rows of creases sinking into her breasts as they ballooned in their prison.

GUUUURRRRRRRGLE

“O-Oh no.”

Their sounds were the loudest of all. Janine whimpered, watching her ample baby-nourishing bust double, then triple in size. Her mounds engorged into globes eclipsing even the local watermelons. Her milk mingled with juice. Hormones raged and threw her body’s production into a frenzy.

Slowly, the dark circles of her nipples turned darker against her thinning shirt. Their browns shifted to blue before settling on a dark, grape-colored purple.

“My milk... Oh, look what’s happening to meeee~!”

Her body tensed. Cupping her softball-sized pussy, Janine hugged her breasts between her biceps and heaved them forward. Cleavage stretched her neckline down and underboob billowed into view across her stomach.

GUUUURRRRGLE!!!

“Aahhhh!!! Aahhhhhhhh my milk!!! My juice!!! There’s so much...FLUID INSIDE OF ME!!”

SPLRRRRTCH!!!!

“MMMMGH!!!”

Nectar sprang from her nipples in a fountain, pattering the floor and staining her shirt in spreading soak spots of blue. No one was brave enough to watch now. All were scattering, avoiding the woman as her ass grew to wedge itself between two fruit bins and her breasts surpassed pumpkins.

“I CAN’T HOLD IT!!! I CAN’T HOLD ALL THIS JUICE!!!”

SPLRRRRRTCH!!!!

“SOMEONE JUICE ME!! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, JUICE MEEE!!”

She sprayed harder, her nipples thickening to tea cups and her pussy rounding into a tight dome. Her t-shirt drew tight into a sports bra before ripping at one shoulder. The collar split at the demand of echoing cleavage. Stretching into a bandeau, the garment bunched and twisted to deform her breasts.

“AAAAHHHHH!!!”

Juice bubbled and her face turned purple. Syrup leaked from the corner of her mouth and ran down her chin. As Janine tensed, curling her hands into her crotch, she leaned back into her ass and let her flesh cradle her.

The world went blank when she came, overwhelmed by the juice-stretched curves swallowing her mind and body. A puddle of blue spread around her from the lust and she reveled in the sounds of her ever-filling contents.

Her mammaries swelled higher to obscure her fogging vision. Staring over her chest at an employee pointing to her stomach and yelling something inaudible over her juices, Janine fully gave herself to any and all whims. The store could watch all they wanted. The entire world could watch for all she cared.

Nothing else mattered.

Only the juice.