

## Bad Roommate Blues

Lela traces her index finger along the taut, springy purple-violet orb filling half the apartment. The flesh-on-flesh dragging generates a low squealing sound.

“Mmmmmphmmnngg!”

“Does that tickle?” Lela giggles as her teasing finger trails along Maru’s plump, juice-filled globe of a body. After a few inches, it reaches a bend and follows the surface up across a wide hemisphere—one of Maru’s gargantuan boobs. It juts straight out from what once would’ve been called her chest. It, alone, is now bigger than Maru once was.

“Mmmmph! Hmmmmph!” sounds of protest issue from Maru’s sunken head, inches below the ceiling.

“Look, Maru, you wouldn’t be a berry right now if you weren’t such a bratty roommate who *insists* on eating my stuff.”

“Hmmp!”

“That pie had my name on it, after all...”

“Nnnnnnggg! Mmmphnnnng!”

“You ate the whole thing, too! And blew up bigger than I ever dreamed you would... I can’t believe *this thing* didn’t explode off like your shorts,” Lela giggles, plucking playfully at one of the black laces struggling to hold the two inadequate sides of Maru’s top together. The garment is nearly the same rich hue of the flesh exploding from behind it. It hardly covers any of the (now) deep indigo domes of Maru’s areolas. Each is bigger than Lela’s head and emits a river of thick jam-like juice that stains the top and oozes down the arc of Maru’s body until it pools on the kitchen’s vinyl floor.

Lela continues to tease her rotund roommate, walking slowly around the big ball of a body. The whole way, she drags that little finger, dipping from breast to “belly” to the overworked, cinching elastic waistband of Maru’s striped, juice-soaked panties. They’re so stretched out they’ll never fit anyone of human proportions again.

“Ohmygod! Even your stupid tail is all juiced up!” Lela cackles as she arrives at Maru’s behind, the bulges of her buttocks barely distinguishable from the rest of her spherical form.

Just above her panties and the shallow valley of her upper butt wiggles the woman's now-conical, bulbous tail. The pointed, inverted heart at its tip is as overloaded with juice as any other part of her. From its dulled point seeps another steady trickle of indigo liquid.

"You're so full you're leaking," Lela taunts. As she steps close, the three-foot-long appendage flops helplessly in the limited arc its new awkward dimensions allow. "Trying to give me a little vengeance whack with your stubby stem? Cute, Maru. And... kinda pitiful, if I'm being totally—Mmmmph!"

With improbable speed, the plump tail shoots straight into Lela's mouth. Along its length, masses of the blue juice visibly travel from Maru's berry body through her tail's base and to the tip firmly lodged in Lela's maw.

"Mmmmmrrph, mmmnnngg!" Lela cries. Just past her lips, the heart of Maru's swollen tail expands with more juice, becoming too large to be removed. Lela's efforts to tug it free prove as fruitless as her roommate is fruitful.

"Hmhmhmhmmp!" a muffled giggle emanates from Maru's sunken head as juice pumps rapidly from her body into her roommate's. A dribble of the stuff stains Lela's porcelain skin as it trails from her pink, stuffed lips down her chin.

Despite brimming with well over two-hundred cubic feet of blueberry filling, the speed with which Maru forces it into her roommate's body is nothing short of incredible, especially to the unsuspecting Lela. She continues to grab and pull and swat at Maru's rotund body and treacherous tail until her hands, oversized pink t-shirt, and platinum blonde hair are all smeared with the same indigo liquid now pouring down her throat and filling her gut.

Maru's mass diminishes with every *glorp* of her tail's pumping action. Steadily, her fat, berried fingers and toes reemerge from the pits of juicy flesh that had swallowed them. Then come chubby hands and feet, followed by arms and legs. Eventually, from the crater at the top, her head rises. Through her long azure hair, she grins in self-satisfaction between puffed, chubby cheeks.

With every ounce that Maru expels to reclaim her former shape, Lela finds herself subjected to the effects of the booby-trapped pie she herself left on the kitchen counter. Her fit tummy swells out until she could pass for being in her third trimester. The pink cotton of

her shirt is pushed forward by her gut, growing tighter until its fibers pull at one another in a struggle to hold together. Above the globe of her midsection, her small, perky breasts fill, surging in volume with every pump until they match her stomach in size and shape.

“Mnot enjoyring myour own pfie?” Maru gloats as her chubby cheeks finally shrink enough for speech.

“Hmmmph! Nnnmph!” Lela squeals, indignant fury in her eyes.

As her shirt is filled, its lower hem rises, revealing a familiar violet color has replaced the once-pale flesh of her belly. Below, pastel yellow athletic shorts dig into her similarly purple ballooning butt and thighs as the juice claims more space. Her face and arms follow, until all of the bloating Lela is as purple as Maru.

Her poor body struggles to contain the deluge of bittersweet juice, and the increased weight finally buckles her legs. Her massive, inflating form drops to the floor with a powerful, sloshing *whomp!* The impact is enough to coax out the juices inside. Two violet spots appear at the front of her breasts, seeping through the fabric of her stretched shirt, and a small puddle emerges from beneath her.

Lela groans helplessly. As does her tightening flesh. As do the seams of her shirt and shorts.

“Look om zhe bright shide,” Maru gurgles as she and Lela reach an approximate equilibrium in their comparative sizes. “You’re almosht halfsway zhere! *Hefhefhefhef!*”

As Lela’s face sinks into her swollen shoulders, she shoots a look of indignation at her selfish brat of a roommate.

And Maru’s tail continues to pump the thick juice past Lela’s lips.

*Glorp.*

*Glorp.*

*Glorp.*

*Glorp.*

*Glorp.*