

CW: Blueberry Inflation of Tinies, Humans, and a Giant. Nonchalant Fatal Popping. Male, Female, NB, Trans Male, and Trans Female Inflation. And Very Explicit Sex.
You have been warned

My name is Thomas. I am the proud inventor of the ever famous Blueberry Gum. I rest well knowing everyone enjoys becoming a Blueberry. Well, almost everyone.

One night, I had a very refreshing conversation. See, I was going on a few blind dates, you know, meet some new people, have a good time, and fuck some berries. Until I met Her. Jocelyn. A Giant Goddess over 10 stories tall. When I asked if she wanted the gum, she expressed interest and disappointment.

Apparently the gum does work on giants, but more as something like a bloating pill. See, I made the gum to just output a certain amount of juice. For most regular sized humans, this gets them to the ballpark of around 12 ft in diameter. But since her stomach is probably around 15 ft tall as it is, she only gets a little bloated. Although the result is not unwelcome and leads to a very fun night, it just leaves Jocelyn wanting more. She wanted to be a sphere. Someone to roll her and take care of her and more importantly, juice her. Sympathizing with her desires, I set to work.

It became evident fairly quickly that adding more juice to the gum would cause more problems. As fun as the tests with the 20 ft berries were, this was clearly not going to be enough and could even be dangerous for us regular sized humans. Plus, if I was thinking about the Giants, I felt an obligation to cater to the Tinies as well.

After several months of looking, I finally found it! A formula that— in theory— should mix the gum with your body's natural fluids and start a chain reaction causing the juices to multiply, doubling just enough to cause you to grow to incredible sizes. A few tests later and I was able to confirm the safety of the operation. The variety of sizes that people would grow varied far more than my first gum, but still generally remained within the 6-20ft range.

Testing on Tinies produced an interesting effect. Tinies that started at 2 in would consistently grow to sizes at least 6 in but upwards of 2 ft! That's anywhere from a 300-1200% increase in height alone! I'll have to test the stretching capabilities of Tinies later.

I found only one small side effect. When juicing these new berries, any juices ingested seem to well up a bit in the juicer, giving them a noticeable bloat. Rubbing my 2 ft, blue belly, I looked through my notes before finally calling Jocelyn.

She picked up almost immediately. When I told her about the prospect of the experiment and asked if she would be our Giant test subject, she very quickly agreed despite any possibility of unforeseen side effects. We scheduled the test for a few days out to give us time to prep the testing area for the size we were hoping for.

Not too far away from the city is an old vineyard. Reaching out to the owners, the lovely elderly couple was more than thrilled to help us out. They say the ground is drying up anyway, so if we are successful, then the juice could bring nutrients back into the soil. And if not, the soil's drying up anyway. Either way, the couple wouldn't be losing much.

My team and I set up several towers with sensors in order to monitor juice flow and size. Several drones are also prepped with cameras to get every angle possible. Multiple cranes and scissor lifts are rented in order to reach up at least closer to her height. Other precautionary tools are also brought just in case anything goes wrong. Not that anything will, but better be safe than sorry. Finally, a station is set up with monitors for the cameras and sensors.

The day we all are anticipating finally arrives. As final preparations are made, we all feel the ground start to rumble. Looking in the distance, I see Jocelyn's 150 ft frame as she jogs into view. She's just as gorgeous as when I first laid eyes on her. Her soft looking skin, focused eyes, short brown hair, and absolutely massive tits.

I climb onto my scissor lift, though Jocelyn still has to get on her knees to get to my eye level.

"Jocelyn, you made it! It's so great to see you again."

"Likewise, Thomas. I had a great night when we met, so I am very excited to see what you've got for me to try. Here's hoping I can get huge."

"You are already huge, my sweet. But, yes. This gum should in theory fill you out way more than the last one."

I pick up the wrapped wonder I have next to me. A massive 6ft long by roughly 2ft wide strip of gum. Jocelyn's face eagerly lights up at the sight.

"I had this one put together, just for you. I won't bore you with the science, but technically, since the inflation is achieved through a reaction and not just pumping you full of juice, a smaller strip should have worked just as well. I just figured you might prefer the whole experience."

"Oh, Thomas. You know me so well." Jocelyn brings her hand carefully to me, allowing me to place the gum in her palm. "Awww, it's even wrapped. You really went all out. This is so adorable. I think I'm getting hot just thinking about it."

"Well, just wait a few more minutes. We have some equipment for you to wear and we'll direct you to an area safe for you to grow where we also have plenty of cameras to monitor you."

Jocelyn winks. "You got it babe. Just tell me where and when."

“Right. Margret, you’re up,” I say into my radio. A crane then comes to life and lifts a massive earpiece over to Jocelyn. “Just stick this in your ear and we should be able to communicate from long distances.”

Jocelyn nods in understanding, grabs the earpiece, and stands while putting it on.

“Testing, testing. Can you hear me, Thomas?”

“Yes, Jocelyn. I can hear you just fine. Can you hear me?”

“Loud and clear, love. Now, where am I standing?”

I start lowering the scissor lift. “Should be simple enough to spot. There is a massive blue circle for you.”

“Oh, yes I see it.” With just a few rumbles, Jocelyn very quickly gets into place. “Like this?”

I look up to check, her tits blocking out the sun. “That is perfect, Jocelyn. Just give me a quick minute to get set up. We’ll get you big and blue as soon as we can.”

I feel myself getting jittery with anticipation. Luckily Margeret is here to help me set up. Flicking a few power switches and checking each drone and camera to make sure the feed is working. That’s good. Are they recording? Good. Looks like Jocelyn is about as jittery as I am.

“Alright, Jocelyn. Sorry for the wait. Everything is good on my end. So whenever you are ready, feel free to begin. Remember, this is still a trial run, so please keep us up to date with exactly how you are feeling.”

Jocelyn pouts a bit. “I know I can hear you and I suppose you can see me, but I still wish I could be feeling you through this. It’s my first time, after all. I’d love to spend it with someone special.”

“I know, I know. I wish I could be there as well. But I will be there soon enough. I will be conducting the juicing tests first hand. Just as soon as we confirm your growth is safe.”

“Alright. I better feel you soon, Thomas.” Jocelyn winks before unwrapping the gum and sticking it into her mouth. “MMMmmmm. It tastes even better than the last one. The juice is so rich. It’s already filling up my mouth. Any worries about swallowing the gum?”

“Uh, in theory, no. I never considered that, but I imagine the reaction would end the same. Did you swallow it?”

“No. There is just a lot of juice to swallow, so I just wanted to be sure in case I did accidentally.” Jocelyn brings a hand up to her stomach. “Oh. I think it’s starting.” Jocelyn’s sheer

white shirt hiding nothing as a blue shadow wells up underneath it. “Oh my god, this is so fast in comparison. I’m already so full! So bloated! I can feel it gurgling inside me. I-I’m getting bigger!”

I zoom in on her stomach, ready for the show. Watching intently as her shirt rides up, a sliver of blue skin peeking through. “Yes you are, Jocelyn. And it doesn’t look like you are going to be slowing down any time soon.”

“Oh, I can feel it. Spreading through me. It’s not just my stomach.” The blue spreads its way all around Jocelyn’s center like a virus. Each bit of her swelling with the blue. Her entire waist was swelling by this point, getting her to look like a massive blue pear. Her shirt straining, holding her in, stretching to reveal more of her blue form.

“Hey Jocelyn, I didn’t think of this before, but you may want to remove those clothes before they get ruined.”

“You’re recording this, right?”

“I am.”

“Then I want to burst right through these. I want both of us to be able to watch this later. Over and over again. I better be getting some good footage of you juicing me, too.” Jocelyn cups her hands under her already massive tits and squeezes them together. Juice rushing into them, dying them blue in moments. Two wet stains appear on her shirt, juice leaking out of her rigid nipples. The two tips strain her shirt, threatening to rip right through the fabric.

My eyes are glued to the screen. “She didn’t wear a bra,” I say.

Jocelyn just chuckles and winks to the camera. Shit, did I say that out loud?

“Ohhhh, I’m getting huge. I feel so heavy.” Juice rushes down and without warning, finally works its way past the waistline of Jocelyn’s jeans, plumping her ass. The sudden shift in weight causes her to take a step back for balance, causing a massive quake to shake all of the equipment for almost a minute. The front button suddenly pings off, flying through the air. The foot long disk smacking right into a drone. One monitor gives a ‘No Signal’ display.

“Oh Gods, that feels much better.” Her hips continue to flair out, the sound of stitches stretching and popping echoing through the area. Bits of blue flesh poking through the splitting seams. With a *rrrrriiiipppp* a hole starts to form at the crotch of the jeans. I move a joystick, flying one of the cameras lower to get a better view. The area is now filled with the sounds of ripping as the jeans continue splitting at the seams, Jocelyn’s massive blue legs pushing through the sides, holes forming at the thighs and calves.

It is hard to see what underwear Jocelyn’s wearing. Everything is shadowed and covered in blue. Finally, with one terminal pop, the tears on the side and the top meet, and the pants flutter

to the ground, reduced to ribbons. Ah, no wonder it was hard to see her underwear. Jocelyn's thong was stretched impossibly thin. Still probably half a foot wide, but that's essentially dental floss for a woman of her height persuasion. The blue lace is only noticeable where it covers up the glorious patch of pubic hair. Her gargantuan pussy swallowing up the thread as her waist continues its growth, pulling the garment tighter around her nethers.

Jocelyn starts moaning and feeling up her growing body, squeezing her ass, shaking her stomach, and rubbing her tits. Her hands and forearms are still noticeably pale, but the blue is starting to slowly spread down her shoulders. Jocelyn suddenly looks forward with an idea, finds a camera and points to it. I get the hint, find the controls for that drone and get her into center frame and just utter the word, "Go." Smiling, Jocelyn places each hand within her shirt collar and in one swift motion, rips her shirt in half, drops of juice falling off and smacking the ground.

Jocelyn lets her shirt fall off her arms while she shifts, her legs being pushed apart and her crotch downward. The blue on her arms spreads as she goes back to groping her own tits. Looking right at another camera, I can see the color finally rush up her face, her eyes turning a blue color as well. Cheeks getting puffy. Her speech has been resorted to grunts and moans as her body stretches even higher into the air. Her crotch finally hits the ground, causing her to start rocking back and forth. Her hands finally turn blue as her arms are finally pulled into her body. Jocelyn is nothing more than a ball, but she is not quite done growing just yet. Her head continues upward, pushed by her round body.

"Jocelyn, how are you feeling? Getting tight yet?"

"Oooooohhhh. Oh yeah. Tight aaaaallllll over. But in a good way. Oh my Gods, baby, I can still feel myself growing."

"You are at roughly the desired shape, you should hopefully be stopping soon. I mean, you are *massive!*"

"Oh Gods I know! I've never felt anything this *good* before! Oh, I want to keep *growing*, but I also want you, so I hope I stop soon enough for you."

"Me too, Lyn, me too."

Luckily, neither of us waited too long. I watch Jocelyn's hands and feet slowly sink into her body, leaving adorable divots the size of craters. Her head sinks down, leaving only the top half visible to any front facing cameras. **Thwip. Smack!** The thong finally snaps and smashes into the ground with the veracity of a high tension cable. And finally...it stopped.

"Jocelyn?"

"I'm fine. I'm so big. For once, I can't move! I love every second of this! Please, do what you have to and get *in me!*"

“With pleasure. Margret, what do the readings say?”

“Let’s see...She’s doubled in height, sitting at roughly 300ft tall and wide. Each breast is about 100ft a piece. And the juice...seems to be settled. Dormant. No more growth. Jocelyn is officially the World’s First Giantess Blueberry!” A cheer sounds over the radios.

“Alright team, you know what’s next. Chase, Margret, Celeste, you are with me. Let’s grab the equipment and juice this Giant.”

In just a few minutes, myself and my specially picked team had gathered our equipment and were approaching the Goddess of Fruit. We weren’t able to wield normal equipment that Giants used themselves, so we improvised. Margret and Celeste were wielding a 20ft pole to be used as a makeshift dildo, Chase was heaving a jackhammer covered in padding, and I felt silly holding a 10ft extendable pole with an XL vibrating wand duct taped to the end. We are adorned in minimal clothes and helmets, expecting to get wet, but with cameras to capture our POV experiences. In my ear was nothing but the general moans coming from Jocelyn, beckoning me closer and closer to my fruity bounty.

We arrive at Jocelyn’s pussy and are greeted with the strong scent of blueberries. Her labia majora is easily 13 ft tall with the minora lips engorged and sticking out in anticipation, easily stretching to almost 3 ft wide to give us entrance. Her wondrous Clit out and on display, just begging to be played with.

“Lyn, are you ready?”

Jocelyn shutters, shaking while she speaks. “Oh, Thomas, I was ready 10 minutes ago. What are you waiting for?”

“That’s all I was needin’ ta hear,” Chase said before powering on the jackhammer.

“Hold on, Chase. I’m not sure if Jocelyn’s Giant DNA will have messed with the juice in unforeseen ways. We have to start slow.” I turn on my vibrator and begin extending it closer and closer to the massive clit above me.

“Yeah, whatever, Doc.” Chase ignores me and starts to turn toward Jocelyn’s opening. Right as he starts to prep the hammer, my vibrator meets with the clit. Only for a moment, but the moment is all Jocelyn needs.

“UUUUuuuuggggnnn!” She cried out in orgasmic glee, juice shooting out of her.

“What in tarna-” Chase didn’t get to finish before getting cut off by a wave of juice splashing over him. Myself, Celeste, and Margret all moved to the side instinctively before getting splashed.

Almost as quickly as it began, the flood sputtered and ended, leaving Chase in a massive puddle on the ground.

“-tion.” He spat out. “See, Doc, everythin’s...” Chase trailed off, feeling a pressure build in his stomach. “...fine?”

Chase’s stomach quickly shoots out. In surprise, he drops the jackhammer. His hands meet with his growing chest. He’s already huge. Back already rounding out his center. Legs spreading to make way for his girth. Arms frantically feeling up his chest before they too puff up and join his now spherical body.

“Run!” I shout. Celeste, Margret, and I book it.

Chase’s speedo snaps off, his pussy smushing against the ground as his frame gets pressed higher and higher. He feels something brush against the back of his head. Jocelyn moans out again as she feels Chase growing against her clit, pressing into her. When Chase reaches 15ft, he feels a pressure where his tits used to be, the old scars straining to hold back the juice.

“Doc?”

BLOOOOOOSH

“Oh Thomas, that felt so goooood~. Wait! Where are you going? Baby I need *moooore*.”

“I’m sorry, Jocelyn. That was Chase. After getting hit with your juice, he swelled up and popped. Until we figure out what’s wrong, we have to deem your juices unsafe.”

“Oh...oh god. That sounds hot~.”

“Yes. It certainly was. Even still, we can’t juice you if we pop first.”

“Ugggh, fine. But please hurry. As much as I enjoy being a blue ball, I’m not the biggest fan of being blue balled.”

I am now glad I bought these hazmat suits, just in case. I was hoping we wouldn’t need them, but that’s science for you. Over the next few hours, Celeste, Margret, and myself collect and examine samples of juice from Jocelyn, Chase, and our other test berries. We pore over the footage, hoping some post nut clarity might help with the solution.

“I’ve got it!” Celeste proclaims. “Here, let me set up a test just to be sure.”

Margret and I follow Celeste to find her setting up a table with a couple of Tinies wearing blue jumpsuits with yellow hazard triangles that depict a popping ball inside.

"Now, as we know, the new gum swells a person up proportionally, based on a few factors, but more often than not, up to double their starting height. A volunteer please?" Celeste continues.

One of the Tinies steps forward and proudly chews on the gum provided, quickly turning blue and swelling up.

"Tinies are also not the best example as they have the capabilities to stretch far beyond their frame. A normal size for Vicky would probably be to stop at 4 inches, yet here she is, approaching 12 inches in diameter." Vicky can be seen throwing a tiny thumbs up from inside her divot. "Then we noticed slight bloating when juicing orally. Next volunteer?"

Another Tiny proudly steps forward and unzips the bottom of Vicky's suit, revealing her pussy. He dives right in, head first.

"Thank you, Mark. Now Mark is also starting to swell, as expected. But you will see he doesn't grow as much." Indeed, Mark's growth is a surprising amount, but it does in fact stop with his limbs still intact.

"That is strange. I never grew that much from my tests with Tinies," I posit.

"Indeed. That is because you are much bigger. You did grow, you just didn't notice. Look at this." Celeste pulls out a measuring tape and holds it up to Vicky. 12 in. She then moves over to Mark and holds it across his frame. 1.2 in. "You were never going to notice any growth from testing a Tiny. The amount of juice they'd make you produce is smaller than your stomach as a whole. Now if we continue, another volunteer, please."

A third Tiny steps forward. Celeste takes a dropper and grabs some juice from one of our samples. She then feeds just a drop to the Tiny. He greedily drinks and almost immediately starts swelling.

"Much appreciated, Josh. This is a sample taken from Anora, our biggest berry besides our Giant out front. Anora is currently 20 feet or 240 inches in diameter. You will notice that Josh is already much bigger than Vicky already and still growing. Hanging in there Josh?"

"Bit tight, ma'am. Thanks for asking," Josh responds in a very strained voice.

When he finishes growing, Celeste pulls out the same tape measure and holds it up to Josh. "24 inches. As you can clearly see, the juice's original intention is to be mixed with our stomach acids. But by then mixing it with our sexual juices, it becomes reactive with our acids again. But not in tandem with the consumer, but rather the original berry. One final volunteer?" Celeste goes and grabs one more sample of juice and a glass box. She leans down and feeds the drop to our final volunteer. "Sorry about this, Max."

“No worries, ma’am. It’s why we’re here.” Max takes a drink of the juice and is placed under the glass box.

“This was a sample from Chase. Now he only reached around 15ft before popping, but if my theory was correct...”

We watch Max under the glass box quickly swell, becoming round in mere seconds. They continue growing, well past Vicky and quickly coming up to Josh’s size. Max’s uniform starts to rip at the waist. They pass Josh, their uniform ripping off entirely. Their sides start to press against the glass.

SPLAT

The glass box is now coated with juice.

“That is what I was afraid of. Chase only popped at 15 feet, but only due to his limit. Max here was nearing 3 feet and popped, again due to their limit. There is no safe way to confirm, but I believe that any juice ingested from Jocelyn will cause someone to swell with enough juice to turn us into 30 foot Berries. And considering our biggest record for a Human Berry is 20 feet... Let’s just say I recommend proceeding with caution.”

“Jocelyn, did you get all that?”

“I think I got the gist. Did you record the test?”

“You know I did.”

“Good. So...How am I getting juiced, then?”

“Well, we can still enter you, we just can’t swallow any of your juices. I luckily brought some safety hazmat suits as a precaution. Might have to seal them up, though.”

“Whatever works. I just need you inside of me.”

Margret, Celeste, and I gear up, donning the hazmat suits. We head back out to Jocelyn. Her gaping, wondrous pussy just waiting for us to enter. Inspecting closer, there seems to be a steady stream of juice dripping out of the bottom. I take a deep breath, turn on my overhead light, make sure my camera is recording, and take a step onto her, slipping in between her lips. I hear moaning in my headset.

Looking ahead, her vaginal canal seems to have stretched and opened since my last visit. Almost 6 ft tall now, and 2-3 ft wide. Just about perfect for a human. Taking in my surroundings, I notice everything is blue. No surprise there. I can see juice oozing out of the folds in her walls,

prepping her for sex by trying to lube the area. I take my first steps inside. I can immediately tell this is not going to be a walk through the park.

First, my foot sinks. I can feel the juices sloshing under me, as if I were walking on a waterbed. Then Jocelyn's moans pick up and I almost lose my footing when she instinctively clenches in pleasure, pushing my foot up. I have to grab hold of her to not lose balance. Lastly, I noticed more juices oozing from the walls and welling up underneath me. I take a few more steps in to get my footing, holding both arms out to steady myself against either side of the vaginal canal.

Once I have a good feel of the situation, I turn and wave Celeste and Margret up to join me. There isn't much room for us to go in side by side, so I reach a hand out. Celeste grabs it and I pull her up, backing up as I pull in order to make room. Once Celeste is in, she also takes a few steps to get her bearing before turning to help Margret in. Once we are all in Jocelyn's vagina, we all turn inward, the three beams helping to paint a better picture of what lies ahead.

"Looks about right," Margret comments.

"I fucking love my job," Celeste adds.

"Quite. Now, the G-spot shouldn't be too far in. Just be careful. I can feel the juice dripping down from above us as well."

With all the folds and our feet sinking, our progress is slow. Jocelyn's moans became a good indicator for when she might be clenching. Still, the juice mixed with the vaginal discharge is quite slick, leading to us slipping and reaching out to try to stop ourselves from landing in the juice puddles. Gripping the walls always elicits a sharp gasp from Jocelyn and more tensing, leading to more slipping.

A few minutes go by and although Jocelyn seems to be quite enjoying our stumbling and slipping, our progress was leaving much to be desired.

"Uhhh, you two might want to hurry."

I turn to Margret, the light revealing juice seeping in through a small crack in her visor. Her blue face showing a mix of fear and pleasure. Her stomach making itself visible from under the suit. The juice multiplying in her body. Her hands rubbing herself between her thighs, moaning now the only sound we can hear over the radio.

Celeste and I turn and do our best to run. Another set of moaning joins the sounds on the radio. Jocelyn's. The flesh beneath us starts firming, giving us a better chance to move. I turn back to see Margret's body pressing into all sides of the wall. Her hazmat suit already ripping at the seams with her belly button extending towards us. Jocelyn's moans turn to euphoric

screams with Margret stretching her giant pussy more than she thought possible. Jocelyn's juices practically pouring out of the walls and pooling underneath of Margret.

BOOOOOM

Margret's juice flies everywhere, sending Celeste and I forward a few feet from the blast before it all drains downward. My ears are ringing now that both sets of screams have been silenced and replaced with Jocelyn's heavy breathing.

"Oh my Gods, that felt amazing! I got so close! Thomas, why did you stop?"

"We stopped when Margret popped, Jocelyn. You just had a berry burst inside of you."

"Well that felt amazing! Do you have anyone else willing to pop for me?"

"Jocelyn, I-"

"I'll do it."

"Celeste!?" I stammer.

"Doctor, I've been waiting my whole life for something like this. I've just been waiting for the right person to swell for. After watching Margret and Chase swell, the testing on all those Tinies, and having to listen to Jocelyn's moans through all of this, I am incredibly pent up and ready."

Indeed she was. Even through her hazmat suit, a bulge could be seen.

"I will just need to be sure that this will get Jocelyn to cum. Or else this will all be for nothing."

"Celeste, I...I understand. I think I might have an idea that will feel great for both of you. Lyn, I'm a little disoriented after that blast. How close are we to your G-spot?"

"You're right under it. Or at least one of you is. Try hitting my ceiling." Both Celeste and I raise our arms, brushing the ceiling of Jocelyn's vagina. "Ooooooh yeah. One of you is right there. Thomas, start moving your arms." I comply and drag my arms across the flesh above me. "Awww, it's Celeste. You're right there, honey."

"That works out well. All right Celeste, lay down." Celeste looks confused, but nods and does so. The juice almost completely submerges her. I pull out my vibrator wand. "Alright, now we'll need to act quickly. I'm going to strap this to your dick and hopefully, when you grow, your dick will get pushed directly against Jocelyn's G-spot and vibrate both of you into cumming. Ready?" Celeste gives an eager thumbs up, the tent in her suit twitching in anticipation. I put the vibrator under my arm temporarily and pull out a roll of duct tape. "Let's go!"

Celeste holds her breath and quickly rips at her suit, exposing her undergarments. I lunge forward and yank her boxers down. I take the duct tape and quickly start to wrap it around the shaft, adding the vibrator carefully. I can see her chest turning blue. I turn on the vibrator to be immediately met with Celeste's head emerging from the juice moaning. She starts rubbing her chest with one hand and reaches for her dick with the other. The blue fully engulfing her, I turn and attempt to get some distance. Getting back out of Jocelyn proves itself to be much easier with the downward slope and the slick juices.

I turn back and watch, allowing the camera to catch Celeste's growing stomach, her arm quickly too short to reach herself any further. The sides of her stomach quickly begin to press into the sides of Jocelyn's walls. Celeste's legs puff up and lift off of the ground. Her cock puffs around the duct tape, holding for now. Acting as a cock ring, causing her tip to mushroom out above the tape. The vibrator struggles to stay atop the cock. Jocelyn and Celeste take up the radio, again filling my ear with the moans of two hot women about to cum. Celeste's crotch grows ever closer to me as she has quickly outgrown her enclosure.

Jocelyn's screams turn guttural when the vibrator finally meets with the roof of her vagina, right on her G-spot. Juice coming from the walls threatening to sweep me off of my feet. "Oh Thomas! I-I-I'm! I'm! I'm CUMMING!"

Celeste falls silent. Not silent, her moans have turned to gurgles. Juice starts spurting from the walls all around her. My eyes grow wide. Celeste is the only thing holding back all of Jocelyn's juices. I start to turn to run, but the next thing I know, I'm being carried in a torrent of Juice.

Jocelyn screams in pleasure. She can feel the blockage in her vagina. All the juice wants to escape, but it Just. Won't. Cum. Suddenly, she feels a small pop and the juices start gushing out of her. For a moment, she thinks she feels something else try to block her, but she feels that blockage for only a moment right at her lips.

Jocelyn sits back in pleasure, riding her orgasm as she finally feels herself shrink back down to a normal size. Minutes go by before she starts feeling movement in her joints. More minutes before she starts to feel like her old form is taking shape again. Finally, after what felt like hours, Jocelyn finds herself laying on the ground, panting heavily after the biggest and longest orgasm of her life. She takes a minute to gain her composure before rolling over and sitting up.

"Thomas? Thomas, that was amazing!" Jocelyn gets no response from her headset. "Thomas? Thomas!? Are you alright Thomas!?" Still no response.

Jocelyn's energy quickly returns as she begins frantically searching for Thomas. In front of her/ Under her. Inside her. It isn't until she looks up toward the now stained blue research station that she sees something.

A blue ball. Jocelyn carefully stands and walks toward it. The ball wasn't even up to her knee, but then again, the research station was only up to her lower thigh, so this must be massive to the humans. She bends over to get a better look. Upon closer inspection, she could see this ball is *tight*. Stretch lines cross the entire surface. And there appear to be small divots on it. That, and the valve sticking out seemed awfully phallic. And kind of big—

“Oh my Gods, Thomas!” Jocelyn carefully picked up the blueberry person and rotated it. Sure enough, inside of one of the divots was a head that could only moan and grunt very faintly. “Oh Thomas. You did so well. Thank you very much for this second date. It is going wonderfully. Here, let me repay you.” Jocelyn twisted Thomas over and stuck his phallic valve into her mouth, sucking and playing with it until juice started cumming out of it. She held him up like a popped cork of champagne, letting the juice flow to the ground below.

“Mazel Tov!” The crowd screams.

We're in the same vineyard as before. As it turns out, the juice not only helped the soil, it made everything that grows in it a blueberry hybrid. Now the couple have retired happily, still living on the land and making a mint from royalties alone for their specialty Berrying Wines. The old woman rolling her wife over to get a better view of the festivities.

Oh right, the festivities! See, after Jocelyn and I both broke World Records for becoming the biggest berries, we decided to settle down. I also fixed that little bug with the gum, so now Giants can become Macroberries all they want!

Finally, one night, while we were in bed watching TV, Lyn pulled me out of her wonderful tits, and asked me to marry her! Of course I said yes! So here we are, back on the vineyard where it all started. The most gorgeous woman I ever met, turning blue all over again. Wait, turning blue? Jocelyn, I thought we promised we'd save that for the honeymoon! Guess I have some juicing to do.