

Abigail sprinted up the front walk, heart thudding in her ears. She had only had time to throw on her pair of navy pajama pants, soft, threadbare ones with stars and cartoon sheep, the waistband hugging her hips too low, too snug, each stride causing the fabric to pull taut across her round backside as it bounced rhythmically with her steps. Her thighs, bare beneath the thin cotton where they met, brushed against each other with a whispered friction.

Her tank top, meant for layering, not for actual coverage, slipped around with each slam of her foot on the pavement. It had once been white, now the color of old snow, and its scoop neckline had a habit of sliding just a bit lower when she was in a hurry. Her breasts jostled with every step, somehow weightier and more obvious in the chill morning, nipples outlined like exclamation marks beneath the thin fabric. Her hair, still in a sleep-matted knot, bounced behind her as she skidded to the porch, nearly losing a flip-flop on the way up.

She cursed herself for hitting snooze three times, for the extra half-serving of melatonin gummies, for believing in the lie of “five more minutes.” There had been a dream, something about teeth and water and Mrs. Grady next door, maybe, and she’d woken up sprawled sideways, the sun already a bright slap through her window. She hadn’t even remembered to put on a bra. Not that it would’ve helped.

She slammed a fist on the doorframe, and rang the bell nervously, picking at her fingernails. “I’m late!” she gasped. Steps thundered behind the door, then...

SWING!

It burst open. Gabby stood there in nothing but a loose green T-shirt, just short enough to see her pale panties attempting to contain her swollen pussy, a wicked smirk curling her lips.

“We thought you’d bailed,” Gabby teased. “Come on in, everyone’s here.”

Inside, four other girls lounged in the living room:

Samantha sprawled across the loveseat in a tight crop top that rode up to expose her navel piercing, her yoga pants clinging to every curve like a second skin.

Alexis leaned against the wall, her low-cut blouse unbuttoned one button too many, creating a valley of cleavage that drew the eye downward.

Jillian perched primly on the edge of the couch in her buttoned-up navy cardigan and pressed jeans, fingers fidgeting with her cross necklace.

Lucy reclined on a beanbag, her floral sundress hiked up her thighs, revealing a constellation of freckles.

They erupted in wolf whistles and exaggerated applause when Abigail entered, their voices overlapping in a chorus of playful taunts.

“Look who finally rocked up!” Gabby crowed.

“Finally,” Samantha agreed, rising.

Jillian squirmed. “So...what now?”

Gabby flashed a glance at Alexis. Alexis stood, brandishing a shiny pack of gum. “My uncle brought this from abroad, foreign gum!”

It looked like a prop from a cyberpunk movie, chrome foil with fingerprints all over the edges, bold black letters in blocky Cyrillic script, a neon-blue line slicing through the logo. Alexis rolled the pack between her fingers, the sound crisp and papery, before popping the end open with her thumb. The scent hit them immediately: blueberry and fruit, something chemical, industrial, almost medicinal.

“Wait, are we just gonna chew this? Its foreign, who knows what type of manufacturing processes they use and if they are even safe...” Jillian’s voice wobbled, and she pressed the cross on her necklace flat against her throat, like it could filter out whatever toxins drifted downstream.

Alexis snorted. “It used to be made in the U.S., until like, two years ago. Then they outsourced it or whatever. It’s fine. Nobody’s died from gum, Jill.” She peeled a stick from its silver sheath and waved it in front of Gabby’s nose.

Samantha wrinkled her face. “Is this some of that banned berry gum?”

“Nah,” Alexis said, “it’s just classified as a ‘wellness supplement’ now or some bull-shit. Loophole!” Gabby snatched the stick and sniffed it. The smell burned deep in her nasal cavity, like a whole orchard of blueberry bushes forcibly made a new home in her nose.

Abigail eyed the gum, gaze flicking from the metallic pack to Alexis's fingers, which had the steadiness of a practiced liar. Even Gabby hesitated, the stick hovering between her lips, eyes narrowed like the next move in a chess match depended on it. Jillian, meanwhile, looked ready to dial Poison Control, her phone cradled in both hands, thumb perched above 9.

"Fine," Alexis said, rolling her eyes so hard it looked like they might get stuck. "I'll prove it." She slid one long, lacquered nail under the foil, peeled back the wrapper, and stuck the gum in her mouth.

"Oh my God!" Alexis moaned as they circled her, skepticism fading when Alexis grinned. "This is the best fucking gum ever! So Juicy."

Silence devoured the room, everyone watching Alexis for symptoms: convulsions, drool, time-warping trips. Instead, Alexis chewed. Smacked her lips. Blew a tiny, perfect bubble that popped with the sound of a pinprick. Then she grinned, teeth and tongue blue already.

"See, nothing to it. It's just gum," she said, but Abigail could see her blinking faster than usual, her jaw twitching with every chew. The air filled with the smell of synthetic fruit, so sharp it made Abigail's gums ache.

Gabby followed, tossing the stick in her mouth. She made a face, eyes wide, then squinty, before spitting a streak of blue drool into her hand, then licking it up with a cartoonish wink. "It's...like...if you dumped a bushel of blueberries into a vat of liquid sugar and let it ferment until it turned radioactive. It's like... blueberry on steroids." She cackled, her blue tongue sticking out at Abigail.

Alexis handed out sticks to Jillian and Samantha, Jillian whining but still accepting, her trembling fingers making the wrapper rattle.

Abigail watched the stick being offered to her, the edge of the foil cut sharp, where Alexis's thumbnail had sliced it. She could say no. She could be the one who resisted, who remembered the cautionary tales of urban legend. She thought of that girl in seventh grade who'd supposedly ended up in the ER after eating "black market" Pop Rocks. Legend has it that she bloated until she was spherical puking rainbows until she was back to normal.

But then she noticed Gabby was staring, her mouth a blue-ringed void, and Lucy was already chewing, her laughter higher and brighter than usual, and suddenly

Abigail's hand was reaching out, and she was unwrapping her own stick, and she was biting down.

The flavor attacked in stages. First, an explosion of fruit, juice flooding her mouth with every bite. Then, a wave of sticky, mouthwatering sweetness, then a punchy tartness so intense it fuzzed her tongue.

For a moment, Abigail couldn't feel her teeth. The sweetness crackled through her jaw, up her nose, straight into her skull. Stars prickled at the edges of her vision.

Lucy cackled, blue juice pooling at the corners of her lips. "Holy shit, this is next level," she managed, smearing a thumb across her mouth. Even Jillian, after the initial shudder, started to giggle.

They flopped into the living room's nest: a haphazard tangle of body pillows, beanbags, and whatever cushions Gabby had scavenged from her parents' rec room. Outside, the world yawned awake, cars idled, birds whirred and trilled, a distant lawnmower buzzed like an angry fly. But in here, the air pulsed with blue-tinged flavor and the slap-slap-slap of chewing.

Gabby shuffled a deck of oversized cards, the kind with cartoonish queens and mustachioed kings, and dealt out a hand to each round. "Hearts, ladies. Loser has to..." Gabby paused, smirking, "run outside and shout 'I am a blueberry slut' at the top of her lungs."

Jillian and the rest of the gals groaned, but Jillian's mouth quirked at the edges, as if even her anxiety recognized that the stakes were just high enough to keep things "interesting". Abigail tried to focus, but the gum's chemical zing made it feel like her head was lightly vibrating, like her skull had turned into a tuning fork. The cards looked smeared around the edges, the colors bleeding together, Gabby's painted nails slicing across the pile like neon razorblades.

They played a few rounds, Samantha sweeping the first hand with the predatory glee of someone who genuinely enjoyed inflicting minor humiliation. Gabby was next, her luck holding even as she kept making faces and sticking her tongue out, blueer by the minute. Jillian played carefully, pursing her lips and squinting, her cheeks increasingly flushed. Lucy laughed every time she lost a trick, which was almost every round. Abigail held her own, but the numbers and suits blurred when she blinked, the echo of blueberry and menthol mixing with the strange pressure in her jaw.

“I can’t believe this gum still hasn’t lost its flavor, and after like 30 minutes too, it’s amazing!” Gabby marveled as she dealt another hand.

Alexis’s chewing slowed. Her hands instinctively held her stomach as she groaned, doubling over with a fullness growing within her.

Gabby leaned forward. “You okay?”

Alexis lurched to her feet. “My family’s been sick...bathroom,” she rasped, and fled upstairs, door clicking shut behind her.

Silence fell. The group looked around at each other, concerned for the bathroom’s sake. Then a strangled cry. Abigail and Samantha bolted up the stairs, adrenaline flaring, but the door was locked. Whimpering through the wood, Alexis’s voice: “Oh God...what’s...happening”

A sickening experiment swallowed her words. A strange warmth, a hard pressure as if molten syrup churned beneath her skin. She yanked out the empty gum pack from her pants, eyes wild as she read the tiny warning: DO NOT CHEW LONGER THAN TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES...UNWANTED SIDE EFFECTS MAY OCCUR...IMMINENT DANGER.

A scream hurled her door open. Abigail staggered back. Alexis’s skin had turned deep navy, veins pulsing with electric blue. Her belly was rising like extra yeasty dough in a warm oven.

Alexis didn’t stop at the landing. She thundered down the stairs, arms windmilling for balance, footsteps pounding with a sound that barely belonged to a human body. Her shirt had ridden up her ribs, exposing smooth, navy blue skin beneath, slick almost, the color sliding darker as if dyed from within. She hit the bottom step and doubled over, clutching her belly as if she could hold back the swelling with pure force of will, but the expansion wouldn’t stop. Her abdomen domed outward, stretching the fabric of her jeans white-hot and see-through, the seams straining against the bulge.

Abigail stared, frozen halfway down the staircase, her own mouth flooding with the metallic-sweet taste of fear. Alexis’s face was a deep dark blue, lips swelling so fast the blue bled out over her teeth. Her eyes rolled wildly. She tried to curse, but what came out was a sound like a balloon losing pressure: “Fffffuck—”

Then her thighs began to plump, the denim groaning, a thread popping so loudly it echoed. Alexis's hips spread, but it wasn't fat, it was a round, taut swelling, like she was being pumped full of something thick and viscous. She staggered toward the kitchen, legs wide and stiff, her ass swelling into a shelf. Abigail watched in horror and awe as Alexis's hips overtook the width of the fridge, her arms flailing for leverage, her hands knocking magnets off the door, blue palms pressed against the Formica.

"Help me!" Alexis shrieked, her voice deeper, richer, vibrato trembling the air. Blue slime flecked her lips. Each word came out thicker, wetter. "Get it out! Make it sto..." with a gurgle and a wet hiccup, her belly swelled another inch, the navel flattening, then inverting, an eerie blue bullseye on her distended gut.

Samantha, pale with shock, grabbed the kitchen towel and rushed to swipe the saliva down Alexis's chin. But when she touched the skin, her hand slid off, the surface disturbingly smooth, almost rubbery. Samantha yanked her hand back. "What the fuck," she whispered, shaking her palm like it stung.

Gabby, never one to miss a spectacle, hopped onto the counter, knees up, eyes wide with glee and revulsion. "You're like a fucking water balloon!" she squealed. Abigail felt her own stomach twist, not just with fear, but with a weird twinge of fascination.

"Get her outside!" Abigail ordered. Samantha pressed her shoulder under Alexis's right arm, Abigail somehow got the left, although Alexis outmassed her by one-hundred pounds and counting. Alexis's skin was slick, hot and yielding, bulging hard against Abigail's ribs. She felt the pressure through her shirt, like hugging a pool float that fought back. Every step, Alexis gasped and swore, hips knocking into chair legs, smashing a lamp off the hallway table. Blue drool was getting everywhere. Gabby made choking sounds because she couldn't stop laughing, even as she trailed behind, snapping photos on her phone.

The front door wedged open with a crunch. The three stumbled out, Alexis's bloat bowling them onto the porch. Cool air hit, and Abigail almost gagged from the reek of artificial berry. She tried not to breathe it, not to think about the weird heat radiating off Alexis's body. They dragged her down the steps, Alexis's feet scraping the concrete, her sneakers stretched cartoonishly wide. Samantha barked "Left—no, other left!" and they careened off the path, Alexis's bulk knocking over a garden gnome and flattening the row of petunias that Gabby's mom had planted last weekend.

By the time they hit the grass, Alexis's face was almost spherical, her neck vanishing in the rush of flesh. She teetered, then toppled to her knees, thighs spreading, the seat of her jeans bursting open, blue flesh quivering through the seams. The denim's rat-a-tat pop-pop-pop echoed as the garment unraveled along the outer leg, elastic and thread surrendering at once.

"Shit, shit, shit!" Abigail yanked her hands away, scrambling back onto the flagstone path. Samantha staggered after, both nearly colliding with Gabby, who stood at the edge of the porch, phone up, thumb a blur as she live-blogged the disaster. Alexis's shirt, already up to her underboob, shredded as her breasts ballooned outward, the fabric splitting along the side seams first, then parting down the middle with a sound like a ship's hull creaking. Blue flesh, glossy and hot, spilled out as the bra underneath surrendered, cups snapping loose and twanging across the lawn.

Alexis's nipples darkened to near-black, standing out thumb-thick and urgent, each surrounded by a swollen, rippling areola that quivered with every ragged breath. The swelling had no mercy; her tits rose in waves, audibly stretching, the veins surfacing beneath the navy skin like a map of lightning.

Abigail's mind reeled in a carousel of panic and awe. Alexis was expanding so fast it was like watching a time-lapse of a rising blueberry doughnut dough, all the boundaries of normal flesh and bone dissolving into something comic and obscene.

Alexis's face, already round and puffy, ballooned further, the cheeks rising until her eyes nearly vanished in puffy slits. Her lips were a freakshow, so thick and blue they barely parted when she tried to curse, drool seeping from the corners, painting her chin and neck with sticky, sapphire streaks. Her ears disappeared, swallowed up by the bulge of her head. If not for the shock of black hair plastered against the top, Abigail wouldn't have recognized her.

The real horror was lower. Alexis's breasts, already comically inflated, doubled and then redoubled. The skin stretched glassy and taut, shining wet in the sun, each vein a raised blue cord. The nipples darkened until they matched the color of ripe blueberries, and then went nearly black, so engorged they looked like glossy gumdrops, wobbling from the pressure beneath.

There was no stopping it. Alexis lurched, hands sinking wrist-deep into the ever expanding flesh of her own thighs. Her breasts and body growing, absorbing her arms and legs down to her wrists and ankles, as if her breasts belly were three gelatinous waterbeds about to burst. The pressure forced her back, arching with a

sound somewhere between a moan and a sob, and the first spurt of blue fluid shot from her pussy, splattering the grass in front of her.

“Holy shit,” Gabby whispered, and for once it wasn’t a joke.

Alexis braced herself, fingers digging into the blue mass of her chest. Her arms, barely able to span the distance, quaked as another swell hit. Abigail heard the skin straining, the almost rubbery squeak as Alexis’s body tried to contain itself. The next surge pushed her breasts up and out, the areolas stretching, nipples ballooning as if they’d been pumped with gelatin. Then both nipples erupted, twin jets of inky blue arcing through the air, splattering against the porch railing and the side of the house. It was everywhere, the smell sharp and artificial, like spilled Slurpee on a hot sidewalk.

Alexis gasped, then hiccupped, blue foam bubbling from her lips. Her cheeks vibrated with each breath, face nearly unrecognizable. She shuddered, and blue liquid began leaking from the corners of her mouth, dribbling down her chin in a sticky blue mess.

Something moved in the periphery, a soft creaking as fabric started to be taxed. Abigail jerked her head, expecting another fountain from Alexis, but it was Jillian, folded over on the stoop, her arms tight over her stomach.

The skin of Jillian’s hands, which had been a pale olive, now glistened with a deep, indigo sheen. Her nails, always bitten, looked black as licorice. Her hair had fallen in front of her face, and as she lifted her head, strands stuck to her lips, matted there by a line of blue drool. The blue overtook her, blotting out the old Jillian in increments, first her hands and face, then her neck, spreading like spilled ink.

For one moment, Jillian looked straight at Abigail, eyes wide and glassy, and the terror there was so sharp that Abigail’s own throat closed up. Jillian tried to speak, but her voice came out in a low, plaintive whimper. Her cardigan was buttoned all the way to the throat, but the buttons strained, each one pulling hard at its hole as her torso ballooned beneath. She fell onto her side in the grass, knees drawn up, small body wracked by a shudder that made the cross at her neck bounce and glint.

Her face changed next: cheekbones vanishing under a flood of swelling, her jaw distorting, ballooning outward, the lips swelling thick. Her chest heaved; a crack and pop as the topmost button of her sweater shot into the grass. The curve beneath it surged forward, straining the next button to near-translucence. Jillian's thighs,

thin a moment before, fanned out in a slow, relentless sweep, denim hissing as the fibers warped and spread.

A sharp, mewling sound escaped her, somewhere between a hiccup and a squeal. The cross necklace tore free, snapping its chain and disappeared into the blue shelf of her new chest. Her arms, flailing, left blue smears on her face and cardigan, her hands blunter now, the fingers losing their definition, slick and shiny with the same weird rubbery look as Alexis's swelling body.

The bottom of the cardigan gave up; the fabric hung in tatters, the sleeves bunched at her armpits. Jillian's bra was already split, useless as a spiderweb to a sword. Her breasts, once barely there, consumed her torso, gigantic and round, capped with areolas so dark and wide as tea saucers. She rolled onto her back, arms and legs akimbo, chest and belly rising in a tide, her moans muffled by the fat, glossy lips that had replaced her mouth. Blue foamed at the corners, streaked down her neck, pooled under the shelf of her breasts.

Abigail watched, sick with awe, as the fabric of Jillian's jeans split at the seams. Blue flesh bulged through, glossy and hot, the skin so tight it already looked ready to burst. Abigail gawked. She couldn't not. She wanted to help, to reach out, to do something, but her legs wouldn't move. Her scalp prickled. The only thing she could hear, above the ragged breathing and the symphony of expanding flesh, was the distant trundle of a delivery truck. She shook herself, forced a step forward, then another.

A motion caught her. Alexis, still sprawled in the grass, pawed at the air with a hand nearly swallowed by her own swollen torso. The skin had gone from glossy to almost latex-shiny, the fingers more like blue sausages than real hands, but Alexis was trying, god, she was trying so hard to get Abigail's attention.

"Abi—Abi—" Alexis's mouth, nearly glued shut by the puffy lips, filled with juice, struggled to shape the syllables. She tried again, a sound halfway between a yelp and a sob. "A-biiii..."

Abigail knelt, heart in freefall, and leaned close. The smell was overwhelming. Not just berry, chemical, cum, and sweat. A faint creaking could be heard from Alexis's body, signaling she was nearing the end of her limits. "Y-y-y-yes Lex?" Abigail said, trying to mask the terror in her voice.

"Itsh...zha...shum..." Alexis managed to say through her swollen lips, cheeks, and mouth filling with juice.

The realization hit Abigail like a ton of bricks. “The gum?” she questioned back as a sudden rumbling started roaring from Alexis. Abigail jumped back as Alexis ruptured, vaporized, like an overfilled water balloon, coating everyone and everything in the dark, sticky, sickly sweet blueberry juice that had just been filling her.

“Nooooo!” screamed Samantha. The spray slammed into Abigail and Samantha with a force that left them gasping and blinking, juice dripping into their eyes and rolling in sticky rivers down their faces. The taste was instant and overwhelming: acid-sweet, a chemical slap across the tongue, and even as Abigail sputtered, she heard Gabby’s shriek of “Holy shit!” as if she finally realized the situation, and the sharp, wet slap of someone wiping at their face.

For a moment, nothing. It seemed that the world held its breath. The girls could only look at the crater and pond of blueberry juice that occupied the spot where Alexis was.

Then the side-wound of Jillian’s jeans, which had been straining but holding, gave way all at once, seams splitting in a single, audible rip. Blue flesh surged outward, the skin so taut and shiny it reflected the morning sun. Jillian’s thigh muscles, if she still had any, vanished under an avalanche of juice and swelling tissue. Her calves, always delicate and birdlike, now billowed out of the denim like parade balloons in the process of inflation. She spasmed, the force of swelling knocking her back and forth like a buoy, arms flailing for purchase in the grass. Her face, a mask of terror, was almost lost to the sea of blue that crept up under her jaw, rounding out her cheeks and neck until her head seemed perched atop an engorged, wobbling orb.

Something was happening to Gabby and Lucy, too.

Gabby’s laugh came out thin and wheezy, her face red with effort, but then her hand shot to her stomach. “Ow, fuck, what the...” She doubled over, and for a second, Abigail wondered if she was faking, trying for a TikTok-worthy pratfall. But then Gabby’s other hand splayed out, palm slapping her thigh, the skin darker than usual, almost translucent. A web of blue shot up her wrist, veins thickening. She stared, slack-jawed, as the blue raced up her arm and dove under the sleeve of her T-shirt, the color blossoming along her neck, up across her jaw. Her lips, always soft-pink and bitten through with bad habits, turned an inky blue that made her teeth look radioactive.

Lucy, next to her, blinked hard, her smile curdling. She pressed her knuckles to her mouth, but it was too late: dark blue bled up from her collarbone, painting her skin in uneven, watercolor patches. Gabby dropped to her knees, shockwave of the landing jiggling the flesh of her thighs, which... were definitely fluffier, weren't they? Abigail's brain couldn't keep up with the data.

Gabby's thighs were thicker, firmer, the skin darkening to an uncanny blue. At first just a blush along the surface, then a full, subdermal pulse, as if the color was being pumped in from a reservoir somewhere deep in her hips. Her T-shirt, formerly baggy, now drew tight over her chest, nipples immediately hard, puckering the thin cotton. Her belly ballooned suddenly, rising with a visible pulse that made her gasp and clutch herself, as if her own body had just sucker-punched her from the inside.

Gabby's face flushed deep blue, her lips swelling wildly, and for a second she looked up and caught Abigail's eye. Beneath the bravado, there was panic, sudden and raw. "Abi... fuck, I can't... it's like oh god..." Gabby's breath hitched, another surge pushing her stomach out, the curve so pronounced it bent her double on the grass. She tried to crawl, but her arms had gone soft, floppy, the muscle melting into something plush and bouncy beneath the skin. The tangle of blue spread up her neck and around her ears, and her hair, always frizzy, now stuck out in wild, electric tufts.

Next to her, Lucy was in a fit of fear and terror as her expansion rocketed off. She was crying tears of blueberry, completely inconsolable and Lucy sobbing into her skirt, dress bunched in her fists, juice streaming down both cheeks—Abigail's eyes were drawn to Jillian, who had started to vibrate. Not shake, not shiver. Vibrate. The blue was so dark now she looked more like a blown-up cartoon than a person, face and shoulders joined in a seamless sphere, hands and knees barely visible as they ballooned outward. Abigail tried to move, found her own legs clumsy, the juice drying tacky on her skin. Jillian let out a thin, desperate "help, please," but her lips wouldn't form the words right, the sound muffled by the sheer volume of her face.

Jillian's chest, already obscenely expanded, pushed out once, then again, nipples puffed and beaded, leaking streaks of blue through the ripped cups of her bra. The fluid ran through the grass in little rivers. Abigail stared at the glistening, pulsing mass where Jillian's svelt, feminine body should've been, and had about one second to realize it was still swelling—there was no slack, no plateau, only more and more pressure gathering in the skin, until it seemed impossible that she could hold another milliliter without going critical.

Jillian's eyes, barely slits now, darted to Gabby's. As they met, Gabby knew that Jillian needed comfort and waddled over, butt wobbling and jiggling like jello on a vibrating plate. She reached out and took Jillian's swollen hand as the rumbling crescendoed to a forte.

Jillian's tremor wasn't some cartoon shake; it was a seismic throbbing, a bassline in the grass, the ground vibrating beneath them as if her body was shuddering at its own imminent destruction. Gabby tried to say "it's okay," but the words slid out as a rubbery "isssh okaaaay," tongue swollen and dumb. She squeezed Jillian's hand harder, saw the blue ooze up the wrist, pooling in the palm creases; the hand was nearly double size and only getting bigger then suddenly Jillian exploded with a thunderous SPLOOSH!

There was almost no warning. Gabby was swelling, completely wet, and suddenly felt the pressure all at once, a cramp in her belly that ballooned into a rising, inexorable force, like the entire contents of her digestive system had been replaced with an alien reactor. She clutched her gut, but her arms were barely maneuverable. Her biceps fluffed and thickened, her skin darkening from white-grey to the sickly, almost fluorescent blue of a spent glow stick. She tried to spit, to scream, but her mouth was too full, tongue squished up behind gums and lips that swelled with each pulse of her heart.

She goggled down at herself: her chest, already stretching the T-shirt to a taut, obscene drumhead, doubled in volume. Breasts she'd once mourned as "nothing but mosquito bites" now fledged into the kind of monstrous cartoon orbs that only existed in porn and superhero comics, the areolas so blue and wide they almost met in the middle, nipples poking the fabric like thumb-sized bullets.

Her shirt rode up, gave up, and tore along the side-seams with a noise like someone peeling duct tape. Juice oozed out between the ripped slats. Gabby tried to stand, but her center of mass had already changed dramatically. Her hips swelled, then tripled, then the waistband of her shorts exploded in a single, percussive snap. She felt herself tip over sideways, unable to hold her pose, arms and legs useless as pool noodles. Her ass hit the grass with a wet, slap and the ground trembled beneath her, the blue juice leaking out in every direction, soaking her bare thighs and splattering cold against her calves. Gabby's legs, once the best part of her, lost all shape, her knees buried under a landslide of swelling, the skin painted too-blue and slick and, oh god, she was still going.

The tattered shirt hung around her neck like a mutilated bib, but even that soon surrendered, and the mass of her chest and gut rolled forward, pinning her arms to her sides. Gabby tried to scream, but all she managed was an ooze of blue syrup running over her lips and down her chin. Her face pulsed, the flesh of her cheeks and brow stretching, her hairline receding under the onslaught. The pressure inside was molten, white-hot, and she knew, she knew she was about to go off.

A few paces away, Lucy was in the blast radius. She tried to curl up, knees tucked to her ballooning chest, as if she could protect herself from her fate. Lucy's body inflated like a cartoon, the seams of her sundress rising and falling with every panicked breath. For a second, Abigail thought Lucy might tip herself backwards and roll away through the fence and down the sidewalk, but then she stopped fighting it, hands flattening onto her belly as it domed outward, warping the flowers on the fabric until they looked like monstrous sea anemones. The white of her eyes was shot through with blue, pupils dilated so huge they went black and bottomless. Her lips puffed, stretching glossy and bulbous, the skin of her face swelling so fast it wrinkled at the corners, then flattened out, every old feature erased and replaced by a round, blue mask.

Lucy's sundress, already indecent, crept higher and higher, and then tore at each hip, the rents splitting in perfect symmetry. Her thighs poured out, glossy and plump, the same cartoon texture as Jillian's and Alexis's—no, not just the same, but more. Lucy's body seemed to take expansion as a personal dare, doubling down with every pulse. Her chest followed; the straps of her dress flinched up, then failed, snapping and slapping her shoulders before the neckline crashed down, exposing a chest that went from a hand's cup to a full beachball.

Samantha and Abigail watched in horror and fascination as the two ballooning girls competed in some sort of bizarre race. Gabby was ahead of Lucy, but Lucy was quickly catching up.

Lucy and Gabby were navy blue balloons like obscene sculptures from a fairground artist having a breakdown. There wasn't a single part of Gabby that wasn't swelling, straining, or leaking. The stuff that came out of her, it wasn't just juice, it was juice with sex: gloppy, viscous, pumping through her veins with each shudder, finding every possible exit, every possible corner to fill inside her. She shivered and it splurged from her mouth, her nose, the trembling gap between her thighs, her nipples. The world for Gabby had narrowed to the pounding of her own pulse, the sticky grass, and the sight of Lucy, who was now a wailing, rolling orb barely recognizable as her best friend.

The blue in Gabby's lips deepened. Her hair, already sticking straight out in electric tufts, fluttered in the wind as her head bobbed on top of a neck that had all but vanished under the bulk of her shoulders and chest. She tried to reach for Abigail, just a thumb, a plea, but her arm was too thick, too heavy, wobbling in midair before collapsing against the billowing mass of her own torso.

Abigail and Sam stared at the two swelling, blue orbs that had, moments ago, been her friends. Their breasts and pussies spraying juice like a macabre water fountain display. The two girls' skin had gone beyond blue, shiny and almost black in places, stretched so thin Abigail could see the pulse of something roiling beneath.

Gabby's body convulsed, the surface wrinkling, then smoothing again as the contents sloshed and gurgled. She let out a strangled "fuckkkk," voice muffled by the size of her own lips. Juice bubbled at the corners of her mouth. She looked up at Abigail. There was no bravado left, just a drowning, desperate look. Abigail reached out, not quite touching, fingers trembling, unable to do anything but bear witness.

Gabby's face ballooned one last time, cheeks swelling so fast the flesh rippled, blurring her features into a mask. Then... craacck... sploosh...she vaporized.

"Abigail...y-y-y-you're blue." Sam dejectedly told Abigail. "And I...I'm...I...I feel funny."

"Oh Sam, I'm sorry." Abigail replied, a feeling of pressure starting to build deep within her.

The pressure in Abigail's chest was building, but she was still on her feet, still breathing, still couldn't stop watching the carnage. She forced a look at Samantha, who was looking back with a terror so raw it left her mouth hanging open. It wasn't just shock. Her ribs heaved under her crop top, the skin already flushing blue, even as she gripped Abigail's shoulders to steady them both, looking into each other's eyes. "Don't look at her."

The sound from Lucy's side of the lawn hit like a dropped watermelon. Something in her had split, a deep, rubbery pop, and then the air was full of spatter. Lucy's sundress was gone—just gone, the little flower pattern obliterated by the rolling tide of blue. Her arms had vanished into the mass of her chest, which had overtaken her chin and mouth, pressing her lips open in a frozen gasp. Her torso, a sphere with barely a suggestion of waist or hips, vibrated as the pressure ramped up again, her whole body wobbling with a momentum of its own.

Lucy's eyes, two pinpricks of white on a planet of blue, rolled back. Her legs, bunched and curled, punched out as if she'd tried to kick a soccer ball at the last moment. Then she let out a wailing, gargled scream and detonated.

The blue mist hit like a car crash. Abigail felt the blast on her left cheek, a slap of cold followed by shockwaves of warm, sticky juice, the smell so intense her nose ached. The sound was a deep, wet concussion, spattering the porch and windows, every surface shining with blue gore.

Lucy was gone. There and then not, her body disintegrated in a single, catastrophic instant, the blue juice painting arcs through the air and pooling in violent, glossy puddles. Chunks of dress, a hair ribbon, a single sandal spinning in the grass. The explosion knocked Abigail backwards onto her ass, the impact jarring up through her spine and rattling her jaw. She coughed, choked, tried to see through the haze of blue.

All that was left of Lucy was a shallow crater in the grass, frothy with juice and tattered bits of sundress. Abigail stared, her mind refusing and refusing to process, until the cold saturated her pajamas, soaking in to her thighs and up her back. Sticky. Wet. Everywhere. The taste was already in her mouth, so sweet it burned, a sharp back-of-the-throat tang of metal and artificial berry.

She rolled onto all fours, slick with blue, and tried not to throw up. The air was cold and still, the only sound the distant engine of a garbage truck, and the faint, tremoring whimper that drifted up from the porch. Samantha, clutching the rail, breath hissing through her teeth.

Abigail looked up and time stuttered. Samantha was swelling. Her belly swelled underneath the hem of her top, at first only the gentle rise of too many sodas at a sleepover, but within seconds it was taut and domed, like the world's most fucked up pregnancy. She clutched at her middle, fingers splaying over the blue-flecked skin, but the flesh gave under her grip, as yielding as warm bread dough. Her hands sank into her own body, and the feeling made her gag. She tried to yell, but her voice came out as a low, round grunt, a sound she didn't recognize as her own. The blue spread down her arms and legs, the veins pulsing, branching, twisting like roots overtaking her.

A single, shuddering hiccup forced her chest to expand outwards, her breasts filling the crop top until the fabric looked painted on, the piercing in her navel disappearing as her abdomen stretched over it. The pressure on her ribs and lungs was disorienting, and she stumbled back against the porch rail, which creaked in

warning. Her ass ballooned next, the yoga pants going from a flattering snug to grotesque, the seams blanching white, thighs swelling so fast she nearly tripped over her own feet. The waistband bit into her, then surrendered with a snap, now more like a ring of sausage casing than elastic.

She caught Abigail's gaze. Samantha froze on the porch steps, mouth open, blue splattered on her face, the whites of her eyes showing all around her pupils and Samantha wanted to say something. Anything.

She couldn't. She just couldn't say anything. Abigail saw the wordless panic in Samantha's face and wanted to reach out, but her hands and feet wouldn't work right, her own body felt slippery and foreign, shivering with each breath. The blue on her skin was no longer a splatter pattern, but a slow, visible stain, climbing up her throat, down her arms, pooling around her belly in rings like a bruise gone wild.

Samantha's entire core bloated out in time with her terrified inhales, ribs vanishing into a round, taut sphere, the shirt crawling higher until her breasts, full and peaked, threatened to pop free. The yoga pants split along the seam at the thigh, blue-sheened skin bulging through, jiggling and wobbling with each new gasp. The arms, those strong, steady arms Abigail had always envied, grew soft and thick, the muscle smothered under plush swelling. Samantha tried to brace herself against the rail, but her palm simply sank into her own flesh, the feeling of yielding so alien she whimpered, a sound Abigail had never heard from her before.

Abigail tried to stand but her knees wobbled. The pressure in her gut was no longer a background throb, something she could ignore, no, it was a writhing force. A fist under her ribs, twisting. Her tank top rolled up on her belly, which had lost its familiar, subtle roundness and instead bulged out smooth, tight, pressing at the waistband of her pajama pants. Not just the belly, but her hips, ass, thighs, swelling and filling with the unrelenting flow of juice.

Samantha's body roared to life with a gurgling, volcanic urgency. The pressure inside her wasn't a metaphor, it was a sentient blue animal, battering against the cage of her skin. She clamped both hands to her belly, but the flesh had already turned slick beneath her palms, the skin stretching and cooling even as it burned inside. The blue stain raced up her arms, pooling in the crooks of her elbows before surging up to her shoulders, neck, jaw. She could feel it, hot and thick, relentlessly filling her, remaking her from the inside out.

Her breasts pressed up against the hem of her crop top, swelling as if they'd been pumped full of whipped cream. The fabric didn't even bother to resist. It shot up and over like a curtain yanked open, exposing her nipples, which had gone a shocking, inky blue-black, each bead capped with a puckered, swollen areola. The cold air made them pebble instantly, the sensation telegraphing itself across her nervous system in a wave of humiliation and something else, something sharper and more insistent.

She tried to step back, anything to escape Abigail's wide, terrified stare, but her hips caught against the porch rail, the force of her own growth threatening to tip her backwards into the bushes. Her thighs were expanding so fast she could feel the hot, sticky friction where they pressed together, every inch of skin a new surface area for the blue to conquer.

The waistband of her yoga pants, heroic until now, surrendered with a pitiful little snap. The elastic curled down her hips, exposing the avalanche of blue flesh that followed. Samantha tried to scream, but all she managed was a burbling, "ohh...fuck..." as her chest and belly surged forward in a single, immense pulse, as if she'd been dropkicked from the inside by a bowling ball made of blueberry jello.

Abigail watched Samantha's face, previously always angular and sharp, blur at the edges, cheeks puffing, lips plumping, nose flattening as her head swelled to match the rest of her. The whites of her eyes faded under a tide of blue, irises blurring into bottomless black pools. Her hair, those neat brown braids, splayed out in wild, fuzzy static. The closer Abigail stared, the more she realized Samantha wasn't just ballooning, she was losing the architecture of being human, the lines and edges replaced with roundness, with smooth, bulging softness.

A slosh in her own belly brought Abigail's focus inward. The pressure there was no longer ignorable. Her tank top, never meant for this, had rolled up almost to her sternum, exposing a blue-streaked expanse of taut skin that gleamed in the cold morning air. Her pajama pants, already too tight, cut into her hips as they widened. She could feel the band biting in, then surrendering, the sheep stamped on the fabric distorting as her hips and ass spread over the rim of her shredded waistband.

A single, mortifying thought, I look pregnant. Like, third trimester, right now, and I'm still growing. Her hands went to her belly, and the sensation was surreal. The flesh beneath was soft and springy, but also under so much tension it felt like a water balloon about to split. She pressed her fingers in and met resistance, like

unbaked dough with a rind of rubber. Her belly button had almost vanished, just a dimple in a perfectly round dome. Jesus, she was actually round.

Her nipples tingled. No, not tingled, throbbed, shuddered, and burned. The cold air hit them through the thin fabric, and she glanced down, mortified. Her nipples were darker than her memory of them, almost black, standing out like the tips of old markers. Her breasts had always been a point of mild pride, but now the swelling pushed them out, further and further with each pulse, straining the tank top until she could see the veined blue of her skin beneath.

Samantha made a sound, and Abigail snapped her gaze back up in time to see her friend go fully spherical. The flesh of Samantha's stomach and chest pushed out and out, arms and legs shrinking in relevance, the body rounding into a single ballooning mass of blue-black. Her tits, massive, jostled up and over the top of the sphere, nipples glossy and dark. They wobbled with a life of their own, huge and pendulous and somehow obscene, each new pulse sending them higher, further, fuller. Her skin stretched so tight Abigail could see the matrix of blue veins spiderwebbing beneath, black against the sheen.

From the porch, the sound of Samantha's grunting changed pitch. Abigail looked up, and for a split second she thought Sam's boobs might just, well, explode, the way they were swelling and jostling. The nipples had grown so dark and bulbous they looked painted on. Then one of them quivered, a drop of blue juice wobbling at the tip, and then it erupted, spraying a thin, arcing stream clear across the porch. The other followed, a perfect geyser, and for a second the two jets overlapped and hit the same spot on the banister. Samantha goggled down at herself, face slack with horror, then crumpled forward as much as her body would allow, staring at her leaking chest in total disbelief.

"Abi," she croaked, voice syrupy and slow, "I'm...oh god I'm leaking?!"

It sounded insane, like, genuinely, if she'd said it last week, Abigail would've cackled. But now, with blue spraying from Sam's chest and the pressure inside Abigail's own gut ramping up, it just made her want to cry.

Samantha's body was no longer a collection of parts but a single, wobbling mass, orbited by two heroic, obscene satellites for breasts, each swelling outward as though they'd been engineered for maximum surface area. The rest of her, her arms, legs, face, seemed to shrink in significance, her body ceding every molecule to the rising tide of blue-black pressure. The skin, once the color of old cream, was

now a deep, lacquered navy, veins slicking across the surface like the rivers on a satellite map.

The jet from Samantha's tits arced in a perfect parabola, splattering the porch with a slap, the blue liquid so saturated it looked like ink, pooling already in sticky ropes on the banister. The stream pulsed with each breath, stuttering only when Samantha tried to clamp a hand over the nipple, failed, and succeeded only in painting her palm, staining the lines of her skin until her hand looked like a latex glove left in a beaker of dye. The other nipple followed, not to be outdone, and the spray hit the porch light above, splattering and dripping down in messy stalactites. The smell was everywhere, that same berry-tartness, mingled now with the hot, humid odor of her own sweat.

Then Samantha's whole body shuddered, and a new jet burst from beneath the slope of her stomach—a sharp, wet spatter that hit the deck with a percussive splat. It only took Abigail a second longer to process that what she was seeing was juice, blue and thick, pouring from between Samantha's thighs in a fast, urgent flood. It soaked the band of her ruined yoga pants, then cut through them, a streak of darkness racing down her inner thighs before pooling at her feet. The sound was worse than any of the others. A low, percussive hiss, matched perfectly to the pulse at Samantha's neck and the frantic rise and fall of her breathing.

The blue didn't just leak, it gushed. Abigail watched in horror as the juice arced from Samantha's crotch, matching the rhythm of the twin jets from her chest. The three fountains gushing from Samantha's body like a water show, or juice show rather.

Samantha wobbled in place, the blue-black skin of her engorged body gleaming under the porch light, arms and legs reduced to chubby, vestigial nubs sticking out of the sphere. She tried to plant her feet, but the pressure inside her was too much—her legs shifted, spreading out, and then her knees vanished entirely into the orb of her inflated torso. Her belly swelled outward in pulses, each surge so intense it made her head rock back, braids whipping to and fro as they lost anchor. Her neck thickened, then disappeared. She looked less like a person and more like a science experiment gone full cartoon.

The jets from her nipples didn't stop, in fact, they grew. Each time she rocked forward, the spray arced over the porch, splattering the siding, the railing, the mat. The blue juice cascaded down her chest in slick sheets, pooling in the hollow between belly and thighs before new pressure forced it out in a geyser from her

crotch. The force of it made a gurgling, squelching noise that filled Abigail's ears, louder than her own heartbeat. The smell... god, it was impossible. Not just berry, but something tart and hot and faintly animal, like the aftermath of a pie-eating contest and a bad orgy.

Samantha's nipples went from geysers to pressure washers, jets whipping out with each pulse of her heart. Blue juice fountained in perfect arcs, hosing the porch, the siding, Abigail's knees. The wet shock of it on Abigail's bare skin knocked a grunt from her chest, and she scrabbled backwards, hands slipping on the tacky boards. Another pulse, and the spray hit her throat, splashing up into her mouth, so sour-sweet it curdled her tongue.

Then the pressure inside Abigail doubled, a deep, urgent bloat radiating from her sternum down. She looked at her own belly, and for a flash felt like she was watching someone else's body. Every inhale pushed her stomach further out, rounder and tighter, her skin stippled with the advancing blue. The waistband of her pajama pants cut in, then snapped, elastic slapping her skin with a sting, blue juice instantly welling up around the raw line where the fabric had dug in.

She couldn't breathe. Her lungs seized as her chest violently expanded, her breasts swelling with such brutal force they ripped through her tank top like tissue paper. The fabric shredded with a sound like tearing meat, threads snapping one by one until the garment exploded away from her body. The cold morning air slammed against her exposed flesh and she shrieked, a guttural animal sound that died in her throat as another wave of pressure surged through her. Her nipples had darkened to midnight blue, bloated and throbbing, surrounded by areolas stretched taut as drum skins. Blue juice oozed from her nipples, then spurted in thin streams that ran down the curve of her distended belly.

Samantha's leaking and moaning reached a fever pitch. The spray from her breasts hit the porch railing with such force it left pitted, dripping streaks on the white paint, a pair of blue missiles firing with every shudder. The juice arced in rhythmic pulses, the jets overlapping in the air like a pair of synchronized fountains gone wild. Her head lolled, lips slack and black with juice, eyes rolled back so far the whites were gone.

She gave a long, animal groan, the sound so raw and desperate Abigail felt it in her own stomach, vibrating through her pelvis and up her spine. The porch vibrated with each pulse, the whole house echoing the violence of her swelling. The juice from between Samantha's thighs shot straight down, splattering the porch and

running in rivulets that pooled under her bare feet, so much liquid that it flowed in a tiny river off the porch and down the steps.

The blue-black balloon of Samantha's torso began to quiver, the trembling visible now as a high-frequency jostle, like a drumhead vibrating under a furious drumroll. She tried to speak, but the only sound was a bubble of juice and a grunt. Her hands, now useless fins, floated at her sides. Her legs, last seen moments ago, had vanished into the sphere of her body, the yoga pants shredded and barely clinging to the thinnest suggestion of calves. Her whole body was a single mass, the breasts now dwarfing even the belly, jutting out in front of her like the prow of a blue ship, the nipples longer and thicker than Abigail's fingers, each capped with a bottle of blue latex paint. Abigail could not tear her gaze away. Samantha's chest, her whole torso, was shaking so hard it looked like she was caught in a bass speaker's death-throes, the flesh vibrating in concentric rings over the rigid dome of her belly.

And then Samantha came.

Not an orgasm, not really, but what else could you call it? Her whole body seized, her mouth opened in a silent wail, eyes rolling so far back the lids fluttered shut over bare blue. The jets from her nipples went supernova, two solid streams that shot a yard past the banister, splattering the shrubs, the neighbor's mailbox, a passing UPS truck. The juice from her crotch flooding in a river, the flood splashing up between her legs and hammering the porch with a percussive wet slap. Her body arched, all of her, the whole impossible mass teetering for a second, and then the blue orb of Samantha's body detonated and vaporized in a spray of thick, sticky pulp.

The blast hit Abigail with a soundless pressure wave, a wall of wet, warm air and juice that knocked her backwards, tumbling end over end off the porch step. Her ears rang. Something hot zipped past her face, splattering her cheek, her chest, running down in sticky rivulets so thick it felt like she'd been tarred. She landed on her back, legs splayed, blue juice pooling in the hollow above her shoulder blades. The taste hit her instantly, up the nose and down the throat, a chemical sweet that nearly made her retch and almost puke, but instead, she gasped—and her stomach, her whole body, bucked and doubled in size.

The juice inside her hit her with a wave that detonated under her skin, shoving every part of her outward with reckless, greedy speed. She watched, paralyzed, as her belly domed up like rising dough, round and hot and so tight it gleamed, then kept going, stretching skin and muscle into a new, impossible circumference.

Her breasts swelled with volcanic urgency, each throb of her heart pumping them fuller, heavier, the skin stretching to a painful tautness that burned like sunburn from the inside out. They surged forward with such force she could feel the weight of them pulling at her chest wall, straining muscles she'd never been conscious of before.

Her nipples, darkening to a bruise-blue, hardened into aching points so sensitive that even the air touching them sent electric jolts straight to her spine. They were throbbing, alien protrusions that felt like they might burst if someone so much as whispered near them. The skin of her arms sparkled with a faint, sticky sheen; every pore seemed to be sweating blue, a mist that caught the morning sun in a thousand wet pinpricks.

She tried to scream but the pressure in her chest was so absolute she could only wheeze, a thin, high sound that barely cleared her lips before being sucked right back in. Her hips, ass, thighs, everything exploded outward. The seams of her pajama pants parted at the hips, sheep faces distorting into a grotesque cross between screaming and laughing as the fabric split. The waistband rolled down her ass in a single, humiliating snap. Abigail's thighs slammed together, swelling until she couldn't see the grass between her knees, only a single seamless column of blue. Her hands, pressed against her belly, looked like someone else's, baby blue, her skin stretched so thin over her knuckles. They looked like wax hands dipped in paint. Her fingers swelled, the pads puffing out until she lost the creases in her palms, the nails disappearing altogether. She flexed her hands. They barely moved.

Her breasts kept growing. Abigail just... stared, in mute horror. Abigail's breasts surged outward with violent urgency, her skin stretching taut and glossy as they swelled beyond comprehension, blue veins pulsing beneath like electric currents of pure pleasure. Her pussy lips bloomed open, engorging with each heartbeat until they glistened like ripe fruit, so swollen they rubbed against her inner thighs with every quivering breath. Her ass transformed into two perfect globes, the flesh so tight and full it ached deliciously, the deepening crevice between them slick with perspiration and juice.

Her belly rose with a symphony of creaks, stretching higher than her head, her skin so thin she could feel every throb of her accelerating pulse against it. When her pajama pants finally surrendered with a sharp, erotic snap, the release sent a shock wave through her hypersensitive body, each popping thread like a tiny orgasm. Midnight-blue nectar erupted from her nipples, now throbbing, sensitive protrusions that leaked with every racing heartbeat while between her legs, a hot

river of syrup flowed freely, coating her thighs and feet in sticky sweetness that caught the light like liquid sapphire.

Her body continued to billow outward with violent urgency, each pulse stretching her skin with audible creaks like leather being pulled to its breaking point. Her torso transformed into a perfect blue orb that gleamed in the light, perched atop thighs now merged into a single column of trembling flesh. Her ass spread beneath her like a cushion of impossible proportions, each cheek quivering with electric sensitivity at the slightest movement.

Her breasts surged forward with unstoppable momentum, swelling beyond comprehension until they jutted out like twin sapphire moons, their weight pulling deliciously at her chest. Thick rivulets of midnight-blue nectar erupted from between her legs in rhythmic waves that matched her thundering heartbeat, while her nipples, now rigid, hypersensitive spouts, shot arcing streams of sweet syrup that splashed against her chin and filled her gasping mouth with an overwhelming taste of blueberry ecstasy.

Blue pressure made her vision swim. Abigail couldn't even stand; her legs were columns, fused by the relentless tide of swelling that had overtaken her thighs, her very ass flattening out into an ocean of skin and nerve endings, the flesh so weightless and floaty she felt like she might bounce right off the planet. Her hands dug into her own ballooned middle, nails scraping the surface, but there was no give, no relief, only the hot, lusty pulse of everything expanding. Her body vibrated at some frequency beyond sound, a wild, primal thumping that ran straight from her chest down to the spot between her legs where her pussy had become the undisputed center of the world. A ripe, electric ache pushing her hips off the ground, the lips so engorged she swore she could feel every cell stretching, rubbing, begging for friction.

She gasped and blue nectar shot from her breasts in twin arcs, hot and wild. Her nipples were huge, they throbbed with every flutter of her heart, streaming syrup that glistened on the dome of her belly and pooled in the crease between the swells of her chest. The sensation was so intense she almost blacked out. Each time her nipples spurted, it was like her body rebooted, the wave of pleasure so shockingly sharp it wiped out all thought, leaving nothing but the raw, animal urge to squeeze, to press, to ride the edge of bursting.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," she choked, not sure if she was cursing the pain or praying for more. Abigail's breasts surged outward with unstoppable force, skin stretched to

translucent blue as they swelled beyond human proportion. Between her legs, her pussy lips bloomed open like exotic fruit, glistening and pulsating with each thundering heartbeat. Her ass expanded into two perfect hemispheres, taut and trembling. Her belly, now a massive, gleaming orb, creaked as it stretched one final, impossible inch.

Through the haze of sensation, a single hysterical thought pierced her mind, "Gabby's parents will need a pressure washer for this." Her entire being seized in one magnificent spasm, every cell vibrating at the edge of ecstasy as her body reached its absolute limit. Midnight-blue nectar erupted from her in violent, pulsating streams, twin geysers from her swollen nipples arcing three feet into the air, a thick torrent gushing between her trembling thighs, and a hot rush flooding past her gasping lips, each jet synchronized with her thundering heartbeat as her body surrendered to the overwhelming pressure in one magnificent, shuddering release. With a sound like ripe fruit splitting open, Abigail erupted in a cataclysmic explosion of sweet, hot nectar that arced high into the morning air, her final cry of pleasure dissolving into the rain of blue that drenched the now empty yard in glistening sapphire.