

[[CONTENT WARNING: this series is intended for audiences 18+ and includes Fruit/Food inflation of any gender, soft pseudo-popping (they're fine, don't worry), general horniness, and the continuation of a juicy apocalypse. If any of that doesn't appeal, this is your chance to leave.]]

Ellie was in a haze. Had she eaten something? Her body felt heavy. It felt *full*. She could see people around her watching on, jeering at her bloated form as she grew ever larger, and yet she relished the feeling. She relished the sensation of being watched as her body became sweeter and juicier, until she was nothing more than produce. She desperately wanted to see her audiences faces, to see the satisfaction that her humiliation brought them, but she never could. Their appearance always fuzzy and undefined, the audience shouted what registered as teasing, but only vague noises reached her ears. The only thing clear was that she was wet, dripping juices from her crotch as she ripened even further-

BEEP *BEEP* *BEEP* *BEE-*

Ellie shut off her alarm with a hard slap, her wet dream ruined by the abrupt sounds from the offending clock. "Why did I even set that alarm, there's nothing on today." Ellie mumbled to herself as she checked her phone. Scrolling through her feed, an equal mix of thirsty comments on her posts and local news, she came across a headline that jogged her memory. "Shit, the farmers market is today, and my fancy dress is in the wash!"

Rising, Ellie threw her pyjamas into her laundry pile (which consisted of the victims of her wet dreams more than anything else) and cleaned herself up, ready for the day ahead. Searching through her wardrobe, she fumed at herself for not properly sorting her clothing; "Where the HELL is my other dress? I swear it was- there you are darling!" The darling dress in question was a delightfully cheery sundress adorned with strawberries, with a matching pin for a sunhat. It complemented her slim, petite frame well, much to the delight of her "devout followers" online. Ellie had never once posted anything even remotely raunchy online, despite her sexual tendencies, but had still managed to attract a following of fans due to her forever cheerful and sweet demeanour online, alongside similar fashion choices.

Fishing around her accessories, Ellie collected the rest of her outfit. A pair of cherry red slip-on shoes, a parasol adorned in strawberries, and a sunhat with a lively pink ribbon around the top of the brim. Affixing the strawberry pin top her hat, she braced herself for her day of shopping and facing the public and made her way to the town centre.

A few hours later, Ellie sat at the local café with a sickeningly sweet coffee and a tart. So far, today had been a bust, as many farmers had to throw out produce, apparently due to contaminated water lines. Ellie simply picked away at her tart and stared out the window, thinking about what else she could have done with her day. At least, she was thinking about that until she saw a woman wearing a pear-themed dress walk into the door, dripping in what looked like thick fruit juice. The sounds of rain began as she simply ogled the unfortunate

soul drenched in sickly sweet blue fluid. Her dress still flared out wildly at the bottom, giving the impression of disproportionately large hips. The smell drove Ellie mad; it was the freshest and sweetest scent to ever grace her nostrils, and each inhale only made her need it more. The drenched soul simply approached the counter and leaned over it to speak to the barista.

Ellie didn't hear a word of the conversation, instead stunned as the poor woman's manoeuvre revealed her butt in plain sight to Ellie. It was huge, humungous even, and took up the entire circumference of her dress. And to top it all off, it almost looked green, as if mimicking the dress of the poor woman. The only thing protecting her modesty was a pair of white panties, with a suspicious patch of light fluid staining them.

Ellie shook away her distraction for a moment and listened in to the conversation.

"I'm sorry miss, but the bathrooms are out of order. I can't let you in there to clean up in good conscience."

"Please, there must be something you can help me wash off with, at least. It's ruined my outfit and I feel all funny since it-" *GRRRRN* "-Oohhhh god!"

Ellie returns to her dumbfounded state as the woman's rear plumps up considerably, as if someone had hooked it up to a hose and turned it on. The woman was reduced to moans and yelps, hunched over on the counter as the café-goers simply watched her ass bloat and fill.

GRRRN *SNAP*

With the sound of strained fabric the soaked woman's panties fly out into the middle of the café floor, landing with a resounding *splat* as they unceremoniously crash land. The smell of fresh pears floods the room alongside the groans and churns of the poor woman. The rainfall intensifies outside. The woman starts pleading to no-one in particular.

"Someone, please, help me! My butt is getting too big, but it feels so *good*!"

Her butt simply continues, becoming too heavy for her to balance with, and with a resounding *WHUMP*, she crashes to the floor in ecstasy. The shock only seems to accelerate her growth and she begins squeezing and kneading her supremely bloated seat.

Ellie, frightened, begins to stumble back, tripping on her chair. The sudden *CLANG* of the toppled chair is enough to bring the other onlookers to their senses, and many flee straight out into the rain. Others simply watch as the woman now sits on her bean-bag sized buttocks, cooing and moaning as her cries for help change into cries for sex. Her tremendous cheeks grow still, filling more and more space in the café at a faster and faster rate. Ellie would be crushed in seconds. Fearing the prospect, she scrambles to her feet and runs, using her parasol to shield herself from the rain. As she goes, the sounds of the pear-bottomed woman fade, leaving her in the rain alone.

Ellie finally stops at the top of the hill on main street, which seemed abandoned.

"That's odd, I thought there'd at least be someone here!"

The rain continued to fall, yet there was no smell of fresh rain or grass in the air. Instead, there was a sickeningly sweet smell. Tart and ripe, as if an entire harvest's yield of blueberries was condensed into a raincloud. Ellie looked around at the blue-stained streets and stalls and realised the worst. She was standing not just inside a freak rainstorm, but one that seemingly turned people into *giant horny fruits*! She peered down at the bottom of the hill, and sure enough there was a smorgasbord of colours and shapes at the bottom, all of them previously people who had ventured out in the rain. The sight both frightened and viscerally enticed her, her mind racing at what would happen if she let the rain hit her, her now deep blue parasol luckily shielding her for long enough to even reach this far. But as Ellie turned to find shelter, she slipped and fell back, landing square on her behind as a glob of juice-rain landing directly on her face.

The taste was truly indescribable. Impossibly sweet and tart, yet still fresh and lively. In that moment, any inhibition Ellie had was lost, and she made her choice. She threw aside her parasol, and simply lay there, mouth open to let the juice rain into her waiting maw. Each splat on her face another taste of impossible bliss as her body began to change, turning a deep, rich red as her pores expanded. Achenes formed within her pores, cementing Ellie's status as a strawberry herself, and she started to grow. Her torso bloated, groaning and churning as new flesh filled her once petite body into a top-heavy frame. Her hair turned green, and her nipples and crotch felt packed tight. She felt every shift in her body as her new form outgrew her limbs, bursting out of her clothing, and she was left immobile, leaking sticky red juice from her body. She outgrew 15 feet in size as her breasts finally joined in on the growth, churning and sputtering juice with each new surge of growth. Ellie couldn't have wished for a greater form of ecstasy, and yet more was to come. Eventually, her body stopped growing at 20 feet across, and she lay there in bliss as her own body still endlessly teased her mind, leaking all the while. Eventually, someone found her. And then someone else found her. And another. Soon, there was a whole crowd ogling and watching the sickly-sweet internet star turned sickly-sweet fruit.

Ellie was in a daze. She felt heavy. She felt *full*. She watched as her new audience admired her new form. The embarrassment and humiliation drove her crazy. Every new onlooker had a new expression to share. Fear. Lust. Concern. Pity. Delight. All fed Ellie's own lust as she simply made muffled moans into her torso, each delightful squirm coaxing more juice to spurt and drip from her engorged tits and crotch. Her nipples and clitoris were extremely swollen, almost appearing as overgrown strawberries themselves. Every breeze and gust of air enticed Ellie, and she felt something new stir in her. A deep churn emanated from her body, and she began to swell anew. The crowd simply watched on in tension as Ellie's muffled cries of bliss escalated into full blown screams and moans. Many began looking flustered, absentmindedly adjusting clothing or toying with themselves to relieve themselves of the building hormones brought on by the excess of juice around them. Ellie was approaching her limit, her body desperately seeking release. She was trapped in a cycle of orgasms, each one cascading from the last. Each quiver and clench of Ellie's body teased at her release, and many of the crowd had now fallen into a hormonal stupor, gathered around Ellie as they began to physically caress her. Many of them focused on her vagina, swollen as it already was. One particularly nimble woman had even clambered up to reach her clit, which was swollen with need.

As the woman finally placed her mouth over Ellie's clit, suckling and teasing, Ellie's cascade finally hit its climax. Gallons upon gallons of sticky sweet juices flooded the road as the onlookers were drenched. Many swelled immediately, and the others simply followed them as they started to roll down the street to join the rest of the pile. Ellie was left dazed, mostly deflated with a new top-heavy hourglass figure adorned with strawberry skin. She absentmindedly kneaded her breasts, enjoying their new weight and feel in her afterglow as she still dribbled delicious juices.

The crowd had devolved into a full-blown fruit-orgy at the bottom the hill, but only vague noises reached her ears. The only thing clear was that she was wet, dripping juices from her crotch as she was finally ripe, sweet, and happy.