

Are you absolutely sure you want to do that? That gum isn't quite ready. In fact, I'd say it's probably the opposite of ready.

Not afraid of anything? You sure about that? You sure you're not afraid of your skin getting permanently stained blue? Or of the gum causing bloating so intense your figure will never look the same again, stretching your skin so far that you will feel like you will pop at any second?

You don't need to answer. I can tell from that look in your eye that you don't believe me. Well, I told you the consequences. Anything you do from here is on you. So go ahead and be the brat you know you are. Chew it. See what happens.

Is it good? It better be. I made sure the tomato soup was extra creamy. Keep chewing, brat. I bet you're already getting full. But you're just getting started. You can't stop yet. Not until you've had all three courses. To their fullest.

What's that? Next course is up. Roast Beef? Fitting for someone still chewing like a cow. Scarfing it down like this is your last meal. Chewing and chewing despite the full feeling getting worse. Last chance. Past this there is nothing but the-

Blueberry pie. There it is. I can tell from that shocked expression on your face that you were not expecting anything this good. Yes, savor it while you can. Completely ignorant of what's happening to you.

Hmm? Don't mind me. I'm just admiring your blue nose. Oh don't look so confused. I told you the gum would turn you blue, didn't I? If you don't believe me, just look down. The blue has already spread down your shirt.

That's right brat. This is the gum's doing. That gum is spreading its juices all throughout your body. Leaving its mark. First your face. Then your chest. Now it's on your arms and hands. You are entirely blue.

You hear that gurgling? That's coming from you. Now that gum is turning you into a juice factory. The juice is replicating itself in your body. Producing more and more juice, finding places to fill. Feeling stuffed? You should probably look down.

Look at all that juice. Pushing your stomach forward. Filling you up. All from one stick of gum. That you took. Can't believe your eyes can you? The juice is spreading. Just look at that juicy ass. Not even your fupa is safe.

Oh you feel funny? I can't imagine why that could be. Could it be this blue belly button sticking out between your clothes? Gallons and gallons of juice filling you up? That belt of yours getting tighter and tighter around you- Oh, there it goes.

Can you feel it? How massive you are getting? How wide across you are? Your stomach crawling forward. Your back rounding to meet it. Your limbs plumping ever so slightly. Your crotch slowly getting pushed downward.

Look at how big you're getting. Those clothes don't look like they can last much longer. Let's see how much room you have left to give. Was that a moan I heard? Don't tell me you're turned on by this? Aww, and it looks like the berry can't reach around their belly to enjoy themselves.

Aren't you glad you stole that gum now? Just look at you. Blue all over and swelling up. That blue belly button of yours sticking out. Your limbs slowly getting absorbed into the ball that is you. Earlier you said you were, what, Hot and Breedable? Now you're just Blue and Rollable.

Look at you. You stole one little piece of gum and now you're nearly spherical. Going somewhere? Nowhere far with that waddle you've got. It would be so easy for me to just apply a little pressure and just push you over. Send you rolling on that round belly of yours.

Ah, finally round. Crotch finally pushed your feet off the ground. No more waddling from you. But who said you were done growing? You can still feel it, can't you? The juice sloshing all around. The pressure slowly increasing. Your skin slowly stretching outward. Worried you might pop?

Look at how massive you are. Time to juice you, I suppose. But do you really deserve that? I feel like you should just sit here and think about what you have done. Feeling the juice stretching your skin, tighter and tighter. Closer and closer to becoming a stain to clean up.

Finally at the end, it seems. You were never gonna pop. Not from the gum, anyway. But you are massive. What to do with you? I could juice you, but where's the fun? Maybe roll you until I get bored? Make you my toy to play with? Relieve some of that sexual tension? Or how about I keep you as my trophy?

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