

Jesse looks around the bar, scanning for any potential marks. Off in the corner he sees a cute brunette wearing a sweater and a full length skirt. Boobs a little on the small side, but thighs that couldn't hide themselves in the loose skirt. Maybe. He keeps looking. At the bar are two blonds, one wearing a pink crop top and skinny jeans. The other, a red t-shirt dress and tights. Jesse could try to take them both on. They were still both flat as a board, though. Hmmm... In the middle of the room, sitting alone at a table was a middle aged ginger wearing a simple white button up shirt and black slacks. Her legs seemed slim, but her shirt buttons were struggling to hang on over her massive chest.

'Tough choice tonight,' Jesse thinks. Nobody is exactly his type, but these women seem to be like his best chances of getting lucky tonight. 'Well, here goes nothing.' He finishes his drink and starts to stand up before he notices a man walk to the corner, give the brunette a kiss and sit next to her. 'Darn.' As Jesse turns to his next target, he notices the ginger chugging her drink and setting the empty glass next to the others covering the table. Her head soon follows as she passes out, drunk. '*Damn.*' Making his final turn, he notices the two blonds in a rough embrace, practically trying to eat each other's face before knocking over a glass off the bar, apologizing to the bartender and rushing to the bathroom together. 'FUCK!'

Jesse sighed. 'Another night with good 'ole Righty, it seems.' Before Jesse could get up, he noticed a small commotion happening at the bathrooms. As the two blondes were trying to enter, someone was trying to leave. Jesse didn't pay much attention as he continued to gather his stuff to leave. As he turned around, he nearly knocked right into someone who was right behind him. When Jesse looked up to apologize, he found himself face to face with a canyon of cleavage peeking out of the boob-window of a blue dress.

"Oh Gosh, I'm sorry. I'm just getting in everyone's way tonight, it seems."

Jesse snaps out of it and breaks away from the view. "Don't worry about it. The mistake is all mine." Jesse looks up as he's talking only to be met with a stunning sight. Two deep Blue eyes lined with blue eyeshadow. A small, but perky nose. Two plump lips, coated Red. All making up a face with perfectly soft looking skin. Topped with Shoulder length Black hair.

The lips slowly parted as Jesse heard her say "...Anyway, I'm just on my way back to my seat. See ya around."

'Shit. Was I staring?' Jesse kicked himself for being so stupid as he watched her turn and walk down to the other end of the bar. He couldn't help but notice how her blue dress perfectly hugged her curves. Jesse wasn't the biggest fan of massive proportions. He felt there was a size limit before a woman's assets started getting distracting and just in the way. This woman, however, was perfect. The blue dress hugged the D sized breasts and squeezed some flesh out of the aforementioned window. As she walked, the clack of her inch and a half heels echoed in Jesse's mind. Her ass perfectly hugged into a heart shape that swayed back and forth with each tantalizing step. Finally, she turned and started to sit down as Jesse watched her back through the open back of the dress before noticing one small detail. What seemed to be a tattoo right on her lower back. The dress cut off the top portion, so he couldn't make out what it said, but it did seem to be text of some sort.

Jesse finally got the courage and got up, walked over, and sat down in the empty seat next to her. "Hey, um. In case I didn't say it before, sorry."

The woman looked over at Jesse. "Sorry about what? I thought we settled the whole 'almost hitting each other' thing?"

"Well, that. Not introducing myself. And for, you know, staring."

She laughed a little bit. "Well, I can't fault you for looking. I mean, have you seen me? Look at these!" She pushes the bottom of her boobs up, shoving more flesh through the window. She watches Jesse's expression, clearly loving the attention he can't help but give her. "I accept your apology, but only on one condition."

"Oh? What's that?"

"Introduce yourself, silly! You felt sorry for not introducing yourself and you still have yet to," she says while playfully pushing on Jesse's shoulder.

"Right. Ah, my name is Jesse. Nice to meet you." Jesse awkwardly extends a hand out for a handshake.

The woman stares at his hand for a solid second and a half before sitting bolt upright, turning to face Jesse directly, putting one arm behind her back, and firmly grasping his hand with her free hand and giving a stiff handshake. With a slight British accent, she states, "Lovely to meet your acquaintance, Jesse. My name is Samantha." She waits a second before bursting out laughing. Jesse smiles in response. "Dude, you have got to lighten up. Feel free to call me Sam, B.T.Dubs."

"Haha, yeah..." Jesse was blanking. He's not necessarily bad with women, he gets along fine. He's just never encountered one with this much energy. He's left speechless, not knowing how to respond to any of this. And yet, Jesse doesn't want to leave. He could feel himself loosening up the more he was with Sam.

"So Jesse, which of my assets finally got you to come over here? You clearly like my boobs? Was it those? Or are you more of an ass man?"

"Oh, me? I'm into feet. Your heels are what drew my attention."

Sam stared at Jesse for a moment. "Oh will you look at the time. I've got...uh...something-"

"I'm kidding! I'm kidding!" This was Jesse's turn to laugh.

Sam immediately looked relieved and joined in the laughing. "Oh thank GOD. Those are exclusive. Can't show them in public, you know."

'Consider the Ice, Broken,' Jesse thought to himself. "Yeah, no. Not that kind of weird. But to seriously answer your question, it was a mix of everything. Personally more of a boob guy myself. But it all depends on how a woman's curves come together. That reminds me, I did have a question."

"\$20 per toe in shot." Jesse shot her a look. "Oh, not about that? Alright. What's up?"

"I couldn't help but notice your tattoo, but I couldn't quite make out what it said. What exactly is it?"

"Oh, that old thing? It's a bit of a long story. Not really a good place to explain it." Jesse's face dropped. "Tell you what." Sam looks Jesse over up and down. "Buy me a few drinks and I'll gladly show you the full tattoo at my place." Sam shoots Jesse a wink.

"Bartender!"

The rest of the night went swimmingly. Jesse and Sam shared a few drinks together, talking and laughing. They had a surprising amount in common. Jesse felt like he was getting a high just talking to her. Maybe it was just the alcohol. Who cares? On each of their third drinks, Jesse couldn't help but notice how plump her lips looked. After a brief moment of reprieve between laughing, he instinctively started leaning in. To his surprise, Sam not only accepted, but wrapped her arms around Jesse and pulled their full bodies together. Sharing a kiss that went right past sensual and gunned directly toward passionate. Jesse returned the embrace as they shared each others' bodies for a solid 30 seconds.

Suddenly, Sam squeezed Jesse's ass, broke off, chugged the rest of her drink, stood up and looked at Jesse. "Well come on, then." Jesse scrambles to gather his things, pay for the drinks, and follow.

As they leave the bar, the bartender sighs. He pulls out a chalkboard with "Berry Count" written at the top, 4 columns with names at the top and tallies, and a fifth column crossed out. The bartender adds yet another tally to the column that has significantly more tallies than any of the others. The column that reads Samantha.

Sam is able to easily hail a taxi and the ride to her place is nothing short of steamy. The moment the car started moving, Sam latched right back onto Jesse. The two of them spent the 15 min car ride feeling each other up and down.

Jesse only notices the arrival when the cab comes to a full stop and the driver has to get their attention for payment.

Sam drags Jesse right through her front door. Jesse doesn't take in any details of the small house. He just stared ahead at the beauty dragging him up the stairs into a massive bedroom. Sam finally lets him go.

"Well, here we are."

Jesse looks around. The room is massive. The ceiling is tall. Jesse can't quite guess an exact size, but it looked to be maybe 15 to 20 feet tall. The walls were red on top and bluish purple on bottom. But Jesse could still see red through the blue, almost as if the blue was just stained on. The room had to be a good 20 by 20 feet wide. In the center is a 12' wide round bed covered in blue, silky sheets. Pillows lining the entire circumference of the bed.

"So what do you think?" Sam asked after Jesse took in the scene.

"Not what I was expecting, but somehow not as surprising as I thought."

"Oh? Not surprised? Well tell you what, if you can guess what's coming next, I'll give you a special prize."

"Hmmm. Well, if I had to guess, I would have to say we have sex."

"No- well okay, yes. But! Not the answer I was looking for."

"Oh, you're looking for specifics? Then with all the space in this room, I'm gonna guess some kind of BDSM? Got plenty of ropes, cuffs, and whips around here somewhere?"

Sam starts and thinks for a second. "Well, yet again, you are technically, partially correct. Before you confuse me further, let me start with this." Sam slips off her heels and slowly walks over to the bed. She then leans over and slips her ass out of the open back part of her dress, confirming what Jesse was able to notice earlier. Sam had not worn any underwear.

Jesse whistles and walks over. "Getting right to business, then? I suppose that car ride was some decent enough foreplay."

Sam laughs. "Get your mind out of the gutter. Do you not remember asking about my tattoo?"

Jesse stops. He *had* forgotten all about the tattoo. "Hehe. Oh yeah." Jesse closes the rest of the distance and looks toward Sam's lower back. Only to get a very quizzical face. "It just looks like jumbled ink. Did you get this drunk while the person designing this was also drunk."

"What? No! ...okay, yes. I was a little drunk at the time, but that's not the point!"

"Hold on, the more I look, the more this looks like text. Just...squished. Did you lose weight after getting this? Or is this the name of a metal band?"

"Now you are starting to get it." Sam stands back up and winks. "Though I could see it being the name of a metal band. Not important. What is, is this!" Sam proudly holds up a strip of blue gum.

"That's all?"

"That's all!? Do you even know what this is!?"

"Gum?"

"Tonight, it's the answer to all your problems." Sam then shoves the strip in her mouth and starts chewing. "Now to get ready. This takes a sec to get going. So start removing those clothes." Sam grabs Jesse's shirt and pulls him in for a kiss. The gum causing the kiss to taste very sweet. Jesse can't quite pinpoint the flavor. Sam quickly breaks off and winks as she gets onto the bed, making her way to the center.

Jesse was still confused, but wasn't going to say no to Samantha. He does as he's told and removes his clothes, tossing them to the floor. Jesse then hops on the bed and practically runs to meet Sam. She still has her dress on as she lays sideways perpendicular to him. Her head resting on one arm.

"So tell me Jesse, have you heard of inflation?"

Jesse goes to speak, but Sam reaches out and puts her finger on his lips.

"Not the economic kind. The kinky kind."

Jesse was a little upset his joke got interrupted. Yet he still answered. "Yeah, I had an ex a long while ago wanting to experiment with it. Admittedly, she didn't get very big, but feeling her stomach growing against mine did feel really good."

"Perfect. Then sit back and enjoy the show." Sam reached out and grabbed Jesse's arms and pinned them down. Jesse was now stuck back against the bed, forced to look at Sam's face with her fiery eyes and devilish grin. And blue nose.

'Blue Nose? Did some of Sam's eyeliner get smudged or something?' Jesse thought to himself. 'Wait, it's spreading!'

"Oh good, it's starting. And judging by your face, I can confidently say I'm surprising you with something." The blue was moving quickly, covering Sam's face and moving down her neck to the rest of her body. When Jesse lifted his head up to look at Sam's body, he watched her cleavage also change to a blue. "You said you liked feeling an inflated stomach grow against yours. Well, are you prepared to feel mine?"

Jesse looked back and saw Sam's hands finish turning blue. Even her hair was now a darker blue color. 'Why is this so hot?' Jesse thinks before hearing a loud gurgle coming from above him. He then feels something start to brush against his bare stomach. He looks down and

sees Sam's stomach was now much larger than before. Previously, she had left a solid 4 inches between their two bodies and now her stomach was growing and starting to press into him. His eyes grow even wider as he spots her boobs start to fill out her dress further, pushing massive amounts of boob flesh through the window of her dress.

“Enjoying the view down there, little man?”

Jesse takes a moment to catch his breath, which is starting to get harder with each breath as Sam continues to press against him. "Fuck....Yeah!"

“I knew you would. You seemed like the type. Let me get off you before I can’t move.” Sam starts rocking side to side and rolls herself off of Jesse. “Now help me get back on my feet.”

Without his view getting obstructed, Jesse could now see that Sam was getting huge and fast. He could now see that it wasn't just her stomach increasing in size. Her whole waist is now probably a foot past where it once was. Her boobs easily the size of cantaloupes. Sam laid there, looking at him with an arm outstretched. "Right. Yeah. Let's get you up." Jesse stands on the bed, takes Sam's hand, and helps her rock back and forth before pulling her to her feet. "Do you need help with anything else? Like removing your clothes?"

“Thanks for the offer, but I’ll remove those myself.” Just as she says this, a loud *RRRRRRIIIIIIIPPPPP* is heard as her boobs rip the top part of her dress right in half. Each boob, now the size of basketballs, is still held in the dress as both halves hug the boobs tight. But each second has more and more of the boobs slip out of the fabric.

By this point, her midsection is starting to look round and it appears to be starting to affect the base of her limbs. Her shoulders puff up before getting engulfed by the outward growing sphere. Underneath her dress, her now round crotch starts peeking out between her legs. A blue Cameltoe slowly making its presence known as legs slowly start disappearing.

RRRRR/IIIIII PPPPP

Her belly button now on full display as her stomach ripped a horizontal line through the center of her dress. Small rips continue to be heard as the stomach flesh starts to spill through the hole, before the hole rips a little more in a repeating process until her whole dress is ripped in half at her hemisphere. The bottom half falling to the ground. Sam's boobs finally win the fight with the top half of the dress, popping free of their fabric confines. The top of her dress is now just holding on as a ring between her stomach and boobs.

Sam's limbs are now at her elbows and knees. Her forearms and shins plump as the blue sphere works to absorb them next. Her crotch slowly starting to brush against the silk sheets of the bed. Jesse starts to hear moans from Sam as her vagina is starting to get brushed and pressure is slowly starting to get applied. "Ohhhhhh. Oooooooooohhhhhhh GGGGGooooooooooddddd, this is my favorite pppapppppaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrttttttt!!!!" Sam moaned as her more pressure was placed on her crotch and her feet started lifting off the ground.

Jesse thought he was turned on before, but hearing Sam's cries and moans nearly made him cum on the spot. He was frozen in place watching this girl from the bar swell bigger and bigger as her limbs were fully engulfed. She was now as wide as she was tall, roughly a 5.5ft blue ball. But she wasn't done growing. Jesse watched Sam's head lift into the air as she grew. He had to start taking steps back as she took up more room on the bed. Her dress finally snapping off her body at the roughly 8ft mark. Eventually, she slowed and her hands, feet, and

head slowly sunk into her body into divots when she stopped growing at 10ft. Each of her boobs now a solid 2 feet each.

“J-jEEEEEEESSssSSsSSeeeeeEEEEeEEEEEE,” Sam moans out. The speech sounding a little muffled from her mouth being behind her own juicy body and being roughly 4 ft up. “I neeeeed yoooouuuu.”

“Fuck that was hot! Is it time?”

“NO! DON’T TOUCH ME! NOT YET! Not Until you look at my back!”

Jesse jumps in surprise to the sudden instructions, but complies and starts walking the length of the ball, careful not to touch her. Until he sees it. The tattoo. All stretched out. He can finally read it:



“Juice Slut? What does that mean?”

“I’m FFFFFFFFFuuuUUUuuuuUULLLLIIII of JUICE! I’m a BLUEBERRY!”

Everything made sense to Jesse. Well, not complete sense. But he at least had a better idea. The taste of the gum. The blue color. Now that he knew what he was dealing with, it was time for Jesse to have some fun. “A blueberry? But this label here says you are a Juice Slut. Which is it? Are you a Blueberry or a Juice Slut?”

“IIII”mmmm a BBBbblluuuuueeeeeebeeeerrrryy.”

“Are you sure about that? With all that moaning, I’d say you are more of a Slut than anything else.”

“FFFFUCK JESSEE! I NEEEEDDDD YOU INSSSIIIDEE MEEEEEE!”

“Oh, so I can touch you now then. Well, if you want me, then you need to admit to me you are a Juice Slut like your label.”

“IIII”mmmm Aaaa...”

“You’re what, Sam? I can’t hear you from down here.”

“I’M A JUICE SLUT! I’M A BIG FUCKING JUICY SLUT THAT WANTS TO BE FILLED WITH JUICE!!! NOW FUCK ME BEFORE I EXPLODE!!”

“Nothing big. The blue lasts a few days longer after juicing, whoever berries doesn’t stop growing until they either pop or cum, thanks for almost letting me pop by the way, and my

favorite part:" Sam rolled over and stared directly at Jesse, both her hands on his stomach.
"The Juice is contagious."

Jesse heard a gurgle before looking down and realized the blue on his skin wasn't a stain. He watched as his stomach started pushing Sam's hands upwards.

"Hope you're ready for round 2. Either that or you become another stain on my wall."