

Inherited Nectar

“This is incredible...” Rachel stood awe-struck before the stone temple. Vines and foliage hung off the walls in curtains from nature reclaiming what had once been taken. “To think this used to be a thriving civilization...”

“Thriving enough to stack some rocks at least.” Her exploration partner, Jaime, slapped a mosquito on her neck. The sound rang out among the dead ruins and her hand came away wet with sweat. Even in a form-fitting tank top and shorts, the women sweltered in the humidity. Ponytails could only do so much to keep their necks cool.

“There are decades of work and research to be done here!” Turning around, Rachel looked down the gentle hill where the temple stood and took in the sprawling overgrown city that had been swallowed by the South American jungle. “This temple alone is enough to keep a team busy for years!”

“Can we get started on it then? I’m dying out here and we still need to get a base map of the place before we can go back to camp.”

Rachel nodded and pulled a flashlight from her belt. “We’ll make our way toward the center and go from there.”

Jaime followed the researcher’s heels. The soft click of a pistol’s safety turning off echoed down a stretching corridor.

“Is that really necessary? This place is full of priceless artifacts.”

“I’m here to protect you, not the rocks and broken bowls. You won’t be complaining if we walk into a jaguar’s den.”

Rachel knew she was right. Removing her notepad, she went about scribbling findings as they delved into the temple’s depths. Soon the light of the entrance faded around bends. Only evenly spaced skylights aided her flashlight to illuminate the temple’s winding interior. Moss cushioned their footfalls against the stone.

“So what do we know about them?” Jaime asked after some silence.

“The Arandana?”

“If that’s who stacked these rocks, then yes.”

Rachel stopped by a wall filled with petroglyphs. “Not a lot. Most of what we know comes from historical accounts of other civilizations around the time. We know they’ve been gone for roughly 500 years, a little before the fall of the Aztecs, but the Arandana were older. They mostly kept to themselves. *Oh!!*” Rachel gasped and pointed to an etched wall. “*Oh this is amazing! This matches things we’ve only had to assume to be rumors up until now!*”

“Such as...?”

“See here?” Rachel moved a stray lock of black hair from her face and pointed to a woman standing atop an altar. “The accounts say the Arandana had a leader with a title roughly translating to ‘Mother Provider’. They say her love physically manifested into a sacred substance, and that’s what her citizens used for nourishment.”

Jaime's eyes followed the researcher's hand. It pointed to an extremely voluptuous woman overseeing a dozen men and women kneeling at her feet. Fluid poured from her presented breasts to wash over the others and fill their bowls.

She grimaced at the thought. "Nasty... She fed everyone her breast milk?"

"Well," Rachel stepped back and tapped her pen against the top of her chest where her tank top's neckline gave way to bare skin, "we don't think it's meant to be a literal interpretation. It's likely more symbolic of her leadership inspiring them to be productive members of society."

"Can lead a nation if you have the right body, I guess."

A giggle bounced the pen's tip off Rachel's chest. "The thought of a whole city living off her milk is pretty entertaining, though."

Jaime shrugged. "Let's keep going. Only eight hours until nightfall."

They walked further. Rachel's amazement could hardly be contained the deeper they ventured.

"Have you noticed the wide halls?" she interjected into a lengthy silence. "You don't see walls like this in other Amerindian civilizations! And the layout of the buildings... Do you notice anything about them??"

"I don't know, they're long?"

"Yes!!" Her shout was louder than anticipated. "*They're all flat! Single story! We haven't seen a single flight of stairs!*" Eyes beaming, Rachel cast her flashlight down a corridor. "The exact opposite of what you would see with the Aztec or Maya."

"Maybe they realized all those steps and pyramids were a waste of time."

"Or maybe it was driven by some kind of necessity."

Jaime snapped her fingers. "I've got it: they had wheels instead of feet."

"Hmmm, let's keep thinking. I'm sure--"

Rachel's voice trailed off when they entered an ornate chamber. A vaulted ceiling hung high above them as a hollow cone. Shafts of light filtered through vents and vines to play across the floor. Several birds squawked in anger at the humans' presence before fleeing their nest.

"*Look at that...*" Rachel's eyes shined. "*It's... I can't believe it...*"

Jaime stared and raised an eyebrow. "...It's a fountain."

At the center of the room rose a delicate stone spring. A tiered center rose ten feet into the air, allowing streams of fluid to run from its bowls where it gathered in a basin at Rachel's feet. Four bathtubs would have been needed to fill it to capacity.

"It's beautiful... Like a royal bath... Or a ceremonial basin..." Rachel knelt but was careful not to touch anything. "It must be fed by a natural spring! The entire temple was built around it! This spring must have been sacred to the Arandana!"

"Does the water look *purple* to you?"

Rachel nodded. "It could be from mineral deposits. Listen, though... Do you hear that?"

Silence was followed by Jaime responding, "Hear what?"

“Exactly. It’s not splashing or bubbling. It’s *viscous*. Like a light syrup. I’ve never seen anything like this. I’ll take a sample before we continue mapping.” A small vial was produced from a pouch. Leaning over the water, Rachel dipped one end into the pool. “It even smells sweet, like--”

“*FUCK!!*”

Splash!!!

The fountain erupted when Rachel toppled head-first into its depths after a foot collided with her backside. She emerged leaning back on her hands, soaked in the strange water.

“*Jaime!!*”

“*There was a snake in my boot!!*”

“*God... I’m soaking wet... My notes... This stuff almost feels like oil,*” Rachel whined, lifting her arms. “*Just help me out.*”

Jaime took a hand and drew the researcher from the fountain. She stood at the edge dripping over the missy floor. Moisture turned her tank top transparent where the fabric clung to her body. The dark color of her sports bra shone through, as well as the packed cleavage of her D-cup breasts.

“*Dammit...*” Rachel whipped her arms to clear the transparent purple fluid. “Look at me. This better not stain my clothes.” Caution tickled the back of her mind; the substance was unknown. An intense, fruity flavor danced on her tongue but she didn’t think she’d swallowed it. Anything could have tainted the spring. Nervousness left her feeling strange in the still air, anxious at any sudden prick, itch, or sensation that made itself known across her body.

Jaime watched intently as Rachel did her best to clean and dry herself amid grumbles. After fixing her hair, she took a moment to tug at her shirt and shorts; they were too snug for her liking and refused to sit comfortably. A sliver of midriff winked at Jaime. She looked higher then, narrowing her gaze on Rachel’s face. The dim lighting made her pause before saying anything.

“Oh that’s interesting.”

Rachel looked up from wiping off her legs. “What?”

Unsure of how to respond, Jaime’s mouth opened and closed several times before deciding to retrieve an emergency mirror from her pack and hold it up to Rachel’s face. Her reflection stared back, along with a purple nose.

She snatched the mirror. “*The hell??*” Vigorous wiping refused to remove the stain despite her grunts. “*Did I hit my nose or something??*”

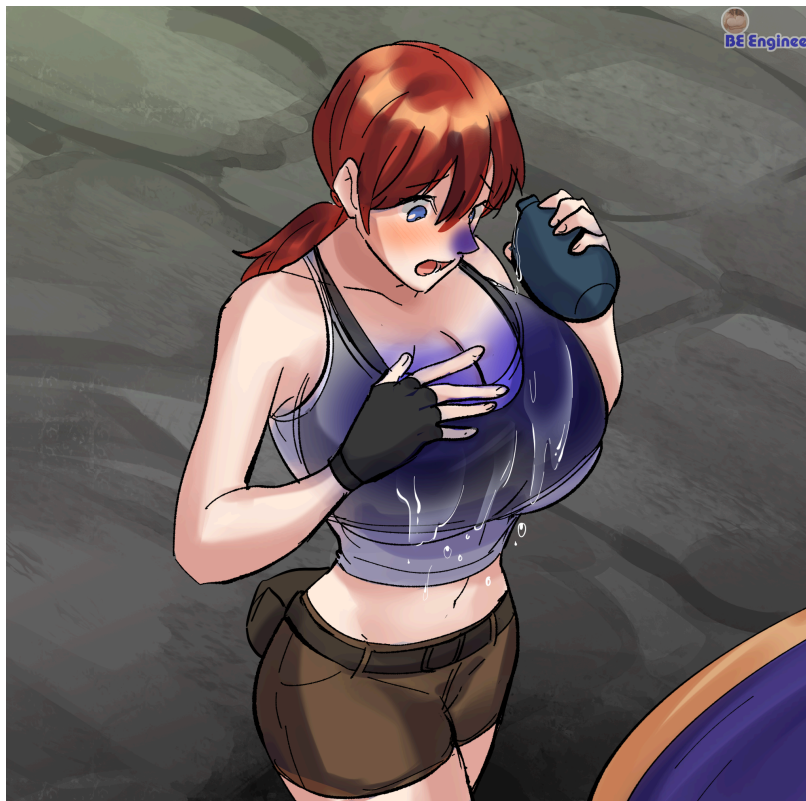
“Not that I saw...” Jaime’s eyes wandered as Rachel leaned forward. The front of her shirt fell forward to reveal supple cleavage. Again Jaime’s eyebrow lifted. “Oh that’s *very* interesting.”

Rachel straightened up. “*What? What else could possibly--*”

She followed her partner's line of sight. Pulling away her neckline, her eyes widened upon seeing the same dark hue spreading from the base of her breasts. A quick glance would have made it look as though she had two light-purple balloons in her sports bra.

"The hell?! What the hell?!"

Panic was bubbling within her now, mixing with the strange sensations left from the fountain. Water splashed down her front from a canteen. Desperate hands scrubbed as hard as they could at her plumped flesh. Watching the researcher soak and massage her front was enough to give Jaime a chuckle.



"Want me to start recording? We could make a buck or two off the video."

"This isn't funny! It's not coming off!" Rachel scrubbed harder, sinking deeper into confusion as the purple colors spread over her breasts. Flesh pushed fuller against her fingers as if plumping out of her sports bra from the vigorous stimulation. Even Jaime could see the strange blue fullness puffing her breasts larger. *"What is this stuff?! It's making me feel all--Ahh!!!"*

Thud!!

She slipped on a patch of wetted moss and landed on her backside. A worrisome weight jolted under her tank top from the impact, a weight Rachel was not accustomed to feeling pull at her shoulders. Slowly she rolled onto all fours and leaned over the fountain's edge to gaze at her reflection.

The blue was spreading from her nose and across her cheeks. Packed cleavage hung from her torso with enough mass to bulge around her bra straps. Rachel trembled, watching the

strange reaction worsen by the second. Everything itched and tickled to the point of her clothes causing discomfort.

“What’s...happening to me??” she whimpered, gently touching her nose before bringing her hand to her chest. *“Why are my breasts swelling up??”*

Shrrriiip!!

The sound of rending seams broke the temple’s silence. Rachel froze, wishing for any other reality.

Jaime stared at Rachel’s backside. *“I don’t think swollen boobs are your only issue...”*

A tear had split down the back of her shorts. From within were emerging the squished, supple cheeks of her ass. Each was tinged a pleasing violet hue, a stark contrast to the pure white of her panties sinking into the fleshy crevice. Around the shorts at her waist and thighs, the same purple color was creeping across her skin. A muffin top had formed around her belt where widening hips refused to stay confined. Each thigh, already several inches large around, had managed to close the gap around her crotch.

“What the hell?! WHAT THE HELL?!” Rachel sat up and shot a hand to her backside to inspect the damage. A widening ass met her grasp, jutting to the sides like a shelf. *“WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?!”*



“I think you might be allergic to whatever was in that fountain!!” Jaime watched with wide eyes; already her fellow explorer’s curves had bloated to nearly twice their natural size.

“*You’re swelling up!!*”

“*Oh really?! Thanks for the diagnosis, doc! God, my tits feel...full!*” She looked at Jaime for any words of reassurance. “*Is that bad you think??*”

Strrrrrtch

Rachel winced, hugging her breasts with one arm as her sports bra strained around them. Looking down took her breath away as she saw the volleyball-sized mounds filling her grasp.

“*Mmmngh!*”

A moan slipped free. Blush darkened her violet cheeks. Beneath her bra she could feel a nipple as thick as a thumb throbbing against her palm. It was hot and firm, engorged with stimulation and hormones.

“Having fun?” Jaime snickered.

“*J...Just help me up! I need to get out of here! I need help!*”

Their hands grasped. With a grunting pull, Jaime got Rachel onto her wobbling legs. She swayed in place, using Jaime’s wrist to steady herself and her changing figure. Its fullness was all the more apparent now as she stood upright.

“*Holy...*” Jaime looked her up and down. An extreme hourglass shape tortured her clothes. Much of Rachel’s abdomen was on display as her breasts lifted her tank top up and away from her belly. The gash down the back of her shorts provided much-needed space for her lower half, resulting in a deformed ridge of purple bulges. “*Are you alright??*”

“*Nnngh... I...*” Rachel rubbed her stomach where it bulged over her tightening shorts while another hand massaged the side of a breast. “*God, I feel bloated...*” She shook her head as if to clear it from a haze. “Let’s just get out of here. I need to get to the med tent.”

They started for the exit. Their path into the temple had only been around twenty minutes, but as Rachel started to walk and felt her widening thighs struggle and rub against one another, she feared it would take hours.

Creeaaaaa--POP!

“*Ahh!!*”

She stumbled when a seam burst down the side of her left leg. Only Jaime’s shoulder was enough to save her from toppling over. In the scramble, both women thought they could hear muffled sloshing from Rachel’s hips.

“Easy, easy... One step at a time.”

“*I’m...heavy... I’m getting so...heavy...*” Rachel panted. “*This does not feel right! Something is wrong, Jaime!! It’s like I can feel something...*” She gulped. “*B-Bubbling inside of me!!*”

Purple had taken over her face. Flesh bulged around the edges of her sports bra as if she were a champion milker wearing an old training bra. One arm wasn’t enough to steady the heavy, swaying motions of her breasts. They ached with a dense fullness that drove Rachel to sweat

buckets. Dark blues and purples shone through her tank top's fabric; her breasts had been fully consumed by the reaction. Looking at them and the outline of her nipples protesting against her bra only made her heart race faster.

"Ok, which way did we come from?" Jaime asked at a hallway junction.

"Left... *We came from the--*"

BOOM!!!

"MMMM!!!!"

The legs of her shorts exploded like artillery shells. Fabric peeled off in tatters, finally allowing her thighs to breathe and take on their full form. They were over twice the size of Rachel's old measurements, their girth now as wide as her waist. Looking down, Jaime could see the dark purple of Rachel's navel through the loose shreds of fabric. She was wet and soaking her lace panties. At first she thought it was a trick of the eye, but the dark color of the fluid was undeniable: Rachel was leaking a purple syrup. It soaked her white underwear and trickled down her thighs to help them rub together.

"*These fucking shorts...!*" Rachel gasped in agony. Her free hand fought with her belt. A rising muffin top squished around it to swallow the last remaining seam of her lower half's prison. Sounds of popping stitches came as her footfalls grew heavier. "*I can't get my fingers around my belt!*"

Their steps slowed to a crawl. Rachel struggled for breath as the belt squeezed the life from her abdomen. Around such massive hips, it looked like a cable pulled around an inflating balloon. Violet skin engulfed Rachel's fingers and kept her belt from reach. As she swelled larger, Jaime could see the leaking juice flowing faster as if it were being squeezed from her by a fist.

"*Come on!! Fucking...come on!! Just--*"

SNAP!!!

"*FINALLY!!*"

The belt released in a wave of quivering flesh. Neither of them could be sure if it had been because Rachel opened the clasp, or if her incredible girth had managed to break the leather. The shredded remains of her shorts opened across her navel in a grand display of intimate skin before splitting the zipper and rending the shorts completely in half. They fell around her ankles in lifeless husks, stained and dripping with juices that left a sugary scent in the air.

"*Fuck...O-Oohhh fuck...*" Rachel pursed her lips and leaned heavily on Jaime. "*That feels...SO much better...*"

Her eyes opened to inspect the damage. The relief didn't last long as she hugged her breasts against herself to look around.

Rachel's ass wouldn't have fit through a standard doorway. Bloated and heavy, her cheeks creased atop her tree-trunk thighs. Her hips jutted to the sides, pushing Jaime into an awkward angle. Her lace panties had transformed into a thong, stretched thin and flossing their

Guuurrrrrrgle!!

“Mmmnghh!! It’s getting...tighter...! I can’t breathe... I can’t...breathe!”

Both hands groping her chest, Rachel’s fingers trying to find the edges of her sports bra. They dug and pulled but could not find purchase on the garment pulled tight as a drum around her bust.

“Jai...me! Help!” she rasped, voice hardly a squeak. *“Get...it off! Get it...off!”*

Jaime moved behind her and stared at the straps digging into Rachel’s back. They left red marks, snapping back tightly whenever her nails tried to pry them up.

Guuurrrrrrgle

Splrrrtch!!

“Gaahhh!?” A cry shot down the hall when a stream of thickened nectar jumped from the depressed crevice of Rachel’s breast. A nipple had had enough. *“I... I-I’m...leaking!! This bra...is...haaah...squeezing me...too tight! It’s squeezing the juice out of me!”*

Jaime’s fingers pulled and hooked. *“I can’t get a hold of it!”*

STRRRRTCH!

SPLRRRTCH!!!!

“NNGH!!! Cut it then!! I don’t care how!! Just...” Rachel’s voice weakened to a raspy breeze as she arched her back against the bra. Two bloated globes heaved forward, their pressures spiking. *“Just get...it off!?”*



Something cold and hard slid between her back and bra. Jaime began sawing, sending rocking motions through Rachel's being. Cleavage slobbered against her neck with a firmness that made her heart race.

"Just about...got it!!"

SNAP!!!!

SLOOOOMSH!!

"GAAAHHHHH!!!"

Rachel's legs gave out from under her when tasked with supporting the weight of her breasts colliding against her body. Distended flesh slammed against her torso, reaching to her hips in fattened purple teardrops. She would have gone to the floor if Jaime's arms weren't there to catch her and wrap around Rachel's waist beneath her bust.

"Oh God... O-Oh my God..." Rachel whimpered. Her feet scraped across the floor trying to find their footing again but she was weak with stimulation. Sensations sent her mind reeling as fluid slobbered and churned within her breasts, settling after the incredible release. *"I feel...SO fucking full... Jaime... What's happening to me?? I'm..."* She looked down over her body. The majority of her had turned dark purple. Slowly the color was creeping down her arms and calves. *"I don't even know what to call this!"*

"Amazing...?" Jaime offered.

"What?? How is--MMM!"

A squeak escaped Rachel's lips when Jaime's hands started to explore. One caressed the side of an engorged mammary, testing the hot firmness of her skin. The other drifted lower. It teased the fine creases of Rachel's navel to find her thighs coated in the purple fluid.

"Whatever it is... You can barely hold it," Jaime chided in Rachel's ear.

"Jaime... J-Jaime... Don't... Nnngh, don't do that...! It's--Ahhh!"

Jaime chuckled. *"This is really driving you mad, isn't it? Swelling up so full with juice? Like some kind of fruit."*

"It's...h-hard enough not getting distracted by it...without you..." Rachel arched her back when Jaime brought both hands to grope her breasts, her fingers sinking deep and squeezing. *"Mnngh!!"*

Splrrrrrtch!!

She sprayed from soda-can nipples and cast a thick ooze over the floor. Sugary scents filled the hall to make their mouths water.

"My my... So full that you can barely hold it!" Jaime massaged and felt Rachel's bust swell in her grasp. *"All that juice must be intoxicating. All that pressure..."*

"J...Juice? What are you--"

"You said it yourself! It smells just like fruit juice, doesn't it? Sweet, sugary... Maybe blueberry juice?" Jaime's breath was hot on Rachel's ear. She slid a hand over Rachel's groin before bringing it before her eyes dripping with juice. *"Do you think it tastes as sweet as it smells?"*

Guuurrrrrrgle!!

“Mmng!! Jaime! Please...! You’re... You’re making it worse! I can’t...stand it!”

Flesh stretched fuller across Rachel’s figure. An extreme hourglass, her body resembled something closer to an ancient fertility idol than a normal human woman.

“Fine, fine,” Jaime delivered one last squeeze before releasing her prey. *“Let’s get going. We’re almost there.”*

Strrrrrrrrtch

Rachel could only waddle around a corner before having to pause and catch her breath. *“C-Can you...juice me a little first? I think releasing some helps with the pressure if you don’t massage me while you do it...”* Her hands grabbed the sides of her hips and pushed inward as if to test their softness. Doe-like eyes looked to her partner for help. *“You... You don’t think I can get...too full, do you?”*

Jaime shook her head. *“There’s still time until we have to worry about that. I think trying to get any juice out would just make it worse. We need to get you out of this place while we still can.”*

Squueeaaaaak!

“Ahh!” A sound rang out when Rachel’s hips rubbed against the sides of the stone hall. Concern washed over Jaime’s face. *“See?? We need to move!! You’re--”*

Guuurrrmmmmggllle

A new sound came forth. Rachel’s eyes bulged in worry, shooting downward before groaning with a contorted grimace. Cautious hands slid under her breasts to rub her abdomen.

“What? What’s wrong??”

Rachel bent forward. Shivers raced through her figure. *“I-I feel... Nnngh, my belly...!”* Her hands massaged her waist as best they could beneath her breasts. *“I feel like it’s--”*

GUUUUURRRMMMMGLE!!

“AHH!!! J-JAIME!!”

Rachel leaned back as if trying to escape herself. Rapid breaths left her chest rising and falling in little puffs. Her hands remained hidden below its bulk.

“What?? What’s happening??”

Jaime didn’t have to wait long for an answer. Slowly, Rachel’s breasts started to shift and lift away from her body. Something was pushing against them, bringing Rachel’s eyes to widen in stunned saucers.

“It’s-- Ahh!!! Mmmnghhhhh the PRESSURE!!! I think my chest and hips are full!! The pressure is moving!! Jaime!! I-I think my stomach is--”

GUUUURRRMMMMGLE!!!

Her cleavage parted. From below rose a new mound, plump, firm, and rounded into a purple dome. Gurgling and growling, Rachel’s belly distended into view. It glistened in her hands

as she cradled the swelling globe in fright. Juice ran between her legs in waves due to the overwhelming sensations assaulting Rachel's body on all fronts.

"It's growing!! M-My belly is filling up!!!"

GUUURRRRRRRGLE!!

"I-I-I look PREGNANT!!!"

Jaime stared. There were no words available in her mind. She only watched as Rachel's abdomen bloated between her breasts, pushing them out and apart as it surpassed a massive pumpkin in girth. The remains of her panties sank into her stretching navel like twine before popping stitches announced their end.

"My underwear!!! It's-- It's too tight!! I'm too big!!! I-I THINK THEY'RE GONNA--"

SHRIIIIP!!!

Lace burst around Rachel's hips to fully reveal her naked form. Glistening purple skin reflected across the bottom half of her belly. A tiny mound protruded like half of a tennis ball where her belly button should have been, quivering against the pressure held behind it.

"I'M BLOWING UP!! I'M FUCKING SWELLING UP WITH JUICE LIKE A HUMAN BALLOON!!!"

"We need to move!!!" Jaime pushed Rachel to one side to move behind her. Hands against her shoulders, she pushed her partner down the hall. *"Come on!! Step by step!!!"*

Sloosh!!

"Ah!! N-Not so hard! Not so hard!! If I fall, I'll--"

"Yea?? And what about if you get stuck in here?! What then?!"

Rachel whimpered, terrified by the thought as her belly reached the size of a yoga ball. Gallon upon gallon of juice shifted with every stop, carrying her curves in careening sways. Containing her bulk with only two arms was impossible, especially as her belly demanded more space and fought against her breasts like an angry sibling.

"Your ass is already hitting the walls on each side!! NOW MOVE!!!"

They rounded a corner. Light filtered through an opening less than twenty meters ahead. They had reached the exit.

Sqqquveeeeeaaaaaaak!!

"Ahhh!! Nnnghhhh, Jaime!!!" Rachel complained, her breasts and hips rubbing against the walls. Hot, sticky juice flooded her feet from gushing nipples and pussy. *"I can't!! I'm not going to make it out!!!"*



“Like hell you won’t!! Push!! Suck it in!!”

GUVURRRRRGLE!!!

Rachel’s thighs compressed against the walls. They screamed to be spread apart, but the stone prison would have nothing of the sort. The result left her feet handicapped, inching forward against the pressure of her thighs pushing harder and tighter.

“Hurry!!!”

“I’m... I-I’m going as fast...as I can!!” Cleavage piled into Rachel’s face. Releasing her breasts meant letting them wedge themselves against the walls. They had to stay above her belly now. There was no room otherwise. To falter meant the end. *“They’re too big!! My chest is too big!!”*

The exit approached. Rachel could feel the sun’s heat and the jungle’s humidity. Only a few steps remained. A few steps, and the doorway.

Rachel froze, her breaths rapid puffs of blueberry sweetness.

“What are you doing?!”

Rachel hugged her breasts and looked back at Jaime. *“T-The doorway is more narrow than the hall!! There’s no way I’ll--”*

SMACK!!!!

“MMGGAAHHH!!!!”

A stinging slap connected with Rachel’s ass. The spank jolted her forward like a startled horse. The door rushed forward. She leaned with her weight, hugging her breasts together as best she could.

SQUUUULLLLCH!!!

The sound made her heart drop. Pressure skyrocketed around her body.

“Jaime?! J-Jaime?!” Attempts to move were fruitless. Rachel’s feet slid against mossy ground, her hands flailing outside the door. *“I THINK I’M STUCK!!! I THINK I’M FUCKING STUCK!!”*

Flesh bulged around the stone doorway. Breast, belly, hip, and thigh mashed together to wedge their owner in place.

GUUUURRRRRGLE!!!

Juice swirled with anger within her constrained body. Panic gripped Rachel as the sides of her belly tightened around the door, trying to bloat itself wider. *“AAHHHH I’M GETTING FULLER!!!”* Tit flesh firmed into her face to block her view ahead.

“SUCK IT IN!!” Jaime yelled.

Hands pushed against her back seconds later.

SLLLLCH!!

“AHH!! Ahhhh be gentle be gentle!!! I’m too tight!!! The door is too tight!!!”

“I am not going to die in here because you can’t fit your fat ass through the door!! NOW PUSH!!”

Jaime heaved again. Rachel felt her body squeeze forward, her curves bulging tight and puffy around the stone.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

“Jaime...!! The...pressure!!” Rachel panted with lack of breath. *“It’s...too much!! The door is squeezing me...!!”*

CRREEAAAAAAAK!!

Her hands clenched as her breasts swelled to bury them against the doorway. As if she were a stress ball trapped in a vice, Rachel’s body squished forward in ridges of bulging purple and blues.

SPLRRRRRTCH!!!

SPLRRRRRTCH!!!

Juice gushed from titanic nipples. It beat against her pussy like a dam ready to burst but her thighs were clamped together too tightly to allow anything to leak free. Rachel’s eyes bulged at her purple hues lightening with tightness.

“Gonna...burst!!! There’s too much juice!! I’M TOO FULL OF JUICE TO BE STUCK LIKE THIS!! Things are starting to stretch!! I-I can feel my skin pulling!! I think... I think I’m getting tighter!!”

Jaime's full weight rammed against her rear end in desperation.



CREEAAAANK!!

SPLRRRTCH!!!!

“AAHHHHH JAAIIMEEEEE!!! GET ME OUT GET ME OOOUUUTTT!!! THERE’S TOO MUCH JUUUUIIIICE!!!! I THINK I’M GONNA EXPL--”

SQLL--POOOMP!!!

The world jolted and spun. All at once, Rachel popped from the doorway like a cork before toppling forward. A belly the size of a kitchen table rammed into the ground to break her fall. Her legs sprang open at the demand of her titanic thighs. Nothing was left to the imagination amid the parting columns of purple flesh.

GUUUUUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!!!!!

The floodgates opened. Rachel was given no chance to catch her breath when juice flowed through her body. Helpless atop her stomach, she watched and flailed her hands across her skin as everything heaved and swelled.

“JAIME!! JAIME, WHAT’S HAPPENING TO ME?!”

Curves of skin rose around her. Her belly was taking over. It rounded out around her back and swelled low between her legs. Gradually her legs lost their form as they sank into the creeping sphere of her abdomen. The horizon of her breasts rose into her face, the base of her

chest at the whim of her belly. Her arms panicked to push her flesh away, but soon they too were forced to contend with the bloating roundness.

“M-My body!!! MY ENTIRE BODY IS BLOWING UP!!! I’m--” Rachel squeaked and gasped, her arms thickening before being pulled into her hot purple mass. *“I’M LIKE A--”*

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“Like a giant, ripe blueberry...? Ready to pop...?”

The words drifted to her ears, calm and amused. Rachel tried to flail but her limbs were too deep. She was immobile, rocking back and forth atop her stomach as Jaime casually approached her side. Sloshing juice echoed from within her body.

“W-What? Jaime, what are you--Mmph!” Flesh swelled around her chin and cheeks, muffling Rachel’s voice. Any semblance of her body was gone, replaced by a rounding purple sphere swallowing her up. The bases of her breasts stretched across the surface, pulling into wide domes. Their nipples stuck hard and straight, dark purple and leaking like fleshy nozzles.

“My myyyy... So round!” Jaime snickered. A hand placed itself against Rachel’s front. She waited a moment before pushing.

“Mmph!”

“Whoops!”

With no control of her own, Rachel cried out when the world tilted once more. Her body rolled until colliding with the side of the temple where it came to rest with her upside down. Rachel stared up, her breasts and hair in her face as Jaime approached.

“J...Jaime!! Get help!! I feel...I feel like I’m ripe!! I’m too full! Whatever this is, there’s too much!! I need to get it out!! What are you--MMMMMGH!”

SPLRRRRRTCH!!!!

Juice erupted from aching nipples when Jaime leaned against the spherical woman. A sigh left her lips and she wiped juice from her face, coated in the substance after their escape from the temple.

“You had me worried for a second...” Jaime laughed. *“Would have been tricky getting you out of there if you really did get stuck!”* She looked Rachel up and down. Over eight feet wide, her leaking blueberry body gurgled and churned like a tank of juice ready to burst. *“I had no idea you would balloon up like this... Guess you really are a descendant of the Mother Provider.”* With a grumble, she added, *“You better be after the bundle they spent tracking you down...”*

GUUUUURRRRGLE!!!

“M-Mmnggh!!!!” Rachel’s mind reeled. She couldn’t keep up with anything going on outside of her own body. Between the overwhelming stimulation attacking every intimate area and the sensation of juice flowing through her, Jaime’s words refused to process. *“Wh... What are you talking about?? Jaime, do something!! Why are you just standing there?! D-Do something before I burst!”*

She received no answer. Jaime stepped away, pulling a walkie-talkie from a clip on her belt. “Research team 2, come in...”

STRRRRTCH!!

Rachel’s eyes stared ahead as her spherical body rose around her head, sinking her deeper into herself. “J-Jaime???”

Someone responded over the walkie-talkie while Jaime fixed her juice-coated hair. “Yes, we’re ready for extraction. Went off without a hitch. You’ll want to come prepared for a heavy load.” Turning back, Rachel shivered when Jaime grinned and looked at the juice flowing from her breasts and crotch. “There’s going to be a lot more to...*extract*...than we anticipated.”

