

The Super Talented Cynthia Blue

Near N. Far

Smashwords Edition

Copyright 2014 Near N. Far

Discover other titles by Near N Far:

Half-Gallon Gal

Serum Blue

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

Thank you for downloading this ebook. This book remains the copyrighted property of the author, and may not be redistributed to others for commercial or non-commercial purposes. If you enjoyed this book, please encourage your friends to download their own copy from their favorite authorized retailer. Thank you for your support.

## The Super Talented Cynthia Blue

"Get ready for our next guest," Judy Longing is announcing in her trademarked chipper tone, cherry red lips stretched into an unnaturally wide smile, "Miss Cynthia Blue!"

Blue is a stage name, obviously, but Cynthia is my actual first name. I figure the only people who would know or care would be my friends and family, and there's no point in lying about my identity to them. Besides, after my time on stage is up, no one watching American Super Talent Showdown will be very concerned with the truthfulness of my name.

Ms. Longing continues her duties as host, regaling the audience with bits of trivia about my history. In reality, she is doing what she always does—making shit up and spouting it in a sing-song voice while a few family photos of me play on a projector screen behind her. Tuning out the song and dance, I turn my attention to the full body mirror placed just off stage for contestants to check themselves before taking the stage. I feel the smile overtaking my face as I run down my checklist.

Pigtails with immaculately straight bangs? Check.

Sultry blue eye shadow? Check.

Deep violet lipstick? Check.

Scandalously thin white button-down with tiny purple tie? Check.

Sheer lacy violet bra propping up my perky C's? Quick peek down my blouse and check.

Super short purple plaid skirt? Check.

Friilly purple thong? A peppy little butt wiggle confirms it. Check.

Knee-high purple socks? Check.

Black heels polished to a shine? Check.

With the checklist completed, my attention is snapped back to Judy's overly cheerful delivery of my introduction, which she seems to be wrapping up with a clichéd "and she's come all this way to perform for the first time just for YOU!"

Sure, Judy, I got super talented overnight without every trying out my routine, so now I'm going to give this whole "performing" thing a whirl.

The thought makes me chuckle silently while the cue for me to take the stage begins to play. Strapping on my most convincing innocent schoolgirl expression, I grab my prop backpack and

skip merrily out into the spotlight which has just the faintest blue hue to it. Good, I thought to myself, they seem to have gotten my performance notes. All that I needed to ensure was—yes! They put out the school desk per my request. With all of the details in place, I bow to the audience, the men noticeably going crazy, though I'm certain I heard more than a few women shouting some... let's say "encouraging" words.

I try hard to convey a look of "Sexy? Me?" and the crowd is eating it up. I can tell they're dying to see what I'm going to do. But first, it's my chance to have some fun.

The soft, sensual music begins to play, heavy on the saxophone but falling short of "cheesy porn soundtrack." The lights in the auditorium begin to dim, and I walk purposefully toward the desk, dragging my backpack along the stage behind me. Sitting down in the desk facing the audience head-on and slowly crossing my legs, the music is overlaid by the faint sound of a school bell followed by a woman's voice (my friend Felicia's, actually) saying "Okay, class, I know you're excited about graduation, but we are still in school, so quiet down." The music softens.

The crowd begins to grow silent, and the voice over continues, "I hope I don't need to remind you that drinks and food, especially GUM, are against. The. Rules!" As the final word is delivered sternly, I give a shrug and roll me eyes in a defiant "I don't care about your rules" gesture. With the teacher's voice carrying on about the day's topics and growing more faint, the sax once more floods from the speakers all around the audience and myself.

Listening for the audible "gasp" I know to be coming soon, I bend sideways toward the backpack, making certain the crowd has a clear line of sight into my deep cleavage, and unzip it with a decisive jerk, reaching in and retrieving the only contents inside, a single stick of gum. With the gum in hand, I sit upright again, pausing to uncross my legs and cross them back slowly enough to get the attention of everyone in the front few rows. With a rapid scan of the faces there, I pinpoint one handsome stud who seems to be eagerly drinking in the view. He will be my focal point.

With a mischievous smile and a furtive glance to either side, I slowly unwrap the sparkling aquamarine foil around the gum, carefully keeping it feeling like a tiny, sugary strip tease. All the while, I'm locking eyes with Mister Can't-Get-Enough and once or twice ensuring I run my tongue seductively over my lips. My boy toy in the audience is now gawking so obviously that I'm sure he's happy to be sitting down for fear of embarrassment. Heh, I laugh to myself, he hasn't seen anything yet. This is still the warm up.

That in mind, I quickly pop the stick of gum into my mouth, chewing it until the familiar flavor of sweet and tart blueberries fills my mouth. With each smack of my jaw, I feel a fresh burst of warm, gushing juice intermingle with my saliva before trickling over my tongue and down my throat.

I've performed this routine enough times that my brain has permanently linked the taste and texture of the juice with the thrill to come, and my body is already reacting. My neck is beginning to glisten with tiny beads of sweat, winding a path down the arch of my back; inside my silky bra, my nipples are standing erect; and my violet thong is becoming soaked by my pussy. I absolutely love the part that comes next.

The gum's blueberry flavored juice threatens to explode from my mouth, but I swallow hard. Mere seconds later, I must swallow again. Then again. And again. The flood of juice continues to assault my oral cavity as I prepare for the transformation about to overtake my slender, curvaceous frame.

I stare intensely into gawking guy's eyes while hearing, as much as feeling, the build-up of blueberry juices in my stomach gurgling as the first changes begin. The sound of murmurs sweeping the crowd informs me that the outwardly visible signs of the change are beginning to show. I've done this enough times to know that, so far, the only notable difference is the deep blue-violet hue my stomach is taking on, the midriff button-down of my outfit revealing this to the onlookers, even with the desk partially obstructing their view.

The soft murmurs grow more restless as, based on my mental tracking of the transformation's timing, the coloration is spreading outward into my upper torso, arms, and thighs. With an overly exaggerating chewing motion, I keep chomping on the gum, savoring every drop of seemingly never ending juice the small gooey wad issues forth. Meanwhile, my arms, which are approaching fully blue, are busy caressing my breasts and legs.

A few moments later, I feel the familiar sensation of my schoolgirl top pulling snugly against my flesh as my belly begins to swell with an overabundance of juices. My mock-innocent grin swiftly changes to a full-on seductive combo of smiling and laughing, and Gawker is still fixated on my body with looks of both desire and uncertainty fighting for control of face.

As the thin cotton fabric of my top is pulled tight by the ever expanding orbs of wobbling blue flesh that are my stomach and breasts which continue to march outward, I gulp down another helping of juice and throw my legs wide, hoping that most of the audience is able to get a good look at the purple thong beneath my skirt before my now billowing thighs close in on it from both sides. The aged wood of the desk begins to groan beneath the growing load of my body as I begin to pudge out all over. My belly continues to swell, pushing firmly against wrap-around desk, and my limbs are becoming doughy and plump as juice fills up my body to the point that even my arms are being muffin topped by my sleeves.

Already expecting it, I look straight down to see my tits still growing larger at a steady rate, straining both my bra and top to the point that buttons are holding on for dear life. The pressure beneath my skin is growing more intense all over as the gum's juice continues to pour down my throat, into my stomach, and out into every inch of my figure. There is a sound of tearing as I feel my skirt begin to give up, and the desk, from the symphony of cracking and groaning of the

wood, is considering the same. Hoping that this desk is as rickety as it appears, I inhale deeply, careful not to choke on the torrent of liquid still running down the back of my throat, and then let my body release the breath in one sudden burst.

The sad little desk never stood a chance. Screws fire outward in all directions and wood splinters beneath my ever increasing girth as, where there was once a desk, there is now only me, sitting amidst the wreckage in my jiggling, blue splendor. As sometimes occurs, the desk appears to not be alone in its fate; my skirt lies in a shredded heap alongside the metal bars and bits of wood.

Judy cries from off stage, "Oh my! Let's get a big round of applause for Miss Blue!"

Oh, I'm not done yet, Judy.

The crowd erupts with cheering and clapping, but they are quickly quelled as I pull myself up and hoist a weighty arm into the air, causing that particular sleeve to be sundered as azure flesh ripples from the sudden break. At that exact moment, the soft seductive sax of my soundtrack is replaced by jaunty burlesque rhythms. With each beat of the song, I thrust my now awe inspiring rack outward, sending a button careening with each motion. I'm at the same time loosening my tie which is beginning to grow uncomfortable as my neck, too, is widening with the rest of my body.

Once the last button is no more, I rip open my shirt to another wave of cheers, revealing the F-Cup wonders trying desperately to escape from the oppressive confines of my little purple brassiere. The audience is going crazy as I stand before them, quickly growing to resemble a big blue ball... a giant blueberry, wearing nothing but a nearly defeated lace bra and a thong whose tensile strength is being sorely tried as my legs are each nearly as big around as my entire torso before the performance began.

Still thrusting my pelvis in time with the score and the bubbling and gurgling of the juice sloshing and pouring its way into my still expanding physique, I give a seductive wink to Gawker who seems to be on the verge of passing out from over-stimulation and quickly spin on around and bend forward ninety degrees, thrusting my giant cobalt ass cheeks into the air as my pussy attempts to swallow my soaking wet undies. It's a very tricky maneuver when you've just put on about one hundred pounds of extra weight in blueberry juice, but I've done it at least a few dozen times over the past year, so I've got the hang of it.

The rapid motion prompts a sudden tearing sound, as the stretching, straining knit of my socks is torn apart, allowing my widening calves to spread outward. Shaking my ass to the still thumping burlesque tune, I can feel my cheeks become a pair of perfectly round, juicy globes, swallowing up my tree trunks of legs. Up top, I can feel the straps of my bra digging into my back and shoulders as the combined forces of my M (maybe N) cup monsters and rounding back finally prove too much for the sad piece of lingerie. The clasp virtually disintegrates and the straps rip

apart as the tatters of sheer purple fabric are flung yards across the open stage, letting the twins spring forth like a bountiful harvest, ushered forth by the forceful pull of gravity.

The sudden release of pressure is such a rush that I can't help but let out a small moan, followed by a steady stream of blue liquid from each of my puffy, swollen, deep plum colored nipples which are dangerously close to touching the glistening wood planks of the stage. The sensation of the dam breaking on those pent up juices is such a turn-on that I feel more warm fluid leaking down my leg.

All of my focus is directed toward keeping myself from cumming. That comes later. For now, I stand up straight once more and turn to face the awe-struck faces looking on. My body is nearing a perfectly round shape as my arms and legs are being sucked into the purple-blue mass of juice and flesh that is my torso. Losing sight of the routine I've done many times over, my mind is pulled to the sensation of my taut, soggy thong digging into my dripping pussy and scraping against my swollen, sensitive clitoris.

"Mmm," the moan escapes my mouth before I realize it. I quickly bite my lip in a dual purpose seduction technique and attempt to refocus my attention on the big finale. With one last massive gulp of bitter nectar, I swallow the gum, sealing my fate. There are only a few seconds left before the crowd becomes witness to the best part of this whole routine.

With the tide of juice no longer tempered by my rhythmic swallows, the building pressure kicks into overdrive, pushing my tits outward to the point that I can no longer see my spherical belly, the stage, or much of the front few rows of the crowd, rounding out my already absurdly proportioned gut and ass, and swallowing up my legs and arms down to the tips of my toes and fingers, virtually immobilizing me on stage. The engorging is so intense that even my head is widening and being sucked into my shoulders, bending the frame of my glasses and leaving my raven colored pigtails splayed across what were once defined shoulders, looking like the crown of an actual blueberry. Nowhere left to go without intense resistance from my now very elastic skin, the juice in my gut begins to back up. I taste the bitter sweetness again, as the stuff begins to drip steadily from the corners of my lips.

Ahead of me, I feel my nipples becoming bigger, firmer, ready to burst, a fine spray of deep amethyst still dousing the stage, making the floor beneath me more and more slick every second. It's a good thing, too, because my tiny undies, as stretchy as they are, have been brought to their limit, disappearing between my ass cheeks and labia, swallowed up in blue, leaving my bare clit exposed, pinched between taut fabric and a hard wooden floor.

Ready to finish, I begin to rock back and forth with the music, the swaying becoming more pronounced with each rep due to the building effects of the juices sloshing back and forth in my bulbous berry body. Each tiny motion causes my hyper sensitive genitals to rub against the floor, lubricated by the mixture of juice leaking from my vagina and nipples. The pleasure is coming to

a crescendo, as is the music. I let out a cry of "Oh God, YES!" but all the crowd can hear is a stifled shriek issuing from the dimple into which my head as been absorbed into my mass.

The orgasm, as it always does, rocks me to my very core. An unholy combination of mounting pressure, wobbling tits, and rhythmic thrusts is met with a sudden release as my pussy and nipples erupt with gallons upon gallons of sticky, thick blueberry juice, soaking myself, the stage, and the crowd. With the sudden release of fluids, I can feel the rumbling in my gut quell itself as the gum's effect has been used up, and my body is deflating to an albeit discolored and pudgy version of its former self.

The crowd goes wild, and I can see Gawker once more, there in the third row, wiping juice from his face and licking his fingers. As Judy trots out onto the stage, carefully tiptoeing around the puddles as best as she can, I'm not even listening to what she's saying. No, my mind is on Gawker and the private show I intend to give him later.

###

Thank you for reading this short. If you enjoyed it, please consider my other works also available at Smashwords: Half-Gallon Gal & Serum Blue.

Thanks!

Near N. Far

**Find me online:**

<http://nearnfar.deviantart.com>