

In the depths of the greed ring, the place where Beelzebub held sway, a crowd had gathered outside of a massive structure. It was a colorful collection of honeycombed tiles, built from magic glass with mixtures of sugars and honey flowing through the tiles. Backlit by garishly colored spotlights, it was the number one eyesore and destination for residents of hell, it was the Honey Lodge. Lodge wasn't an apt name, as in reality, it was Hell's largest candy factory, a place where Beelzebub made all of Hell's most popular treats, like the Chill Out chocolates and the Mindblower mints. The reason people crowded around it was to see the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to glimpse the factory's interior.

The doors were always shut; nobody came in, nobody came out: the place was large enough that any workers there could live in it, not that anyone was ever hired. It was as big of a mystery as anything else, but today was different. Beelzebub was hosting a small factory tour, an event she did on a whim, showing off the interior to a lucky set of winners. Under the wrapper of a select few of her Chill Out bars was a solid gold ticket, the ticket to get into the tour. The people gathered around for the tour were the normal types you'd see at a candy factory opening. Skinny demons that were so tweaked out on sugar that they looked closer to meth addicts and then bulbous and corpulent denizens of the greed ring, the kind who just ate every chocolate bar until they found the ticket. Nestled between those two was a rather surprising figure, a Hellhound, a particular Hellhound. Loona, against all of her better judgement, had attended the tour after finding her ticket on an impulse purchase.

She couldn't even eat chocolate, so the fact that she even bought one in the first place was total happenstance. Moxie had given her money to grab something from the vending machine, and since she liked seeing him pissed off, she bought the opposite of what he wanted. He'd asked for some low-calorie, natural jerky crap, and Loona thought it would be funny to buy the unhealthiest thing she could think of, a chocolate bar. Since he was on some diet, he threw it to Loona; she opened it out of curiosity and was greeted by the glimmering gold. Moxie bitched and moaned about it being his money, which only made Loona want the ticket more, so she took it. Now she was regretting it, as she was stuck in the crowd looking like some school kid and stuck with a babysitter.

Loona's current outfit was a far cry from her normal crop top and short shorts; even her spiked collar had been replaced with a red one to match the belt. In all his wisdom, Blitz had dressed his daughter in conservative blue leggings with a button-up jacket that came down past her waist. A thick red belt was fastened around the waist, cinching it to give it the appearance of a dress. Hiked up on digitigrade paws, she stood heads taller than all the other winners. With a coat of glistening white fur and a furious mane of gray hair that came all the way down to her waist, blending with her bushy black tail, she was a beacon amongst the group.

The babysitter in question was Millie, the premier hand-to-hand combat specialist of her dad's business, I.M.P. As an imp from the Wrath Ring, she was a little cherry of a woman, tomato-red skin and horns that poked from her wild frock of hair. Her yellow eyes fluttered in excitement as she looked back at the factory. Wearing torn leggings that clung to her thicc legs, she looked like a woman who had seen her fair share of scuffles. She bounced excitedly on her

heels, rocking back and forth as she waited for the tour to start. Loona barely cared about the whole thing, struggling to summon an iota of emotion, until the doors opened.

Blasting her way out of the factory doors was Beelzebub, the demon of greed; garbed in practically nothing, she was a glittering bug of a demon. With a long fennec snout and pointed ears that ended in long antennae on the top of her head, she looked like a hybrid between bee and fox. Her ripped pink tee had a heart opening over her furry cleavage, but it was hard to look at without your eyes being drawn lower. Nestled above her shapely thighs was her abdomen, a honey yellow vessel that was filled with constantly shifting colors, looking almost liquid in nature. The colors shifted and dripped like a lava lamp, matching the multicolored mane of hair that blazed like fire from her head. Her tiny wings fluttered excitedly as she flew up the group, ready to greet them before she caught Loona standing in the crowd.

"Hell yeah, bitches. Got a good crop of winners this time, oooh! Is that the sweet pup that Vortex dragged along last year?" Beelzebub stopped her grand introduction to flutter over to Loona. "What's with the outfit? You ditching the goth look?"

"It's...it's nothing. My dad just thought you guys were a weird sex shop and didn't want me going out with anything exposed." Loona awkwardly rubbed her arm, avoiding eye contact with the multicolored demon.

"I mean, sex shit happens here, but not on the clock or anything. My little honeys can get freaky when they're bored. Total buzzkill, though. Who's your guest?" Beelzebub pointed down to the small imp at Loona's side.

"I'm Millie, a proud employee of I.M.P. and here to keep an eye on Loona here. Also, oh my gosh, I love your candy. Seeing this place has been a dream of mine since I was a little kid." Millie bounced excitedly on her heels as she stared up at Beelzebub.

"That's crazy...wow." Beelzebub couldn't hide her disinterest as she left the pair and went down the line, greeting the rest of her guests.

They waited for a bit longer as Beelzebub greeted and flirted with her different guests, jiggling the fat of the corpulent demons and tweaking out with the sugar-high ones. While she did, it only made Loona more self-conscious about the outfit she was in and where she was. She never fit in with places like these, so being out in a big crowd only made her feel more vulnerable and more agitated. Her red eyes scrunched in frustration as she waited for the tour to start.

"God, this sucks. I don't know why I even came here. I look like I'm a fruit." Loona huffed as she looked at the ground.

"Huh? What makes ya say that?" Millie looked up in surprise at Loona's outburst.

"Cuz we're at a fuckin candy factory! We could be at a club, or I could be with my friends, but no." Loona huffed, rolling her eyes in frustration.

"If ya didn't want to come, you coulda just let Moxie have the ticket. We love couples' dates like this." Millie's eyes glistened at the idea of having a tour like this with Moxie.

"Hell no, it was way funnier to see how mad he got." Loona crossed her arms in satisfaction, smiling at the memory of Moxie's frustration.

Before long, Beelzebub flew back into the center of the courtyard, shooting fireworks from her hands and throwing out glitter.

"Okay everyone! Let's get this thing moving! Get your asses in gear; I just did a line, and I am not feeling patient atm." Beelz snapped open the factory's double doors, to the group.

Smoke shot out from behind her as more pyrotechnics went off, ushering the rest of the crowd into the factory, letting the doors shut behind them with a slam.

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The factory tour was a bit more entertaining than Loona had expected; the first room showcased edible stickers of Beelzebub's design. Little images drifting through seas of honeycomb; some looked like fruits, while others looked like genitalia of all kinds. Beelzebub herself took one that was shaped like a pill bottle, something she warned the others against as her eyes started to dilate. She followed the rest of the group, grabbing a small apple-shaped sticker that tasted like hard cider. They moved from the foyer to the grand candy room, a vivid landscape of plants and goods made out of pure sugar. Complete with a chocolate river that Millie gleefully drank from, it was a thing out of dreams. They went from room to fantastical room in the factory, seeing more fantastical sights than any should. None of those fantastical sights were doing anything to boost Loona's mood as they walked into the experimental wing of the factory.

Stark white walls surrounded them on all sides, machines striped with spiraling paint that led to tankers of bubbling candy. At the back wall were long conveyor belts of candy, rejected pieces and sweets, all being sorted by Beelzebub's Honeys. Good ones were being removed, stored in containers, while the rest fell into some open pit. The crowd looked on in wonder, but Loona simply rolled her eyes as she walked in, waiting a moment for Millie to catch up. Millie had gone a little hard in the previous rooms, guzzling the chocolate river for so long that the Honeys had to pull her away from it. Then she did the same in the cider sampling room, stealing enough fizzy-lifting booze to make her bloat up like a balloon, which is what she was at this point.

***Slosh***

## ***Slosh***

The sound of crashing liquid grew closer as Millie dragged her oversized gut across the tile. Millie's indulgence had resulted in her trim tummy turning into a heaving stomach that stretched the waistline of her pants, creeping over it like a red blimp. It was large enough that it touched the floor when she walked, sagging and sloshing like it was full of water. Her powerful legs were barely able to haul the thing along as she dragged it into the next room. When she finally made it, she looked up, catching a glance of Loona's sour face.

"Come on, cheer up a little. This place is a blast." Millie put a hand on Loona's hip as she tried to comfort the poor girl.

"What are you talking about? I'm having a great time. Look at how much fun and whimsy there is." Loona rolled her eyes as she looked down at Millie. "Besides, you're having enough fun for the both of us anyways.

"Come on now, just because I'm enjoying myself doesn't mean you can't. You just have to branch out a little." Millie gestured toward the room around them as emphasis. "We're in an experimental room; the stuff in here are things that nobody's seen before. Just... I don't know, try something."

As Millie spent her time convincing Loona about the possibilities of the experimental room, Beelzebub was gathering up the tour. She brought them to a collection of metal canisters, their technicolor wrappings ending in a clear container on the front. In that clear container was a lumpy-looking sweet. It was a spiral of conflicting colors that seemed to shift before their very eyes. Beelzebub paused as the crowd gathered round, their eyes widening in wonder; even Loona let herself be distracted by the little sweet.

"Okay people. Ya'll have been great. Except that red one over there, one of the Honeys threw out her back rolling your fat ass away from the river. So I've got a worker's comp case on my hands." Beelzebub pointed to Millie, specifically motioning around her swollen stomach. "Anyways, these little babies are my pride and joy. Everlasting party poppers. They taste like a fucking party in your mouth, and they'll never run out of flavor."

Beelzebub motioned for everyone to come close as she flipped open the glass for her little candies. Loona watched as the group crowded around them, taking a piece and popping it in their mouth. Despite her grouchiness, Loona decided to take Millie's advice and adventure a little, grabbing one of the Poppers. The moment it graced her tongue, she was hit with an overwhelming rush of flavor. Her tongue tickled with the familiar singe of alcohol, buzzing cider danced across her taste buds as she swished it around in her mouth. Fruity and tart, her favorite style of cider; even their berry flavor wasn't too bad. A smile began to creep across Loona's face as she let her guard down a little.

"Told ya'll, that stuff is the shit." Beelzebub had a smug smile on her face as she spotted Loona's grin. "Now come along; we got some other things to show you."

Beelzebub led the crowd down through the hall, showing off all of her newest experiments as they stared in wonder. Everyone was following her, save for Loona; Loona decided to take Millie's advice a little more in stride and had started wandering around the lab. Walking through various displays, she just let her instincts carry her; each of the tables had odd collections of gummies and hard candies. Pocketing the party popper, she started sampling the, tossing them into her mouth one after another. The tastes were unique, some good, some bad, but the sampling spree was starting to put Loona in a flow.

As she walked into the back rows of the room, she saw Beelzebub's Honeys; workers were demons made in her own image, little bee demons with much more exaggerated proportions than the original. With shapely hips and thick wagging tails, they were like compressed versions of Beelzebub herself. Their insectoid faces twitched back and forth as they worked on some new sweet, a baby blue strip of gum that hadn't even gotten a package yet. The smell coming from it almost lifted Loona off her feet, drawing her in like a beckoning hand as she stared at them working on it. She followed the conveyor belt to the end of the room where the gum was falling into a deep pit, one that she couldn't see the bottom of. Looking back and forth between the main tour group and the belt, she waited until everyone was distracted. With a swift swipe of her paw, she grabbed the next one in line before it fell into the pit; she held it in her hands; it was so sweet she could taste it in the air. Without a second thought, she popped it into her mouth, chewing it as she walked back to the group.

The flavor of it was amazing, the most vibrant and intense fruit flavor she'd ever had; it specifically tasted like something she'd had on earth, blueberry. Each chew was an explosion of fruit juice, a splash of flavor that trickled down her throat. She was so lost in the flavor that she didn't notice when she'd met back up with the group, kneeling Millie in her bloated gut when she arrived.

"Ow. Where did you go?" Millie rubbed her blimp as she stared back up at Loona.

"Went on a little detour. You said to try new things." Loona looked pretty pleased with herself as she started to blow a bubble.

***Fsfhhhhh***

The sight of a blooming blue bubble caught Beelzebub's attention, watching the orb inflate in front of Loona's nose before popping unceremoniously.

"Hold up. Where'd you get gum?" Beelzebub looked at Loona with anger in her eyes.

***Pop***

The bubble popped, splattering juices on the ground as Loona pulled it back into her mouth, her muzzle being tinged a brilliant blue.

"I found it. Why?" Loona replied with the kind of sardonic tone that only a goth could come up with.

"Because that stuff is experimental." Beelzebub growled, her normally friendly eyes turning a bright red.

"Yeah, everything here is, but this one's not too bad." Loona was starting to get a bit of smugness to her responses; annoying Beelzebub was getting fun.

"Yeah, but it does weird shit...wait, why am I even arguing with you? Give it." Beelzebub buzzed off from the group and to Loona.

### ***Grlllll***

Loona's hound instincts kicked in at the prospect of giving up her treat; she bared her fangs and let out a growl. Beelzebub grabbed at the girl's mouth, trying to wriggle her fingers in between her mouth, but Loona's jaws were snapped shut. It was a wrestling match of wolf vs demon, as Loona's head twisted and veered away from Beelzebub's grip. It was a comical sight, seeing an archdemon of hell struggle to remove a single piece of gum from an angry dog; during the struggle, Loona's fur was starting to shift color. Onlookers originally chalked it up to some spilt juice from her gum, but as the bit of color spread, they could see it was something different. At the tip of her snout was a splotch of blue that had been spreading; the rough patch of flesh was like a blot of spilled ink. A navy blue patch that seeped into her fur, turning the tip of her nose blue, turning the whole of her lips blue.

"Just ***hnnngggg*** give it. Seriously, why am I doing this? I can just force it open." Beelzebub muttered to herself as she released her hands.

### ***Ulp***

Before Beelzebub could summon whatever magic she was about to bring to bear, she watched Loona's throat bulge with a suspicious lump. She watched the lump travel down into Loona's gut and saw the telltale signs.

"Now what? Huh? Gonna cut it out of...***oouurrrrl*** Oh, that feels funky." Loona stopped as she heard a hollow growling from her stomach.

"No duh it feels funky, girl; that shit turns you into a fruit. Look, you're already turning blue." Beelzebub held up a compact mirror to the dyed hellhound.

"You **booooourrritch**, why didn't you say that? Fuck, I'm the same color as my clothes now." Loona held a hand to her cheek, pushing against her skin to make sure it wasn't paint or something.

To her chagrin, her hands were starting to turn blue as well, like the color was rubbing off on them. It seeped down from her head to her toes, turning every bit of her fur a blueberry blue.

"I don't know, that candy I ate earlier had LSD, so cut me a break. Like, fuck, you stole from me anyways." Beelzebub held her head in annoyance as she glared at Loona.

***Bibbbbl***

***Roooooorrrl***

Loona's stomach let out another howl; this time it was accompanied by a liquidus bubbling. She could feel a weight in her stomach, an uneven load that felt like she was retaining water. She could feel her contents start to slosh when she took a step forward, as the fruit taste permeated her taste buds; it was like her saliva had turned into juice. She could feel it welling up in her cheeks; that once electric berry taste was starting to dull, to become something lesser. The feeling of pressure in her stomach wasn't dissipating; it was only growing as time passed, a bloat that only kept growing. Instinctively, she gave her stomach an affirming pat, feeling it through the fabric of her dress. What she felt didn't bring her any comfort, as what she felt was a round bubble on her torso. She pressed it, feeling it wobble and recoil from a single poke; her belly was filling with juice. It was no illusion, no trick of her senses; she could feel her stomach growing.

"I know you just dropped some drugs, but what the fuck is happening to me?!" Loona shouted at her host, her teeth snarling as she approached.

"Back off there, Fido, I'm not the one who stole untested shit. But, guessing from the fact that you're blue, smell like fruit, and are definitely filling up with juice, I'm guessing you're becoming a blueberry." Beelzebub uttered that sentence without a single ounce of sarcasm.

"I'm sorry, did you say I'm...rlglgl...ow, my stomach, what's..." Loona immediately shifted from anger to discomfort as she clutched her growing paunch.

She doubled over, curling around an orb that prevented her from moving much further; her tail shot straight up as she felt that feeling of bloat crawl lower.

***Fppppbbbbbtttt***

There was a second where she could have prevented that expulsion, as a loud trumpet of gas blew from her backside. A blue mist trailed after the expulsion, laced with a scent of fruit and the sickly sweetness of juice. She looked around sheepishly, shrinking back like a violet as

the crowd gawked at her with a mixture of disgust and confusion. The only one doing anything different was Millie, who in her rugged upbringing was more than happy to celebrate a good gas.

"Hell yeah, that's what I'm talking about. Let me see if I can join ya a little bit." Millie started shaking her rotund stomach, forcing it to slosh in an attempt to jostle her pilfered drinks.

***Bibblblbb***

***Fppbbbbbtttt***

Millie, in her attempt at solidarity, let out her own bubbling fart, her inflated gut rippling with the massive gale. As her blustering gas ripped from her backside, the crowd around her began to disperse, moving away from her and getting away from the whole gassy affair.

"Wait, no, y'all can't run out like that..." Beelzebub looked about in confusion as the crowd started to leave.

***Snap***

Beelzebub snapped her fingers, summoning her Honeys to trail along with the crowd, keep them on the rails while she dealt with the Loona situation. The only ones left in the room were Loona, Millie, and herself. While the crowd left, the fluid that piled up inside of Loona only accumulated more. A sloshing collection of juice that made her whole body wobble.

***Glunk***

***Glorp***

***Bwom***

The heavy weight in her stomach let out a sickly growl as it swelled, filling with more juice than she'd ever felt in her life. It leaked from the corners of her mouth, filling her cheeks as she tried to keep it inside. Her stomach was rapidly growing from the slight potbelly to a ball-like swell on her abdomen. The belt around her waist was drawing tight over her tum, the latch straining the leather as it dug into her growing stomach, forcing more sweet nectar from her mouth. She took a few steps back in surprise, each step leading to a seismic shift in her stomach; each step she took back made her ass surge out in size. Her tight cheeks were ballooning out with excess juice as her waist started to widen with them. Her whole body was heavy enough to knock her off her footing, almost sending her crashing on her backside. Every wobbling step was another surge of growth; when she finally stabilized, her ass was stretching the seat of her pants. Generous orbs of flesh that could make Verosika's succubus jealous, larger than Loona's head and still growing. The only thing that would make someone shy away from appreciating the was the constant gas they were spurting. [gassy text end] the orb heaving up and down along with her tits.

### ***Ffbbbpppppppttt***

More sprays of blue fog erupted from her ass, staining the surrounding tile with sickly sweet syrup as her ass expanded. The fermenting mixture of sugar and liquid wasn't agreeing with her sensitive stomach; her stomach started to tighten with the swelling bloat. It wasn't just her stomach; her whole body was starting to tighten as girth piled onto her waist. The juice in her stomach was making it take up more of her body, pushing it out and rearranging her pelvis. Soon the curve of her stomach was starting to wrap around towards her sides as well, growing rounder and wider as she struggled to keep her balance. Her heaving cheeks were sagging down to her knees as her thighs and hips started to widen, merging with the grand globes. It was like the juice inside of her was flooding her insides at an exponential rate, making her grow quicker than she could keep up with.

"So, umm. You said she was turning into a blueberry. Did you mean literally?" Millie looked at Loon with a bit of concern as her torso rounded out, patting her own gut in affirmation.

"Well, not literally. It's supposed to do that, but I still haven't gotten the formula right. So she's just gonna keep filling with blueberry booze until she pops." Beelzebub looked particularly nonplussed about the whole thing, treating it like an inconvenience.

"Huh? You don't see that every day. It's alcohol right? That why she keeps gassing up the place?" Millie looked over at Loona, watching her blast fumes from her backside.

"Oh yeah, that's part of the fermentation process. Girl's a brewery at this point." Beelzebub pointed to the bubbling sensation in Loona's gut.

"Loona! Great news! You're not turning into a blueberry, you're just gonna keep growing until you explode." Millie waved her hand excitedly towards her berrying friend. "Wait a minute."

### ***Hhooourrrrrrppp***

"That's not good news!" Loona growled at Millie before another belch blew her lips wide open.

### ***Bbrrrrrrrtttttt***

Loona opened her mouth to complain, but all she did was let loose another uproarious belch, sending blue fog rocketing out of her maw. Her growing stomach and body were pushing against her straining belt as the red chord bisected her form. Her upper and lower half were divided into two distinctly growing swells, forming great muffin tops of flesh as her pelvis was starting to widen. Her juicy haunches were turning into comical drumsticks of flesh as juiced seeped lower into her form. She was becoming more bottom-heavy by the second. Her constantly blasting ass was filling the air around her with a heavy fog as her cheeks rounded

into beanbags of liquid. Both Millie and Beelzebub looked on in bemused wonder as the mist hit their noses, immediately filling their tastebuds with the sweet taste of blueberry cider.

"Oh, fuck. We probably weren't supposed to breathe that in." A grin crept across Beelzebub's face as she felt the effect of the alcohol coursing through her system.

"That's, that's feeling really strong." Millie was starting to feel slightly woozy as the alcohol dulled her mind.

***Snap***

***Glunk***

***Slosh***

***fppppppppffftttt***

While the duo conversed, Loona's belt had finally given up the ghost, the brass latch snapping as the red cord swung around like a drawbridge. Free from the binding of the belt, her gut and lower half finally crashed into each other, turning into a singular curve. Her massive melons deflated slightly as her lower half widened, her legs shrinking into her body as her pelvis fell towards the floor. Her legs were vanishing under the bulk of her growth, her backside inflating into huge globes of flesh that would make Veorsika blush. They went from bubble butt to sloshing bean bags of juice, slapping against the ground with a wet clap as her ass collided with the tile. [gassy text] With the offending belt finally snapped, her lower half was free to merge with her upper. The bisected balloons turned into a single tapering curve that traveled up her form. In an instant, her upper half had rounded out to match her lower, her sloshing body wobbling up and down as her tits swelled to the size of melons and then larger than her head. The sloshing ocean of juice inside of her only frothed and angered with the motion, making more gouts of gas erupt from her backside as her form evened out.

***Bbrrrrttttt***

***Oooouurrrrllpp***

***Ppbbffftttttt***

The room was starting to fill with lingering mist as more gas sputtered from her cheeks, her rounded globes resting on the tile like oversized blobs. Every fart sent ripples through her body; every bubble and gurgle of her stomach was followed by another eruption of fog from her lips. She rose high into the sky, her torso raising up as it made room for the growing ocean of juice in her stomach. Her immense bosom was filling with the gas, sending the same berry mist into the air as they swelled. They went from head-sized blimps to weather balloons of juice and flesh, constantly dribbling with gas and erupting with bursts of mist. Loona's form was widening

as well; without a belt to keep her in check, she was growing wider than most were tall, a growing hill of blue fur peeking out from the waist line of her pants as her stomach rounded. Her gut was turning into a great slope of skin, one that trailed far down from her bust. While Loona struggled with her growth, Beelzebub and Millie were dealing with their own drunken ordeal.

The gas blasting from Loona's backside was pure aerosolized cider, something that circumvented the body's natural methods of alcohol dispersion. In such, they began to drunkenly stumble about, meandering towards Loona with half-concern and half-desire. Drawn in by the sweet scent, like a fly to honey, Beelzebub found herself being pulled towards the sloshing blimp. Her nature as the queen of greed overwhelmed her senses as she wanted to take a lap of that sweet nectar. Millie at least had enough tolerance to keep her wherewithal as she staggered closer, the heavy mass of chocolate in her gut aiding in that ordeal.

"Wha, wait. Shouldn't we do something about this? You know, before she explodes?" Millie hefted gut forward, rapidly regretting her choice to drink from the chocolate river like she did.

"Oh, yeah. If we can roll her to the juicing room, then she'll be fine. We just have to..." Beelzebub trailed off as her wings carried her to Loona's mouth.

***Hooummmpphhhh***

Loona let out another belch, but this time it was stopped, muffled by Beelzebub's snout pushing into her open throat. She was sucking the juice right out of her mouth, letting it drain down her throat as her gut filled out. She was looking closer to a honeypot ant than she was a bee, as her lava lamp stomach began to inflate. Gold mixed with blue in a swirl of color as her stomach swelled into a tear drop of flesh, a sloshing bag of juice that kept growing.

"Come on now!" Millie threw up her hands in annoyance as she saw Beelzebub begin to swell.

Both she and Loona were inflating at a rapid pace, Loona with her own juice and Beelzebub with a combination of the two. She rapidly turned into a vestigial berry to Loona, an orbiting moon to the larger globe that she was becoming. Millie at least had enough wherewithal to try and roll the both of them to the juicing room, a room that was surprisingly easy to find. Down the hall, on the opposite end of the room, stood two great double doors; plastered above them were the words "juicing room" lit up in neon lights. There was at least a modicum of safety standards present as Millie started rolling the great blimp down the hall. Her hands sinking into Loona's juicy flesh as she tried to find purchase.

***Brrrppt***

***Ffppbbttt***

***Grllllgggl***

***Fpbbbtttt***

Moving Loona down the hall was like trying to maneuver a gassy waterbed; she was heavy and sloshing, every time her rippling folds fell upon each other, she let out another spurt of gas. Each eruption of blue mist dyed Millie in that thickening coat, making her hair matte to her head, covering her cherry skin in a heavy syrup. Beelzebub had completely given in to her instincts, sucking down as much of that syrup as she could, drowning herself in the alcoholic mists that blew from Loona's cheeks. She swelled larger with every collapse of Loona's wobbling body, the weight of the juice within her compressing and expelling the gas.

***Bllblblb***

As Millie got closer to the juicing room, she felt an odd sensation in her stomach, a frothing bubbling that made her skin tingle. She didn't want to admit it, but Loona's blueberry change may be contagious; being so thoroughly coated in juice meant that some of it got into her mouth. Now that same bubbling was coursing through her already swollen stomach, making her gut slosh back and forth as the heavy load raged.

"That's not brooooouurp good. If I don't get these two in the room, then none of us will be getting out of here." Millie looked down at her overfilled stomach as it began to grow.

***Fppbbbttttttrrrr***

Every time Loona's massive girth hit the tile, her ass bellowed, spewing more of her azure fog. Millie could barely see; the heavy miasma was obscuring her vision as she pushed Loona closer to the juicing room. Loona's body was getting massive, overfilled to the point of absurdity. Her pants had snapped off her body, tearing away from her spherical crotch and opening the dam on a surging river of juice. Blue syrup sputtered from her pussy in a never-ending flow, her lips sputtering and twitching as her size increased. At this point, Millie barely came up to her waist, a diminutive sprite against her grand bulk.

***Ffffrttttttttt***

Millie looked up at Loona's tit, seeing the swollen form of Beelzebub still connected to Loona's chest, still guzzling juice. The fermenting cider was already having an effect on her body, filling her with more bubbles and gas than she was probably used to. Millie was at least able to see Beelzebub was deflating slightly from her expulsions; she just wished the mist she was spewing wasn't landing directly on her. It only made the feeling of bubbling in her own stomach intensify and made her own stomach start to swell. Millie felt her gut consuming more of her form, her bulk working against her as she kept pushing Loona towards the room.

***Rmbblblblb***

As Millie pressed her belly into Loona's massive form, she felt it rumble; a quaking pressure was forming inside of her. A gaseous bubble had popped sometime during travel, and it was welling up in her chest, making her grow at an alarming rate. Her flanks shot out, bowling over Millie and smothering her under a wall of blue flesh; she surged out in the front as well, becoming an even grander balloon. More juice spilled from her cavernous nethers as she rose in the air, growing taller and wider than a building, her top curve nearly scraping the ceiling as she swelled. Beelzebub was too drunk to notice the puffing of Loona's cheeks as her head receded into her own body. Loona's skin rose above her like a prison, pushing against the swelling sacs of her cheeks as Beelzebub kept greedily drinking the juice from her maw. She only opened her eyes when she felt the flow stop, and she saw Loona's cheeks swelling with something.

***Hooooourrrrrrrrrrppppppp***

It was gas; Loona's cheeks were swelling with gas as she let out the most raucous belch she'd ever experienced in her life. In an instant, all of that air, those fumes that had been welling up inside her rushed out in a cataclysmic evacuation. Beelzebub's eyes went wide as she took the brunt of the belch, filling with the expelled fumes as her rounded form expanded. She looked like a growing bulb, her body turning spherical as it filled with Loona's belch, her arms getting sucked in her form as she grew. She flapped helplessly against her body; there was an internal struggle as she inflated; Beelzebub was caught in her desire to keep taking in the sweet cider she'd developed and the physical struggle to hold on. Eventually, physics won out, and Beelzebub lost her slippery hold on Loona's maw.

***Roooooooooooooooooouurrrp***

***Brrrrrrrrpppppppttttt***

Like a deflating balloon, she shot through the air, propelled by her own gas; as she drifted through the air, she got close to the Juicing Room. Millie let go of Loona for a moment, rushing to try and catch the fluttering blimp as she flew through the air. Too drunk to use her wings properly, Beelzebub just enjoyed the ride, sailing through the double doors and bouncing around the room. Millie's chase had brought her just over the threshold as Beelzebub's chaotic movements knocked her into the switch on the wall. Before either of them could do anything, the doors shut on them, leaving them at the mercy of the juicing machine.

***Slam***

***Grlllgglgl***

***Biblbiblb***

Loona's body deflated from her expulsion, just long enough to see the doors slam closed in front of her. Trapped outside of the juicing room, she felt the rumbling gurgle in her stomach, the welling pressure of juice. Her body teetered back and forth as the bubbling intensified, a frothing sea crashed against her innards as she continued swelling. Her berried flesh rose around her head, burying it in sloshing flesh; she could feel the bubbling juice on the other side of her skin, the frothing lake on the other side of the barrier. She was larger than the biggest demons; even Satan would struggle to handle the circumference of her flesh. Loona swelled larger with each passing second; the juice that accumulated within her pushed her past any reasonable size. Her sopping pussy dragged across the floor as her body billowed out, the great curve of her stomach stretching so far that it warped her body. Her underside was being buried completely against her growing hemisphere as she brushed against the opposing walls.

***Pppbbbrrrrrttttt***

Only her sputtering cheeks had escaped the all-consuming expanse of her body; each of her rounded blobs stayed their own separate globes. Rounded blimps larger than trucks, filled so full of juice and gas that they were tight and turgid. Juice speckled her dyed fur like sweat, glistening and swaying under the gales of her constant updrafts. Loona's gas had only grown stronger since the juicing room had closed, now that her mouth had been sealed shut by her girth. Hurricanes of blue whipped around her cheeks, tearing across the ground in whirlwinds as the currents of the closed room warped the airflow. She could feel the winds slapping against her cheeks, the moist feeling of juice dripping down her fur; it was about the only thing she could feel. That and tension; everything around her was becoming an overwhelming wall of pressure and tension.

***Gnnnn***

***Crkkkkk***

***Kerchunk***

Loona was having trouble differentiating the sounds of her own groaning body from the chaotic machinery in the juicing room. On the other side of the door, levers and pistons were pressing, pulling gas and juice from the two trapped blimps; it was loud enough to be heard on the outside. While the machinery creaked, though, Loona's body was also creaking and groaning; the strain was becoming too much. Her growth had stopped since the last surge, and now her pressure was just increasing. A mounting bubble of air that pushed against her skin, a bubble atop a stilled sea; her body was so compressed, so pressurized, that the juices inside of her no longer raged. They remained an unchanging lake as the juice pulled within her; pockets of gas had become trapped in her expanse as the unyielding mass pressed into itself. The forces inside of her could compress the liquid into a gel if it were capable, so great was their force.

***Frrrrrrttt***

***Brrrrrrppppp***

Farts roared from Loona's backside as the pressure continued to mount, but they soon started to taper off. The juice inside her was so trapped that gas was no longer able to escape. Atmospheres of pressure were welling up in her core, bubbles growing and condensing against her tensing skin as she ran out of room.

***Mmmmmbbbbblll***

***Grrnnooooooo***

Unearthly sounds were coming from Loona's body as she reached the limit of her size; the room was filled with the cacophony of her overfilled form. Groans as stiff as bending steel, rumbles as fierce as earthly tremors, all contained entirely in her body. There wasn't any room, nothing left to give; she had become what she'd been promised, an overripe fruit on the vine. Like all fruits left to plump and ripen for too long, she was ready to burst; splits were forming along the furthest curves of her expanse, spurning juice like a punctured keg. Hissing liquid coated the whole of the room as more sprays and leaks appeared.

***Crrreeeeee***

Her skin sounded like sinew, snapping and creaking as the tension reached a climactic pitch. The splits in her skin widened as rivers of juice and gas rushed out of her form; it was a relief from the pressure, but the exits were too great.

***Splooooosssh***

In a flood of juice, Loona's body tore open, spraying the inside of the factory with her juicy payload. The pressure differential of inside and out was too vast; the gas bubbles inside of her forced out her juice at a destructive rate. The entire floor was painted a deep blue as her contents coated the walls, leaving nothing but flecks of skin to drift on the lake of juice as it filtered down the drain.

***Ding***

***Shnnnnn***

Just as soon as she had ruptured, the doors to the juicing room had opened, revealing a much more slender version of Millie and Beelzebub. All of that juice had been removed in a remarkable display of technology, and they were free.

"Wow, I didn't think the machine could actually do it." Millie marveled at her slender body, holding out her arms in wonder.

"Yeah, the blue should wear off in about...four months? Maybe?" Beelzebub held her chin as she pondered the actual timeframe.

***Biblib***

As they marveled at their own changed bodies, they were brought face to face with Loona's exploded form. Her angry eyes glaring back at them from the puddle of juice on the floor.

"Oh, fuck. We let you explode." Millie looked down at Loona's eyes, almost able to hear the snarling in the bubbles.

"Damn, that sucks. I'll go grab a bucket; it's the least I can do." Beelzebub had a flippant attitude about the whole situation as she started to walk away.

***Rruullbbblruubll***

"Don't you take that tone with me. You're the one who stole untested candy." Beelzebub snapped back at the glaring eyes.

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Millie slunk her way back into the office, hoping to be as stealthy as possible as she hefted the bucket of Loona at her side. The heavy pail was filled to the brim with a slowly congealing juice that was Loona. It was heavy as she was and large enough to hold her, so Millie looked incredibly awkward holding onto it. Her attempt at stealth was unsuccessful as Blitz came leaping down the hall, bursting from his office without a care.

"Loonie boonie! You're...Where's Loona? And why are you blue?" Blitz pointed at Millie with an accusatory finger.

"Well, it's a long story..." Millie blushed as she recanted the entire tale of their adventure in the chocolate factory.

She watched Blitz's face contort into anger and annoyance as Millie's story continued, but he patiently waited for her to finish before laying into her.

"The fuck do you mean she popped? Are you saying I have Blueryberry juice for a daughter?!" Blitz shouted at Millie with such fury that it made his heart rate climb, only stopping when he saw Loona's pouting eyes in the pail of juice. "Not that there's anything wrong with that. Come on Loony, we'll go get you the best fish tank in hell. You can hang out there until you get back to normal."

While Blitz left to pour his juicy daughter into a fish tank, while Moxie came running out of the door, wrapping his hands around Millie.

"Honey! You're back! And you got your hair dyed...and your body dyed." Moxie looked at his wife with confusion as he pulled back from the hug.

"I'll tell ya later, but I've got a little thing for us to try later." Millie held up a stick of gum, a little gift from Beelzebub.

"Gum?" Moxie didn't have much chance to question as he felt his wife's lips plant onto his own.

The two shared a berry-flavored kiss that clued Moxie into what was going to happen later, but for now, Millie needed to unwind.