

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.

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 bitch, 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 ***ubblbb***..." Loona's protests were cut off by a dribble of juice spraying out of her mouth.

The dribble of juice poured from her mouth in a slight puddle that ran down the frock of her outfit. Following the sloping curves of her body as her breasts and gut were starting to grow, her rather diminutive chest was starting to swell with juice. Juicy stains were barely visible on her already blue top, but she could feel the wet patches growing. The feeling of heaving weight in her stomach was starting to creep up her chest as her bust began to grow. Swelling from apples to rather plump oranges that made her buttons start to strain.

"What a mess. Does anyone have a towel or something?" Millie looked about the crowd as they backed away.

Millie's attempt at hospitality only elicited blank stares from the crowd as they left the whole situation. Loona's berrying body was more than they signed up for; they slowly walked out of the room, leaving for the rest of the factory.

"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; made her bosom swell at the same rate her stomach was, steadily growing against her tightening dress. Juice was gushing from her nipples as they grew into heaving melons that hung heavy on her chest. They were heavy enough to make her back start to buckle, forcing her to bend over. Juice poured from the split opening in her shirt, seeping through the openings in gushing waves as her growth kept coming.

Loona's chest was beginning to widen as juice kept flooding up her sternum, piling atop her stomach like a growing lake, the belt at her midriff keeping it from falling in her lower half. Her tits began to swell wildly, turning into spurting balloons that were larger than her head, inflating with her own juices as her stomach started to swell with her. Above her belt, her torso was swelling, curving out like a balloon as the juice crowded around the belt. Her swollen muffin top bulged around the stretching belt, the latch slowly unfurling from the brass as it struggled to hold together. Loona's tits were gushing juice as it slipped out from the gap in her buttons, a continuous stream of blue flowing out from the gap as she expanded. Between the gaps in her top, growing diamonds of deeply blue fur were emerging, their surface slicked with the thick syrup. She was taking on a barrel-chested look as her sternum rounded, increasing the gap in her cleavage as juice sloshed about within her.

"So, umm. What's exactly happenin to her? She's not actually becoming a blueberry, is she?" Millie looked at Loona's growing form with concern.

"Ehh, not really. I got a bit drunk when I made it, so the formula just fills you with juice until you explode." Beelzebub shrugged as she looked over at Loona's ballooning body.

"Then why are you still shipping out piles of it?" Millie curled her face in rage, barreling her overfilled stomach into the demon queen.

"Hey, watch it, that thing smarts. And anyways, people in the lust ring dig that shit. There's a whole following for it." Beelzebub shook her head in disbelief as she wheeled from the impact.

"Yeah, but what do we do if we don't want her to pop?" Millie stomped her foot in defiance, hefting up her stomach menacingly.

"Well, we squeeze the juice out of her. I've got a juice room over there, for when I feel like gettin freakay." Beelzebub shimmied her hips in excitement.

"Stop talking about fixing me and **rooullbblbb** fucking fix me." Another deluge of juice exploded from Loona's mouth as she swore at the two of them.

Pop

Pop

Snap

As her body became a symmetrical blob, her buttons started to pop off, shooting across the room one by one. Each one shooting into the experimental vials and spraying fluids across the floor as her bloating body curved. Floods of juice were spurting from her nipples, completely soaking her fur and dying it the same color. She was at the point where she couldn't stand on her own, as her feet had been retracted into her form. Tiny remnants of paws clattered for the ground as her tail helplessly swished against the ground, splashing the juice around her. She felt her arms being drawn into her sides as the juice filled her limbs, springing them out before ultimately drawing them in. Now a limbless globe, Loona was starting to grow at a faster rate than she was before.

Without her belt to keep her contained, Loona's body was bloating out of control; her massive breasts were swelling with so much juice that they snapped her bra, leaving her dark blue nipples exposed. Juice gushed from her nips like they were spigots, a continuous flow of fluid that increased with her swelling chest. The juice pooling below her was starting to waft into the air, filling the air with a sickly sweet aroma. Beelzebub felt herself being lifted off the ground by

the scent, the honeyed air catching her senses and awakening something inside of her. To see all of that juice go to waste was a shame; it should be hers!

"Nobody wastes juice in this factory." Beelzebub flitted over to the pull, her insectoid eyes glowing red as she lapped at the ground.

Like a honeypot ant, her stomach began to swell as she greedily lapped up the pool of juice, sucking it in with her snout like it was a straw. Inhaling more and more until the entire puddle lay within her growing gut. The golden glow was mixing with the swirl of blue fluid, tumbling over itself as honey and juice mixed. Her stomach swelled over her waist like a teardrop, hanging heavily on her torso as she followed the trail of juice up. Beelzebub was lapping at the juice like a hummingbird, following the trail up to the source, planting her snout on Loona's tit.

"Yo, get the fuck *ooohh* on second thought." Loona stopped herself as she felt a small tongue penetrate her nips.

The sensitive nubs quivered at the sensation of Beelzebub suckling at her teat, greedily drinking it up until her own torso began to swell. Filling with Loona's juice and her own, the two of them swelled in unison, a moon orbiting a larger planet. Loona hadn't stopped growing with Beelzebub's attachment; the longer she remained as a berry, the faster she swelled. Now she sat at over twice her starting height and just as round, too large to really be considered a demon anymore. She was more of a parade float than anything, a ballooned parody of a hellhound that looked closer to a toy she would have played with. Her sloshing body sagged over itself, the weight of her juice making her form collapse on the floor as juice started to gush from her other orifice. From beneath the shrinking confines of her pants, a river of juice was escaping her nethers, making her slosh in great puddles whenever she wiggled her feet.

"This is getting ridiculous. Both of ya'll are actin a fool." Millie held her head in annoyance as she hefted her bloated body over towards Loona.

She was regretting her trip to the chocolate river; the overfilled blob was becoming nothing but a hindrance as the day went on. Though she hadn't expected to have to do much more than walking today, so she was within her rights to indulge. Now she was faced with a troubling predicament: she needed to get Loona into the juicing room before she exploded and Blitz had her head for it. Even if she'd come back after, he'd never let Millie hear the end of it; it was lucky that Beelzebub kept her factory so readily labeled. Sitting at the far end of the room, with doors wide enough to fit a building-sized blueberry, was a set of double doors lit up in neon. Just above the entrance was a glowing sign that read "juicing room" Millie didn't think she'd be so lucky, but that's where she was today.

Glunk

Slosh

Millie pushed her hands into Loona's swelling flanks, juice seeping from her soaked fur and trickling down Millie's hand. Just trying to get the colossal blob moving was a task on its own; it took all of Millie's strength to get the uneven balloon rolling. Her own gut served as enough weight and leverage to get the proverbial ball rolling, but it was exhausting. The easiest way was just launching herself into the wall of flesh, gut first. Her own bloated blimp collided with Loona's flank and launched her a few steps forward, each impact causing more juice to spurt from her holes.

"Hey, watch where you're sprayin those things." Millie called up to the divot of flesh that Loona's head was currently resting in.

"Bblglglglgloppp It's a little tough." Loona's head was buried in a puddle of juice that spilled down her front as she gave a sarcastic response.

Millie chuckled to herself as she kept pushing Loona closer; the waterfall of juice that rained down upon her was dyeing her red skin a fruity shade of blue. The thick coating of syrup was becoming more than just a coating as they got closer. Millie would occasionally wipe away the syrup and see her stomach turning blue like Loona had. The juice must have been infectious, turning her into a blueberry, just like Beelzebub was.

Bblbrlll

Millie brushed the top of her stomach as it visibly rippled, undulating with a new wait as she tasted juice in the back of her throat. She needed to get those bloating berries into the juicing room before she got too large to move. There was already an accumulating weight in the underside of her gut as the heavy chocolate and soda were joined with juice. She pushed and shoved Loona's massive form, her blobby body rolling over in a heap as it approached the door.

Glonk

Glonk

Every time Loona's massive body rolled over itself, a resounding slosh resonated throughout the room; she sounded like a waterbed. Her bulbous form bent and collapsed on itself as her juice moved about inside of her. It was like trying to move a water balloon, sloshing and malleable; Millie was struggling to keep the blimp upright as she rolled her towards the juicing room. Loona's sagging body flopped over on her, the hangs of flesh that poked over the rim of her shrinking pants splashed onto her head. Juice-soaked fur plastered Millie's hair with wet gunk, making it matte to her head. All the while, Loona was growing; her circumference kept expanding with the juice coursing through her body.

Mmpphhh

Hmmpphhh

Beelzebub moaned sensually as she drank from Loona's bosom, suckling on the flowing juice without a care in the world. Juice flowed easily down her throat, adding to her expanding bulk and making her torso round out like Loona's; her expanded form bloated like a tick as it dragged Loona towards the ground. Beelzebub's added weight only made Millie's task harder, the added weight making the load uneven and difficult to maneuver. Each heaving roll was taking more of her strength, more of her effort, and it wasn't helped by her own gains. Millie's stomach had been steadily inflating as she pushed Loona's body, her gut inflating with the floods of juice that pushed against her insides. When she pushed her weight into Loona's body, she felt juice rush up her throat, trickle out in a sickly stream that spilled onto her cleavage. Her own breasts were starting to expand, turning into massive melons that rested upon her shelf of a stomach. Her footing was getting slick as well, her tiny heels skidding across the juice-slicked tile.

Snap

Loona's strained pants finally popped off of her crotch, exposing her swollen nethers to the air; the river of fluid that they had contained spilled forth. A deluge of juice that only made Millie's job harder, rising up to her ankles as she splashed in the gunk, knees pressing into her own form as she fought against Loona's colossal weight. In the time it took Millie to get Loona a few feet closer, her body had changed.

Biblibbi

Juice was spilling from her mouth and from her tits in pressurized geysers as her form started to turn taut. The slack her skin had was now gone, replaced with turgid stretching, a tightness that likened her to a ripened fruit. Millie found her hands slipping on the surface, unable to gain any purchase, but she was so close to the juicing room. It would only take another big push, and she would be there, be home free.

Pop

A cartoonish pop echoed from the top of Loona's looming body, catching Millie's attention as she saw a blob descending. Beelzebub's bloated form had popped free from Loona's tit, sending her crashing down to the ground. Millie prepped herself for the demon to rupture when she hit the ground, underestimating just how durable a sin was. Beelzebub merely smacked on the ground with an unceremonious plop, her juicy form hitting the tile and rolling towards the juicing room. Millie could see the sugar-addled fiend barreling across the floor, rolling towards a lever that she could only guess was the lever to the juicing room. In a split decision, Millie leapt for Beelzebub, trying to catch her before she blocked the exit.

"Oh, shit." Millie let out a small yelp as she tumbled forward at her first attempt to sprint.

In her haste, she had forgotten about the growing slick of juice at her feet, the collection sending her hurtling forwards across the floor. Skidding like a hockey puck, she slammed into

Beelzebub's rolling body, both of them careening into the juicing room. Their heft tripped the lever, pulling it down and shutting the doors with a snap. Leaving Loona out in the hall, exposed and still swelling.

"Umm. Guys?" Loona tried to peer down her own circumference as she saw the doors slam shut.

Grllgglglg

Those were the last words she managed to get out before the juice that had been pooling around her cheeks refilled the crater around her head. Her looming flesh rose up around her like a pit, funneling all of the juice dribbling from her mouth back around her. Without Beelzebub's constant guzzling, the juice in Loona's tits was backing up into her body, making her inflate at a more rapid pace. Her breasts were swelling so large that they looked like blue blimps on her chest, the juice spurting from her nipples was turning into pressurized spouts.

Biblblbb

Fssssshhhh

Loona's stomach began to bubble, gurgling with heavy juice as the pressure inside of her rose. Her body swelled, growing larger with each second as the juice piled up inside of her, her insides crashing with waves of fluid with each sway of her tail. Floods of juice gushed from her exposed lips, flowing quicker than the drains could handle. A rising tide of blue encompassed her vast body as she expanded, growing larger than a house. Just moving her in this state would take a barge, her curved circumference pushed out further. Growing out in a way that pressed her sensitive lips into the floor, making her moan with pleasure from the pool of juice her head had been trapped in.

Crkkkkkk

As her skin stretched, it began to audibly creak, sounding something like rubber as the flood of juice accelerated. The growing lake above her head was spilling over her body in waterfalls of blue; she desperately drank the liquid to avoid drowning, but she was feeling full. Every time she lapped at the juice, it didn't travel down her stomach; it simply splashed at the growing pool in the back of her throat. She was so full that the juice wasn't just flowing from her saliva; it was welling up inside of her, breaching the surface like a rising tide.

Grnnn

She had hit the limit of her growth; her skin couldn't stretch any more, all the flowing syrup did was make her more compact. Her skin tensed and twitched at the feeling of pressure inside of her, desperately trying to hold together. There was a lake in her gut, one that was turning into an ocean. Juice was exploding from her holes; gushing geysers of blue erupted

from her pussy, her nipples widened to make room for the ever-increasing flows. The sapphire surface of her stomach was starting to turn a strained shade of purple; her stretching skin struggled to hold together.

Grnnnn

Pffshhhhh

Pffshhhhhh

As her body groaned from the strain, leaks started to crop up across her form, small gashes in the canyons of her flesh. From those gashes came more pressurized sprays of juice, her body's last attempt to hold itself together. The pressure release was flawed, as those gashes only hurt her structural integrity; the difference between inside and out was too great. The canyons cropped up all over as Loona's body began to heave, pulsing in and out with her strained breathing. Until it stopped heaving back in, she'd lost it; whatever was keeping her intact had vanished, and her body gave out.

Bloooooosshhhh

In a deluge of blue, Loona exploded, her form rupturing like an overly ripe fruit; her skin collapsed in on itself as she split apart from the belly button, a wave of juice coming shortly after. Scraps of her skin followed the flood, being carried by the pressure of her explosion. The whole of the factory floor had been flooded by her remnants; scraps of skin blocked the drain and created a knee-high lake.

Fwoosh

Air rushed into the room as Millie and Beelzebub came out of the juicing room, remarkably back to normal. The only difference in their form came from the brilliant blue of their skin and fur, the juice having left its mark on them. Millie was about to say something before the rush of blue hit her waist, tufts of Loona's fur clinging to her outfit as she looked down at the puddle.

"Blitz is gonna kill me." Millie looked down in distress as she saw Loona's angry eyes staring back at her from the puddle.

"I'll go and grab you a bucket." Beelzebub flipped her hand dismissively as she sloshed through the remnants of Loona.

Bibliblib

"Yeah? Think of that before you steal experimental shit next time." Beelzebub shouted back at Loona's angry burbling.

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 Blueberry 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, 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.