

## Blueberry King Ryuji

With a mighty trumpet, the Girimekhala flourished its blue trunk and curved swords in an attempt to take down the troublesome intruder. Despite the elephant-shaped shadow's best efforts, there was little it could do to actually strike at the figure darting back and forth through the corridors of Mementos. Further infuriating the beast was the young man's sly smile beneath his white eye mask. Pushing back his short black hair with his red gloves, the man flourished his black coat as he leapt out of the way of another sword strike. So obsessed with landing a hit on the troublemaker, the Girimekhala didn't notice the other person running up behind it.

A loud TWHACK echoed through corridor as the shadow was smacked in the face with a steel bat. Collapsing to the ground, the beast looked up to lock eyes with a young man with spiky, blonde hair adorned with a skull-mask. Showing off a toothy grin, the man gave his weapon a few pats against his yellow gloves before reeling it back. The shadow gave one last swipe of its swords in an attempt to slash at the man's black leather outfit and red ascot. Easily avoiding the attack, the man retaliated by whacking his bat against creature's head to bring the fight to an end.

"Yeah, that's why you don't mess with the Phantom Thieves!" Ryuji shouted, putting his mask away as the shadow began to disappear. "Thanks a bunch for running distraction."

Joker gave a slight head nod and pulled on his gloves.

"This training session is just what I needed to loosen up," Ryuji said, stowing away his bat as he stretched out his limbs. "Senior year has got me so busy I barely have any time to enjoy being 18. You know what I mean?"

Replying with a shrug, Joker gestured towards the exit.

“For real?” Ryuji asked, losing some of his bravado in the process. “Can’t we stay a bit longer? These shadows are a joke. The two of us can take them no problem.”

Joker tapped his foot, letting one of his hands linger on his stomach.

“Heh, I am getting a little hungry myself,” Ryuji said. “Alright let’s head to the exit. I know of a ramen shop near the station that’s pretty decent. Should make more a good start for us properly celebrating being of legal age for...”

Ryuji trailed off as his eyes were drawn to something on the ground. Approaching where the shadow had been mere moments before, he picked up a small blue box bearing the image of a black and white eye on the cover topped with a golden crown. Ripping open the packaging, he found strips of gum with an aroma of blueberries to go along with their violet coloring. Eager to continue training and remedy his stomach, he thought little of popping one of the pieces into his mouth.

“This stuff is really good,” Ryuji commented as he started to chew. “Never had anything so sweet before. You want one?”

Joker shook his head. Grasping the rest of the gum from Ryuji’s fingertips, he asked why his friend would so willingly eat something he found in a place as strange as Mementos.

“It’s fine,” Ryuji said, pausing to blow a bubble. “Now come on, I’m sure we can squeeze in one more battle before we have to head back.”

Taking the lead through the dimly lit corridors, Joker tried to keep his eyes peeled for any signs of danger. The task was made all the more difficult by the sound of something sloshing around nearby. Wondering if perhaps there was a leaky pipe somewhere, he tried to press on. Not helping matters was Ryuji’s constant chewing noises. Fearing that the sound would attract more shadows, Joker turned around to reprimand him.

Joker froze at the sight of the enormous bubble perched on Ryuji's lips. The beachball-sized sphere lingered for but a moment before a slight prod of Ryuji's finger popped it. Covered in a mess of the sticky substance, Ryuji quickly fumbled it back into his mouth to continue indulging himself. While he managed to get the bubble cleaned up, that still left a strange tint of blue upon the tip of his chin. Joker motioned to bring his friend's attention to the discoloration, only to remain silent as he noticed the round bulge stretching out Ryuji's mid-section.

"You're really missing out man," Ryuji commented, blissfully unaware of his protrusion as he continued to chew on his gum. "It really feels like blueberry juice is being poured down my throat. Hey, can you hand me another piece? I think this one is about to--"

Ryuji stumbled on his words as his foot hit a piece of rubble on the ground. While he managed to keep himself standing, the sudden jolt sent the piece of gum sliding down his throat. On reaction he reached towards his stomach, letting him feel the basketball sized orb he had gained. Grasping the swollen sphere, he gave it a small shake and heard the sloshing of liquid similar to the one that had been accompanying him and Joker since their last fight.

"What the hell is this?" Ryuji asked, concerned, yet unable to stop himself from jostling around his gut. "Was it the gum that did this? Dammit. I really am stupid."

Ryuji halted his self-examination as Joker put his hand on his shoulder. Joker tried to calm his friend with promises that it was probably something that would go away once they exited Mementos. Failing that, he was sure either Futaba or Takemi could easily fix it.

"You really think so?" Ryuji asked, receiving a head nod in reply. "Alright then, let's get out of here."

Ryuji broke into a sprint, only to stop a few steps in as his belly lurched forward. Even standing still his gut continued to slosh about the juice inside. Joker felt it was wise to not point out the blue coloring spreading further across his face.

“I’ll, uh, hang back,” Ryuji commented, trying in vain to push back his stomach bulge. “You lead the way.”

Taking point, Joker resumed his watch as the two of them continued towards the exit. Despite Ryuji’s best efforts, there was little he could do to stop the constant noise of the juice swirling about in his body. The splashing sound was eventually accompanied by the tears of Ryuji’s outfit as it struggled to contain his swelling stomach. One loud rip was the final straw to get Joker to turn around to see that the orb had broken through the leather jacket. With nothing in its way, the melon-sized lump was free to sink between Ryuji’s thighs and show off the shade of blue covering his skin.

“I’m starting to freak out here, man,” Ryuji said, trying his best to keep his belly at bay. “Just how big am I going to get?”

Joker once more stopped in his tracks in an attempt to keep Ryuji focused on the task at hand. Though he tried to help him stuff his gut back into his pants, he only succeeded in letting the protrusion rip right through the zipper. At a loss for what he could do, he instead asked how Ryuji was feeling.

“What do you think? I’m terrified. I don’t know what’s happening or-“

Joker held up his hand. He asked again, this time specifying if Ryuji was feeling anything uncomfortable with his growing gut.

Taking a moment to think, Ryuji put his hand to his chin. "It's not painful or anything. Up until it got to this size, I barely noticed it." Grabbing hold of his gut, he gave it a few shakes. "If I'm being honest, it's starting to feel kind of nice."

Holding onto his belly with both hands, Ryuji began to shake it about with reckless abandon. Amidst the sounds of sloshing juices, Joker swear he heard something akin to a soft moan leave Ryuji's lips. The show of playful jostling came to an end as Ryuji's accidentally deepened the rip in his pants to allow his potbelly more room to wobble about. Just before Ryuji reached out to play with his gut again, Joker snapped his fingers to get his attention.

"Sorry," Ryuji said, holding his hands behind his back to prevent himself from teasing his body any further. "I got a little carried away. This is surprisingly fun. Maybe I can stay this way, at least for a little while, once I get back to your place."

A blank stare from Joker was enough to answer Ryuji's question.

"Er, right. Probably not the best thing to be lugging this through Shibuya," he replied, grazing his fingers against his stomach. "Let's keep moving."

Joker resumed the trek through Mementos, his steps accompanied by Ryuji's constant sloshing. Every few seconds he couldn't stop himself from looking over his shoulder to check on his friend's condition. Each glance came with the discovery of an added layer of weight onto Ryuji's body to accommodate his swelling form. These glimpses into Ryuji's worsening condition came with him seeing him poorly trying to hide his self-groping.

Ryuji running his fingers long the surface of his stomach made him let out a soft moan that was a little too loud to go unnoticed. Moving away from his spherical stomach, his hands moved to squeeze the bulk around his limbs that revealed the expansion was spreading to the rest

of his body. Between groping his thickening rear and giving attention to his developing pair of man boobs, it was inevitable that something was going to give.

Ryuji's jacket was torn down the middle as his belly reached the size of a pumpkin and burst out of the material. The massive globe acted as a shelf for his sagging, apple-sized pecs as they tore through the remnants of his jacket. His pace became slower as his legs puffed up and added more tears to his overburdened pants. Numerous rips in pants led to their inevitable destruction as his bowling ball-sized butt cheeks wobbled their way out of the tight leather. Though Joker had every reason to be concerned, the same could not be said for Ryuji.

The former concern in Ryuji's eyes had been replaced with a strange fascination with his growing form. Freeing his pudgy fingers from the confines of his gloves, he let them roam across his body with reckless abandon to get a better feel for his growth. His hefty man boobs were jostled about to give him an idiotic grin. Though it was a strain for his puffed up arms, he still managed to reach behind himself to stir up his jiggling butt cheeks. However, his main attention was focused on sloshing around his still swelling gut and relishing in its girth.

The true danger of Ryuji's self-groping only became evident as Joker noticed the blue droplets beginning to leak from his exposed nipples. Similar streams of juice formed out of the corners of Ryuji's mouth to cascade down his sagging pecs and rounded belly. Carelessly sloshing about his swollen form, Ryuji didn't seem to mind the trail of liquid his body was leaving behind as they walked.

No longer able to ignore the strange display, Joker called out to Ryuji to stop moving. Releasing his grasp from his butt cheeks, Ryuji turned his head up to his leader. Rightfully concerned that the constant stimulation was worsening Ryuji's condition, Joker ordered him to

stop playing with himself. Though Ryuji momentarily paused, it was only to show off a smug grin before he resumed poking and prodding his globular gut.

“Who cares what it does to me?” Ryuji asked, having to speak up over the sound of his sloshing gut. “It feels soooooo good.” Wiping his hand along his leaking nipples, he brought up his juice-soaked fingers to sample his flavor. “Not to mention how sweet this stuff tastes. You look pretty stressed out. Here, try some.”

Squeezing on his teat filled Ryuji’s palm with blueberry juice. With droplets trickling from his fingers, he attempted to offer the sweet liquid to Joker. Batting Ryuji’s hand away, Joker replied by trying to plead for his friend to come back to his senses.

Ryuji let out a huff. “You have to loosen up a little bit,” he said, shimmying his bulky hips to have his belly jiggle against his bare thighs. “While I’m stuck with this sumo-sized body, I might as well make the most of it. It feels so good, and the juice is so tasty. Hell, I wish more people could experience being like this.”

Watching Ryuji carelessly swish his body about, Joker opened his mouth to reprimand him. The words got caught in his throat as he watched Ryuji grab hold of his engorged man tits to press them together. Mesmerized by the swaying motion of the plumped up nipples, Joker left himself completely open for a spritz of blueberry juice to spray right into his face. Though he tried to wipe away the sickeningly sweet liquid, the tingling sensation on his tongue made it clear that at least some of it had gone down his throat.

“See? It’s really good,” Ryuji said, lifting up his moobs to get a gulp of his own juice. “If you want more, all you have to do is ask. I don’t mind you being the first of many to try it out.”

Joker vigorously shook his head, fighting against Ryuji’s ridiculous offer and his own urges. Forcing himself to turn away from his gluttonous companion, he searched his pockets for

something that could help him fight back the infection. His vigorous rummaging let him feel the surface of his stomach bulging out with each passing second. Gritting his teeth as a lump pushed out the mid-section of his clothes, his fingers accidentally let slip one of his spare knives. Crouching down to retrieve the weapon, he tried not to linger on the sight of a blue splotch peeking out between his coat's sleeve and his glove.

Pulling himself back up, Joker moved towards the exit. He had to stop once he realized that he was moving by himself. Swinging about his swelling belly, Joker locked eyes with Ryuji's still growing form.

Having planted his widened rear firmly on the ground, Ryuji showed no signs of slowing down his need to feed on his own sweetness. Though he slurped up as much juice as he could from his leaking teats, there were still lines of blue liquid leaking out the sides of his mouth to cascade down his gut. The longer Joker stared, the more he began to see other parts of his friend's body secrete the juices. Trying not to linger on the growing torrent of blue liquid pouring from Ryuji's undercarriage, Joker stepped around the puddle and tugged on his friend's hips in a vain attempt to get him to move.

"Hey, what was that for?" Ryuji asked, each word being accompanied with a splattering of juices from his mouth. "You should treat your king with more gentleness if you want to earn my favor."

Stepping back from Ryuji just in time to avoid another downpour of juice, Joker asked what he was talking about.

Ryuji let out a smug laugh alongside a drizzle of blue liquid across his swollen pecs. "I'm getting kind of tired of skulking in the shadows as a thief. This form feels so good, I don't see why I shouldn't spread this to all of Shibuya. After they pledge their loyalty to me of course."



Fighting against a well of strange urges, Joker grasped Ryuji's pudgy wrist and started dragging him down the hall. Forcing himself not to turn towards the splashing of juice along the ground let him see the path ahead become distorted. The once blank walls of Mementos gradually took on a more luxurious appearance as gold trimming appeared to accentuate flower-like lanterns. Though the added lights let him see the path ahead, it also illuminated a long, blue carpet engraved with images of blue orbs reminiscent of Ryuji. Swiveling his head back and forth to look at the various paintings showing off a more regal and swollen Ryuji brought his attention towards something else that was changing.

Joker's jiggling gut forced him to stop several times to fix his clothing. Even his best efforts left the engorged sphere sticking out from beneath his shirt to hinder his movements. Daring to remove one of his gloves, he saw that the blue coloring had spread across the entirety of his skin in addition to thickening up his fingers. Grasping at his chest and feeling two bumps push back, he wondered how long he had before he too started leaking juice.

The wayward thoughts in Joker's mind became even louder as his feet splashed through a slurry of juice. It was only then that he noticed that he had let go of Ryuji in the process of dealing with his various changes. Holding onto his gut to prevent it from sloshing around, he turned back and gazed upon his blueberry flavored teammate.

Ryuji had grown to an absolutely massive size, with most of his girth being focused on a behemoth belly that could swallow up a car. The globular protrusion was streaked by trails of blueberry juice spouting from his massive man tits to spread out a puddle along the floor. Despite the growing pool of juice around his elephantine rear, he showed little signs of moving. His legs seemed perfectly content to remain spread out along the ground, his feet flickering as his thighs were swallowed up by his blue mass. His arms were in a similar state of uselessness,

having lost most of their ability to do more than wriggle his fingers in a meager attempt to stimulate himself. Joker thought that the lack of self-groping would bring some sense back to his friend. Gazing up into Ryuji's plumped up face revealed a smile that was heavy with juice and sinister thoughts.

Joker leapt out of the way as part of the molding on the wall sprung to life. The décor took the shape of a golden vine that reached out to give Ryuji's man tits an eager squeeze. Letting out a guttural moan, Ryuji released an outpour of liquid that completely drenched his body and spread across the floor. As the surge of juice swept past his ankles, Joker found it harder to keep his mouth from smacking at the mere thought trying out the tainted sweetness. Unfortunately for him, he didn't have much of a choice.

Another vine came to life to grasp Joker by his waist and hoist him into the air. Belly sloshing about as he was held aloft, he watched his clothes get thrown off to make way for his swelling form. Just like Ryuji before him, he gained a pair of man boobs that easily outsized the bosoms of the female members of the Phantom Thieves. Too concerned reaching out to prevent any possible juice from leaking from his nipples, he left his plumped up rear free to jiggle like sacks of jello. Left completely nude with his expanding body on display he was carried over to Ryuji to be rested against his belly.

"Hello former leader," Ryuji said, smiling wide as a vine slicked back his dark blue hair into the shape reminiscent of a crown. "Or should I say, my poor, starving servant? I do believe your king needs some assistance. As luck would have it, I think we're in the perfect position to help each other out."

Before Joker could even think to argue against his crazed companion, the vines dragged him down Ryuji's chest to leave his face at level with his moobs. Once more gazing at the surge

of tempting liquid, the vines rushed him through the decision as they shoved his mouth against the spout. Forced to either drown or drink, Joker latched onto the nipple and began to let the juice flow down his throat.

All of the concerns that had held Joker back were washed away under the inundation of the sweet nectar. Though the vines stopped pushing him into the leaking teats, he still remained firm as he sucked up every drop that he could. Completely enamored with the sweet taste, he didn't even notice his further degrading condition.

His face became a bulbous blue orb reminiscent of his initial potbelly, the puffed up lips serving him well as he swapped between Ryuji's teats to swallow up more juice. The tainted liquid spread out from his growing gut to ensure he mimicked his king's proportions, including his bloated up arms and legs. At some point, the vines were forced to release him from their hold as his stomach became too heavy for them to bare. Thankfully for him, the fall to the ground was no more than a few inches thanks to the enormous rear that had been so generously gifted to him by his king.

Joker's feeding session came to an end as the vines gingerly rolled him back. No longer distracted by his ruler's sweet juices, his eyes were given a chance to look over his transformed body. Though his bloated form should have been a point of concern, the only thought that immediately came to mind was that he was still a few feet short of meeting Ryuji's lofty standards. Drifting his gaze down towards his own swollen moobs, he watched similar trickles of juice begin to leak out. Just as he tried to reach out with his mouth to sample his own supply, he felt a massive weight roll into him.

"Silly servant," Ryuji said, the light scolding showing no signs of malice. "You should know better that the king has the right to the first taste."

Rather than argue, Joker could only lay there as Ryuji shuffled his body around to get his mouth in the right position. A deep moan echoed forth from Joker's lips as his king began to suckle from his nipples. Finding pleasure in both the act and the knowledge that he was feeding his ruler, his fingers and toes wriggled about as Ryuji got his fill. Through his pleasurable vibrations he managed to keep himself still, wanting the experience to go on for as long as possible.

"An excellent beverage," Ryuji said, tilting his head up and letting a vine wipe his lips clean. "But I do wonder if the other sources are more to my liking."

With a huff, Ryuji rolled his body forward into Joker. The impact of the two massive blueberry boys rolling across the floor left them face to face as they hit the wall. Bodies still sloshing from the after effects of the motion, they managed to get into the right position to fully sample one another's forms.

Locking their lips together, they intertwined their tongues to share their sweetness and passion. Moving away from their mouths, the pair rolled themselves around to get a sample of their other juice spouts. Helped along by the vines, they wrapped their lips around whatever they could reach, everything from their plump nipples to their rigid members. Their reward was an endless supply of sweet juice to further swell their girth and make them irresistibly addicted to each other's bodies.

Lethargy was the main factor in bringing their session to an end, their tongues becoming tired of licking up drops just as Ryuji surpassed the size of a three story house and his backside became wider than a bus. As the vines put them back into a sitting position, Joker noticed that he had been left at a size that kept his head at level with Ryuji's man tits. As he leaned his neck forward to try and catch a few more drops, the vines reached out to roll his globular form over to

the side of the room. Kept in place by the tendrils, he watched as a collection of blue, satin pillows appeared beneath Ryuji's body to keep him comfortable.

Managing to wobble himself over to the side, Ryuji reached down to have his plump fingers brush through Joker's hair. "An excellent job, my loyal servant. You may rest for now."

Leaning his head against Ryuji's side, Joker drifted off to sleep. As he stared down with pride at his lover's peaceful face, Ryuji snapped his fingers for the vines to put him in a proper position. As his eyes grew heavy from his post-meal nap, he couldn't help grinning at the thought of introducing all of Shibuya to his court of blueberry bliss.