

Chapter 4: Sour Grapes

Juniper shimmied out of her car, her bloated belly and bouncy breasts jiggling as she leaned over and snagged her duffel bag from the passenger seat. She had recently 'graduated' from blueberry duty and she'd already worked a few shifts as different fruits. She'd been a strawberry, then a pear, and the last shift she worked, she'd been a grapefruit.

The employee parking lot was tucked behind the Juice Factory, hidden by the dense tree cover. It was rundown and neglected, a holdover from when the property had been an airport and it sharply contrasted the glamorous facade that greeted its customers. Weeds grew from cracks and potholes in the sun-baked grey asphalt and the parking spaces were faded to the point of being nonexistent. Two rusty dumpsters were proudly on display next to the doors leading into the kitchen, and off at the very edge of the building, connected by pipes that wound their way from the building, were the two massive water tanks where the girls' excess juice was stored.

The effects of the serum had also become more pronounced. With every transformation, her body became firmer and actually somewhat mimicked the shape and texture of whatever she became. She began to feel less like a distended water balloon and more like an actual fruit. Her skin was currently a bumpy, pinkish orange while her lips, mouth, nipples and womanhood were all a puffy, vibrant crimson.

After dropping her duffel bag off in her locker, Juniper clocked in and made her way into the dining area. Some of her fellow employees were already there, a few of the rollers in their black outfits and some of the plump, multicolored girls like herself were busying themselves sweeping, mopping, restocking and generally prepping for the day ahead. She spied a girl with a hot-pink pixie cut who was magenta from head to toe.

"Hey, Cassie! What's new?" Juniper said as she waved. She made her way over to where Cassie was mopping.



Cassie glanced up. “Hey, J. Not much. I’m on tanker duty tonight, so there’s that. We got a new guy working in the kitchen a couple days ago.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. I think you’ll like him. He’s a character. Not sure if he’s the sort who’s interested in gals who grow to the size of a bus, though.”

“More like the size of a short bus.” Juniper pointed out.

“I think my point stands. Oh, also - there’s a representative from corporate in. She’s been making the rounds, talking to some of the employees. We’re just supposed to go along with it. Apparently it’s some kind of performance review or something, so they want us on our best behavior.”

“Hmm.”

“She’s got the whole place on lockdown, feels like. Everyone’s real tense. Sydney too. She’s in manager mode. Probably best if you uh - aren’t too ‘friendly’ with her for the time being.”

Juniper’s cheeks flushed scarlet and she cleared her throat nervously. She nodded with a small smile and glanced away.

What was going on between her and Sydney was no secret - in fact, she had quickly discovered that she was just one of a number of Sydney’s ‘girls’. This had drawn the ire of a number of others, especially Amy.

Though being the center of that drama was unpleasant, being just one of the many girls that Sydney treated like a plaything didn’t actually bother her. She knew it should, but Sydney was such a huge personality, and working at the Juice Factory was such a surreal experience that she just sort of rolled with it.

Cassie was neutral territory, so to speak. She got along with everyone for the most part. She wasn’t one of ‘Sydney’s Girls’ and steered clear of the drama. To her, this job really was just a job.

“Hey Cassie, rig’s just about ready!” One of the rollers at the bar called out. Cassie looked over and sighed loudly. She lifted her purple hand in acknowledgment and turned back to Juniper with a tired half-grin.

“Looks like it’s my turn in the barrel. Mind taking over for me?”

“No problem. Try to enjoy yourself!”

“Thanks, J. You’re a peach.”

“I’m a grapefruit.”

“Yeah, yeah.”

Juniper took the mop from Cassie and plunged it into the yellow bucket. She picked up where Cassie left off as Cassie made her way to the prep room to strip down.

Juniper mopped her way inward from the front of the restaurant. She kept on the lookout for Sydney, occasionally catching glimpses of her busying about the restaurant. Sydney’s skin was a familiar deep blue. Blueberry was a customer favorite, after all.

After a few minutes of subtly trying to catch her attention, Sydney finally glanced her way and Juniper waved. Sydney gave a cursory nod in reply and went back to her business. Juniper understood the politics of the situation, but she couldn’t help feeling a little jilted.

She looked over to the central bar as the group of rollers put the finishing touches on the tanker rigging. Cassie was in position, her pudgy, purple body now completely nude.

Suddenly Juniper felt pinpricks on the back of her neck. She looked around. Walking down the metal stairway to the second floor of the restaurant, there was a svelte, pallid looking woman that looked very out of place. She was dressed in a

white shirt and khakis that hugged her subtle curves and she held a tablet about the size of a clipboard. She was staring directly at Juniper.

Juniper dropped her gaze. Her wet mop splattered against the stone floor and she heard the gurgling of Cassie's body as her growth began.

Juniper could tell exactly what stage of growth a girl was at by sound alone. With the first wave, she would start producing juice so quickly that her body would sound like a muted bathtub faucet and she would inflate almost violently, like a water balloon attached to a firehose. Her skin would be stretched far beyond its limits and would make squeals and pangs similar to someone dribbling a basketball. In just a few moments, Cassie would let out an involuntary groan, or gasp, or moan. Every girl did.

As if on cue, a stifled whimper eked out from where Cassie sat. Juniper tried not to shudder. Suddenly it was undercut by the sound of sharp stiletto footfalls tapping aggressively in her direction. She redoubled her mopping efforts.

The footfalls grew louder. Juniper tried to pretend she didn't notice, continuing her work stoically. Finally she froze as the footsteps came to an abrupt halt a few feet away.

"Juniper Malone, correct?" The woman said. Juniper turned. The woman who stood in front of her was, without a doubt, the representative that Cassie had warned her about. The woman had an air of corporate misery. Her eyes were a lifeless steel blue and ringed with dark circles of exhaustion, which were the only hint of color in her otherwise pale and colorless face. Her hair was the only thing about her that seemed to have any vibrance - it was copperish auburn and streaked with threads of gold and silver.

"Uh - yeah. Yep. Yes ma'am." Juniper tripped over her words.

"I'm here on behalf of Omnis HQ and Resource Management and I need a moment of your time. I have a few questions for you and then you can get back to work." Her voice was high-pitched, nasally and flat, like she'd had a cold for a

decade. Her gaze was piercing, but distant, as though she was already bored with the conversation.

“Yes, ma’am.” Juniper said.

Behind her, she heard Cassie groaning again as her body reached the tail end of its second wave of growth. The loud and shrill squeaks that followed indicated that Cassie’s body had once again become tight as a drum as she produced juice more rapidly than her body was transforming to compensate. Juniper knew that by this point, Cassie would already be more than 3 times her original size.

“According to our records, you’ve been working here for... almost 4 weeks. You are scheduled for your first tanker shift at the end of week 12 and you’ve taken the serum a total of 15 times. Can you attest that at no time did you falsify that information?”

“Uh - Yes, ma’am.” Juniper said. She swallowed nervously. She noticed behind the woman, not all that far off, Vic stood at attention. His arms were crossed, carefully watching the representative the same way he watched problem customers. He noticed Juniper’s gaze and gave her an affirmative nod.

Cassie’s squeaking suddenly transformed into a loud, ‘baloomp’ followed by a torrent of sloshing liquid. It meant her body had caught up in its transformation and had stretched enough to accommodate the new volume of the juice inside her, but soon, the groaning and squealing returned, only deeper and louder than before, as the next wave began. It would only be a few moments before Cassie would fill with so much juice that she’d once again be at her limit.

Juniper’s attention wandered unconsciously down to the murky water in her mop bucket. Cassie’s tight skin squeaked and squelched against the polished floor as her body was stretched and distended; her halting, shuddering panting and occasional moans clearly audible to Juniper. She wanted more than anything to turn away and drink in the sight of what was happening to her workmate.



“Miss Malone. Please answer the question.” Juniper snapped to attention and almost jumped back in surprise when she looked up to find the woman had closed the distance between them and was leaning forward, intently studying Juniper, her face just a few inches away from her own.

“Ah - uhh... sorry - I was -” Juniper flushed. She leaned back. The woman leaned in. She seemed to be examining Juniper’s face the way a farmer would examine a horse she was about to purchase. There was something very off about this woman. Juniper swallowed and said meekly, “Could you repeat the question?”

If Juniper’s discomfort was outwardly visible, the woman made no indication that she noticed or cared.

“Have you had any illnesses or health complications since you’ve started taking the serum that you haven’t listed on your weekly wellness reports.”

“Um - no? I don't think so.” Juniper nervously twirled a strand of her hair. The woman narrowed her eyes. Juniper swallowed again and brought her hand back down to the mop handle. Her grip tightened. She took a small step back. “I mean, I guess I've been a little more tired lately - but I've got exams coming up so -”

“That's not important.” The woman cut her off and pulled back. She returned her attention to her tablet. “We're not interested in personal issues. Just anything that might be related to the effects of the serum.”

“Sorry I didn't know what -”

“Have you taken any medications or substances outside of the list of approved substances in the last 2 months?”

Juniper's cheeks burned. She was beginning to hate this woman.

In the back of her mind, Juniper was still fixated on what she knew was happening to Cassie. At this point, Cassie's curves and shape would start losing definition - apart from her breasts. Even if she was standing, Cassie's crotch and belly would be pressing into the ground. She would still have some limited mobility - at least in theory - but if she tried to walk, it would be like straddling a king size waterbed and trying to drag it across the floor. Her arms and legs would be pushing out like cones, she would resemble something between a starfish and a pufferfish.

“No, nothing.” Juniper said.

“Good.” The woman went silent for a few seconds as she tapped something out on her tablet.

Very soon, Cassie would be completely immobile and her feet would no longer be touching the ground. Even if they were, the volume of juice that engorged her would weigh more than even an olympic weightlifter could reasonably be expected to carry. She would barely appear human anymore - she would look more like a girl who was slowly sinking into a giant, squishy blob.

Juniper hadn't seen Cassie work a Tanker shift. She wondered if she was one of the girls who helplessly kicked their feet and wiggled their hands, causing her body to jiggle and wobble, or if she was one of the ones who just accepted it and sat still, occasionally clenching her fists at the climax of each wave of growth. She desperately wanted to turn to look. She gripped the handle of the mop even tighter, her knuckles going white.

"Have you had unprotected intercourse with a partner with a known STI in the last 2 months?" The woman interjected.

"No." Juniper said flatly. Her stomach churned and her cheeks flushed. She understood why she would ask, but it was somehow repulsive hearing it from such an emotionless automaton of a woman.

The sounds coming from Cassie's body went from groaning to creaking, like that of a tree bending in a violent storm. At this point, each wave of growth would be less pronounced and have a less dramatic effect on Cassie's size and shape. She would be growing more slowly, but the growth spurts would be more frequent, like a pulse; almost to the tempo of her breathing. The divots of her arms and legs would slowly be smoothed into unbroken round fruit flesh as the remainder of her feminine definition was swallowed by the bloated orb of juice.



“Have you found the transformation process and/or being filled with juice to be a particularly pleasurable and/or sexual experience and do you often find yourself aroused in such a state? If so, how would you rate the intensity of the experience on a scale of 1 to 10?”

There was a loud sound of liquid splattering against the floor that meant Cassie’s body would not grow any larger and the pressure inside her was now forcing the juice out of her. Any juice she produced from this point on would only increase her internal pressure.

“I -” Juniper said, but stopped, suddenly feeling very defensive at the very personal nature of the question. “I’m sorry, how is that relevant?”

The woman sighed audibly. She looked up at Juniper petulantly, like a child that was just asked to clean her room. She gave a pained looking smile and replied in a very practiced, corporate tone, “Omnis values its employees and has a vested interest in your wellbeing and development. These questions are meant to help us

get a better understanding of our employees so that we can provide you with the correct resources and training path to help you grow and become a valuable team member and asset to the company.”

Her phony smile grew wider. “Is that answer to your satisfaction?”

Juniper furrowed her brow and crossed her arms, but gave a curt nod. She realized she was going to get nowhere with this woman and decided to just get the exchange over with as quickly as possible.

“Then if you’re done with your interrogation, we can continue, yes?” The woman said. Juniper said nothing. “Great. Then I’ll repeat the question. Have you found -”

“Yes. Very pleasurable. Sexually and otherwise. 10 out of 10. Would recommend to a friend. Happy?”

The woman’s right eye twitched as Juniper cut her short, but she said nothing. She simply looked back at her tablet and tapped the screen a few more times.

Juniper felt blood rushing to her head as she bit back her anger. She heard one of the Rollers was calling out to Cassie, which usually meant that her transformation was effectively complete. They’d be rolling her into position soon.

“Last question:” The woman said, “In the event that someone in the workforce were suddenly transferred, had to be let go or were otherwise unavailable, do you feel you would be willing and able to accept a tanker shift in place of that person even if it happened to be before your 12-week trial period is completed?”

Juniper cocked her head. The question was strangely specific. Moreover, as far as she understood, what she was asking represented a violation of the company’s policies. The woman leaned in close once again. Her eyes were focused like lasers, carefully gauging Juniper’s expression. The way she said it and her body language made it clear that this was the true purpose behind her line of questioning.

“Is this something I should be worried about?”

“We like to know that the team members we hire understand the importance of loyalty and dependability.”

Juniper fiddled with her mop handle. Her mind was racing. She knew she had to be careful about how she responded.

“I would be happy to be of use in any way necessary.” She said, carefully articulating each word.

“Good.” The woman let the word hang like a threat, never taking her eyes off of Juniper. She flashed her pained smile again. “That will be all for now. Have a productive day.”

The woman turned sharply and left Juniper without another word, her heels clacking loudly against the stone.

Juniper turned to the bar to hide the sour expression on her face that she could no longer suppress. She was greeted by the sight of a giant, quivering ball that was mottled red and green with speckles of gold. She knew that it was Cassie, but to the untrained eye, no one would ever guess that this massive, dripping, multicolored ball was actually a person no more than a few minutes prior.

The Rollers were already in the process of rocking her to gain momentum and all Juniper could see of her workmate at the moment were her two wiggling feet and her very exposed crotch where a gold-amber stream of juice bubbled out and dribbled from the pale, yellow lips of her engorged womanhood.

“Hey June. You good?” Juniper whipped around and came face to face with Vic. She almost snapped at him out of instinct, but took a deep, calming breath instead.

“Yeah, I mean - yeah. Of course. How ‘bout you?”

“She didn’t ask you anything that made you uncomfortable, did she?” Juniper cleared her throat and looked down, not sure what to say.



“Hey, June. Me and the rollers - our job is to keep you girls safe and comfortable. That doesn’t just mean from customers.” Vic said. “You got something on your mind, you don’t hesitate to let us know, okay?”

“Thanks, Vic, but it’s really alright. Honest. That was... it was a little off-putting, not gonna lie; but mostly just cuz...”

She glanced around the restaurant until she spotted the representative, who was now talking to Sydney a fair distance away. Juniper lowered her voice, just in case. “I mean, that woman’s kind of a bitch.”

“Yeah, that’s not the first time I’ve heard that. Just let me know if -”

“I know, I know.” Juniper said, patting his muscular arm and giving him a reassuring smile. “Thanks, Vic.”

He nodded and walked away.

Juniper was still troubled as she made her way into the prep room. It was currently empty. Despite what she said, there was something unnerving about what she'd just experienced. Not just the veiled threat, but the way that woman had spoken to her, it felt like she was taking inventory, like Juniper was a product and she was just checking her expiration date.

She shook her head as she pulled her duffel bag from her locker and grabbed her employee access card. She tossed her duffel bag onto the counter and turned to the wall safe where the serum was stored.

While the managers had access to the actual safe, the rest of the employees only had access to the dispenser, which doled out a single preset dose of the serum on a preset day for each employee. She swiped her card on the strip reader and input her code. A moment later, a vial dropped into the dispenser with a mechanical whir.

She looked at the vial. There was a label that read "s14-B v.2.7 5ppm". The identification code described the contents, but she still only partially understood what it meant. All she knew was the syrupy concoction was a sewage green. It looked about as pleasant as Juniper knew it would taste. She placed it on the counter.

She began to strip. She struggled with her bra for a few moments, but eventually managed to free her bountiful bust. She let out a sigh as the tension was released. She ran her fingers over her bumpy, fruit-textured skin. She enjoyed the orange-pink hue, but she wouldn't miss the waxy, bumpy texture.

She slipped out of her socks and shoes, undid her pants and kicked them off before shimmying out of her underwear. She looked in the mirror and cupped her potbelly like she was grabbing a medicine ball. She jiggled it a bit and enjoyed the feeling of leftover juice reserves sloshing inside her.

"Oh. It's you."

Juniper tensed up at the soft, but venomous voice. In the mirror's reflection, she saw Amy standing at the entrance to the prep room. She was chubby and yellow and wearing a top that was two sizes too small. Her shiny cleavage and midriff pudge spilled out. As always, she had her hair tied in two playful pigtails that bounced with every step she took.

"Hey, Amy," Juniper said, trying to sound neutral. "How's it going?"

"Been better." Amy turned away from Juniper and tromped over to the dispenser. "Why, do you care?"

"Just making conversation." Juniper sighed as she fished her nipple plugs out of her duffel bag.

Amy stepped to the opposite side of the prep room and glared at Juniper through the mirror as she aggressively stripped. Juniper looked down at the counter and clenched her fists.

"Guess you're slumming it with me today." Amy said, "Seeing how Sydney's been giving you the cold shoulder. Being ignored stings, doesn't it?"

"Amy, can we not?" Juniper turned to face the yellow girl. She crossed her arms under her hefty breasts. "I really don't feel like doing this today."

"Do what? We're just 'making conversation', right?" Amy kicked her underwear aside and turned to face Juniper. "What's the big deal?"

The scene was totally ridiculous. If it weren't for the tension in the room, it would have been hard for Juniper to keep a straight face as they squared off like two naked, fat, neon-colored gunslingers. Their breasts and bloated bodies jiggled every time they took even a small breath or fidgeted.

Amy's face was stone. Juniper sighed again. It was clear the yellow girl was looking for a fight. Juniper reached back and swiped her vial from the counter.

“Look, let’s not drag out whatever this bullshit is any longer than we have to, yeah?” Juniper said.

“Anything Juniper wants.” Amy hissed in her quiet voice, staring daggers as she grabbed her own vial.

“Cheers.” Juniper said flippantly, lifting her vial in mock salute, flicking the rubber stopper off with her thumb. The two of them shot back their serum at the same time. The flavor reminded Juniper of how drain cleaner smelled. She winced, choking back her gag reflex as she swallowed. She clutched the edge of the counter tightly until the taste faded.

The room went quiet but for the quiet gurgling and growling of each girl’s twitching stomachs as the serum started working its magic. The silence remained for an uncomfortable amount of time with neither girl moving, save the twitching and rumbling of their bellies. Small splotches of discoloration began to creep over each of their bodies. Juniper was beginning to wonder if Amy just planned to glare at her in baleful silence while they ballooned and transformed when Amy suddenly spoke up.



“I don’t get it.”

“Don’t get what, Amy?” Juniper sighed.

“What Sydney sees in you.”

Small pools and veiny spiderwebs of red crept under Amy’s yellow skin. At the same time, Juniper could feel the bumpiness of her grapefruit textured skin soften and smooth. From the reflection in the mirror behind Amy, Juniper could see that her skin tone was also changing. In contrast to Amy, her skin seemed to soften into a muted yellow before slowly cooling into soft, warm green.

“Well, don’t worry. You don’t have to. That’s sort of between me and Sydney, isn’t it?” Juniper said.

“Yeah, you’re real concerned about keeping what’s going on between you and her private, aren’t you? That’s why nobody in the restaurant knows that she’s been fucking you six ways to Sunday for the past month, right?”

The first wave of growth was starting. Juniper ignored it as best she could, but her skin was growing tighter with each passing moment, as though she was chugging water from a garden hose and couldn’t stop. Already, she could feel the change in her weight as she bloated with juice. She saw the effect reflected in Amy’s own growing body, now almost entirely orange with deep red splotches.

“Yeah. I have been getting a lot of action.” Juniper sneered. “Guess Sydney just thinks I’m special.”

“God, I don’t know how you manage to fit all that juice in your body when you’re already so fucking full of yourself.”

Juniper took a few steps forward, arms still crossed. Her belly was hard as stone, struggling to keep up with her juice production. She felt the liquid displace as the juice explored her, looking for more space. She felt her breasts begin to swell and throb.



“Maybe. Maybe. But last I checked, Sydney seems to be paying me more attention. So I’m doing something right, no?” Juniper shot back. “Have you ever considered the possibility that she thinks your meek, ‘quiet kid’ act is just boring? That maybe Sydney’s looking for something that’s a little more - well - you know. Just, more?”

Amy closed the distance, her belly a fraction of an inch from Juniper’s. Like two angry pitbulls, their stomachs growled and rumbled in unison as a new wave of growth came on. They each adjusted themselves as the rapidly increasing weight reset their center of balance.

“You don’t know a thing about me, bitch.” Amy said. Her voice was even quieter, but filled with hate. Juniper found it almost unsettling how much venom was in such a small voice. “But I know you. I’ve had to put up with girls like you my entire life.”

“Oh, enlighten me then, Amy.” Juniper rolled her eyes. “I’m just fucking dying to hear your opinion. Tell me what a piece of shit I am.”

For a few seconds, Juniper's belly defied gravity, growing almost perfectly round. It stretched her tight - almost painfully so - before her skin's elasticity increased and with a deep, rumbling plop, her belly drooped into a bouncy muffin top. As they both expanded, she felt the warm, soft skin of Amy's gut begin to press against her own. Each girl refused to budge or look away, like they were locked in some sort of passive-aggressive sumo match.

"You're an attention whore." Amy hefted her stomach up and jammed her finger hard into Juniper's exposed gut, displacing some of the juice and creating a divot. Juniper staggered a bit and gasped, caught off guard. "You're a self-centered slut and you're used to getting whatever you want whenever you want. You don't care about anyone but yourself."

"Well, at least it's been working out for me." Juniper thrust herself forward, belly-bumping Amy back. Her blood was boiling. Their skin squealed angrily as they rubbed against each other. Amy backpedaled to steady herself. Juniper laughed viciously at the pathetic sight of the girl stumbling like a fat toddler. "How about you? When was the last time Sydney even gave you the time of day?"

"Enjoy it while it lasts, bitch. You'll be yesterday's lunch when the next doe-eyed bimbo shows up." Amy steadied herself and pushed back into Juniper. The pink discoloration that had consumed her complexion was quickly deepening into crimson. "You're just a fad. You can only be the new girl for so long. Eventually Sydney's gonna see through your bullshit and realize that you're just an easy slut."

"Maybe - or maybe I'm just better than you." Juniper flicked Amy's right nipple hard. Amy gasped as a jet of hot juice to squirt from her erect and throbbing nipple. The scent of raspberry juice filled the space. Amy stumbled back, clawing her breast as her whole body rocked and sloshed dangerously. Juniper laughed. "Holy shit! I get it now. You're just pissed cuz you're so pent up! That was enough to get you going? And you're calling me easy!"

"FUCK YOU!" Amy hollered, dashing forward with surprising speed. She shoulder-checked Juniper, driving the brunt of her mass into her. Juniper had

enough juice inside her to soften the blow, but the impact was still heavy. It knocked the wind out of her. There was a splintering crack as she was rammed into the counter.

Juniper felt the juice literally being forced out of her. She gasped as her nethers and her breasts practically exploded, squirting jets of pale green juice that began to drench herself and Amy and splattered against the floor. The scent of grape juice filled the room.

“WHO’S PENT UP NOW?!” Amy asked calmly, leaning in harder. The counter cracked again, groaning louder and more dangerously than before.

The agitation and adrenaline caused Juniper’s body to bloat and fill at an accelerated rate. The incredible strain and pressure put on her body forced the juice in her to displace painfully and in ways it wasn’t supposed to. Her arms and legs suddenly ballooned and puffed out like cones while her crotch and breasts throbbed with pain and bulged comically.

She gritted her teeth. She saw stars and had to force herself not to enjoy the orgasmic pleasure that washed over her. A small line of what was either blood or juice started to trickle from her nose and as Amy dug in harder, Juniper began spraying juice like a pressurized hose. With a growl, Juniper reached forward, digging her hands like claws into Amy’s giant tits.

Amy yelped as Juniper yanked her distended nipples like udders. A thick splatter of sticky scarlet juice sputtered out. There was a loud splash under Amy as the dam holding her juices back had clearly just been broken. Amy tried to pull Juniper off of her, but her hands were slick with their sticky, mingled juices and she couldn’t find purchase.

Juniper seized her advantage and used the leverage of the countertop to thrust herself forward, still squeezing her nipples tight until she heaved Amy off of her. The red fruit girl half slipped, half backpedaled away, barely staying upright.

“Fuck’s sake! What’s your goddamn problem?!” Juniper shrieked, shaking with rage. She wiped her face off, sending a spray of juice to the floor. In spite of

herself, the agitation and the physicality of the fight left her unbearably hot. She ground her teeth. She was furious, but she suddenly hungered for release.

She glared at the ruby-red girl like a wolf. She watched as another wave of growth washed over her. Her body was slick and shiny, ripe and round. The smell of juice and the humid heat began to work on Juniper's mind like a madness. Amy was hunched over, her hands on her hips as she huffed and panted. Juniper's gaze wandered down to the girl's puffy red nipples that pulsed and dribbled that same thick, delicious smelling juice, to the stream that trickled out from between her thighs.

The jumble of emotions that was boiling in Juniper grew to a crescendo. In that moment, she wasn't sure if she wanted to fight her, or fuck her in half. Either way, she was sick of Amy's shit. She was going to put her in her place, right here and right now.

"You look better when you're a mess. You know that?" Juniper said, deciding to go for the kill. "I can see why Sydney thought you were a decent fucktoy. If you're really that bent out of shape about not getting any action, you could have just fucking asked."

"The fuck do you know about me!?" Amy screeched, looking up. Juniper leaned back, her growing ass mashing into the countertop as she caught her breath. She was about to lash back but stopped when she noticed the tears streaming down Amy's face. Her face was contorted with misery and humiliation and she was catching her breath between choked sobs. "Is that what she is to you? Just a fuckbuddy? Is that what you think she is to me? Well she's not! She's the only one who gives a shit about me!"

Juniper said nothing. She felt her heart pounding in her temples.

"Whenever I'm with her, that's the only time I'm ever okay with myself, when I don't feel like a freak!" Amy's bottom lip began to quiver. "She's the only one who accepts this side of me and still treats me like a person."

“At least - ” Amy’s voice grew painfully quiet. “She was. Now she only cares about you.”

Amy buried her face in her hands and began quietly sobbing. Her pigtails quaked atop her gigantic, dripping body like a tattered bow on a ruined birthday present.

Juniper shifted uncomfortably. Shame and regret immediately washed over her. She felt stupid realizing only now how important Sydney’s attention must have been to Amy. For some reason, she just assumed that everyone else was just stronger than she was.

“Amy, I -” Juniper stepped forward, closing the distance between them.

Amy looked up through her hands as Juniper approached. She snarled and lashed out to swat Juniper’s hand away. Or at least, that’s probably what she meant to do. Instead, as she moved to slap Juniper, the juice in her giant, unwieldy body wobbled and rocked with her movement, throwing her off balance. Her foot slipped on the wet ground and she tumbled full on into Juniper.

Juniper didn’t have time to react, even if she did, she was already the size of a small cow and there wasn’t much she could have done as Amy slammed into her. They fell into the counter, There was a sickening crunch and it collapsed, sending bags and makeup kits and clothing and whatever other odds and ends had been left out careening to the floor.

Juniper’s eyes went wide as she hit the ground and she felt for a moment like she was going to explode when Amy followed, squashing her, well, like a grape. Juice shot from Juniper’s nethers and nipples like geysers and everything went white as a burst of ecstasy and pain shocked her system. Mercifully, it lasted for only a moment before Amy’s tight, round body half bounced, half rolled off of Juniper.

When Juniper’s vision returned, she found herself staring at the ceiling. It took her a moment to remember where she was as the fog of her forceful orgasm lifted from her mind.



Juniper tried to sit up, but realized she may as well be bench pressing a truck. She tried to roll over, but the floor was too slick to gain any traction. Her face was half buried in her turgid breasts, which were already the size of basketballs and her belly was basically a bean bag of juice. She was still nowhere near finished growing.

She looked around to see if there was anything she could use to pull herself up, but as she turned to her left, she froze. Over the round blob of blubbery red flesh that lay next to her, she saw them staring back. Standing in the doorway to the prep room were Sydney and the representative.

“I’m so, so sorry, Miss Zechman! This is - ” Sydney said after a shocked pause. “There must have been an accident, please give us a few minutes and we’ll get this sorted out!”

“Just leave them.” The woman said with a small huff. She sounded vaguely irritated, as though she was being forced to take a detour on her daily commute. “They can take care of themselves or wait until someone else shows up. I still have things to discuss with you.”

Sydney ignored the woman and rushed forward to Amy, who was closest.

“It’s gonna be alright, Amy, okay? Let’s get you up.” She said in a quiet, soothing voice as she wiped the tears from her cheeks and began pulling the dripping girl back up into a sitting position. Amy was now openly crying and as soon as she was upright, she buried her face in Sydney’s chest.

The representative cleared her throat and tapped her foot impatiently. “Sydney. I don’t have all day.”

“With all due respect, ma’am,” Sydney replied without looking back. She did nothing to hide the anger in her voice. “The wellbeing of my subordinates comes first. I will be with you as soon as this is sorted out.”

The representative's eyes narrowed as her gaze burned into the back of Sydney's head. Her eye twitched in a similar fashion to when Juniper had cut her off.

"Fine. I have things to go over with the kitchen staff anyway. Find me when... this... is resolved." She said after realizing that Sydney would not be moved by threats. "Be quick."

Sydney ignored her, gently rocking and cradling Amy. She shushed her softly and stroked her matted hair.

The representative's hateful gaze flashed momentarily from Amy's muted sobbing, to Juniper, who lay in silence, staring back, exposed and drenched in her own juices, before she turned to leave. Her heels clacked angrily back down the hall.

In the brief moment that their eyes met, Juniper felt chills run down her spine. She couldn't exactly describe the expression on the woman's face. It was like she was a butcher, watching pigs rolling around in the mud.