

A Blueberry Cheetah's Fate: Life as a Berry

By: IndigoRho

A small belch broke the relative silence of the apartment, and Indigo gave his round middle a gentle pat of approval. The obese blue cheetah had spent the majority of his day off eating, napping, and generally being as lazy as he could possibly be. Of course, Indigo was like that on most days. A sedentary, excessively gluttonous lifestyle had ensured the cheetah grew fatter and fatter over the years, leaving Indigo with a face nearly as round as his blubbery belly. While Indigo adored his size, he also had to deal with the nickname his spherical blue gut had earned him: blueberry. He didn't necessarily hate the name—he actually considered it fairly accurate—but still felt the need to act grumpy about it. After all, if he approved of it too much, his friends might get bored and think of something worse, like a pun.

The real obnoxious effect of the nickname was the sheer amount of blueberry flavored products friends tended to gift him for a laugh. While normally overly fond of free food, Indigo was simply apathetic about the taste of blueberries, and only raided the joke stash when he was truly desperate. Like today. He'd had only enough normal food to survive him through breakfast and his first snack, and Indigo was in far too lazy a mood to waddle over to the grocery store barely a block away. Instead, the cheetah had forced himself through a lunch that consisted of blueberry muffins, blueberry-flavored chips, and a few too many blueberry ciders. The liquor had helped, somewhat, and Indigo now enjoyed a bloated, sloshy belly.

With lunch finished, Indigo pulled himself out of his chair and stretched, his slightly exposed gut being freed further as his tank top rose up. Feeling the breeze of the ceiling fan on his fur, Indigo grinned and pulled his tank-top back down to cover his flab. It barely reached his belly-button. Indigo stared down at his gut in confusion, and once again tried to cover the blue ball of pudge, again to no avail. He knew he'd eaten a lot for lunch, but he swore his tank-top had covered more just a few seconds ago, before he'd stood up. As he attempted to glare his clothing into compliance, he watched the tank-top inch upwards on its own. The movement was subtle at first, but a loud gurgle echoing from within the cheetah's stomach caused it to speed up noticeably.

Indigo's eyes went wide as he realized his gut was expanding, and not slowly. At first Indigo hoped he was simply suffering an odd case of gas, that he'd just bloat up a bit and be able to belch himself back to normal, but the distinct sound of pouring liquid told him otherwise. The cheetah was no stranger to inflation, having indulged both willingly and unwillingly on numerous occasions. While he couldn't be certain, he'd had his food and drinks spiked by friends often enough in the past to assume that's what was happening now, and quickly cursed his eagerness to accept snacks from them. The pouring sound within was growing louder, as if he'd swallowed a running faucet, Indigo's belly swaying and swelling rapidly. He almost missed the light blue fur of his middle slowly growing a darker shade, which elicited a sigh. Inflating him wasn't enough, they had to make him a blueberry as well.

The cheetah's gut already resembled a large, padded beach ball, and he knew he needed to act fast if he wanted to avoid a blueberry fate. Indigo had been the victim of blueberry pranks so often he kept a small hoard of antidotes and suppressors in the bathroom. Now on the verge of four hundred pounds thanks to the juice in his belly, Indigo awkwardly waddled in the direction of the bathroom, nearly losing his balance every other step as his size continued shifting upwards. A lamp was effortlessly tossed aside as the cheetah's gut accidentally swayed into it, the sound of it clanging against the wall startling Indigo and delaying his progress. His poorly fitting tank-top rolled up completely, unable to contain the growing berry of a cheetah. With the hallway to the bathroom in sight, Indigo eagerly hefted through it to reach his salvation. At least he tried to.

As soon as Indigo entered the hallway his swollen middle became wedged between the walls, stopping him in his tracks. He chirped in dismay while desperately trying to push his juice-filled gut

along, but was quickly forced to concede that he'd never be able to reach the bathroom in time. Even if he were able to squeeze the rest of his body into the hallway, he'd inevitably inflate to a point where he'd be truly stuck, and nothing short of being popped would free him then. With considerable effort Indigo managed to back out of the hallway, stumbling into a wall as soon as his belly unwedged. The impact was cushioned by his now-bloated back, which only confirmed how dangerously far along the inflation process was. Indigo knew there was no way to avoid becoming a blueberry now. Instead of giving up completely, though, the cheetah settled on reducing the potential damage from his expansion as much as possible.

Indigo's apartment was cramped and full of sharp objects just waiting to rupture an inflated fur and unleash a flood of juice. His Inflator's Insurance could cover most problems, but the actual clean-up would be an enormous hassle. Though Indigo was in danger of becoming too unwieldy to move, he hoped there was still enough time to wobble to the sliding glass doors and finish becoming a berry out back, where he could at least be comfortable. If he were lucky, someone might even stumble by and juice him before he was found by any more nefariously-minded friends.

Once more the large cheetah huffed and waddled towards apparent safety, the juice within him loudly splashing about with every strained step. His back and chest had both puffed up along with his belly, giving the cheetah's body a comically round shape, while his arms and legs gradually swelled, too. A series of loud rips heralded the destruction of Indigo's pants and boxers, which were torn apart from the swelling. The two shades of his blue fur were shifting, becoming more vibrant though still distinguishable from each other. A hint of blueberry teased his tastebuds and nostrils. Squeezing past the table and then couch was difficult, his stretched skin already sensitive to the rough edges and textures, but Indigo managed to reach the backdoor intact and mobile.

Indigo wobbled as he pushed open the sliding glass doors with a bloated paw right before it became too swollen to be of use. He waddled forwards, cringing as he felt his massive body struggle to pass through the doorway. Unlike with the hallway, Indigo pressed onwards, leaning a bit in an attempt to use the weight of the juice to his advantage. His body inched through at a painfully slow rate, causing the frame to creak. For a moment Indigo feared he'd been too late, that he would get stuck in the door and explode from the pressure, only partially successful in his mission. Then he suddenly lurched, feeling the last of his body scrap against the sliding door's edges as he stumbled out of the apartment and into the yard.

The force of the cheetah's ejection caused him to lose his balance, and Indigo fell onto his nearly spherical middle, bouncing slightly and chirping. The fall stirred up the juice in his belly, swaying the cheetah back and forth and sending some up his throat, a trickle of blue leaking from his lips. He grumbled as he lay on the paved patio, his arms and legs bloating and merging with his berry of a middle, till they were merely plump mounds supporting his paws. His neck vanished and his cheeks swelled, and even his tail grew a little thicker. Indigo squinted in discomfort as the weight of juice grew and grew, his skin being stretched taut as the gushing sound within continued. Had he still been inside, he would have undoubtedly burst apart from a sharp corner or pointy possession. Of course, if he didn't stop filling with juice soon he'd explode anyway.

There was nothing Indigo could do anymore but wait for the potentially inevitable. His body groaned and creaked, it's whole surface becoming sensitive to even the occasional breeze. Juice was spurting from his mouth at regular intervals, creating a pool of blue around him. The tension and uncertainty was draining, his heart pounding as he assumed every slight tingle on his spherical body would be followed by a tear and a spray of juice. Popping was never really painful, at least for long, but the anticipation was like waiting to be stuck by a needle.

"You know, Indi, I'd say this is a surprise, but considering how often I see you round..."

Indigo couldn't see the new arrival over the curve of his middle, but the voice was unmistakable. "R-Rai, dear, shouldn't you still be at work!" Indigo said, nervously.

A lime-green and white eastern dragon walked into Indigo's sight, grinning deviously as he

brushed the light blue tuft of fur on his head. “The bakery was rather slow, and the other two guys had a bit of an “accident” with the tanks of cream-filling, so I decided to head home early.”

“Oh, uh, well lucky me, then?” Indigo chuckled, imagining his boyfriend's coworkers stuck as immobile, cream-stuffed spheres in the bakery overnight. He'd have to ask the dragon how he pulled that one off once he was in a less precarious position.

“And lucky me, from the looks of things.” Rai gently placed a claw on Indigo's swollen middle and slowly pushed down until a small gush of blueberry juice spurt from the cheetah's maw. “It's been a while since I've had fun with a ripe Indiberry.”

Indigo whimpered as his boyfriend poked and prodded his sensitive body, draining him of more juice. While Rai wasn't too likely to pop him, there was a chance he wouldn't be eager to deflate him right away, either. The dragon loved seeing Indigo big—whether he was round or blubbery—and was especially fond of getting him immobile. Getting back to normal quickly would require a lot of sweet talk and some promises he'd probably regret later. He was just about to begin negotiating when he felt two claws press against his middle and push in abruptly, causing the cheetah to sluggishly roll a few feet.

Indigo whined and spurted juice as he was sent on his brief trip, ending with his face staring at the pavement. “Hey, be gentle! If I snag a bad crack on the patio or run over a rock I might pop!”

“Don't worry, hon, I'm not about to let my big blueberry burst anytime soon,” Rai said, running a claw along the curve of Indigo's belly and smiling as the cheetah moaned. “Cheetah confetti's a lot more boring to play with than a cheetah berry.”

“Please juice me, man, I feel like every little nudge is gonna make me explode!” Indigo begged.

Rai simply teased his boyfriend with a claw more. “You're fine. If you spring a leak I'll patch you up.” The dragon periodically pressed into Indigo's middle just to hear him gargle the juice that was forced up. “As long as you stay calm and aren't reckless with your wobbling, you'll remain intact.”

“Very thoughtful, but that doesn't solve my immobility problem!” Indigo shouted, before coughing a couple times to clear his throat of juice.

“You're not immobile, you've got me to roll you wherever you need to go, sweetie.” Rai carefully rolled Indigo over until his head was once more facing the sky, allowing the couple to see each other. “I've been waiting so long to try this experiment.”

Indigo glared at his boyfriend. “Rolling me doesn't make me...wait, what experiment?”

“Dating a blueberry,” Rai replied.

“But, we've dated for years, what are you talking about?” Indigo was growing nervous.

“Yeah, but you're almost never a berry! You'll inflate into one every couple weeks or so, and even then half the time I miss the fun.” Rai ran his claws over the cheetah's taut surface. “Now, though, now I'll get to enjoy you as a berry all the time. I'm sure you'll grow to love being a berry after a few weeks of living as one.”

Indigo gulped. “A few weeks? Rai, you can't just keep me as a berry for weeks on end, that's ridiculous!”

“It's actually very doable, I've even cleared out the shed to store you in when not in use.” Rai flicked his tail around, using it to stroke the blueberry cheetah in unison with his claws. “It's small, but berries don't need much room.”

The teasing to his sensitive hide forced more moans from Indigo. “I-I'll find a way to pop myself, and when I re-form I'll turn you into a dragon balloon!”

“Dream on big guy. If my assumptions are correct, by the time you manage to pop yourself it'll be far too late.” Rai grinned at his boyfriend's resulting confusion. “Remember how you've re-formed fatter and fatter over the years thanks to your appetite, how each time you retained a little bit more of that delightful pudge?”

Indigo nodded, the wheels in his head already turning.

“It's a known fact that the longer your body stays in a specific state, the more likely you are to

re-form in that state. So if I keep you as a berry for a few weeks or months, it only makes sense that you'll re-form as a berry." The joy in Rai's face was the mirror opposite of the horror in Indigo's.

Indigo had never considered such a possibility, but the logic had a terrible sense to it. "Wait wait wait, this is insane, you can't honestly be trying to permanently turn me into a berry!"

"Oh Indi, you as a berry is my ideal relationship. You'd always be so big and round, and I could tease and play with you whenever I feel like it." He rocked Indigo back and forth for emphasis. "Plus you've still got some padding even as a berry, so you'll make a delightful bed to sleep on."

"P-please Rai, I don't want to spend the rest of my life as a berry," Indigo pleaded. "I can just inflate more often with you, then we can both be happy!"

"Trust me, you'll be just as happy as I am once you've settled into your new life." He embraced his boyfriend's middle in as much a hug as he could manage. "If you behave, I'll even juice you every now and then as a reward. Not completely, of course, but enough for you to wobble around on your own."

Indigo wanted to believe his boyfriend was playing a strange joke on him, that any minute now he'd burst into laughter and gloat about terrorizing him, but Rai's comments felt too...genuine. The cheetah's heart began to race, and he desperately swayed back and forth in a pointless attempt to pop himself and escape his fate. Rai seemed pretty amused by his resistance, giving Indigo's belly a gentle pat before walking over to the nearby shed to retrieve supplies he'd stored there ahead of time. After only a couple minutes he returned to the still futilely struggling Indigo, a folded tarp and bag of stakes in his arms. With considerable care Rai rolled Indigo off the patio and onto the soft grass, leaving a small trail of blueberry juice in their wake.

"Rai, please, this is crazy! You can't do this to me, you can't!" Indigo begged once more, to no avail.

"I'm ready for a celebratory nap, so it's quiet time, hon." Rai pulled a muzzle from the stake bag and forced it onto Indigo, snapping it into place and muffling the cheetah's pleas.

Humming happily to himself, Rai unfolded the tarp and flung it over his blueberry boyfriend, covering him completely. As Indigo wobbled in dismay, Rai lazily hammered in stakes on each side of the tarp, securing it to the ground and gradually pinning Indigo into place. With Indigo even more immobile than before, Rai returned to the shed and grabbed a small step-ladder, using it to scale Indigo. While Rai was only somewhat chubby, he still weighed enough to force a small fountain of juice from Indigo's mouth, which poured from gaps in the muzzle onto the grass. The dragon's movements caused Indigo to shift slightly, sloshing the juice within the cheetah around in a way that delighted Rai to no end.

Rai soon made himself comfortable, sprawling atop the bloated middle of his spherical boyfriend and staring up at the cloud-filled sky in joy. His plan would take weeks, maybe even months to complete, but Rai was confident it would end in success. He grinned as he imagined the first time Indigo would re-form as a giant berry, likely pinned between his bed and the ceiling. Perhaps he'd clear out their room once the permanency was confirmed, turn it into a play room for his berry. Until then, Indigo would have to put up with the shed. Sure, the cheetah didn't support his new form at the moment, but Rai knew his boyfriend would eventually grow to love it just as much as him. He'd probably even thank him once he realized how easy and relaxing life as a berry would be. With his mind filled with images of spherical cheetahs, Rai closed his eyes and slowly drifted to sleep, happy to enjoy an afternoon nap.