

Shinden the Wrecking Berry

By: IndigoRho

The door to the break room opened and Shinden sighed as he strolled in, thankful for a break. That morning had been particularly hectic at the airfield the gray and white wolf worked at, and he was in desperate need of something filling before he returned to the few simple tasks he had left. A quick check of the fridge presented him with quite a few options as it was loaded with leftovers from a party the previous day. His gaze drifted from a sandwich to sliders, before abruptly stopping on what appeared to be a fresh, untouched blueberry pie.

Shinden licked his lips just looking at the sizable dessert. His paw reached out but wavered, the wolf momentarily resisting the urge to grab it. Pie wasn't exactly the healthiest lunch, and while the fairly fit wolf wasn't worried about gaining any weight from it, he was still reluctant to overindulge. He tried settling on something a bit more traditional, but his eyes would always swiftly return to the pie, and inevitably he caved.

Reminding himself that he'd truly earned such a treat after how busy the day had been, Shinden took the entire pie out of the fridge and sat down. He carefully divided the dessert into equal slices, intent on only eating one, *maybe* two. The first bite was absolutely heavenly, prompting the wolf to wipe out one slice in record time. Without a second thought he pulled out another slice, consuming it just as fast. By then the wolf only cared about enjoying the pie, and soon a third slice was on his plate, then a fourth, and a fifth; Shinden just couldn't help but continue eating.

Eventually the wolf's fork scrapped against an empty tin, shaking him from his dessert daze. He looked down and blushed as soon as he realized he'd consumed the entire pie himself in a single sitting. Feeling guilty of the unplanned gluttony, the wolf quickly tossed the tin away and hurried from the break room, the faintest weight in his stomach jostling about as a reminder.

Outside the sun was breaking through the clouds in some places, enough to make Shinden feel cozy and warm in his brown aviator jacket. His destination was a small propeller plane parked on the tarmac, the last real work he had left. Mainly meant for local air shows, the plane had an open-air cockpit and a fresh coat of red-and-white paint, and was a quick check-up away from being cleared to fly.

Shinden eagerly climbed the short steps to get into the rather roomy cockpit, settling in with a clipboard on his lap as he went to work. While the wolf was busy focusing on the plane, his attention was woefully lax on odd changes occurring to his body. Around his muzzle the white and gray fur shifted to a splotchy, then solid blue, the same shade as the filling in the pie he'd devoured a brief time ago. Like an insatiable juice stain the color spread, from the tips of his ears to the bottoms of his paws. Soon Shinden was a two-toned blue wolf, his white tusks seemingly the only part unaffected.

With most of the changes hidden underneath his outfit Shinden had few opportunities to notice, especially as he wasn't even looking at his paws that much. However, getting dyed blue soon became the least of his worries. The wolf's stomach gurgled and rumbled, his whole middle bulging a little, as if he were being pumped with air. His new belly quietly ballooned outward over his lap, enveloping the clipboard and slowly peeking out from beneath his jacket and undershirt. With the shirt riding up his blue ball gut and the jacket unzipping with every swell there was no tightening sensation to warn the focused wolf.

Once Shinden's round gut began pressing hard into the throttle and control panel the wolf was unable to ignore the obvious any longer. With confusion and concern he looked down, startled to find his lap hidden by the sloshing blue orb that was his belly. He held his paws up and checked his reflection off the reflective surface of the plane—all blue. The wolf knew right away he was turning into a blueberry, and the pie he so recklessly gobbled up while on break was the culprit for sure.

With a frustrated "Durf!" he cursed his sweet tooth, doubtful he'd be able to do much to reverse the process before become a wobbling sphere. At the very least he could still escape the plane before

his belly started wrecking anything.

Shinden braced his paws and tried to sit up, but he didn't exert nearly enough force to handle the extra weight of the juice swirling within him. Wobbling only seemed to speed up his expansion, the wolf grunting as he felt himself swell into the sides of the cockpit. Every attempt proved less and less successful, Shinden's middle filling the once-spacious cockpit until he was wedged in tight, completely incapable of dislodging himself without aid.

Now the wolf was in real trouble. His sides were bulging over the cockpit, his jacket completely unzipped and barely covering much at all. Shinden's arms were puffing up from juice as well, less and less useful by the second. He could hear—and feel—his sloshing gut snapping off switches and cracking dials, the pristine interior being destroyed out of sight. Low creaks and groans began to sound, though they weren't from Shinden but the plane itself. Regardless of how well-made the plane was, Shinden knew full and well just how durable his own body could be, and in a battle of endurance he was bound to win.

As feared, the metal sides of the cockpit soon started bulging outwards, bent out of shape by Shinden's increasingly-spherical body. Shinden wobbled and fumed as he continued swelling, his fur taking on a reflective sheen that managed to make him resemble a massive blueberry even more. The whole plane rattled and its middle sagged as the weight of the berry occupant grew too great; it couldn't hold out any longer.

All at once the airplane simply came apart. The sides split open to free Shinden's round blue body, and the motion of the juices within him splashing about caused an inevitable failure cascade. Landing gear snapped right off and Shinden let out a brief, frantic yelp as he fell the short distance, his berry body flattening the fuselage beneath him. He teetered backwards on impact—smashing the tail—before rolling forwards again and crumpling what remained of the front and propellers. In the end the wings were the least damaged part of the plane, and even they were broken off completely.

Once Shinden recovered from the terrible raucous of crashing metal he sighed. His transformation into a berry had finished by then, the wolf rocking back and forth atop his spherical body, limbs and paws puffed with juice. Even his cheeks were big and round. No doubt *someone* at the field would hear the terrible noise made as he wrecked the poor plane, and with how shiny his hide was he'd be a bright blue beacon to draw them to the source.

Shinden wasn't looking forward to the roll back to the hangar to get juiced, nor the teasing that was guaranteed to ensue. He wouldn't be able to hide the prank once home, either, not with glistening blue fur that'd linger on for hours; another night of being called a “berry wuff” awaited him. Worst of all, though, was knowing how long it'd take to repair the plane he'd flattened with his bulk. The wobbling wolf sighed again as he listened to himself slosh, swearing that *this* time he'd finally give up blueberries...maybe...