

Blueberry High

By: IndigoRho

Indi stretched a little as he sat in the chair, the hefty midnight-blue cheetah almost too wide to fit. He was used to being too wide for quite a lot of things at the hotel, though. Chairs, doorways, elevators. He'd have been annoyed if he didn't have a friend just as big getting just as stuck. Reggie—a large fox—was digging through his suitcase for something, and his triumphant “a-hah!” a few seconds later was proof of his success.

The fox waddled around the bed, a small black stick in his paw. “Alright big guy, you up for getting high?”

When Reggie held out the device Indi grabbed it curiously, thinking it looked more like a battery stick than any pipe he'd ever seen before; not that the cheetah smoked enough to know much about it. After a few seconds of examining the offering he gave up trying to figure it out himself, Reggie having to step in to show him. “Now don't take too deep a breath, otherwise you'll fill up the room!”

Indi frowned at his friend. “*You're* the only one who'd take a puff that big!” he insisted.

A nice, long inhale filled Indi's mouth with the smooth smoke, and he let it swirl around within for a good while before exhaling it as a barely visible stream. The smoke had an aftertaste he swore was familiar, but he couldn't quite figure it out. His attempts to ponder it were thwarted with a firm slap on the back from Reggie, who'd worn a wide grin since the moment Indi had taken the puff.

“So, how'd you enjoy it?” Reggie asked, eyes occasionally drifting towards the cheetah's middle. “It's a strain I've been wanting you to try ever since I found it.”

“Good, I guess?” Indi said, immediately regretting how unintentionally underwhelmed he'd sounded. “I-I mean, it has a nice taste, not harsh or anything like that. What was it?”

As the cheetah talked his belly wobbled gently, unnoticed by him but spotted by Reggie immediately. The wobbling was followed by subtle swelling, Indi's middle expanding like a balloon.

“I'm surprised you didn't recognize it immediately, blueberry.”

For a second Indi just stared back, blinking. Then the word finally hit him, along with the taste still lingering in his mouth, and he guessed what was happening before he even bothered looking down. Despite how large Indi was naturally there was no doubting he'd gotten wider since taking the puff. He let out a dismayed, subdued chirp, poking his bloating belly with both paws as he hoped in vain he'd be able to simply push away the growth. Of course that wasn't possible.

“Oh c'mon Reggie, how big am I gonna get!” Indi whined, adjusting his stance to handle his enlarged middle.

“It's a surprise, jumbo~” Reggie gleefully circled his inflating friend, prodding Indi's swelling sides frequently. “Though when have you ever only inflated a *little* bit?”

Indi pouted and tried to swat away the fox's teasing pokes, but Reggie wasn't dissuaded in the slightest. “*Please* tell me you've got something to reverse this, I don't want to end up as a blimp or a...or a...oof.”

A light daze was coming over Indi, his concentration muddled. Though he didn't get high often he was certain the stuff was starting to kick in, and far faster than anything should have. Indi coughed and then belched, a puff of smoke escaping his lips. Another cough led to more smoke, more than the cheetah could have possibly swallowed on accident from a single puff. Was *that* what was filling him up?

“Doing ok there puffball?” Reggie chuckled, nudging Indi just hard enough in the belly to make him wobble and stagger. “I hear it's rough to keep your wits once you start filling with Blueberry Dream. Though I'm sure once you're a big, creaking sphere of the stuff you'll be all smiles.”

Indi's fur was gradually shifting to a brighter shade of blue as he continued inflating, thighs, chest, and limbs puffing up as well. Moving was practically impossible and Indi couldn't even flail at

Reggie anymore, who only responded by terrorizing the cheetah further.

“Oh man, I'm getting *huge*,” Indi half-chuckled, half-groaned. Getting high always made him passive, and being turned into a blimp wasn't enough to change that attitude.

The cheetah's limbs were rapidly vanishing into his sphere of a body, ballooned to the point of being mere domes with puffy, wiggling paws at the ends. His overstretched hide was creaking faintly, the sounds making Indi grin rather than wince in his dazed state. His eyes drifted constantly, sometimes simply lingering on random objects for no discernible reason. He was excessively relaxed, without a care in the world despite being a solid pin-prick away from being scraps and a puff of blue smoke. Occasionally Indi would begin purring, though the act wasn't consistent and would start and end without purpose.

Reggie smiled as he saw his friend's eyes cloud over from the deep high he was experiencing. He poked Indi's taut sides in a few places to confirm just how puffed up he was, delighted in how he felt like a drum. Some prods would prompt a whiff of the smoke, which Reggie did his best to avoid in the off chance their effects were contagious; after all, he couldn't continue teasing Indi if he were just as round.

“Now *that's* the real Indi I know: round, creaky, and a solid shade of blue~” Reggie gave Indi a shove with both paws, enough to make the bloated cheetah berry roll onto his back.

Indi bobbed back and forth, letting out lazy chirps and barely cognizant of what was going on. Reggie spun his friend around with ease, making sure to treat him like a ball as much as possible. He rolled and gently bounced him, even carefully leaned against him as if he were a big blue inflatable mattress, snickering as he felt Indi wobble and creak beneath his weight. Fortunately the cheetah proved durable and handled Reggie's bulk.

“Hmm, it really wouldn't be fair for me to hoard you all to myself puff ball,” Reggie mused, absentmindedly rolling Indi around. “Maybe I should invite a few friends up so they can enjoy a good puff as well, what do you think!”

Indi was thoroughly lost in the high and increasingly suggestible. He grinned dopily and nodded in agreement, at least as best as he could in his spherical state.

“New you'd come around.”

Reggie rested up against the bloated cheetah once more as he pulled out his phone. He sent out invites to as many mutual friends as he could, promising them a good high and great entertainment.

“Hope you're nice and cozy Indi, cause it'll probably take all weekend for you to be puffed back down to size,” Reggie chuckled. “Though I think there's worse fates than a two day haze with friends.”

The blimped up cheetah merely chirped in agreement.