

“Ok, no more screwin’ around, time to get poppin’...”

Sonic the Hedgehog stood alone in a dimly lit kitchen, facing both the counter and the window just above it, glimpsing at the yellow moon hovering in the evening sky. Just in front of him was an empty popsicle tray, just beside the sink. Sonic was charged with whipping up some custom fruit popsicles to serve at a beach party for the start of summer, and he’s procrastinated on it for three days straight. Tonight was the last night before departure, and he couldn’t just blow off a responsibility set by his friends...

“Now, where do I start...?” Sonic seized the recipe and wish list he was given, giving both sections of the paper a quick glossing over before chuckling softly.

The process was a comically short, farcically easy process. The first task was to fill the tray’s slots with water, which was quite possibly the easiest task Sonic had ever done in his life. The second step was where his tune began to falter; dump some fruit powder in each slot. Again, an effortless task, but Sonic couldn’t remember the last time he’d actually *bought* any fruit powder.

Grunting, Sonic began to survey the kitchen around him, mainly feeling through the nearby pantry. Not bothering to crank up the lights left Sonic having to look over each box he found individually, and he began to get nervous as he exhausted each cabinet. He soon reached the very bottom, and found only one box. A grimace of discontent was on Sonic’s face as he yanked out the case... which swiftly dissolved into a smile of relief.

Somewhat bent and lightly coated in dust, a case of *Oasis* fruit powder laid firmly in the blue blur’s grasp. Turning over and handling the box showed that it had every flavor he was looking for, but also that it was put to shelves January third of that year. The expiration date was a few months into the next year though, so Sonic simply ignored the text and moved back to the tray.

Sonic couldn’t help but hum to himself as he ripped open and poured out each pack; blackberry for Sally, blueberry for Tails, cranberry for Marine, grape for Knuckles, green apple for Rouge, orange for Silver, peach for Blaze and finally mango for himself.

Sonic then put in the sticks and thrown the whole thing in the freezer, and was just about to turn in... only for the box’s release date to cross his mind again. Looking back, he realized he’d ignored the box completely after opening it up, and it was still sitting there on the counter, bent and dusty like an unloved plush toy. Staring at it for a second, a feeling that something was off crept into his mind.

“...eh, I can look it over in the morning.” Sonic muttered as he lethargically wandered straight to bed, thoughts of Sally quickly clearing out his head.

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“Here we are, folks!” Tails chimed, his smile visible from behind the driver’s seat.

“*Finally*,” Knuckles groaned with an exaggerated lunge. “I bet *purgatory itself* would be a shorter sit than this-”

“Only because you had to piss *every thirty bloody minutes*, it is!” Marine interrupted, leering at Knuckles from a seat behind. “I’m pretty sure we’d be here sooner if you didn’t hog an entire large bottle to *yourself*!”

“I was thirsty, okay?! You don’t know what thirst starvation’s like-”

“Guys,” Sally interrupted from the front seat. “We’re *here*! We’ll bicker about Knuckles’ bladder outside!”

Tails’ mother’s minivan was not unlike a clown car, with everyone beyond the driver’s quarters crammed in like canned sardines. Everyone stepping out after the eight hour drive was more like sardines pouring out of a can than a party of beachgoers, and everyone had to stumble around for a few solid minutes just to get their bearings.

Thankfully, the condominium they were staying in was right beside their parking space, and the beach was just a street away.

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The searing sun of the following morning flowed into Sonic and Sally’s bedroom through half-open blinds. It illuminated the room, the bed in the middle of it, the table beside that, and the hedgehog laying on the bed.

“Pretty crazy crew you have, Sonic...” Sally breathed, just behind the bathroom door.

“Yeah, we all have our quirks, and the guys can get pretty wild...” Sonic replied, already in his green diamond-pattern trunks. “...but once you get to know them, they’re all pretty cool.”

“Hey, I hang out with my own crazy inventor and a guy scared of his own shadow, so I can’t say I’m surprised.” Sally added, her fingers slowly reaching from behind the door between the two before pushing it aside altogether. Sonic couldn’t help but blush at what the gesture revealed; Sally’s already picturesque form was accented by her swimwear, a sky blue bikini with a white stripe down the middle. The polyester frames hugged and molded around her form in *just* the right places, producing a truly realized (and idealized) bikini bod.

“U-uh, yeah, wow,” Sonic stuttered, visibly struggling with his sudden wave of arousal. “You look totally *beautiful*...”

“I’d say you’re looking pretty Van Damme yourself!” Sally added with a sly smile and a quirked brow, swiftly stepping up to the bed just an inch out of embrace range. “About time we see if the others are up, I’d say.”

Sonic couldn’t help but chuckle. “All I can think is how Knuckles is probably still snoozing right now...” With that memory of Knuckles dozing on a couch, Sonic’s smile weakened slightly. An all too familiar feeling stirred in his mind, the feeling that he had *forgotten* something-

“Ha! I can see that...” Sally laughed, thoroughly crashing Sonic’s train of thought. “C’mon, let’s get moving!” With that, the two lovers grabbed their bags and flowed out the front door, Sonic’s popsicles in a cooler in the blue blur’s right hand.

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Sapphire Coast Beach was the postcard definition of the seaside experience; a cloudless sky, a crowd nonexistent and the ocean itself bright and unblemished. By now, the gang's morning antics had flowed into high noon, and it was clear that they all needed a breather.

"*Whew...* that was *intense*." Silver panted through dripping hair, utterly drenched in sweat.

"Some major-league level shit, man!" Sonic chimed, slapping his psychic compatriot's back. "Not to mention we *totally* won-"

"*Beginner's luck!*" Knuckles barked. "I *would've* won if Tails was actually a team player-"

"Your big soccer "plan" involved using a guy a *third* of your mass as the goalie, Knuckles, we would've lost regardless." Tails finished sarcastically, more amused by the excursion than anything else. "*Jeez*, it's hot... unrelated, but you still have the popsicles, right Sonic?"

"Yeah, back at home base." Sonic replied slyly with a nod towards the team's camp. It was your average beach-going setup on a large scale; blankets, chairs and umbrellas for shade, and smack dab in the middle laid that standard boxy cooler, with Blaze and Rouge sunbathing nearby.

Rouge noticed the guys approaching first, rolling onto on her back with feline grace. "Had fun, boys?" She purred seductively as she flaunted her assets, in what could charitably be deemed a "subtle" fashion.

"Can't say it was boring!" Silver replied *just* before Knuckles could answer himself. "How're you doing?"

"Nothing exciting," Blaze yawned, stretching up while sitting on her knees. "We were just discussing current events and our escapades among, uh... other things." Blaze stuttered near the end, making sure not to mention the Sol Emeralds in Rouge's presence. "I uh, dozed off after that."

"Nothing too new then, huh mate?" Marine snarked from afar, she and Sally walking up to the camp from further down the shore.

Soon enough the crew had completely surrounded the cooler, opening it up and revealing the small, fruity spires within. Tails and Marine reached for theirs first, followed by Blaze and Silver, then Knuckles and Rouge, and finally Sonic and Sally.

Marine was genuinely taken off guard, her eyes widening exponentially as her Popsicle went further down her mouth, before she took it out in sheer surprise. "Strewth, man! This tastes great!"

"Yeah, these aren't bad!" Silver added in between his own tastes.

Blaze simply purred and nodded in agreement, content to just indulge herself after an hour in the heat.

“Not gonna lie, I just used some pre-made powder stuff.” Sonic admitted with a shrug. “I freely admit I’m too lazy to make anything myself.”

“No worries, Sonic.” Sally replied as she shuffled up to Sonic’s shoulder, resting her head on it in a warm embrace. “Your culinary expertise isn’t why I love you...”

Knuckles snarled slightly at Sally’s display while trying to hide his enjoyment of his pop. “Of course Sonic gets a lovey-dovey poet for a girlfriend...”

“You saying you don’t like my poetry, Knuckie?” Rouge inquired seductively as she herself slinked up to Knuckles’ own shoulder, embracing his arm much like a sloth embracing a tree branch.

Knuckles was, of course, slightly overwhelmed by Rouge’s advances. “Uh... no- I always like them!” He swiftly went back to his pop, glances rapidly flashing between it and Rouge.

Finally, Tails hummed a note of satisfaction as he slid his ice pop slowly down his tongue, before pulling it out altogether. “I have to say, whatever you used is some robust stuff. I’m especially glad you like it-” Tails’ speech was suddenly cut short as he turned to face Marine, still gushing over her Popsicle... but with an unusual detail not present before. “Uh, Marine? You’ve got something on your nose...”

“Really, mate?” Marine turned her own head for eye contact, giving Tails a front-row view of her face. Her nose had indeed developed a small maroon dot in the middle, but it looked too smooth to be some rogue juice. Tails had some concern for this... which led to full concern when the splotch began to *spread*, flowing outward across her entire muzzle and beyond.

“*Your whole face is turning red-*” was all Tails could muster before Marine herself began to panic. “Forget me mate, *your face is turning blue!*”

Tails didn’t want to believe it, partially since he didn’t have any mirror... but his fears were confirmed when he his arms dye themselves the cool color from the hands up.

This didn’t go unnoticed by the rest of the party, who all stared at this spontaneous re-coloration with confusion and concern. By this point the light shades of their muzzles had begun to leak down to their underbellies, while their regular fur began to saturate with a darker shade.

“We have to call an ambulance!” Blaze suddenly announced, the first to break out of her trance.

“Silver, do you still have your phoOOONE?! *You too, Silver?!*”

“Me too?! *You too!!!*”

The two time-space travelers could only scream at each other as they saw their own color contaminations take place, Silver’s greys and muzzle becoming matching oranges and Blaze slowly turning pink respectively.

“*Just what the hell did you put in these things, Sonic?!?*” Knuckles roared as he began rolling his sleeves (so to speak), his head already consumed by vibrant purples as they began to flow south. “I swear to Light Gaia if this’s some new “*Rainbow in the mud*” prank-!”

“I knew to stop last time, man!” Sonic pleaded as his own fur became coated in orange yellows. “I haven’t touched a laxative since March-!”

“STOP!”

Just before Knuckles could throw his first punch, he and Sonic found themselves separated by a completely blue Tails. While still definitely worried by the situation, it’s clear that more than a little bit of anger had seeped into his mood. His ire first fell to Knuckles. “We’re *not* going to get anywhere through violence in this situation.” He then turned his gaze to Sonic, his expression softening by only an inch. “Now, Sonic... I need you to *calmly* tell us what you put in these pops.”

“Okay...” Sonic breathed sharply, still pulling himself together with the madness going on. “I just used a regular-ass, store-bought fruit powder for the popsicles, guys.”

“What brand?” Sally asked with a quirked eyebrow, her fur already halfway consumed by purples dark enough to be blacks.

“Oasis,” Sonic answered, gesticulating along the way as the details finally flowed back into his mind. “Only the eight flavors, January third...”

“Oasis, January third-?” Tails felt his heart sink like a cannonball in molasses as this final piece fell into the core of the puzzle, his face breaking apart into all-knowing horror. “*Dude, that was the leftover prototype for my nutrition experiment! I sent it to you so you could destroy it!*”

“What?!” Rouge yelled aloud among the chorus of gasps, now thoroughly coated in apple greens.

“Oh... *oh*...” Sonic began to deflate with the revelation before attempting to bolster himself with a nervous chuckle. “Y-e-a-h, the experiment... I remember now, how you uh... tested the stuff on a mobini that... turned blue and then... and *then* it-”

“*And then it-!*” Tails was once again cut short, this time by a sensation novel yet unmistakable. The savory flavor of icy blueberries flowed back into his mouth of its own accord, and refused to stop there. The feeling of cool liquid rolling down one’s throat claimed Tails, and refused to stop, overfilling the little fox man and making him feel...bloated.

“O-o-h, what’s happenin’ to me now?!” Marine complained, herself being filled with the taste of cranberry and caressing her belly in vain. “Good *god* I’m so full, I’m probably ...gonna...?!”

The ring-tailed sailor girl was paralyzed with shock as she felt her stomach begin to grow against her hands. It started off slowly, but snowballed pretty quickly, until it appeared as if she were nine months pregnant... and kept on going. It took only halfway to that milestone before her buttocks began swelling themselves, the relatively flat surface soon ballooning into a ghetto-girl’s badonk, slowly starting to strain her yellow bandeaukini’s bottom. This swelling finally made it to her breasts, with what were once b-cups rapidly growing to c-cups, d-cups and beyond, forcing out and stretching her top in ways it wasn’t meant to handle. Her back, crotch,

sides, and even her limbs began swelling shortly after, and her form slowly went from pregnancy to full-on obesity, with her mind gridlocked with shock all the way.

Tails could only sigh in defeat as he met his own fate, starting to expand mere seconds after Marine did. His own stomach began to surge outward at a similar pace, soon hanging over his brown tiki-pattern trunks not unlike a beergut. Said trunks met stiff competition as his butt burgeoned from within it, while its pantlegs began to stiffen around his own expanding legs. Without breasts, Tails's chest inflated out in a different fashion, his typically flat chest slowly forming exaggerated, plushy pecks before merging into a single sub-curve for the major curve of his belly.

Most of the others would initially petrified as they saw two of their friends blow up like balloons... but they soon realized what was happening to them was simply a preview for what would happen to themselves.

Silver simply yelped as he too began bloating like a water bed. His entire body starting expanding at once, burgeoning out like a pufferfish of citrus. His black and white stripe trunks managed to stretch with his expansion more comfortably than the others' so far, but his pat legs were still splitting from the force of his ballooning thighs. Silver ultimately ended up slightly rounder than Tails, with a (slightly) smaller butt and (somewhat) bigger chest to help complete the roly-poly look nicely.

“WHY IS THIS HAPPENING TO US?!” Blaze howled as she began bloating next, not unlike how Marine was swelling. Her belly, bust and butt lead the charge, giving her a similar default look of a Vegas showgirl on pregnancy leave. The rest of her body followed suit, slowly reducing the proud warrior princess into a sumo wrestler-shaped water balloon filled with peach juice. All the while, her royal purple two-piece suit with gold trimming was being absolutely tortured, forced to accommodate her swelling assets like a barn squeezing in a rhinoceros.

Knuckles was already a big guy, and his inflation into a grape could only take things up. His lower body began to expand first, his already thick legs and backside growing ever thicker as they blew up with juice, stretching his gunmetal grey square-cut trunks heavily. The ludicrous pear-shape this initially produced would quickly be evened out by his ballooning torso, the muscles it sported ballooning and distorting like an inflatable doll gone mad.

The already absurd hourglass that was Rouge's figure was the perfect canvas for her apple expansion; her boobs and butt were the first to grow, stretching out her jet-black stringkini like the band of a slingshot. This moment of glory lasted a full ten seconds and had them expand to three times their original size before the rest of her body took over. The “fattening” and rounding of her body was something of a compliment to her beautifully overblown bosom and buttocks, but they also further strained her swimsuit, especially the rings used to keep it together, threatening to split the thing clean in half.

Finally, Sonic looked to his inflating friends, then to Sally, a pit forming in his stomach when she met him with a face of panic and anger.

“I-I'm sorry, Sally...”

The two managed to start expanding at roughly the same time, and roughly matched each other all the way. Where Sally's regal form fattened out in a balloon-like fashion, Sonic's athletic build collapsed into a beautiful mango balloon. Sally's form inflated much like the other girls, with her belly, butt and bust starting the charge before she was rounded out by the rest of her engorging form. Sonic expanded all at once like Silver, but a less even pace; whenever one part seemed to be outperforming the others, another would take the lead. Fortunately for them, their suits proved the most durable of the bunch, fitting comfortably over their expanding frames throughout the process.

While everyone expanded in different ways, the outcome was relatively the same; where a lean, speedy athlete once stood, a rotund, taunt balloon of a person stood in their place. A vague pear shape was there, but they were still nearly spherical. Only their heads with puffy cheeks, comparatively undersized chests and stubby trunk-like limbs broke up the roundness for the guys, while the girls' breasts stood massive, at least being beach-ball sized and at most being exercise-ball sized. While everyone varied slightly in size, they *all* outmatched Big the cat in scale, and their pudgy, conical legs were the only things keeping them upright.

"O-o-h...*perfect*..." Sally spoke first, her frustrations now overtaking her fears. "*First*, I turn purple, *now I'm fat*."

"*It's bloody awful!*" Marine panicked, looking over and feeling over as much of her frame as her stubby arms and hindered neck allowed her. "Who knows how my crew is going to react to me looking like *this*?!"

"Probably better than how my subjects will see me..." Blaze sighed in defeat, feeling her own ballooned belly as if it were a dying steed. The gold trim of her bikini was made of threads of legitimate gold, and their seams were already showed breaks along the peach girl they now squeezed around.

"Don't worry honey!" Silver chimed in a hopeless display of support. "The Sol people will love you no matter *what* you... look... like..." Silver's speech began to trail off as he examined Blaze's form further along with his, a small intrigue forming for the details of their bloated masses. Almost... a liking. Silver, of course, snapped himself out of it when Blaze gave him a weird look. "U-h-h, *Tails!* What the hell is this?"

Tails sighed again as the group's attention fell to him, looking around to make eye contact with everyone in front of him. He finally began to speak aloud, like a convict explaining his crimes. "Back in February, I was working with that fruit powder in my tests for a new formula. It was supposed to be a super-powder that gave the body all the daily nutrition it needed in a single glass." Tails shortly paused, darting eyes to Sonic before moving back to the crowd. "I charged the powder with chaos drive energy, to give it the needed potency, but that made things messy. I tried at least forty formulas for the same thing, and all the mobini I tested it on swelled up into fruit like we just did..."

Tails paused again to rub a hand over his swollen stomach. He pressed softly against the distended flesh, which sank in a bit before filling out when he released it, showing that he still

had quite a bit of room. “I haven’t been able to make an antidote, but I’ve been able to safely squeeze the juice out through controlled pressure.”

“Really?” Rouge asked simply, not sure how to take the news. Looking herself over again, she wasn’t quite as repulsed by what she was anymore. In fact, a small smile seemed to creep onto her face.

“See guys? We’re not *completely* screwed!” Sonic smirked with a tone of relief. “We can turn this back around, we’ll be fine-!”

“*Oh no, little man.*”

Sonic’s smile soured again when he heard Knuckles cut him off from behind. Even with everyone inflated, Knuckles looked down on the hedgehog mango, and still had some vague musculature under his juicy mass.

“You *still* fed us some laced shit,” He raised his puffy arm into a flex, visibly jiggling his arm flesh around. “And I think a little *payback* is of or-...*oh...*” Alas, this session of payback was cut short.

*Everyone* began to moan and complain aloud as they felt the bloating sensation began to wash over them again, even stronger than before. Their bellies began to gurgle loudly with the sensation, jiggling their entire bodies with the reactions.

“*A-a-qain?!?*” Blaze cried out. “How much longer will this go on-?!?”

The princess’s rant fell short as *everyone* began to inflate again. Bellies, butts, chests and breasts started off once again, but they were followed by everything else very quickly. Not only were they getting bigger, but they were getting rounder; their hips and sides began to absorb into their bellies, while their still-swelling arms and legs began to sink into their frames.

“*U-u-h, Tails?!?*” Sally squeaked as she her ballooning breasts began to move into her view. “*I-is this second stage supposed to happen?!?*”

“*No!*” Tails yelled in response through increasingly puffy cheeks. “If we keep up like this, *we’re going to explode!!*”

“EXPLODE?!?” Sonic screamed. “Oh man, I *really* screwed up this time!”

“HELL YEAH YOU DID!!” Knuckles roared as he charged Sonic with what little mobility he had left, raising his arms again for a full-frontal strike. “I’M KICKING YOUR ASS NOW YOU LITTLE-*ohhh no...*”

Knuckles’ assault and Sonic’s flinch were cut short as a new sensation overcame them and the other guys; it was well-known, and *especially* embarrassing. On top of their already increasing expansions, the guys began to feel “funny down south” as even their junk was beginning to expand both traditionally *and* with juice, taking what was left of their already stretching trunks (the sleeves ripped off long ago) and warping them even further.

The girls weren't safe from this fate, as they too began to grow unwillingly aroused. Nipples grew erect underneath their bra cups, and juices began to leak out from them in small streams.

Both sides could only gawk at what the other was showing, for everyone's expansion was only getting worse. By this point, their very hands and feet were beginning to balloon, outright destroying whatever footwear they had. But that was the least of their worries; their heads were now sinking in slightly into their increasingly spherical bodies along with their limbs, which grew exponentially thicker and shorter with each size gained.

Soon enough, all of this expanding was beginning to reach an apex. What started as regular fullness became a painful feeling of tightness as more and more juice was being pumped into them, and once near-inaudible gurgles had soared into horrible, guttural groans.

"*Urgh... ooh...*" Silver moaned in a combination of pain and stupor. "I'm starting to get pretty full here..."

"Me too..." Marine replied softly, now larger than king-size bedroom and feeling every bit of it.

"Reaching... limits..." Was all Tails could say before he simply joined the chorus of moans and whining, limits indeed beginning to be met. They were now *all* pissing and lactating juices in steady streams, and that *still* didn't stop them from expanding further and further, now on-par with garages in scale.

Barely able to speak anymore, everyone just exchanged terrified glances before clenching their eyes shut altogether, unable to focus on anything other than the sheer pressure and the pain it wrought. Said pressure kept growing and growing as their own bodies did, and moans became yells as it consumed their bodies. When it was clear there was no more room left and that they were at their *peaks*...

...the swelling stopped. Right on a dime.

It took a while for anyone to realize this, some just assuming they were already dead. But when people started to open their eyes, they could see the scene they were *really* in.

All of the inflating left everyone rivaling houses in size. Most of their torsos had merged into a nearly perfect sphere, with only heads, chests, breasts and limbs to break up the curve with their own. Even then, their limbs contributed very little, with their feet just barely reaching the ground and their arms only able to wobble around inarticulately. They had even stopped leaking their juices in embarrassing ways, with such contents now laying in small puddles where they sat.

The gang remained silent for a long time, with gazes going to each other, then themselves and back again, but eventually all eyes were on Sonic. A wave of nausea began to form in his gut, believing their gazes to be their vitriol on full display. He would've gladly worked for Eggman if it meant he could disappear right then and there, but eventually, sheepishly, he began to form words through his bloated cheeks. "I'm sorry guys. I'm really, *really* sorry. I had a responsibility, got lazy, forgot what happened earlier, and put our lives on the line because of it."

Sally's genuinely angry stare began to slowly soften with Sonic's words, but she still frowned as she prepared her response. "Sonic... I still love you, and I've taken a *lot* of your past pranks before... but *this*?! *This* is another ballpark altogether." She then turned away from her boyfriend with a huff, slowly deciding to look herself over again with a sigh... of relief. "At least our suits are still intact..."

"Thank Light Gaia for that..." Knuckles added. "I probably *would've* died if my suit snapped!"

Indeed, everyone's swimwear was intact. They were stretched beyond mortal belief and somewhat distorted by the sheer *scale* of what they were covering, but many of them showed gratitude that they were still there.

And then Silver started laughing. It was quite possibly the longest, hardest and most genuine laugh he ever produced, and he was laughing *loudly*. The others naturally turned their gazes to him, most out of concern, some just wondering what was so damn funny.

"Silver?" Blaze asked worryingly, being the closest to him and seeing he was slowing down. "Are... are you alri-?"

"*Looked what happened to us!!*" Silver suddenly beamed with a wide smile. "We took some *drugged* popsicles, blew up into *fruit*, and *almost exploded*, and the *one thing* we care about is our... is our-MODESTY!"

Some of the gang's gazes turned sour at that remark while Silver briefly fell back into hysterics, before he regained his bearing in light of the looks he was getting. "*Well*, my trunks could've come clean off where I'm concerned, because this feels *good!!*"

*This* remark turned sour looks into weird looks, along with all the others. Silver saw this clearly and simply rolled his eyes.

"C'mon, don't you guys feel the *least* bit comfy like *I* am?!" He inquired loudly. "We're basically living waterbeds! We're big, soft and cool inside! We're better for the beach *now* than when we started!"

It took a second for everyone to take such words in, but afterwards... they were all correct! All of the pain vanished as soon as they stopped inflating, and the cool liquid sitting inside them helped cool them off from the sweltering sun. In fact, the pressure that was once torturing them had loosened considerably, and now felt... stimulating. In fact, comforting, if not *arousing*. The sheer *tightness* of their swimwear squeezing certain points only drove this home, caressing their private areas to re-invigorate their libidos.

"Mmm... Silver... you're actually right..." Blaze began to purr softly, feeling the comfort as she simply allowed what was in her body to do its work. "This feels *really* good..."

Silver couldn't help but smile at Blaze's content. "Not only do you feel good, but you *look* good too!"

"S-Silver?!" Blaze's eyes widened when she heard *that* compliment. "Y-you really think I look *attractive* like this?!"

“Blaze, to put it bluntly, you look *hot*.” Silver replied bluntly. “Everything that makes you beautiful is *better* all big and round like that. You’re a *stunner*!”

“*Really?!?*” Blaze initially reeled back at the sheer bluntness of Silver’s remarks, but slowly began to move back in as she looked him over. His massive belly was the focal point, but every part of the hedgehog orange’s citrus-y form became increasingly captivating to the feline princess. In fact, his look began to look... attractive. “*Actually...*” She began to moan seductively, a sly smile forming between her cheeks. “I’d say you’re pretty good-looking yourself.”

Knuckles was a bit weirded out as he saw Silver and Blaze rolled closer together with *those* words, but he was nonetheless rolled forward in intrigue. “Uh... wow, I... didn’t think this would feel so gommMPH?!”

His monologue was interrupted by Rouge rolling into his face, bust first. She was the largest of the girls, and her breasts the biggest too, nearly-fridge sized in scale as they smothered everything below Knuckles’ eyes.

“It feels *wonderful*, honey!” She cheered seductively, making deliberate bedroom eyes with her hubbie across their colliding chests. “In fact, I don’t think I’ve felt this good *or* this sexy *ever*. Jab at Sonic all you want, but we’ve come across something *amazing*.”

Both Tails and Marine began to give each other awkward looks when they heard Rouge’s words, but each glance became more endearing as they saw just how big, round and... well, *endowed* they were as berries.

“Y’know, Tails...” Marine started, eyes slowly moving from the sky above to Tails. “...I think you look pretty good as a blueberry.”

“R-really now?” Tails stuttered, eyes narrowing and a blush turning his cheeks purple. “W-well, I think you uh... look pretty nice as a cranberry yourself!”

With those words they began to roll sideways towards each other, smooshing their sides, bellies and chests together as they held pudgy hands with passionate gazes. An embrace...

Meanwhile, Sally began to soften further as she was caressed by her own feelings, the blackberry extract within her massaging and cooling her bloated form. “Oh yeah, this feels *nice*...” The princess moaned aloud, bouncing her arms around in content before looking back to the mango beside her. She began to feel bad as she saw that he was still bummed out, the fact that she scolded him so harshly not helping matters.

“Hey, Sonic...” She started, rolling over to him to press against his shoulder. “I’m really sorry for yelling at you like that...”

“Really?” Sonic talked softly as he turned his head to face her.

“Yeah!” Sally responded, now stroking his chest with her stubby hand. “I was scared- hell, we were *all* scared, but that was no excuse for me to judge you like that. And by the way...?” She rolled up closer, her massive breasts now dangerously close to his head. “...you look *very* sexy.”

“You too Sal, you too...” Too far in distance to move in for a kiss, Sonic decided to match his arm with hers, locking their fingers together in their own lock of love. He closed his eyes as he felt the conflicting warmth and cold of their bodies mix together, and felt Sally’s bust rub comfortably against his belly.

...and he swiftly opened them back up when he felt Sally’s grip tighten.

“*That being said...*” She started with a raised brow and rising grin. “You *did* jeopardize our lives and strand us here, all in the most *embarrassing* way possible.”

“That you did...” Sonic flinched in surprise as Knuckles suddenly appeared in front of him, still eclipsing him in sheer mass. “I’m sorry for trying to beat you up for so long! I clearly should’ve considered more... *polite* forms of expression!”

“Hey guys, I still have my psychokenisis!” Silver added from afar. “I can probably use my phone, maybe call some people to get us out of here-?”

“The phone can wait, Silver.” Tails replied, grinning wickedly as he rolled up to Sonic opposite to Sally. “The day’s still young, and there are *still* games to be played...”

“Count us in, boys! I’m hard pressed to find a game we *don’t* enjoy...” Blaze purred devilishly as she pressed up to Sonic from behind, her bosom caressing his back like king-sized pillows.

“O-okay guys, I’m game!” Sonic stammered, growing increasingly panicked as he became increasingly surrounded. “W-w-what exactly d-do we have in mind?”

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“Look, *guys*! How many times do I have to say I’m sorriiIEEEEEEEAAAA!?!?”

Sonic’s pleas devolved into screams as he went flying across the sand, rolling at high speeds with no signs of slowing down- *right* until he slammed into Knuckles’ belly. The impact was brief before he bounced right off, sent rolling again in the opposite direction.

“You’ve apologized enough, Sonic!” Sally answered as her boyfriend rolled right for her. “We’re just going to do this *for*—” She braced herself right before Sonic rolled into her, his face falling right into her cleavage before he bounced off again. “-another ten rounds!”

“ooOOkAAAYY Ilee geEEet IliiT!!!” Sonic hollered in protest, still rolling quickly down the beach... right between Knuckles and Blaze, stopping on a dime shortly after.

“GOAL!”

“DAMNIT!” Knuckles shouted. “You know he’s supposed to actually *hit* the goal, right ref?!”

“We already went over this!” Silver yelled. “Everything beyond each team *is* the goal. You score by rolling him past that point!”

“Rules are rules, Knuckles!” Tails added sarcastically.

“Right! Next serve goes to Team Acorn!”

“I’ve lost control of my life...” Sonic whimpered to himself as Silver lifted him into the air, landing him right between the two teams, facing Sally directly.

“Honestly, none of us are playing to punish you anymore...” She commented to her boyfriend, exchanging looks between Tails and Marine. “...we’re just having that much fun!”

“Then maybe someone *else* can be the ball this time, then?!”

What seemed like a genuine air of debate began to grow among the party, with looks of questioning and answering being exchanged between both teams *and* Silver, before the inevitable answer was unanimously chorused.

“*Nope!*”

Sonic simply sighed as he was sent rolling again, unwilling to admit that he was beginning to secretly enjoying himself, and not just for the bust-collisions.

The gang could’ve easily stopped this tomfoolery at any time to call anyone to get them out, but they genuinely enjoyed being fruit, and the siren call of the beach still buzzed within them all. Their party may have borne unexpected fruit, but the feeling of summer was still king.

*Fin*