

## What a WONKR-ful World: Patient 0

[[CONTENT WARNING: this story is intended for audiences 18+ and includes Blueberry inflation, soft pseudo-popping (they're fine, don't worry), general horniness, and the beginnings of a juicy apocalypse. If any of that doesn't appeal, this is your chance to leave.]]

Emily was bored. Emily was so, so bored. She had joined up to Path-tec Labs as an assistant to make a difference with biotechnology, and here she was. Observing the same *stupid* virus. Again.

Her Professor, Gale, had been trying to make a pathogen that could cause rapid mutation of plants to make them grow larger produce far faster, but has had no results for years. Emily wondered how Gale hadn't lost all funding for her research at this rate. She brushed her auburn hair to the side as her mind drifted onto other subjects while observing the virus. It was more stable than before and was reacting well to the live plant tissue in the dish, but Emily could only think on what she wanted for lunch, her thoughts playing out like a bickering couple who can't decide on anything.

*"A burger? Too fatty. Maybe a cake? Too sweet. A salad? That could work. Maybe one with bluebe-"*

"Hey, Earth to Emily. Anything of note for this batch?"

Emily was startled by Gale practically breathing down her neck. How long had she been there? Emily quickly tries to compose herself, but fails.

"T-The virus is showing great stability and seems to be interacting well with the plant tissue this time."

"Wait, really? Let me see!"

Gale practically shoves Emily out of the way to view the Virus through the microscope, dropping all professional courtesy in excitement. Sure enough, the virus was integrating with the plant tissue and promoting growth, repairing telomeres as it went. "It worked! It really worked! We're finally getting somewhere after so long!" Gale swiftly scoops up the petri dish and scrambles over to the test plants. A line of various small berry bushes, all for the purpose of testing any strain of the virus that had an interaction. "Emily, I'm going to need you in over the weekend to monitor the Strawberry bushes. I'll set them aside for you."

\*Well, there go my plans for this weekend...\*

-Two Weeks Later-

It was finally time for safety testing. The contaminated strawberry bush had grown consistently larger and larger fruits over the last two weeks with no change in water intake or output. Now they were the size of Emily's fist, and grew in only a couple of hours. Gale had managed to get a volunteer for testing, a blonde woman named Cassidy. She was stationed in a containment chamber with a chair to sit in and a small table, seated on which was one of

the largest strawberries Emily had ever seen. An adjacent room windowed with thick protective glass was where Gale and Emily were stationed, and observation cameras lined the containment zone, tracked onto Cassidy, every angle of her recorded for study. Emily thought the whole scenario was overkill. Even Cassidy looked concerned, shifting in her seat nervously. She'd arrived in a plain blue tracksuit, hoping for a quick bit of medical volunteer work. Emily noticed Cassidy's outfit, and how it kind of looked like a character from a story she liked as a child. In it, a woman blew up into a giant blueberry after stealing experimental gum. Emily had been scared half to death by the story the first time she read it, but it never left her mind, turning into a fetish as she grew older. Even now, spurred on by Cassidy's blue jumpsuit, she was picturing what Cassidy might look like as a giant berry. How large and round she could be, or what shade of blue she'd become, or how her juices would-

"Emily, you're zoning out again. I need you alert for this."

Emily, yet again, had been caught spacing out. Shaking off her fruity daydream, she readied her laptop and notes as Gale activated a speaker system in the containment chamber.

"Cassidy, when you're ready, I would like you to eat that strawberry. Please tell us anything you feel is important as you go."

Cassidy tentatively lifted the humungous strawberry, trying to gauge where would be best to bite down on it, eventually deciding to take a nibble of the bottom. Almost immediately, Cassidy's eyes lit up and she started ravenously consuming the strawberry. Bite after bite, the fruity flesh was no match for her jaws. While Emily noted the odd behaviour shift, she turned to Gale. "So why are we using a Biohazard containment chamber anyway? Seems pretty overkill to me."

"I think so too. But since we're working with a virus, even if we removed the aspects that make them so contagious, we must use these chambers as standard," Gale responded. "I will admit though, this is the first time I've gotten to use one properly." Gale seemed all too excited saying that last sentence. Turning her attention back to Cassidy, Emily sees that she's now finishing the last scraps of her strawberry, savouring every bite she takes. Only the leafy greens remained.

Gale leans into the microphone again. "So, Cassidy. Since you're finished with that strawberry, could you describe the flavour of it for me please?" Cassidy seems to enter a state of bliss, as if even recalling the flavour is captivating to her. "It was soooo good! It was super sweet! Like, the sweetest strawberry I ever tasted, but I never felt sick of the sweetness. Not gonna lie, I liked it so much I think I got a bit turned on." Emily mentally recoiled from the last statement. How can the flavour of a strawberry be arousing? She noted down that odd detail before returning her attention to Cassidy, and almost recoiled again. Was her top always that tight? No, it had to be a trick of the eyes, her clothes were *not* as tight when she walked in here. In fact, was Cassidy even wearing underwear? The tracksuit was so tight now that Emily could see the bulge of Cassidy's nipples through her top. Her tracksuit bottoms were just as constricting, a prominent cameltoe distracting Emily from notetaking. Cassidy seemed none the wiser as she continued, "God, even imagining the flavour has me all hot and bothered aga- huh?" Cassidy suddenly froze, patting at her body.

"I... definitely wasn't this big before. Wow doc, you might just have a new alternative to plastic sur-" \*STRCH\*

Cassidy was interrupted by a tearing sound, as the crotch on her bottoms tore open. Emily was dumbfounded. Not only was she not hallucinating that Cassidy had thickened up in a matter of seconds. Not only was she right about her not having any underwear, but her pussy was huge, pulsing larger and puffier. And it was *blue*. It was like Emily's wet dreams had come to life, watching as Cassidy turned a deep blue, with discoloured purple patches adorning her body. her skin almost looked like a blueberry's.

"Uuuuhh, doc, what's happening to me? I feel all, like, *juicy* and horny and -mmpph!"

Cassidy's pussy and nipples swelled considerably. Blue juices, even darker than Cassidy's skin, spurting from her engorged nethers and staining through her top. Cassidy compulsively reaches a hand down to her crotch and toys with herself, her other hand kneading her breast wildly. Her whole body ripples as she begins to swell rapidly, moaning as her breasts and belly engorge. She visibly rises in her chair as her legs and buttocks churn and swell. Her tracksuit creaks and groans in protest, fighting valiantly against the cobalt mass straining it in every direction. The sounds of fluid churning, fabric straining and Cassidy moaning fill the chamber until...

*\*SNAP SNAP\**

Cassidy's clothing snaps off in spectacular fashion. Her top flies backwards as her enormous juicy boobs flood outwards into their new space, and her bottoms shred into two pieces right down the middle, the waistband snapping. The lost straining of fabric is quickly replaced with the straining of metal as Cassidy becomes too much for the chair to handle.

Emily was dumbfounded, stupefied, perhaps even discombobulated. The virus she had been glancing at with so little effort for months had been the ticket to her dirtiest desires this whole time, and *Cassidy* was the object of that desire now. Emily completely lost track of where she was, and what she was doing. Only Cassidy's big juicy splendour was on her mind now. Gale had been watching on stunned the whole time, completely unable to process what was happening or even how to respond to it. The fact that Cassidy was becoming a blueberry despite eating a strawberry completely slipping both researchers minds in the moment. Emily started fingering herself, imagining herself in the room with her. Teasing her. Pleasing her. Tasting her sweet succulent juices.

Cassidy continued swelling, her torso now absorbing her limbs, leaving her hands and feet only capable of flapping about inside their divots. She continued leaking juices as she grew, a deep azure puddle forming beneath her, like a liquid night sky linked to her nipples with deep blue streams. Now that she was round, Cassidy's growth accelerated. 6 feet.

6 and a half.

7.

8.

She was gaining size at an astounding rate, the chair long since crushed under the tons of fluid filling her body. She was an orb of juicy flesh, adorned with humungous globular breasts, huge rippling asscheeks, and a massively swollen snatch, and Emily could see every angle on the cameras. Finally, at 10 feet in diameter, her growth seemed to stifle. Except the juice didn't. Cassidy kept trying to move her head, flapping her hands and feet frantically as

despite the juice only building faster inside her, she was leaking less and less. Her nipples and pussy swelled further, seeming to be stretching rather than growing, and puffing up like water balloons holding back a torrent of sweet fluids. Her labia and clitoris were so overcrowded and swollen that they were rubbing against each other with every movement, to the point Cassidy was basically fucking herself. She pleaded desperately, "Please! Someone *JUICE ME!!!*" Those words were enough to send Emily over the edge, and she came on the spot. Almost in tandem, Cassidy released her juice, blue fluids exploding from her body at incredible force. All the cameras in the chamber were destroyed in an instant, and the protective glass took on enough force to crack. Juice sprayed through the seam, soaking Emily from head to toe, interrupting the high from her juice-focused pleasure session.

At that moment, Gale snapped to her senses. "Shit, SHIT, **SHIT!** Emily, decontamination, now! I'll try and get the surveillance system back up and see if Cassidy is alright!"

Emily, drenched and hazy, begrudgingly waddled her way over to the decontamination room. "*It's just a glorified shower, what if I **want** her juices on me? God it smells so **good!***" Emily thought to herself, entering the chamber and stripping. Even under her clothing, she was drenched in thick blue juices. Emily begrudgingly cleaned herself, washing away the sweet, sweet results of the test. The water was warm, and Emily still felt worked up. The harsh warm rain of the shower felt awfully good on Emily's body. Almost *too* good. She inspected her body, feeling herself from head to toe, until she brushed past her nipple, and lightning shot through her body like never before. Her knees shook, and Emily had another orgasm immediately. Clearing her head and finishing up, Emily stepped out of the decontamination shower and looked at herself in the mirror. She still felt hot, even after the last few minutes' experience, but her body still looked normal.

*"Auburn hair, check. Green eyes, check. Freckles, check. Blue nipples, check. Juicy pussy... wait."*

Her nipples were blue. And not just that, her pussy was visibly swollen, dribbling a deep blue fluid.

Whatever just happened to Cassidy, it was contagious. Emily immediately panicked, instinctively rubbing her chest as if the colouration could just scrub away, but she stopped short almost immediately. Emily felt a wave of heat centre itself in her chest and groin, pulsing out into the rest of her body. a small, dull ache permeated through her as her internal organs recomposed, her body becoming more suitable to produce juice. She would no longer need food or air, only water and sunlight. Emily's thoughts turned hazy, the sensations of her body beginning to turn into fruit were surprisingly arousing, as if her body was rewarding her for being infected.

"Mmph, that feels *weird!* I'm so empty..."

"I need... to be..."

*"juicy..."*

A thought sprang into Emily's mind. Being a fruit already felt so good *before* inflating, she had to share this feeling.

"E-Everyone... should be..."

\*KNOCK KNOCK\*

Emily snapped back to reality as Gale knocked firmly on the decontamination bay's door, and she quickly scrambled to put on a new set of clothing, ignoring how they were hugging her form tighter than they should be. Her white shirt was straining against her chest, diamond windows into her cleavage visible between the buttons, and her nipples new dark hue was visible through them. Her jeans, a baggy pair that sat at her waist before, now sat barely above her hips, hugging her rear and legs as if they were a skinny cut. The seat stretched firm over her ass and the front pulled tight against her crotch, making her swollen cameltoe glaringly obvious. Emily threw a spare lab coat over the ensemble, hoping to avoid Gale's notice out of embarrassment. She felt compelled to tell her, the visions of Cassidy's explosive release flashing through her mind, but Emily hadn't blown up yet, and she felt almost compelled to hide her condition, the idea that her fruity fantasy would be stripped away stronger than her own self-preservation.

Emily walked back into the observation chamber with a shock. The sprinkler system inside the test chamber was running, and the view was clear again. And there in the centre of the room was a passed-out Cassidy, laying on her front and facing the window. Her skin was still a deep cobalt shade, and her figure was far shapelier than when she had arrived. The sight almost drove Emily mad on the spot. The infection was safe. Emily could have her fantasy after all.

"Oh, thank god Emily! I thought something horrible was going to happen!" Gale practically sprung on Emily with a hug of surprising strength. Strong enough, in fact, that the stimulation teased a little bit of juice from Emily, staining her shirt blue around her nipples, and her jeans gained a deeper blue hue around the crotch. As if on cue, her crotch tingled and clenched, and she felt a small volume of fluid build in her lower body, her jeans constricting her hips so much they prevented more juice from filling them. Instead, the juice settled in Emily's belly, a small potbelly slowly bloating under her clothing.

As Gale released her grip from Emily, she felt the juices inside her slosh about. It felt *good*. Better than it had any right to. Emily tried to feign composure, but the consistent quiet slosh and churn of her fluids was distracting her.

"S-So, mind telling me what you found while I was cleaning up?"

"Well, it seems that the virus hijacked Cassidy's body to resemble a blueberry."

"Why not a strawberry? That's what she ate."

Gale shrugged and shook her head. "I'm not entirely sure, but when I asked her, she mentioned liking some movie about a chocolate factory that had a woman blow up like she just did. If I had to guess, the virus might have used the mental association to make her a blueberry instead of a strawberry. She was conscious not too long before you came in so I got some other questions out of her, but she needed to rest, and we can't risk this being contagious so she's having a nap there."

Emily looked back over to Cassidy. "At least she looks comfy, what with her new pillows." She couldn't help but feel some jealousy towards Cassidy at this point. Why did she get all juicy so quickly?

"That's another thing I wanted to talk to you about. I ran some scans on her, and she's not even human anymore!"

"What do you mean 'not human'?! She's still a person right?"

"No, no, she's still a person. It's more like her entire body has changed into a vessel for the virus, resembling a blueberry. She's still perfectly sapient, but her muscles, skeleton, and even her organs are gone, replaced with some kind of sac filled with juice. If the scans are correct, that sac used to be her vagina and womb, and the virus used them as a template for the juice sac, and there's extra sacs in her breasts. Even her skin has been replaced with what looks like blueberry skin, except it seems incredibly stretchy and durable, beyond even some of the toughest manmade materials."

Hearing this explanation from Gale gave Emily alarming new awareness of what was happening inside her body. Her body filling up *did* feel like her pussy was being flushed with fluid, but on a far larger scale. Her chest was sloshy and slowly filling, the sounds of her production slowly growing in volume. Coaxed by her awareness, Her skin started to change under her clothes, tight human skin giving way to soft blue pulp. She could feel the tension in her skin relax as it loosened and gained elasticity, somehow becoming more sensitive as new nerves grew to fill the empty space in her now stretchy, compacted skin.

Emily was getting increasingly hotter under the collar, and Gale's descriptions prattled on and on until she was interrupted with a loud groan. Gale's face immediately sunk,

"Uh, Emily? I hope you're just hungry..."

"Yeah, yeah I'm fine, just skipped lunch and really need to--"

*SLRRSH*

Emily's belly swelled, new juices streaming from her production centres. Her midriff poked between her shirt and jeans, and Emily felt the weight of the juice press into her hips, as if trying desperately to push down past her jeans. She pulled her lab coat shut around her navel, but there was already very little room left.

Gale started backing away, fear setting into her face. "Emily, I'm serious. Do you need help?" Emily could only smile at the offer, her lust-filled mind back to the idea of spreading her condition to everyone around her. Her breasts joined in on the swelling, leaking juices into her shirt as buttons popped away. The front button of Emily's jeans was beginning to struggle, fighting a losing battle against the increasing volume of fluid pressing it open. She felt herself beginning to grow and ripen.

"Anything?"

“Yes, anything you need. We can get you down to medical and-“

“Juice me.”

The realisation hit Gale like a truck, and she froze in place. “No, Emily please. Think about what would happen if this broke out!”

Emily simply stepped forward, patiently closing the gap between her and Gale. She dropped the lab coat, revealing her entire body to be blue as the colour seeped up her neck. She spoke firmly, with a less than subtle layer of lust present.

*“Juice me.”*

Emily was no more than 3 feet away from Gale, her body swelling and churning larger and larger. The last valiant buttons of her top and the front of her jeans creaking and straining in one final stand against the tide they held. Her tone was becoming more desperate, the urge to share her affliction incredible.

*“JUICE ME-“ \*POP\**

With a firm pop, the button of Emily’s jeans gave way, and that little give was enough for all the juice in her belly to flood down into her hips. Her jeans split all over as her hips, rear and legs ballooned with heavy fluid, tatters of denim falling and revealing deep azure flesh beneath. Emily fell back from the shift in mass, and Gale snapped to her senses and ran, hitting the evacuation alarm on her way out.

The shock of her fall should have hurt, but instead Emily was hit with the strongest orgasm she had ever felt, her juices flooding and swirling inside her in sensual bliss. She lost herself to fruity lust and sat playing with herself as her shirt finally popped away from her chest, immense cobalt breasts laying atop an equally large belly. Her pussy puffed up tremendously, the last vestiges of her panties snapping away as her snatch forced her legs apart. Her hips and butt swelled rapidly, as if defying her belly’s claim as the dominant sphere on her body. The juice swilled and churned as Emily felt herself reach capacity, her 5-foot belly and 6-foot chest and rear making her appear as some sort of absurd blue fertility idol.

Something shifted, and Emily felt her body beginning to truly grow. Her viewpoint ascended as her hips and rear started absorbing her legs into themselves, the front of her crotch joining her belly as a single curve. Her asscheeks still swelled, claiming more and more space on Emily’s rounding back as her chest sought out new real estate at her front. Her arms swelled and joined the curve of her torso, and she was left stationary, swelling and churning in bliss as she started to outgrow the room. Her body pressed against the ceiling, squishing as more and more pressure was applied to the roof with each new gallon of juice. Emily could only revel in electric sensation, feeling every part of her stretch outwards in orgasmic bliss.

Soon the concrete of the ceiling started to crack and crumble, Emily’s body pressing tens, if not hundreds, of times the force it was originally graded for onto the structure. Each crack and shift of rebar sent a ripple through Emily, her carnal state only deepening as she swelled

ever further. It didn't take long for the ceiling to break, and Emily sprang back into her rounded shape as she broke free of the building's confines. Thick blue juices sprayed from her chest and crotch, the smell of fresh blueberries permeating through the air in a thick blue haze. She could see the evacuees held together at the evacuation point, and even the city nearby, just down the hill in the same direction, and she plotted. Soon her flow was going to block up, she could feel it. And when she did, she was going to explode just how Cassidy did (poor girl, she must be squished underneath her by now) and drown them in juice.

Emily focused her attention on her insides, feeling them swill and churn with unfathomable volumes of juices. She felt each part of her respond to her juice, each rock and sway forced by the ever-increasing flood, and willed herself, nay, *forced* herself, to turn her body to face them.

At the evacuation point, Gale had watched on as Emily outgrew the very building they had just been in, and now she was rocking in a circular motion. Far above, her face was locked in an expression of lust, but something wasn't right. Emily's rocking was too straightforward, too *uniform* to be simply a product of her growth. As Emily finally faced the evacuation point, she rolled back, and her incredibly swollen pussy faced the evacuees. Many were stunned by the display. Some laughed, some blushed, and others simply watched in shock. Only Gale realised what was about to happen as Emily's cunt and nipples swelled even further, inflating with juice that so desperately wanted to escape. Once again, she turned and ran, screaming, "EVERYONE RUN, SHE'S GONNA BLO-"

Gale didn't get to finish her sentence, as Emily hit the greatest climax of her life. As her body released a torrent of juice, her whole being was enraptured by the release, tons of liquid spraying into the sky from her chest as her cunt gushed a veritable tsunami of gooey thick juice. The evacuees didn't stand a chance and were all swept up in the flood of blue fluid that rushed to the city below.

Path-Tec would become Ground 0 for what later became coined the WONKR virus, and while Cassidy was the first infected, Emily would become publicly known as Patient 0. The juice she sprayed into the atmosphere mingled with the rainclouds, and aptly named "blue rain" became commonplace around the world. Weeks later, Emily still lays in the rubble of the research facility, notably smaller but still a whopping 20 feet in diameter and sporting a humungous figure as she simply caresses herself, elated and still leaking hundreds of gallons of juice. Emily wanted to share her juice with the world, and by God she did.