

[[CONTENT WARNING: This work is intended for audiences 18+ and includes Wonka-esque inflation, a whole lot of juice and poor workout ethic. if any of this isn't your cup of tea, the this is your chance to leave.]]

“Breaking news: a phenomenon has begun sweeping the country as citizens have been transforming into giant... fruits? Harold, are you kidding me with this? It’s real? ...Really? This better not be another “Dildo sharks” thing again. Alright then... Ahem. Citizens across the country have been transforming into giant fruits, following an outbreak of an experimental virus designed to increase crop yields. The Ministry of Health has declared a countrywide quarantine. All citizens are to stay within their homes unle-“

Cassandra, or Cass to her friends, turned off the TV. This wasn’t the first time the local news had hosted bogus stories, and as entertaining as it was, it made keeping up with actual news difficult. She rose from her couch, the site of her “workout break” for the last few hours. Cass claimed to be serious about her fitness, but it was clear to everyone, including herself, that she only really tried working out to make her butt look good. Her insistence on only working her lower body and her all too common “Cheat Days” led to her having a slender upper body juxtaposed against wide hips, large round glutes and thunder thighs. Her proportions almost made her look like a bottom-heavy cartoon character, but all Cass cared about was being “more caked up than the local bakery”, to put it in her words.

Cass’ phone started buzzing. No doubt it was Gemma, wanting to buzz over the latest “news” like she always does whenever some conspiracy or whack-job event makes it on there. They’d been friends with benefits for a few months now, so Cassandra was usually the first to hear anything that came across Gemma’s mind (or rather, her social media feed). The poor girl was so gullible that Cass usually had to be the one to make her see truth again. “How she hasn’t ended up in a cult yet is beyond me...” Cass sighed to herself, answering the call.

“OH, MY, GOD, Cass have you seen the news?”

Cass flinched back from her phone as Gemma’s loud exclamation peaked her own phone’s microphone, spitting feedback out of the speaker.

“Gem, please tell me you don’t believe that. People turning into giant fruits? Don’t be ridiculous.”

“But Cass, there’s videos all over the place! Are you telling me that videos of it happening all over the country are wrong?”

“There were ‘videos’ of the Dildo Sharks as well, Gem, and those were all edited. I don’t have time for this, I need to get back to my workout.”

“But you have to admit, it’s kinda hot.”

Cass stumbled, the sudden forwardness of Gemma tripping her mind like a nasty root on a trail. It was no secret that they liked each other, but Gemma was almost never as forward as this, and had never sprung it so suddenly, especially concerning a kink such as this.

“W-What?”

“Come on, don’t tell me you saw Charles’ Sweet Store and *didn’t* want that to happen to you.”

“Wha- no! How does someone find becoming a round blob hot?!”

“Just picture it. You’re all full of juice, every little bob and sway of your massive body teases you all over while someone gets to have their way with you.”

“Yeah, I’m gonna pass on that one. Never really liked the idea of subbing.”

“Sheesh, Cass, don’t be a buzzkill. Besides, if you got infected, I bet it’d all go to that blubber butt anyway!”

The image of herself with a comically ballooned ass practically forced its way into Cassandra’s mind. She had to admit, she was getting a little more on board with the idea. She retorted,

“Yeah, and I bet you’d become nothing but a pair of melons with those-“

An odd sound from across the line interrupts Cass. It was like a mix of fluid churning, stomach growls and fabric stretching. Was it just her, or was there a moan in there too? Cass was getting worried now. After a moment of silence, she spoke up.

“Gem? Are you alright-“

“CASS, IT’S DEFINITELY REAL! I’M – *mmgh!*” That was *definitely* a moan.

“Gemma? What’s going on?” Cass’ composure had slipped, her voice wavering. The idea of a weird fruit disease being real was shaking her wits. And why did the idea turn her on so much?

“I DON’T KNOW, BUT I’M ALL *GREEN* AND *STRIPY* AND MY BOOBS FEEL SO SENS-” **BLORMP**

Cassandra couldn’t tell if Gemma had devolved into a mix of panic or arousal, her breathing sharp and shaky. She silently felt both blessed and cursed that she didn’t get to see this. Was Gemma truly turning into a fruit?

As if the universe heard her very thoughts, her phone showed a request from Gemma for a video call. For an instant, she froze. The thoughts of whether this was all an elaborate prank, Gemma having some sort of delusion, or if this was truly real all flew through Cassandra’s mind. The last possibility was tempting, tugging at her like a hormonal snare.

Fuck it, just play along. If it is real, then maybe I’ll get to see something exciting at least.

She accepted the video request, and all rational thought left her in an instant. Instead of seeing a normal Gemma, or even one in some kind of makeup, she instead saw something completely different. The phone was propped up on what seemed to be a desk, and a topless Gemma was frantically trying to reach for it, except what seemed to be a stripy green yoga ball seemed to be blocking her from reaching. On closer inspection, it wasn’t one ball, it was two, precariously pressed together between the desk and Gemma’s chest. Her face seemed to match her blockade, adorned in green hues. Gemma jolted at the sight of Cass on her camera

feed, quickly blushing an odd shade before feebly reaching over the stripy mounds to try and hang up.

“Oh my god, Cass, I didn’t mean to start a video call. Please just hang up, this is super embarrassing and I can’t reach my-“

With another odd **BLORMP**, the orbs swelled rapidly, pushing Gemma away from the desk hard enough for her to fall back. Except the orbs followed her, and Cassie’s state of shock only deepened as she saw huge leaking nipples attached to the momentous orbs.

Those weren’t yoga balls; they were Gemma’s boobs. No, Boobs didn’t seem to be the right word anymore. They were Gemma’s *Melons*. Huge, striped, green melons laid bare across Gemma’s entire torso, pinning her to the ground. Her whole body had the same stripy green visage, except her nipples were a deeper green than Cassie had ever seen, and they were dribbling a rich red fluid.

Watermelon juice.

“*Cass, don’t look at me!*” Gemma cried desperately between moans, subconsciously squeezing and kneading her chest. As Cassie watched her friend turned fruit struggle and swell, she felt the first signs of arousal take hold of her. Her breathing quickened, her heart felt like it was pounding in her chest and for love of all things horny she wanted to ride and squeeze Gemma ‘till she was ready for harvest.

With a loud churn and a gush of fluids, Gemma orgasmed, and as if something had snapped inside her, her attitude shifted too. Without a word her expression shifted from aroused panic to that of pure lust, and she began caressing and squeezing her enormous melons, desperately chasing the sensation. All sense of modesty Gemma had from only a few seconds ago had vanished, and she played with her breasts with renewed vigor, presenting and tweaking them to the camera just to get herself off, ensuring Cassandra got a good look from her desk. Sounds of Gemma’s “self-care” and her expanding bosom emitted through the speaker on Cassie’s phone, a rapturous cacophony of rushing fluids, groaning flesh, and a moaning Gemma experiencing it all. As her chest swelled and sloshed, Cassie lost sight of Gemma’s torso and legs, as if she was nothing but a pair of ginormous boobs that spanned over 6 feet across each. Her nipples were spraying juice everywhere, and she only seemed to be swelling faster. Soon almost the entire screen was taken up by the vast green mounds in front of it, and both Cassie and Gemma were getting off on every second of it. Gemma’s tone grew increasingly desperate as she started calling out to Cass.

“Cass, please, you gotta get over here. Play with my tits. *Fuck me ‘till I spray juice everywhere! JUICE ME, PLEA-*“

The call suddenly ended, Gemma’s titanic melons explosively swelling and crushing her phone, severing the connection. After a whole minute of silence, Cassie finally started thinking at least somewhat rationally again.

Holy shit that was hot! Wait, not important! Is Gemma okay?

Cassie thought to herself, both concerned for her friend's safety and recalling just how arousing her situation was to watch. She considered going over to check in on her, but if the fruit disease was real, then so was the quarantine. She looked out her window, eyeing Gemma's house. The two lived close by, and Gemma's house was visible from Cassie's living room window, a fact Cassie was relying on now.

Eyeing Gemma's house she noticed every window was obscured by green. "She didn't get *that* big in a minute, did she?!" Cassie yelled to herself, her own thoughts and emotions so riled up she was blurting out her own thoughts. If she was seeing what she thought she saw, Gemma's breasts had swollen and filled her entire house in only a minute, and it was only a few seconds more before she was proven right.

With a cacophonous groan of flesh and stone, Gemma's house crumbled under the now gargantuan melons that now stood in its place. The sounds of swelling flesh filled the street, a chorus of groaning and churning, and Cassie just stood there, watching as gallon upon gallon of sweet juices streamed from their engorged nipples. So engorged they were, that they were half the size of Gemma's still swelling giga-tits, impossibly ballooned as if so much juice was trying to escape that they had inflated from the strain.

One mundo-melon rolled the side slightly, its nipple pointed directly at Cassie's window. Gemma's titflesh rippled and strained, and even from this distance Cassie could hear Gemma's moaning. In an instant of realisation, a single thought flashed through Cassie's head; "*She's gonna blow!*"

Cassie ran from the window as fast as her trained but hefty legs could take her. Not a moment later, Gemma's nipples erupted in an explosion of juice as Gemma finally came, spraying juice in all manner of directions as two incredible streams of fluid flooded from her nipples, one of which crashing hundreds, if not thousands, of gallons of sweet red fluids straight at Cassie's home.

Cassie stood no chance. The flood of fluid crashed through her window and swept her up in an instant, shards of broken glass lacerating her limbs and tearing at her clothing as her living room was destroyed by a tidal wave of sticky sweetness. Gemma continued spraying juices, her breasts jiggling and roiling under the force of her eruption, sparing the other houses from their full force, but still drenching them all the same. As the juices around her settled, Cassie struggled her way out of the flood, clambering blindly through the entrance where her window used to be and resting against the wall. She inspected herself, her senses slowly coming back to her: the sharp sting of the cuts on her, the combined shrieks of pleasure and torrent of fluids coming from across the street. The soft, pleasurable warmth running through her hips and thighs as the cuts along them seemed to heal in an instant...

Cassie's daze immediately cleared as she comprehended what was happening in front of her. Her legs, only seconds ago beaten, bruised and cut up beyond belief, had just healed, as if by

magic. On top of that, something about them looked so enticing to Cassie. They looked so soft, almost like they were made of a soft dough. She tentatively stroked her thigh, and the reaction was immediate. Cassie came on the spot, thick white fluids spurting and leaking from her already ruined leggings as the arousal from witnessing Gemma's growth and her own sensations tipped her over the edge. The smell of icing sugar wafted into Cass' face. Despite her release, Cassie wanted more. No, she *needed* more. She pulled at her tattered bottoms, tearing away at the seams just so she could reach her groin, before she was interrupted.

FWOOMPH

Cassie's entire lower body puffed up, darkening slightly and taking on a more porous, doughy appearance. A surge of heat pulsed through Cassie's body simultaneously, putting her right on the edge of climaxing again.

FWOOMPH

It happened again; the heat more intense this time. It didn't subside, instead resting in her crotch. Her butt was threatening to tear straight out of her leggings, mounds of doughy flesh pressing into any splits the leggings already had. Cassie could only watch as her legs looked closer and closer in appearance to freshly baked cake.

FWOOMPH

A third pulse, the intensity rising yet again. Her belly and chest had joined in on the growth, rounding out seemingly in puffy defiance against the doughy derriere that threatened to make Cassie look even more bottom heavy. She had lost all sense of reason; the carnal sensations were simply too great for her mind to focus on anything else. So, all she did was feel herself grow.

FWOOMPH

Her hand travelled across a soft, puffy breast. She marvelled at the plush texture, pleasuring herself in pillowy bliss.

FWOOMPH

She reached back and pressed a palm into her humongous ass, feeling it's soft cakey texture in her palm as her already colossal cheeks outgrew her body.

FWOOMPH

She felt her thighs round out, as they joined her buttocks in round matrimony. Her lower legs still jutted out slightly, though they seemed soon to follow.

FWOOMPH

Her calves absorbed, her lower body was now two huge orbs of cake, her pussy equally swollen and begging her for attention. Attention Cassie could not give, as she simply could not reach far enough to placate the hungry chasm as it endlessly spurted more icing.

FAWOOOMPH

An even larger swell. Cassie could feel the roof of her house on her buttocks as she began cumming repeatedly, each orgasmic spasm spurting icing from her pussy in heavy splats across the street.

FAWOOOMPH

Yet another swell. Cassie's torso joined to her baked booty, leaving only her breasts, shoulders and head left. Sweet sugary icing constantly dribbled from her boobs, the cold sticky sensation of it running down her front only deepening her lust as she became covered in it, her very pores oozing thick white icing.

As her growth finally slowed, Cassie felt a new sensation. Her breasts felt full. Too full. And so did her groin, pressure steadily rising in her most sensitive areas as thick gooey sugar pressed and churned inside. She felt it in her nipples first, watching as they grew, no, *inflated* with icing. It should have been painful, but instead all Cassie felt was stimulation like never before, the stretching of her nipples activating every nerve in her chest. Her chest inflated, becoming firm as it filled further and further with the sticky goodness inside. Her now building sized ass began to lift her off the ground as it became firmer and rounded out too, her asscheeks acting as extra storage for her pussy's massively increased icing production. The feeling of thousands of gallons of sticky sweet icing swirling and churning within her body was too much, and Cassie came. And came again. And again. And yet no icing was released. Each orgasm, each full body spasm of sheer bliss only hammered more icing against the dams holding it in. Cassie's pussy was tremendously swollen, her labia and clitoris so engorged that each ripple rubbed them together into a whole new orgasm.

Cassie continued, unable to stop the cascade she had started. She could only scream in pure bliss as her body pleased itself, each moment another pound against the dams preventing her from releasing. But each pound, each roiling scream of ecstasy, left a crack in those dams, and right as Cassie felt like she was going to break mentally, something snapped. And she came the hardest she ever had, or ever will. Her body had taken her for a rollercoaster ride of orgasm after orgasm, and it had finally hit the finale; the ultimate high.

Every part of Cassie shook and shuddered violently as she orgasmed, completely losing all motor control in her brief visit to sexual Nirvana. She erupted, tidal waves of sugar and sweetness gushing for miles from her body in every direction possible. She felt herself deflate, the excess mass ejected at astounding force until she was back down on the ground, sitting on a butt that dwarfed even the house-sized melons down the street, in a flood of icing that tickled at her chest. Panting and shaking, she flopped back, laying atop her new doughball derriere, and passed out in the soft warm embrace of her huge, squishy cake as the sounds of fluids churning and bodies changing began to ring through the streets.