

NOW STARRING VIOLET AS VIOLET (Blueberry Inflation, Persona)

“Lights. Cameras. Aaaaaaand *action!*”

With a snap of lights and a click from the cameras, all attention turned to the stage. In the center of the sprawling artificial factory the stagehands had constructed, Ann Takamaki stood like a puppet without strings. The costume department had stripped her sleek red catsuit and forced her instead into a frilly blue dress cut to best show off her assets—even now she struggled to conceal them.

Down in the seats, on the other hand, Sumire Yoshizawa squirmed and bit her lip, wondering if there were anything she could do to help her. Unfortunately, she couldn’t even move her wrists, let alone leave her place. Her only option was to sit there and let events unfold.

“I saaaaaaid, *action!*, nya!” In her own chair, the director shuffled in annoyance. “Is she going to read her script or nyot, nya? Say it!” She threw a piece of chalk onto the stage—Ann flinched and looked as if she wanted to run even more.

“You didn’t give me a script!” she cried, struggling to pull her skirt down.

“Oh good, she said finally said something, nya.” The director sat back with a sigh of relief, and promptly snapped upright again. “Heeeey, that’s nyot in the script, nya! Urgh, whatever. Just give her the magic gobstopper. It’s nyot like anyone’s going to complain about a cheap remake of *Willy Wonka*.”

As Ann tried to sneak from the stage, a mechanical arm descended from the ceiling and grabbed her by the waist. While it held her firm, another descended with speed and slammed straight into her mouth, pulling out with a plop. Cheeks bulging, Ann stared in shock for a second. Then, slowly, she began to suck.

A faint tinge of blueness appeared on her face.

As Sumire watched in horror, the color spread rapidly over Ann’s cheeks and down her neck, leaving every inch of skin it passed looking bright and blue and shiny. Rolling over her generous breasts, it left them looking particularly plump in her top—fat and round and ready for bursting.

Even as the blue rolled over her skin, a second change afflicted Ann’s unfortunate body. Looking down, she clutched her stomach and moaned as it expanded, rapidly swelling into a thick, blue pregnancy, fat and gravid. When she squeezed it, everyone—Sumire included—heard the sound of juice sloshing around inside her.

Chest rising and falling (and *falling*) in panic, Ann scrambled to flee the stage, but with every step, movement began a little harder for her. As her stomach reached the size of an exercise ball, the growing plumpness spread rapidly to the connected parts of her body: the seams of her bodice twitched, fighting furiously as her boobs fought to tear free, and her limbs had

soon thickened into eight long blueberries themselves, thick and squishy. This made it somewhat harder to move.

Falling back onto her swelling rear, Ann sat there and moaned as her body continued to grow, her dress finally giving in and tearing with a tremendous *rrrip*. As it split down the middle, her enormous boobs burst free, flopping out into the open and visibly pouring—blueberry juice flew from her nipples in a pair of fat streams, but it wasn't enough to slow her growth, not in the slightest. Soon she was the size of a shed and still growing, a giant blueberry of a woman sitting in a puddle of her own juices and moaning as the stuff poured from her breasts and her pussy. Her belly sloshed; her skin squeaked with the strain of holding everything in.

Finally, Ann's growth seemed to slow. Sitting there on her swollen beanbags of buttcheeks, she groaned and flapped her arms feebly, clearly struggling to get up. The motion made her entire body ripple, ripple and slosh, her fat boobs swinging to and fro. Flecks of juice flew from both her nipples.

Behind her, the catgirl placing Wonka raised her cane and prodded her with a chuckle. "Well, what did nyou expect when nyou made 'Violet' nyour codename, nya?"

Sumire flinched in her seat.

"Mmmphf! Mmmphf!" Ann flapped her hands feebly.

"Huh?" The catgirl blinked. "That's nyot nyour codename?"

As Kitty Wonka frowned in confusion, the director leapt out of her seat, claws spread. "What do nyou mean that's nyot nyour codename? Nyou're supposed to be Violet! How can we make a Persona-themed remake of *Willy Wonka* without Violet Beauregarde being played by Violet?! Who the hell are nyou? ...*Leopard?*!"

A wave of shock rolled through the crowd.

The director struggled to calm herself. "If nyou're Leopard, where's the real Violet?"

Hesitantly, Sumire raised a hand. Everyone turned to look at her.

"Oh, well, okay, then," said the director, combing her hair back. "*That's* why that girl's there. I thought she was supposed to be my snack or something." She sighed. "Well, let's try to get things back in schedule, nya. Someone get her in costume..."

A pair of catgirls unclasped Sumire's restraints and wrenched her out of her seat.

"And someone else head down to Casting and fetch us another Leopard. Honestly."

Frowning, the director leaned on Ann's side, pressing her hand *deep* into the bloated, sloshing flesh. Ann squealed as if she'd pinched a nipple. "Hmm, what should we do with the big blueberry?"

“Oooh, I have an idea,” said Wonka, licking her lips and flicking a greedy look at Ann’s nipples.

“Whatever,” said the director. “Knock nyourself out, kitten. Just don’t pop her here—it’s such a pain to clean the juice up.”

With a smile, her eyes turned to Sumire. “Nyow, let’s get this little cutie in costume. I wanna see that redhead turned blue before lunch, folks!”

As they dragged her off to Make-Up, Sumire could only whimper.