

Biohazard Blueberries

With a bit of brute force, Claire managed to enter the abandoned factory via breaking down one of the doors. The method left a layer of dust to sprinkle onto her brown hair, but it was easily fixed with a flick of her ponytail. Before she could take the time to clean off her red vest and blue jeans, the sound of something above her got her to pull out her handgun. Reminding herself that she was in a facility formerly owned by Umbrella, she kept her eyes peeled for any sign of danger.

A flash of red in Claire's peripheral vision drew her attention towards the rafters. Slowly looking up, she managed to see a woman clad in a crimson cocktail dress. Having only heard secondary accounts about who the black haired stranger was from Leon, she hazarded to call out towards the figure.

"I can see you Ada," Claire said, getting the spy to grapple her way down from the ceiling.

"Guess I'm losing my touch," Ada replied as her high heeled shoes touched the ground. Seeing the aggressive look in Claire's eyes, she merely ran a finger through her short hair. "You can put your gun away. I'm not looking for a fight."

"Then what are you here for?" Claire asked, still keeping her aim steady on the mysterious woman.

"Same reason you are," Ada said, casually looking around the factory floor. "A little baby eagle went missing and her last known whereabouts are at this rundown place."

Claire tensed up a bit. "How did you know?"

“A friend of mine managed to hack into Leon’s email.” Strolling forward, Ada proceeded to walk ahead of Claire. “He also gave me a bit of secret information about this place. Like how to find the lab.”

Not seeing any direct aggression from Ada, Claire relented and stowed away her gun. “I don’t see much around here besides dust and broken down candy machines.”

Ada scoffed. “After everything you went through in Raccoon City, you should know better. This place WAS a major subsidiary of the Umbrella Corporation after all.”

Walking over to one of the machines, Ada began to flip switches and press buttons seemingly at random. With a loud clunk, one of the walls started to move to reveal an elevator. Putting on a smug grin to show off to Claire, she proceeded to enter the lift.

“So, are you coming?” Ada asked, her finger hovering over the controls.

Begrudgingly, Claire stepped into the elevator. “What are you after?”

“Same reason as you,” Ada replied pressing the button to go down. “Playing the part of a hero.”

“You don’t really expect me to believe that,” Claire replied as the lift started to move.

“I’m being honest,” Ada replied with a shrug. “Now if I just so happen to acquire some top secret research during the rescue mission, I suppose it would be only right that I take it as my compensation.”

Claire let out a sigh as the elevator came to a halt. “Guess I’ll take any support I can get. Just as long as I don’t find a knife in my back.”

“No promises,” Ada teased, reading Claire’s worries by walking ahead.

At the end of a metal corridor, the pair of women came to a heavy door with an electronic lock. Putting her skills to use, Ada managed to effortlessly hack the device. As the door swung

open, they moved forward to find a large, warehouse sized room. Smelling a lingering odor of rotten fruit, they proceeded forward to find their rescue target.

Their search didn't take very long as they spotted the missing, young woman seated on a solitary chair in the center of the room. She was kept in her seat thanks to the restraints binding her arms and legs. The way the woman shivered with fear made it hard to believe that she was the daughter of one of the most powerful men in the world.

The trip Ashley had taken from her university to the remote factory had shown its wear and tear on her clothing. Her plaid green skirt's hem was cut up in places to match the frayed seams of her orange sweater. The scarf around her neck showed signs of dust and tears staining the once beloved garment. Egged on by the few bruises Claire managed to see along the young woman's arms, she gestured for Ada to follow her. Hearing the duo approaching got the president's daughter to lift up her head of chin-length, blonde hair to show them the look of fear in her eyes.

"Who are you?" Ashley called out. "Where am I? Why did this have to happen again?"

"Calm down," Claire said, stowing away her gun. "Leon sent us--"

Pausing for a moment, Claire glanced over at Ada.

"Well, he at least sent me to save you," Claire finished, remembering to keep an eye on her "partner."

"Leon?" Ashley asked. "Where is he?"

"He's on his way now," Claire said, making her way over to try and undo the restraints. "But I'll be sure to get you out of here before that. Now, can you tell me who is responsible for trapping you here?"

"That would be me."

The voice echoing through the chamber coincided with a series of flood lights being turned on. Having to wait a few seconds for their vision to recover, Ada and Claire eventually noticed the observation window about three stories above them. Focusing their gaze on glass allowed them to see the visage of a man with long, white hair. Grinning from ear to ear, he tipped his deep blue top hat towards his visitors while dancing around in a matching lab coat.

“My name is Dr. William Birkna,” the strange man said with a bow. “Welcome to my factory. It is so rare that I have visitors these days. Makes it especially hard to find willing taste testers. Guess that’s two less people that I need to kidnap.”

“Release her now,” Claire said, pulling out her gun and pointing it at the glass.

“Sorry to say, but that’s not possible,” Dr. Birkna replied, strolling back and forth. “She has a very important job to do. You see, Ashley here has a high likelihood of resisting the side effects of my delicious-“

A flurry of bullets shot from Ada’s gun quickly silenced the mad doctor. However, they failed to do any damage thanks to the thick glass separating him from the rest of the group. While he was visibly frazzled, an adjustment of his hat was enough to put Dr. Birkna in a jovial mood once more.

“Guess we’ll have to do this the hard way,” Ada said, reloading her weapon and glaring at the metal door that had blocked off the exit.

“Now, now, you can’t leave,” the doctor said. “Especially since you’re just in time to see the latest batch of my greatest creation work its magic.”

Paying little mind to the glares pointed his way, Birkna walked over to the side of his chamber and pressed a button on a control panel. From below the observation window appeared a nozzle that extended out and took aim. Hearing the device rev up, Claire and Ada instinctively

ducked out of the way. While they were able to avoid a blue projectile that shot out of the cannon, they weren't the intended target.

Turning around, Claire and Ada watched as Ashley was forced to swallow the piece of candy that had been fired into her mouth. A moment later, her lips began to ooze with a blue juice that gave off the sweet smell of berries. While the president's daughter was too busy watching the droplets trickle onto her clothes, she failed to notice the shade of blue starting to spread out across her nose. However, she did manage to witness the way her belly was starting to bulge outwards at an alarming rate.

"W-what's going on?" Ashley called out, desperately trying to break free of her restraints as her mid-section continued to swell.

"Hmm, I suppose I still haven't worked out that little quirk," Birkna commented. "Oh well. Just consider it a feature to help you fully enjoy the sweet taste of blueberries on your tongue."

Ashley let out a shrill yell as her growing gut peeked out further from beneath her shirt. Her panic only grew as she finally noticed the blue coloring appearing on her skin. "I don't want to turn into a blueberry," she cried out. "Please, there has to be a way to--"

The young woman's pleas became interrupted by gush of juice flowing out of from her mouth. As the liquid seeped down her chin it was joined by a pair of spots appearing on the front of her sweater. Any chance for her to deny what was happening became impossible thanks to a tear forming in the center of her sweater to reveal her swollen, leaking breasts.

"There's no way," Ashley said as her body continued to swell. "I can't possibly be turning into a BWOOOOOOOOOORRRRRPPPPP!"

The belch carried with it a stench of blueberries, albeit a bushel that had been long past its prime. Her panic grew alongside her body as further gurgling noises could be heard emanating from her belly. Unwilling to accept her fate, she clenched her lips closed to block off any further burps from escaping. She did manage to stifle some of her gas and juice, but the rumbling inside of her would not cease. That was until the pressure finally found a way out in the form of a rumbling BRRRAAAAAAAPPPP from her bubble butt that engulfed her with the odor of rotten fruit.

“Hmm, I swore I worked that little issue out of the recipe,” Dr. Birkna commented over the sound of another PHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTT rippling out of the blonde to make her face twist in disgust. “At the very least, I was hoping that the smell would be a bit fresher. I suppose it needs a few more tweaks.”

“The only thing that needs tweaking is your brain,” Claire called out as she rushed back over to Ashley. “Hang on, we’ll get you out of here.”

“Please UUUUUURRRPPP hurry,” Ashley said, repeatedly tapping her feet against the puddle of juice below her. “I can’t stop BWOOOOOOOORRRRRPPPP it.”

Pushed forward by the desperation on Ashley’s voice, Claire tried to put all of her focus on undoing the restraints. The task was made more difficult thanks to her having to deal with the sensation of juice flooding her boots. There was also the constant deluge of belches that interspersed Ashley’s panicked breathing and subjected her savior to the stench of overripe berries. Try as Claire might to put all of these outside distractions aside, it came to a point where the growing blueberry forced her to pay attention.

Claire’s efforts were cut short as a roaring PHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTT blasted right in her face. Staggering back from the cloud of noxious fumes, she just barely managed to

keep herself from falling face first into the puddle. Regaining her footing, she managed to look back just as the restraints finally broke apart. Even if there was a sense of satisfaction from Ashley being freed, her limbs were left nearly useless thanks to the added girth that had aided in breaking her restraints.

“Not there BWOOOOOOORRRPPPPP too,” Ashley belched out, frantically waving about her bloated up limbs. A moment later, her thickening legs managed to do the same trick to the restraints around her feet. This allowed her to fruitlessly wriggle around her toes as her swelling legs became equally useless.

“No need to panic,” Claire said, shielding herself from another deluge of gas. “Stay calm and we’ll try to figure out a way to stop this.”

“O-Okay, I’ll try to BWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRPPP!”

In addition to dribbling more juice down Ashley’s chins, the belch ended up being the breaking point for what remained of her sweater. Ripped down the center, the top fell apart under the duress of her still swelling stomach. With nothing in their way, her tits were free to leak their juices down her spherical form to spread out the puddle beneath her. She ended up getting well acquainted with the pool of blue liquid once her sloshing mass finally broke through her chair.

Shielding her eyes from the resulting splash, Claire paused for a moment to try and figure out her next step. During this time, her gaze traced across her body to see the multiple blue stains her clothes had accrued from dealing with Ashley. Though she attempted to brush the mess away, there always seemed to be more left behind. The reason became clear to her once saw her own gut begin to peak out from beneath her top to show off the blue hue spreading out from her belly button.

“BWOOOOOOORRRPPPP how?” Claire asked as her belly sloshed about the juices inside. “I didn’t eat the candy.”

“That would be because of a little trick I learned from my colleagues at Umbrella,” Dr. Birkna responded. “You see, just like a virus, my candy’s effects can be spread to people through merely breathing it in or ingesting the juices. Isn’t it a marvelous way to share with the whole worlds my astounding-“

The mad doctor flinched as another hail of bullets tried to break into his observation room. “I told you that won’t work,” he said, watching Ada reload her gun. “I made the glass extra thick to prevent the fumes from leaking in. I can’t be expected to work on the formula if I change into a gassy blueberry myself.”

“We’ll do much UUUUUURRRRPPPPP worse to you if you don’t let us out,” Claire called out, not looking very imposing as her cheeks began to puff up.

Leaving her swelling belly to push outwards, Claire attempted to join Ada in firing round towards the doctor. However, even the catharsis of seeing the twisted man flinch was left out of reach as her thickening arms struggled to reach for her gun. Moments after she managed to touch her holster, her plumped up fingers grew too large to hold onto the weapon.

Claire didn’t have much time to bemoan her lack of combat ability as her beloved jacket began to rip down the middle. No longer held back by their fabric prison, her breasts surged forward to bounce against her gut. In addition to sending a rotten belch rolling up her throat, the impact created a trickle of juice that leaked from her nipples to add to Ashley’s already sizable puddle.

“We need to get out of here,” Ada said, stowing away her weapon. Running back over to the door, she got out her equipment and attempted to hack into the system. “Grab the girl and let’s get moving.”

“UUUUURRRPPPP right,” Claire belched, waddling her way back over to Ashley. “Can you move?”

“BWOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRPPPP no!” Ashley shouted, her distress carried by both the tone of her voice and the frantic wiggling of her fingers and toes. “You need to push me.”

Careful not to slip in the puddle of juice, Claire managed to make her way towards Ashley’s backside. Momentarily stunned by the sheer size of the ballooned up buttocks, she was brought back to reality by the sound of juice gushing out from the blonde’s nether region. Hoping to get the girl out before it was too late, she sunk her plump fingers into the ass and began to push.

Though Claire did manage to push Ashley forward, it was at a glacial pace. This came from the sheer girth of the blonde’s size mixed with the uncomfortable position forced onto Claire thanks to her still swelling mid-section. The juice constantly leaking from both her and Ashley’s bodies meant getting traction on the slick floor was next to impossible. This was all putting aside the ominous rumbling noise that could be heard emanating from the president’s daughter.

Before Claire could have a chance to get out of the way, she ended up being on the receiving end of a powerful BRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPPP from Ashley’s rear. The rotten, fruit-scented tint of the gas bomb forced the brunette to stop what she was doing to protect her singed nostrils. Determined to save Ashley, she tried to push through the gas cloud, along with the several others that followed.

Gritting her teeth to suppress the juice leaking from her lips, Claire was forced to stop as her body trembled from a particularly loud PHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTT echoing through her ears. Not feeling the warm air blast into her face, she was momentarily confused by the source of the fart. That was until an equally powerful BRRRRRAAAAAAPPPPP rippled out to rip apart the back of her pants to allow her swollen butt cheeks to freely slosh about.

“Not BWOOOOOOOORRRPPP good,” Claire commented, her view of the juice beginning to pour from her nether region becoming blocked by her gut as it continued to swell. “Ada, you need to get UUUUUUURPPP out of here,” she called out.

“What about you two?” Ada asked.

“We can’t UUUUUUURRRPPP fit in there anyway,” Claire replied, finally forced to let go of Ashley as her spherical form burst through the rest of her clothes. “Get out of here and find BWOOOOOORRRRRPPPP Leon.”

Turning away just as a gush of juice came flowing from the berry women, Ada managed to gain access to the panel. Wary of the infectious gas drifting towards her, she repeatedly tapped her fingers against the buttons in the hopes that they would respond faster. She paused as the control panel turned into an eerily familiar shade of blue. That was the only warning she got before a glob of blueberry juice was shot directly at her face.

“No,” Ada muttered to herself as she stumbled back from the door. “I can’t BWOOOOOOOORRRRRRPP!”

The blueberry scented belch came alongside a splatter of juices from Ada’s mouth to fall upon her dress. The red coloring of the fabric began to distort as more of the sweet liquid began to seep out from her swelling bosom. Any chance to deny what was happening to her vanished as she watched her dress get split down the middle by her growing, blue gut.

“Three for three,” Birkna commented as the back of Ada’s dress was ripped apart by her expanding rear. “I suppose the resistance to my candy is rarer than I thought.”

“This can’t be the end,” Ada said, a billowing BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPP from her rear eager to prove her wrong and let her wallow in a plume of rotten blueberry gas.

“There must be a way to UUUUUUUUURRRPPPP stop this,” Claire belched out, the words barely audible through the torrent of juices coming from her mouth.

“Maybe if we BWOOOOOOOOORRRRPPPP squeeze out all of the juice?” Ashley suggested, trying to strengthen her hope even as Claire’s legs were sucked up by her rounded form.

Ada demanded the others’ attention with a rumbling PHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTT. “Are you crazy? You see how much BOUUUUUURRRRPPPP big we are. There’s no way we’ll be able to keep up.”

“Do you have a better idea?” Claire asked, trying to look as imposing as possible in the wake of her wide rear blowing a pungent BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPP into the air.

With a groan of surrender, Ada waddled her way over to the other blueberry women. Splashing through the puddles on the floor, she looked up to see that Ashley’s swollen mammaries had grown out of reach. Rather than try to climb up the engorged globe, Ada turned her attention away just in time to avoid another bombardment of fruity flatulence. Focusing in on Claire, the woman in the shreds of a red dress shuffled forward to grab hold of the brunette’s breasts.

Ada squeezing down on Claire’s nipples released downpours of juice leaking from the teats. What the group didn’t expect was the moan of pleasure that mixed in with the resulting belch. Hearing the euphoric cry echo in her own ears, Claire regardless nodded her head for Ada

to continue. Trying to ignore the moans and belches that followed, Ada proceeded to continue juicing the expanded breasts while searching for any sign that blueberry woman was shrinking.

A pungent fart cloud billowing out of Claire's ass momentarily led to Ada losing her grip. Watching the still leaking mammaries slowly roll out of reach of her expanded arms, Ada was forced to act on instinct. The first thing that came to mind was lunging forward to wrap her lips around one of the teats. While this did manage to continue draining Claire's body, the side effects overshadowed any progress that could be made.

Ada's body began to rapidly swell with each gulp of juice. Though this should have been more than enough to get her to release, she was kept in place by the sweet taste that lingered on her tongue. Claire wasn't much help either, keeping her partner drinking by egging her on with a cacophony of burps and moans. It was only after Ada had grown too large to reach the breasts were the pair forced to part from one another.

Rolling backwards, Ada ended up bumping right into Ashley. Taken away from the source of her sweet drink, Ada's eyes scanned around for something to feed her new addiction. She found what she was looking for as a fart squeaking out from the blonde's bulbous form sprayed the trickles of juice coming from her nether region.

Ashley let out another BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAA PPP upon first feeling Ada tongue slide across her plump labia. Though she wanted to protest, her words became a mish mash of belches and euphoric cries as Ada continued to lick at her labia. Before she realized what was happening, Ashley's fears began to be taken over by other urges. Losing all sense of control, she freely let her gas burst out as she allowed Ada to greedily drink up every drop.

Coming off of another moan, Ashley's could feel an urge hanging on her tongue. At that very moment, Ada's own breasts grew just large enough to be within reach. Entranced by the

sloshing mounds, the blonde woman showed no restraint in rolling her form forward to help herself to the leaking nipples.

With the blueberry women pressed together and enjoying each other's juices, their sizes began to sky rocket. The only attention they paid towards their swelling forms was having to adjust their positions in order to compensate. A shaky sense of balance allowed the pair to pleasure themselves with drink and stimulation for a time. That lasted up until they were stopped by the sound and smell of a rumbling BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPP rolling towards them.

Using the force of her own gas as propulsion, Claire managed to wedge herself between Ada's legs. Pushing her head through the downpour coming from Ada's womanhood, she managed to guzzle down the sweet juice. Aided in the pleasure sweeping over Ada's body, Claire was able to drink gallons upon gallons of the addictive nectar in a matter of seconds. The only thing holding her back was her own body rapidly growing in order to contain the liquid feast.

The group's feeding session came to a premature end as the force of a simultaneous burp and fart from Ada sent her partners rolling across the floor. Bounding off the walls and spraying juice everywhere they went, the blueberry women had to struggle to maintain a semblance of control over their forms. Frantically wriggling the digits of their sunken in limbs, they tried again and again to roll themselves towards their destination.

Deliberately shifting away from the under-sized exit, the bloated blueberry women came crashing into one another once more. Though they managed to leak gallons upon gallons of juice from their various orifices in the process, they eventually nestled up to one another. Claspings their lips onto the nearest source of sustenance, they continued to drink up until their girth or gas forced them apart again.

From the perch of his observation window, Dr. Birkna watched as the three women repeatedly slammed their sloshing forms against one another. Observing them find pleasure in their touch and tastes, he dove into his notebook to record every detail. Though it was hard for him to properly hear himself think with the constant eruptions of burps, farts, and moans, he was sated by the knowledge that he was on the right track. Caught up in the strange joy of watching his creations reach the size of houses, the seemingly never ending torrent of juice pouring out left him unaware of the door behind him opening up.

“This is marvelous,” the doctor said to himself just as the women raised the juice level of the chamber by another inch. “Once I perfect the formula, the entire world will know of the culinary skills of the brilliant Dr.-“

Birkna stopped as he felt a pair of arms squeeze around his waist. His view of the blueberry women was replaced with the ceiling as he was flung upwards. There was only a mere moment where he realized he was upside down before his head was slammed against the floor and he was knocked unconscious.

“Suspect has been secured,” Leon said over his com link as she stood back up.

“Good work, Leon,” Hunnigan said over the line. “Any sign of Ashley or the others?”

Peeking through the window, Leon winced as he saw and heard the results of the doctor’s experiment. “Yeah,” he said, taking notice of the looks of ecstasy on the grove of blueberry women. “We may need to modify our extraction plan though. I don’t think a helicopter is going to cut it anymore.”