

Frankie's Future Kinky Utterances

Frankie slipped between the pillars and into the darkness between a trio of large metal vats. The tour guide wouldn't notice while she went exploring, as long as she met back up before the gift shop. Pulling out her hand-drawn map, the slender red-head carefully navigated the large, industrial pipes and tanks filled with all kinds of candy ingredients. She ignored the conveyors carrying delicious Fluffer-Nutters and fizzy, crunchy FruityToots- there was only one area in the entire factory she wanted to see. She noticed the giant round door earlier on the tour and discreetly made a note of how best to return there unseen. The factory was built like a maze, but with her limber frame, the young woman made navigating the twisting pipes and machinery work to her advantage and stayed out of sight from the occasional passing coworker.

In no time at all, Frankie came to the tall round doors. Hiding behind a pallet of tall, unmarked containers filled with violet liquid, she stepped out of the darkness and, with as nonchalant of a stride she could muster, slid the forged keycard provided by her employer, opened the heavy door with a pleasant chime and stepped inside.

The space was much larger than she anticipated. Even with the massive doors, she didn't expect an entire separate factory floor's worth of space inside. In the center of the room was a small bubbling fountain and lining the half-sphere perimeter walls were ceiling-height vats. The little windows on the front of each vat showed they were all empty in the dim fluorescent light. Was the prototype not completed? Frankie worried she'd jumped the gun and her little infiltration would be for nothing. She glanced around and didn't see any security cameras and there wasn't a soul inside the echoey space besides her. Not letting down her guard, she approached the fountain with a wide circle to check for pressure plates or movement detecting lasers. Finding nothing, the young woman smirked. Too easy.

The small metal bubbler, not dissimilar to a public water fountain, softly trickled out a slightly foamy violet juice into a shallow basin. She looked all over the fountain and its base, trying to understand why a room this big was being used to house such a miniscule bit of plumbing and a trickle of juice. What were all the tanks surrounding her for?

Biting her lip, Frankie retrieved a small flask from her beltline and unscrewed the cap. She figured that by bringing back some of this stuff back to her employer, it could be reverse-engineered by the rival candy company. Maybe even earn her a big payout despite the setback. She let the thin fountain of juice fill the flask to the brim and she tucked it back into the hidden pouch inside the front of her jeans. Some of the juice dribbled onto her hand and she absently slurped it off the pale freckled skin. It tasted... really good! Smacking her lips, she remarked at the subtle tartness that helped balance out the sweetness and a warmth from vanilla and some other spices along with the tiniest hint of alcohol.

Curiouser and curiouser, she wondered. None of this place made any sense.

She adjusted her ball cap before reflexively glanced around at the empty room and smiled to herself at how suspicious she was being. *Nobody would know or miss a flask-worth of the stuff, and certainly not another little sip.* She brought her cupped hands under the fountain and let it fill with frothy juice. Bringing it to her lips, Frankie couldn't have noticed the subtle shift in the hue of her freckles. From a normal, pale brown, the many tiny dots across her nose, cheeks and forehead all turned a dusty violet. She sipped the handful of juice happily and felt it tingle down her throat. Delicious! Before she could wipe off her hands, she was already contemplating going in for another. *Nobody will notice*, she reminded herself, and filled her palms again. Taking the next mouthful greedily, Frankie already felt the hint of a thin buzz warming her cheeks and nose. She got rosey when she drank and being the lightweight that she was, she was often compared to a tomato out with friends after a few. After swallowing, she realized the fountain was definitely running a thinner trickle of the juice and she felt the pang of thirst in her throat. *Probably only one more good swig left of it.* Ignoring her senses, Frankie leaned under the fountain and let it dribble the last cup or so of juice fall into her mouth. This time, she enjoyed the taste and took a good long pause to savor the different flavors before letting out a soft burp of satisfaction.

It reminded her of her uncle's christmas party. Very close to the spice of mulled wine but significantly sweeter. Frankie wiped her mouth and made a mental note of the room when she felt a heavy click coming from beneath her feet and the fountain's pillar beginning to sink down into the floor. Her instincts immediately kicked in, and the woman raced towards the door, digging into her pocket for the keycard as she came to the pair of giant rounded doors.

Swiping her keycard, she heard a beep of rejection and then another. She pulled the door and found the security magnet holding tightly. She was trapped! Futilely yanking on the door, she caught sight of something on her hand- her skin where the juice had been wiped off had stained her skin a pale blue and seemed to be spreading! Turning back towards the center of the room, she watched as the blue skin dappled with darker pockets of color and her dusting of freckles were turning purple. Frankie was instantly reminded of the skin and texture of a blueberry as a shifting across the center of the room turned her attention away from her body. The floor had opened in the center. Gone was the small fountain, replaced with a giant pool-sized round grating with a large familiar “W” molded into the metal.

Frankie saw a machine descending from the ceiling, made up of all manner of hoses and pumps and connected with more tubes that ran outward to all the cylindrical tanks around her. It hovered roughly 20 feet above the grate and stopped before a central rod extended down to eye-level. Pushing up one of her jacket’s sleeves, Frankie watched the blue tint traveling up her wrist and across the back of her arm. The tiny hairs there unceremoniously dropped away from her skin as more and more of her flesh seemed to become that of a blueberry’s. The woman began to tremble as she approached the center of the room, feeling a strange sensation filling her body with warmth.

She looked up at the machinery as it loomed overhead and wondered what it was for before stepping onto the grating and gazing at the inky darkness below, hoping for some kind of explanation for what was happening to her. No sound from outside came through the locked door behind her. Was there really nobody coming to get her? It seemed pretty clear to Frankie that she’d been caught. Reaching the strange rod, Frankie saw her reflection in the polished metal. Noticing traces of blue on her face before digging into her small purse for a compact mirror. She stared in confusion at the violet freckles and the deep wine-color staining her lips. A pale blue color, matching her hand’s was blushing her cheeks and tip of her nose now and slowly spreading!

Frankie had a look of utter bewilderment on her face as the rod slid open and a robotic eye appeared. It snapped to her direction and focused its lens on her, glancing up and down her body. A scratchy voice chirped through a speaker, a man's voice that Frankie didn't recognize.

"Welcome to the factory, Miss! Seems you've wandered a long way from the tour!" His words seemed oddly chipper and practiced, as if he expected her- or someone like her.

At first, Frankie didn't want to say anything, but seeing the pale blue creeping across her face in the lens' reflection caused her to erupt with questions. *What the fuck is happening? Was this all an elaborate trap? Why was her skin's texture changing? Why blue?* The speaker was quiet as she ranted and swore, feeling the strange pinpricks on her skin traveling up towards her shoulders and down her neck. She shivered and realized she was salivating more- the flavor of that odd berry wine growing stronger in her mouth with every passing second.

Finally, it responded.

"The results of your ingesting of Prototype SB-043 are still being recorded. We aren't really sure what all the effects will be or if your... condition is contagious. This room is equipped with everything needed to meet the possible outcomes of the experi- ...of your ingestion of a non-candy substance on the factory premises."

Frankie waited impatiently, hiding her anxiety as the voice took a long pause.

"Please feel free to describe the sensations you are feeling while we monitor the situation and don't worry, we have everything we need in the event of a Code Blue!" The cylindrical rod jumped up, raising the robotic eye out of the way before Frankie's fist could connect.

"You better turn me back to normal right now or I'll sue the shit out of this place!" she spat.

A scratchy click fizzled out from the speaker in reply. She was blushing a deep rosey violet on her freckled cheeks. The warmth she felt was spreading across her like the blueberry flesh, probably aided by her increased heart rate. She couldn't tell what was happening to herself beyond her skin changing, but the room was starting to spin and she could feel the drunken sensation hitting her even harder.

“Whoa~ fuck, I feel drunk all of a sudden... what the hell did this stuff do to me?”

Frankie stumbled as her center of gravity suddenly shifted on wobbly legs. Ever since the warmth began, she hadn't noticed the accompanying gradual swelling all over her body- but now that it was affecting her gait and had begun weighing her down, it was all becoming very hard to ignore. She could feel a tightness in her Konverse vintage high-tops all over her feet. Her shoelaces bulged as blue skin peeked out between the shoes and the bottom of her black jeggings. She looked down at her pigeon-toed shoes creaking as the fabric began to strain. Her thighs pressed together and she blinked in shock realizing they'd never done that before! Her legs were always thin, she could touch her knees together and not have her thighs touch until now! Frankie pulled off her bomber jacket, feeling so stuffy and hot, now desperately needing to see what else was wrong with her body.

The young woman immediately noticed her belly stretching the high-waisted jeggings out and lifting the bottom of her band tee up. She tentatively pushed her finger into the blue flesh and found it firm and warm. Pressing the skin made her belly gurgle deeply with an almost sloshing sound. The weight of her new gut made her immediately think of pregnancy and she blushed again, her whole face burning violet. *“What. the. Fuck is this?!”* She growled, clumsily drooling as she pulled the waistband of her pants down to reveal the spherical orb of blue slowly swelling heavily towards the camera.

It simply observed her, the lenses adjusting constantly as it watched, glancing all over her body, seeing many more subtle changes every moment that she could without a full mirror. It watched her thin face slowly filled out, giving her a very slightly chubby and cute pouty appearance while her copper red roots stained to a deep blue violet. It was now clear that she had consumed more than enough of the prototype for a full conversion and the only thing to do now was enjoy the show...

Frankie paced the circle grating, glancing towards the door occasionally, hoping someone- anyone, even the cops, would arrive and end this weird nightmare. Her stride grew narrow and her stance widened as the juice slowly filled her. She felt the flask pinch as her belly distended more, grumbling quietly her regrets in taking the job. She had dirt on Slugworth, dirt she could use as collateral to try and reduce the corporate espionage charges she was likely to face.

Frankie felt the surge again and stumbled, this time feeling her ass and waist slosh with heavy juices, filling the trim and tight runner's body until her jeggings began to go thin across her ass cheeks and thighs. The blue peeked through the black material as she stomped her foot in frustration. Her ass, thighs, belly and newly grown muffin-top all jostled with a heavy slosh and the pieces finally clicked in her head.

This was very similar to a leaked, but heavily-redacted, testimony from decades ago. Frankie was reliving a young girl's punishment for sampling an unfinished prototype while the company was still owned by William Wonka. Not all of the details were available, but enough of her story had leaked despite a heavy NDA and settlement. Frankie turned back to the camera, her face flushed violet. *"You're turning me into a blueberry, aren't you? Just like that girl a long time ago?"*

The radio static softly warbled and then clicked as if someone had decided not to respond after all. Great. Then it was probably true and soon Frankie was going to be full of juice soon. She looked up at the machine above and deduced the purpose of the tanks and hoses. They'd extract everything and use an army of lawyers to keep her quiet- she'd probably be like Violet and have her skin stained blue the rest of her life. Still, it didn't explain the heavy buzz she was feeling, unless the juice her body was creating was alcoholic too. The chemistry didn't make sense, but she guessed that's why they pulled this human trial trap on her for a candy that didn't work even 50 years ago.

Frankie was getting tired and sighed, feeling the warm buzz making her wobbly and softening her embarrassed rage. Her belly was getting heavy and she couldn't look away from the azure pear shape she'd become. She turned her body, looking at her reflection and quietly marveled at how big her ass had become. She wanted to be mortified, but something about this buzz was making her feel less anxious, less disgusted in what the juice was doing to her...until she noticed the dark spots forming on her shirt.

The black band tee she wore hid the spots for a bit, but the sudden warm spice of the fruity juice drew her attention down. She thought it was the annoying large amount of juice-flavored drool she was producing. Frankie was swallowing the stuff because she wasn't going to just stand her spitting constantly into the drain, but after realizing that she was... leaking, she felt the panic welling up inside her, pushing through the drunk haze muddying her thoughts.

"The fuck?" she slurred, ignoring the robotic peeping tom as she pulled the shirt up over her head and inspected herself. The nude bra was sopping wet in the cups and a deep violet had stained both bra cups entirely on the inside. Her breasts were perky as usual, but the nipples were no longer the pale pink they once were. Matching her lips, they were now a rich violet, dark and smelling of the tart, delicious juice. Her mouth watered as she saw beads of juice forming on her nipples. Frankie did not expect this. She recalled the original story and the rumored "juicing room", but never imagined this!

The man on the other side of the robot eye watched her intently inside their dimly-lit office overlooking the factory. The girl's distended pregnant-looking belly, her now juice-lactating breasts, the widened hips, the mood swings: something about the effects of prototype SB-043 mimic'd the body's transformation during pregnancy. It was also simple to deduce that due to the accelerated growth hormones present in the berry juice itself, some of the juice was fermented into a kind of sweet wine. This was not intentional and would need to be fixed if the extract was ever going to be used for anything marketable. In the meantime, it helped as a mild sedative for the experiment to calm Miss Frankie's fiery temperament. The man smiled and adjusted his bowtie. Everything was going well and soon, the experiment would yield much more than simply information...

Now topless, Frankie could see the dusting of freckles across her chest turned violet amidst the speckling and slightly glossy blueberry flesh. A little mole on her shoulder had receded into her skin and was little more than a darkened navy spot. She hesitated before touching herself, feeling the tight skin of her breasts give way only slightly before a dribble of juice frothed from her nipples. She started to feel a slight ache inside her breasts and began to notice their slow, subtle growth with each heavy heart beat. Squinting and cupping her breasts, she felt the warmth tingling her inhuman skin and began to gently massage the tightness deep inside it. A weak, trembling exhale slipped from her

violet-stained lips as the juice began to let down more freely and softly sprayed forth, dripping, dribbling, with froth tickling her areolas as she carefully expressed the experimental liquid from herself. She intended to try and get rid of it all without the assistance of whatever the machine above her had in store, but unfortunately, her body's hormonal response to her actions began a cascade of sudden changes through her.

She felt the warmth deep inside her belly grow hotter as it sank down in between her legs. Her soft breathing became labored as it started to feel really quite good to “milk” herself. She started to grow wet and big her lip as the flesh of her sex began to throb and swell. Stifling a moan, Frankie caught herself daydreaming and glanced away from the camera. She started to flush with embarrassment, and the increase in her heart rate caused her breasts to visibly swell over the next few moments. The weight was otherworldly and their sudden size reminded Frankie of her younger days of jokingly putting balloons in her shirt. They didn't sag. Her new breasts were growing bluer and stayed perfectly round as the deep violet nipples began to spurt with many-streamed rivulets of frothy juice. She groaned- unable to gain control as the situation rapidly degraded. She stood, precariously unbalanced, leaning forward as her gravid belly and giant ass began to double in size. The swelling was picking up in pace and the woman couldn't continue to keep upright with any level of dignity. Her pussy burned with need as the aching weight in her tits slowly relieved and then tightened with added juices. Her body was producing the stuff faster and faster and started to fill her out in other parts of her body to compensate. Her skin couldn't stretch fast enough and she started to see the signs of weight-gain in her thick arms, chubby fingers, her now-nonexistent ankles and plump calves. The shoes on her feet strained terribly. Her toes stuffed inside ached before she noticed the eyelets fraying her shoelaces. It didn't take much longer for the tongue to explode through the weakened laces and free her fat feet.

Frankie groaned wordlessly, stepping awkwardly to maintain what little balance she could muster, feeling the drunken haze wash over her again. Her ass was ballooning as she watched her reflection and in her drunken stupor, she attempted to twerk and failed miserably before collapsing onto her gigantic, sloshing derriere with a snorting giggle. *“Dude, I feel fuckin wasted right now, this is crazy! My ass is bigger than my whole body was 10 minutes ago..”*

The sounds her body was making were getting louder and deeper with every passing minute. What started as a soft, watery gurgle had become a throbbing, slow pulse of heavy rich juice that she could feel surge and swell every part of her body at once. She felt in her core a deep, warm tingling where the juice was being made and then her body sent it out in all directions through her bloodstream. She drunkenly imagined big purple blood cells and her organs all being repurposed into juice factories and laughed to herself at how silly that would be. For a second, she forgot the reality of her situation, mind wandering as if in a dream. Her jeggings were losing the war against her thighs and the crotch failed first, bursting as the seams slowly opened along her inner thighs and exposed the glossy, soaked blue flesh beneath. Her panties dug into her flesh and she couldn't help but try and relieve some of the ache with her fingers. She found her pussy now engorged and plump, drooling juices and throbbing with need. Frankie was practically panting in heat as she worked her button through the fabric, getting more tired as her body swelled and blocked access with her growing belly and waist.

Horny, drunk, and exhausted from her weight gain, the woman stopped to take a break when the machine began to click and several motors turned on before descending from above. Arms unfurled and revealed the full octopus-like frame of the juicing machine. Hoses and silicone-tipped nozzles twitched and rotated towards her from all directions as the machine loomed overhead. The radio chirped and the familiar mystery-voice called out to Frankie.

“We’d better get you started now before you get too far along. I like to avoid incidents with my guests whenever possible and I think your production hasn’t quite peaked yet. If we get the machine hooked up now, we can have it fully functional before then. Sound good... Frankie?”

He knew her real name. Had he known the whole time? She had to know. Fighting the drunken stupor she was saturated with, the woman cleared her throat. *“H-how do you know me?”*

The radio took a moment and Frankie’s eyes went wide as an even more familiar second voice scratched through the speaker with a venomous pleasure in her words. *“Miss Myrtilles, it’s a pleasure to see you enjoying the tour. How is your search going?”*

It was Susan Slugworth! The main rival to the Wonka company for decades. Why was she working with Wonka Corp? *“Wh- what's going on?”*

The woman, her former employer, sounded so proud of herself as she spoke. *“We duped you, silly girl. I really work for Wonka Corp and seed my own espionage attempts to plug security leaks and root out other moles within the company. You came highly recommended for your impressive work in infiltration. I never really expected you to drink the juice I hired you to steal.”*

One of the metal hands lifts the flask up between Frankie and the eye, her face swollen cheeks and lips pursed into an angry, yet silly, embarrassed grimace. She was played from the beginning! The woman swore to herself, unable to work up the energy to shout and scream at the two-faced witch who'd done this to her.

“Since you did such an impressive job avoiding our cameras and personnel, we were able to get a wealth of data to pass along to security and fix those blindspots you revealed. As a reward for your efforts, Mr Bucket has decided to give you the rest of the prototype you stole.”

Did she say Mr. Bucket? As in Charlie Bucket? The kid who won that contest? She groaned in panic, trying in vain to turn away from the robot as it pushed the open lid of the flask to her lips. Her heavy arms made her no match for the robotic arm's strength as if force-fed the juice into her mouth. She once again tasted the delicious ambrosia. Frankie couldn't help herself and relaxed her throat to swallow it, ignoring her body's protests. The warm spice of the wine tingled her throat as it ran down into her belly. A moment passed and Frankie exhaled softly with a stifled burp before a deep gurgle surged through her!

Frankie suddenly felt tight in her massive round belly, looking more and more like a future mother of an entire town's worth of kids, feeling her belly's growth slowly push her backwards. She didn't fall, however, as Frankie's ass and back now had filled out and slowly dipped her flat onto her back. She was staring up at the machine as the arms moved to re-adjust her position into the center of the grate. They carefully wedged under her mass and shoved, rolling her over to her huge belly, balancing her perfectly to stare forward to the robot eye.

She felt her shoulders and the flesh around her neck pulsing outward, causing her head to softly sink in while the machine's multi-tooled hands clicked and whirred around her. They cut away at the destroyed jeggings and relieved the woman of her panties by letting the elastic band burst to the side in a small tattered heap. Her juice-soaked socks were removed and tossed aside with the rest of her ruined ensemble. She was a naked, giant, nearly spherical blue woman, with breasts growing so massive, her nipples dragged against the cold floor. She wiggled her legs, feeling the swollen mass of her thighs and ass devour the limbs down to her chubby feet. She felt like she would roll at any moment, and waved her arms attempting to balance herself before they too were swallowed by her mass. Soon, her body started to level out, squishing outward wider around the middle, just like a blueberry...

The arms moved back to their positions as they switched out parts on the fly, looking like something out of a Seussian storybook, taking hoses and some swapping the dexterous hands for lewd rubbery heads. *"We will begin extracting as soon as you give an audible 'yes' that you agree to being juiced, Miss Myrtilles."*

She wanted to protest, but it couldn't be safe to resist long, with how quickly her body had grown out of control, tightly full of juice saturating her every cell. But, Frankie didn't want to admit she was tricked, that she was being used like a labrat and that these people would get some satisfaction out of watching her beg- but... her pussy burned with desire and was drooling juice-like precum just aching for relief. Her nipples were untended and throbbing against the cold concrete floor, spurting juice and twitching just as madly as between her legs. She felt beaten, bloated, transformed into some kind of fruit hybrid freak. She sighed, defeated, and nodded to the camera.

"It has to be audible, Miss Myrtilles, for documentation purposes." Slugworth said with no small amount of joy in watching the younger woman tremble tightly. She glared at the robotic eye and swallowed deeply, arching her neck back as much as she could to face the woman abusing her.

"Just juice me, you arrogant bitch."

Immediately, the arms clicked into gear, several finding her backside while a pair grabbed at each tit with a rubbery, mouthlike appendage that suctioned tightly around the swollen, violet nipples. Frankie bit down a yelp at her sensitive, tight body being manhandled so roughly by the machine before letting out a drooly groan as a pair of phallic-shaped extractors plunged into her juicy ass and pussy. Feeling her holes finally filled after the agony of what felt like hours, Frankie relaxed and let them get to work. One final arm descended in front of her face. It looked just as lewd as the rest and she grimaced just as it stuffed her mouth full and a membrane around the phallus hose sealed around her cheeks, forcing her to breathe through her nose while it extracted every drop of juicy drool. She didn't enjoy the cock in her mouth, but there was a comfortable pliability to it that allowed her some movement. She simply bit down on it and let it do its job, as she was at least glad to not have to continually swallow her own overproducing saliva.

The hoses on her nipples were sucking in a pleasant rhythm and she started to doze off watching the violet slowly rise up the hoses towards the ceiling. Before she could actually fall asleep, Frankie felt the warmth deep inside her building again. The effects of the flask juice was starting. She was glad to have gotten hooked up before, hoping it would have a diminished effect on her already giant body... she couldn't have been more wrong. The phalluses in her ass and pussy finally began working and vibrated and thrust into her in an alternating rhythm. Her eyes rolled back and her quiet, muffled moans echoed softly in the giant room filled with the sounds of her juice flowing freely.

Frankie felt the throb of warmth spreading out into her whole giant body and breasts and could only watch as the floor slowly pushed away from her view. Her body rose like bread dough while her teats grew longer and fatter, engorging as the hoses tightly sucked as fast as they were able. Her breasts darkened closer to a blue-violet color while they grew, staying as round as the rest of her, the cleavage rising up to nearly meet her face. Frankie groaned, worrying she might suffocate if things continued, but luckily their growth leveled off with the rest of her swelling.

Her massive form soon filled the gigantic room. The air grew thick with the smell of sex and wine. Frankie's new flesh didn't sweat anymore and she simply stewed in the hot funk of her body's excretions. She could feel her hands and feet tightly squeezed by the swollen mass of her body and a tight ring of flesh

surrounded what used to be her neck, her comparatively tiny head now smaller than one of her nipples. She was totally round now, little dimples where her limbs used to be. The ring around her head felt itchy and she tried to focus on the hoses fucking her from behind to ignore it. They felt good, *really good*. She couldn't help but fade in and out of her buzzed stupor as she got fucked and sucked all over. It didn't take long to start orgasming. Her whole body trembled every few minutes as wave after wave was thrust through her. She seemed to let down more after each orgasm and began to try and edge a few of her orgasms in order to make them more intense. After a while though, she got pretty tired of cumming and her mind started to wander. Frankie glanced over to the tanks flanking her and marveled at how fast they were filling. She had to be filled with several hundred tons of juice at this point and her giant body's growth was keeping up with the extraction.

Hours passed and for a while she didn't seem to be getting any smaller until she finally felt the warm tingles slow down and fade. She breathed a sigh of relief. She was at the top of the hill and she'd soon be out of this nightmare. The machines and pumps lulled her into a pleasant trance as sound and touch melded together into a kind of sensory soup.

She started to really enjoy the feeling of shrinking back down. The tension in her skin letting go was heaven and her insides started to feel less and less gurgly and heavy. She finally felt like her mouth was actually dry and her boobs shrank down smaller and smaller until they actually lifted up off the floor. They were still way too big and her nipples looked like teats on a cow, but it was an improvement. Finally, the hose in her mouth released from her cheeks and slid out from her jaw. She flexed and wiggled her stiff jaw, happy to finally start getting free of this awful machinery. Frankie was feeling good. Soon she'd be returned to normal, even mostly was better than the last- *fuck, how long has she been like this?*

While mulling over a guess for how much time passed, she noticed the itch coming from all around her neck again and she could actually turn her head to look. She stared. There were seams. Odd, leafy seams encircling her head. She let out a groan of fear into the tube and her eyes went wide as she felt the itchy skin crinkle and lift away from her flesh, crowning around her head. She was frozen, realizing immediately what this was-

“Ah, I see you’ve grown a sort of calyx around your head, young lady. Most interesting.” The man’s voice- Charlie’s returned, as chipper as ever and seemingly unfazed by the fact she had plantlike growths on her body now!

“What- what is this, what's happening to me, now? I thought it was over!” Frankie yelled out at the robotic eye as it swiveled over towards her head and the crackle of static filled the room again.

“Oh, well I am sorry that you were led to assume that relieving the juice was the end of your little... predicament. You see, this prototype has gone through... goodness, probably hundreds of revisions and tweaks since before I was even born. Mr. Wonka before me tested this dozens of times trying to harness the incredible potential within it- and our species.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Frankie felt her mind screaming at her to run and wished that she could, slowly becoming aware of the fact that she was being given bad news.

“You drank less than a pint of the prototype and were transformed into something that allowed us to extract roughly 720,000 gallons of juice from you over the last 2 days. The physics of that are... impossible. The chemistry is- well, borderline magic. You see, if we could get control of this, we’d end all hunger, we could develop technology to power cities on people volunteering themselves to be juiced. Right now, this is impossible- for reasons that I’m sure are becoming apparent to you now.” He spoke so matter-of-factly, bouncing from pipedream back to reality so suddenly, Frankie didn’t understand.

“What. is. happening. to. me?” She reiterated, slower, pleading with her eyes to have Wonka’s successor spell it out- she didn’t want to imagine. She needed cold facts.

“You are turning into a blueberry-human hybrid.” He said as she stared at her reflection in the metal shaft.

“The transformative process changes too much of your DNA and when it reverts, it reverts into what contains the most genetic information- the blueberry extract built into the juice that overpowers your own DNA.”

Frankie didn't know what to say. She gaped, wordless and tried to make sense of it. She'd be stuck like this forever?! She panicked- grunting, she rocked to the right. She grit her teeth, feeling the probing in her holes try to shift but fail and suddenly retracted for safety. She gushed juice as she rocked again, ignoring Charlie's pleas for her to calm down. She finally felt the sloshing within her help push her over and she started to roll, curling her trajectory towards the door. No matter how heavy the door seemed to be, it had no chance against many tons of liquid-saturated flesh crashing into it. The doors buckled, designed more to resist a breach from the outside, and gave way, crashing to the floor as she slid through the opening. She rolled for a short ways further until she started to lose momentum and threw her weight down so she wouldn't collapse on her own head. Landing with a loud, fleshy thud, she looked down from atop her great, round form- right down at a factory tour group.

She was still leaking and a puddle was already forming beneath her, while her turgid breasts sprayed down her wide belly. She couldn't do anything but weakly cry out to them for help. Several people had fled back the other way when she crashed the tour, while others stood agape at the giant blue tits on the equally huge fruit now calling down to them. The tour guide was quick, trying her best to move the tour back towards the hallway behind them as security swarmed the area. Nobody helped the poor berrygirl. Too stunned or confused, the crowd was easily corralled away as the dull roar of machinery drowned out her cries for help.

It took two forklifts working together to move her back to the juicing room. The area she fell into had to be cleaned with hazmat teams and the broken doors were custom-made and were replaced temporarily with semi-transparent plastic tarps. Instead of a robotic eye and speakers. Susan Slugworth and Charlie appeared before the girl in person. Susan was livid while Charlie wore an almost apologetic half-smile the whole time while the machines completed their extraction. Frankie had shrunk smaller and smaller as the hours passed, until she had to look up at her two captors. Eventually getting her hands and feet back, she wiggled her feet and flapped her hands joyously happy to have them again, despite still being useless until her arms and legs were returned to normal size. She finally spoke, feeling some of her humanity returned.

“So, what’s the deal then? How do I live as a berry hybrid or whatever.”

Charlie cleared his throat and began to explain how past subjects needed to adjust how they lived. It was a long list and the only benefit was being offered to live at a kind of repurposed resort for people too transformed by the experiments at the factory to live normal lives until they can be changed back. He gave examples of people who were sucked into taffy machines and stretched out or like Frankie, ate prototype food and were changed. There was apparently a girl whose body was completely converted into a living liquid dark chocolate. She lived in a pool on the same island they'd be sending Frankie. Frankie's predicament was different. She needed lots of Vitamin D to live and a byproduct of her condition would be continued swelling and juice production that would need to be maintained. She would have her every need met while there, all she was required to do was sign an NDA and a mountain of other paperwork keeping her whole ordeal under a tight lid.

Frankie was a long-time loner so the choice wasn't too terribly hard. Soak up rays on an island resort while robot attendants satisfy her every need? Sounded like just the vacation she needed. She shook his gloved hand and gave Susan a petty, but deserved vice-like squeeze around her fingers. She hated them both for what they did to her, but seeing a good opportunity gave Frankie the focus she needed to not start swinging again.

By the time her body was fully returned to a familiar shape, Frankie was barely over 5 feet tall. Shorter by almost a foot than before everything. She'd kept the wider, almost broodmotherly hips but her boobs and ass were back to normal. The blue skin had grown on her and never having to shave body hair again was nice, but she was overjoyed that her red hair came back. She didn't like being so short, but of all the changes that she'd endured, it was a small price to pay.

- - -

Adjusting her swimsuit in the full-length bungalow mirror, Frankie daydreamed about being massive again, remembering the feeling of being so full. Having tits bigger than swimming pools. She felt warmth in her belly and gently brushed the sensitive, leafy calyx on her neck, freckles flushing a vinaceous violet. The smell of spiced berry wine perfumed her and the soothing buzz returned.

The End.