

A Jill-Berry

Jill Valentine, B&E specialist for S.T.A.R.S, crept slowly along the hallway. Pistol at the ready, each step she took was a deliberate dance, where one misstep could mean alerting some horrible creature just out of sight. As she crept through the eerily empty halls of the Spencer Mansion, she couldn't help but sense something horrible behind every door. Knowing what she had only just experienced- mutated dogs, zombies, and even giant killer snakes- she could only imagine what else lay in store for her and the rest of her team. Somewhere in this mansion lay the reason for the cannibal attacks, and she was determined to find out why and put a stop to it. Jill approached the final door, one made of heavy maple, and fished out a key from her back pocket. *This ought to do it*, she thought to herself, as she inspected it. It glimmered in the mansion's dim light, its silver plating almost seeming blue. Gingerly inserting the key, she quietly unlocked the door and stepped inside. To her surprise, behind the door lay what might have been the most peaceful place for miles around- a serene greenhouse, lit up only by a sparse few lamps and the moonlight. A wide variety of plants covered every table and square inch of the floor- obviously, the people who owned this place were huge fans of gardening. Sitting down on a conveniently-placed lawn chair, she connected to Chris's radio.

"Chris?" she said, still marvelling at the sheer amount of plant life present in the greenhouse. "Come down to the end of the west wing on the first floor. Bring Wesker and Burton, too. Over."

"Roger that. I'll gather them up and head on down." he replied. Only a few minutes later, the three of them had arrived.

"Fascinating", Wesker said, adjusting his glasses. It appears that the owners of this mansion were quite the prolific plant-breeders. He gestured towards a row of tulips, which had been hybridized to give each a mosaic pattern. While Wesker marveled at the sheer variety of flora, Barry and Chris took a look at some of the other herbs. "Look at this one, Jill!" Chris said, waving for her to come closer. When she approached the two of them, Barry parted the leaves to reveal a spindly, and strangely blue herb. While small, it already appeared to have grown a couple of berries. "Would you look at that!" he said, giving Jill a wide smile. "Looks like this little guy is some kind of... blueberry-hybrid thingamabob."

“You’re not too far off, Burton.” Wesker said, making them all jump at his sudden interjection. “I’ve been looking through some of these journals from the back wall, and it says that the plant is a hybrid between the common blueberry and a woad plant. It looks as if these gardeners were trying to make a blueberry more blue.” He tossed the book aside. “Amateurs. It’s nearly impossible to create a stable hybrid of the two without serious genetic editing. No matter how good they look, I’m sure that those berries are highly unstable. Grab some samples for later testing, then return to the main foyer for briefing.”

Downtrodden, Barry and Chris grabbed a few of the herbs as samples and began to leave the room. Jill, however, was entranced by the berries. Each one looked to be at the peak of their ripeness, practically shining in the small amount of light that kept the room visible. “Surely, Wesker won’t know if I have a couple...” she said to herself, quickly grabbing a few of the berries and popping them into her mouth. Suddenly, her mouth was overwhelmed by the sheer flavor, each berry popping like a firecracker in her mouth. It was like biting into the biggest, most delicious piece of blueberry pie Jill could ever imagine, but before she could savor the flavor Wesker called her out. Hurriedly, she left the greenhouse, barely missing the “DO NOT CONSUME ANY FRUITS FROM THE GREENHOUSE” sign, hidden unfortunately under more leaves.

Rushing out to meet the others, Jill quickly took her place. “You’ve all done a fine job,” Wesker began, pacing slowly in front of his team. “But we’re no closer to discovering the secrets this mansion holds. Burton?” Barry cleared his throat. “From what I’ve found in some of the office areas, the owners seemed to be involved in more than we previously thought. These guys were up to some seriously shady stuff- kidnapping, murder plots, the whole enchilada.” Nodding his head, Wesker turned his attention to Jill, but before he could speak, he looked down and pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Jill?”

“Yes, Sir?”

“Did you or did you not eat some of those berries that I specifically told you not to eat. One word answer, please.”

“No...”

Frustrated, Wesker picked up a mirror hanging off a nearby wall. “Here. Look at yourself.” he said.

Gazing into the mirror, Jill was shocked to see that her nose had begun to turn blue! Yelping in fright, she began furiously trying to wipe it off with her glove. "Sir, it's not what it looks like. See, I figured-"

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Jill froze, suddenly feeling a lot heavier. Looking down, she saw the last of her skin become a brilliant shade of blue, and along with this her gut had begun to peek out from under her shirt. Furiously trying to pull her shirt down, she suddenly realized what was happening to her- by not following Wesker's warning, she was now experiencing the side effects of an unstable blueberry. Her movements became more sluggish as her body began to fill with juice. "Guys? Chris, Barry?" she pleaded as her form quickly rounded out. First came her midriff- it exploded outwards, growing by the second until it reached the size of a large yoga ball. She struggled to maintain balance with her new girth, but the growth didn't stop there. Her pants, once form-fitting and held shut by her holster and utility belt, filled up at an alarming pace. Her holster snapped and fell to the floor, taking her pistol with it. Her belt, which was undoubtedly the most important part of her kit, sprung off with a loud SNAP, unleashing her growing gut. While Chris and Barry had begun to back off from the now jumbo-sized Jill, Wesker stood in silence, studying the effects the blueberries had on her. Her weight was now unbearable- with a surge of growth, she toppled forwards, nearly squashing the frightened Chris. "Jesus Christ, Jill! What part of "don't eat the berries" wasn't clear to you?" he shouted, but Jill was too lost in her own panic. Her breasts, once a small A-cup, had begun to rapidly fill with juice, swelling all the way through the alphabet of cup sizes until each breasts was the size of a small boulder. Her body, once barely mobile enough to at least move her hands and feet, was the last to swell- in one massive surge, her body grew to the size of a small house, yet became almost completely spherical, launching her harness off her body as she grew much too large for it. Her hands and feet sunk deeper and deeper into her body, her flailing limbs becoming nothing more than folds of skin and flesh, her hands barely sticking out just enough to move.

As the growth slowed dramatically, the three men stood back in awe at the round, blue thing that once was Jill. Now rocking slowly back and forth, as if trying to roll back on her feet, Jill now took up most of the foyer, her clothes stretched to their very limit trying to contain her gargantuan size. The room was silent for a few minutes, each person trying their hardest to

comprehend what had just happened. After a bit, Chris spoke up. "So Wesker... this isn't permanent, is it?" he asked, gingerly prodding at Jill's body. Wesker thought for a bit before answering. "Well, Chris, the good news is that it won't be permanent- depending on how many of those berries she ate, this will last only a few hours. The bad news is that... well... she isn't going to be much help in this state." Almost in response to Wesker's answer, Jill managed to roll her head a bit closer to the two of them. "You mean I'm gonna be stuck like this for hours?" Nodding, Wesker turned to face her now-engorged face. "Well, it could be worse. You could have been a Jill sandwich or Jill jerky. Looks like you'll have to settle for being... a Jill-berry."