

Blueberry Science

Mark wasn't what you would call "popular" or "manly."

It didn't help that his older brother was on the football team and that his father was the head faculty member for the Sports Department. Or that they seemed to share a single brain.

They finished each other's sentences, laughed at each other's jokes, and always seemed to find humor in relentlessly teasing Mark about his *faggy* qualities or his frail stature. Nobody seemed to understand how Mark and Brody could be brothers but be so different from one another. It was like Brody sucked every ounce of strength and manliness from his father and left nothing but an empty ball-sac for Mark to be conceived from.

Staring at their family photos, a stranger would think Mark would be the adopted one. His mother was tall and beautiful. She had a thin frame of tone muscles, but her hips and breasts seemed to shape her body obscenely. Her love of cosmetics and photography only enhanced her natural beauty.

While Mark's mother seemed to embody every aspect of femininity, his father was masculinity personified. His jaw was strong, and his neck was wide, nearly the size of Mark's thigh. His upper body was heavy with muscles and dense from years of hard work in the gym and at the construction site. His arms were like boulders, round veiny boulders. He had shoulders that added inches to his already broad back and significant pectorals. Mark's mother and father constantly joked about which were bigger; his father's pectorals or his mother's tits. Mark chose not to be a part of the discussion while his older brother, Brody, loved the never-ending joke. His father's masculine form peeked with his explosive lower body. The carved thighs and sculpted calves were the point of several conversations from other men at the gym and always a symbol of pride for his father.

Unfortunately for Mark, Brody was the spitting image of his father and mother. He was obsessed with his body, his masculinity, and torturing his younger brother.

It wasn't that Mark didn't want to be like his family. He just didn't seem to fit.

On multiple different occasions, Mark attempted to join his brother and father at the gym. They both happily welcomed him to their workouts, even pushed him to come with them—to be like them. To grow. To lift. To be a real man. But no matter how much Mark tried.

He fucking hated working out.

The weights were heavy. The gym was hot. The men always seemed to stare at him or catch him staring at them whenever they bent over, or their sweatpants were just a little *too tight*. And after Mark declined his father's and brother's offer one too many times, they gave up on asking and teasing him took the offer's place.

Mark wished that he could be like them, but he knew it couldn't happen—or at the very least without some help. The hours his family spent at the gym; Mark worked with his face in a book.

Brody lifted weights. Mark studied books.

Brody became a professional bodybuilder. Mark pursued a degree in chemistry.

Mark worked tirelessly trying to change his body, to figure out the magic pill that everyone wanted, himself included. The medicine that would give him the body of a god without forcing all the extra effort and lifting. It would make him rich but also give Mark what he always wanted.

* * *

Mark hovered over a microscope. His eyes were tired but pressed firmly into the eyepiece. He pulled back, grabbed a pipette, and squeezed out a blue liquid. His gaze returned to the eyepiece and glanced down at the cells along the slide. His lips went to the side, pulling away from the microscope. He lifted the slide and placed it along with the other failed experiments. Taking a fresh set of cells, Mark placed it gently beneath the stage clips and peered through the lens for the umpteenth time that night.

He had been working tirelessly for months, practically years now, on developing the serum to grow. Every night when the rest of his classmates would leave, Mark would stay behind and continue his experiments.

“I’m so close.”

There was just something wrong with the mutation of the cells. Something that just wouldn’t react properly. Mark tried everything to make the cells respond and swell with growth; drugs, hormones, radiation, anything that he could find that could force the cells to swell. He had a minor breakthrough months prior using the genetic code of a cantaloupe. For a moment, he thought he found his answer. The cells on his slide swelled so large the plastic cover on it bubbled up, but the size quickly reduced after just seconds of growth. But that small breakthrough sent him down a rabbit hole of discovery as he replaced his drugs and radiation with fruits.

The way his classmates stared at him when he brought large baskets of fruits to his station every day and broke them down. The draining and splitting were an easy process most of the time, but the day he had to split a single grape into fifty slides, he thought he would kill himself.

Mark couldn’t imagine a worse fruit to work with, that was until he got to the berry section of his research. Grapes were hard, but raspberries and blueberries, he nearly blew his brains out slicing the blueberry tonight. And apparently, it was all for nothing.

“Last one.” Mark took the darkest pipette and squeezed a portion onto the slide. He counted to fifteen, waiting long enough for the two solutions to merge. “Let’s get this over with.” He cracked his neck twice, rubbed his eyes, and leaned down. “Hmmm.”

He adjusted the view with the knobs on the side, bringing the cells into focus. Mark watched as the dark purple liquid spread across the screen into the white blood cells on the slide. The moment they merged, Mark nearly fell out of his seat. He watched as the white blood cells did not attack the foreign entity but became one with it. The white bleached out the darkness of the fruit-based DNA and transformed it blue. But what happened next stole Mark’s breath.

“Their growing.”

The small white blood cells swelled with the blueberry’s DNA, and they didn’t just grow—they retained their size. He grabbed his stopwatch and started the timer, knowing that the cells would break down, shrink, or split within the first 30 minutes if it was not successful. He stared through that microscope for three hours, always expecting the next second to be when this experiment would be tossed into the pile of failures. But it never failed. It retained its size. And with it, Mark knew he could be the same way.

Tirelessly, Mark worked through the night. Taking the blueberry-based formula and editing it to affect his musculature. The genetic code was simple to adjust but very delicate, working on making it just right. When the practically jelly-like solution was in the syringe, Mark’s head swarmed with thoughts and ideas.

He would finally fit in.

He would finally be accepted.

He would finally be BIG.

Mark knew that he should continue to test the solution. Move onto animals, and then *potentially* test a human subject. But he had already waited so long, wasted so much time. He didn’t want to wait any longer. He tied a rubber band around his arm, slapped his arm to bring up a vein, and stabbed himself with the needle.

The pain that erupted within Mark’s body was indescribable. He felt as if he fed himself through a woodchipper, pieced himself back together, and then threw himself through a second time. Every inch of his body knew pain, and Mark’s brain did him an act of kindness and shut off.

His dreams were an inferno of pain. Somehow, he felt every inch of his body change from the injection. But he could do nothing to stop it from happening. Through his dream, Mark felt his body sweating and swelling from the risky science experiment. At certain parts of his dream reality, Mark thought he was going to die. But the pain continued, the swelling continued.

Mark didn’t know what time he woke up the next morning, but he did know that his body hurt.

“Fuck,” he groaned, opening his eyes to the ceiling of the science lab. He lifted his hand to rub his eyes but froze. He did not see his long spindly fingers or his thin bony wrist. He did not see some weak appendage stretch into his eyesight.

No, he wouldn’t consider whatever he saw as thin. He was . . .

“Thick.”

Mark lifted his arm out further. His eyes traveled the swollen pads of muscle that decorated his once shrimpy forearm. He continued to twist his head until he found himself face to face with the now muscled shoulder.

“It worked. IT WORKED!” He threw himself from the floor and immediately found himself off balance by his heavier-than-normal body. His feet stumbled and forced him into his lab station. All his work crashed into the floor, shattering into millions of glassy shards. “Shit!” Mark cursed as he reached out for his work, but the door to the lab began to open. His eyes went wide as he looked at the broken glass on the floor, his massive body, and his shredded clothes.

There was no way that Mark could explain this to anyone, let alone have someone believe that it was actually him. With several heavy thumps, Mark ran across the room towards the door. His bulbous upper body and robust backside jiggled and bounced with heavy out-of-control with every movement. The door began to open, but Mark pulled it forward as he stepped out.

“Woah! Calm it down, big guy!” Alex, a member of his class, cried out as Mark practically barreled through him.

Alex distanced himself from the now engorged Mark and looked him up and down. His eyebrows came together as his eyes squinted.

“Do I . . . know you?”

“Nope!”

“You sure? You look vaguely . . . familiar.”

“Not unless you go to the gym a lot,” Mark laughed in an attempt to seem normal. He lifted his arm and flexed his bicep as he had seen his father and brother do thousands of times. However, they did not wear clothes three sizes too small. The seams of the sleeve popped and ripped as his bicep swelled. Mark’s nerdy classmate’s eyes widened, stepping further from Mark’s newly enlarged muscles.

“Sure, dude, shouldn’t you be off somewhere lifting weights or something? Why are you in the science building?”

“Oh, um—I got lost.”

“Clearly,” Alex teased. “Well, if you go out into the quad and to the first building on the left. You could probably find some clay or something to play within the art building.”

Fuck, Mark grunted.

Mark had fantasized about being a big lunk all his life. A heavysset dumbass who lifted while everything else fell apart in his life. A mixture of amusement and attraction. He could feel his cock harden within his skintight jeans. A scent of fresh fruit filtered quickly into the air as Mark felt a wetness form in front of his pants.

“What the fuck, dude!” Alex shouted. “Did you piss yourself or something? And why does it smell like . . . like . . .” He sniffed the air. “Is that blueberry pie? Did you fucking cook a pie on a burner or something?” Alex shoved his thin body past Mark as his hands found the front of his pants. He rubbed the hardness that he found.

“So, fucking big,” Mark grunted, stroking the growing wet spot on his pants. Mark waddled down the hallway and found the nearest bathroom.

Mark did not recognize the reflection of the man in the mirror. The hulking mass of muscles and size stretched across the reflective surface, occupying every inch of the mirror with his muscles and his manliness. Mark flexed his bicep, grunting into the mirror as his other hand stroked his cock. The hefty python stretched down his bulking quadriceps and flooded his denim with precum.

The scent of blueberries only grew stronger as Mark flexed and rubbed his cock. He dropped his arm and pushed his pectorals together, squeezing the heavy mounds of muscle. His pert nipples poked through the stretched fabric of his shirt, further accentuating the size of his puffed-up melons. He bounced them back and forth, enjoying the substantial weight of them as they obediently moved.

“So, fucking huuuuuge!” Mark cried out as the smell of berries wrapped around him. He twisted and posed, showing off his new body. He grinned at his reflection, finally seeing his father’s machismo inside of himself. Mark undid his pants and peeled them from his skin. He found great difficulty as he lowered the jeans around his ample backside. He withdrew his cock and his engorged balls and nearly creamed at the sight.

His shaft had swelled and lengthened. Its head was round and leaked as Mark’s hand gently moved his fingers along his cock. A heavy glob of cum oozed from his tip, and the smell of berries smacked Mark hard in the face.

“Fuck, it just smells so delicious.”

Mark’s free hand swiped the tip of his cock and spread the cum across his tastebuds. The delicious flavor was far sweeter than any cum he tasted before, his own or the loads he had swallowed from the few men he found. One hand remained on his cock while the other massaged more cum from his testicles. His meaty paws rubbed and thumbed his egg-sized balls. They rolled between his palms, forcing more cum from his tip. The scent of blueberries grew heavier as his cock leaked further. He couldn’t pull his hand from his balls.

“God, I’m so big. I’m a fucking monster. I’m a man!” Mark cried out as he fell onto the bathroom counter and shot his load. His cum splattered across the plastic counter and painted the mirror with his load.

Releasing his cock, Mark let out a howl of enjoyment. The meat slapped with a nice *thud* on the bathroom counter, and Mark couldn’t help. He leaned into the mirror and smirked like his older brother—a smile of confidence and security.

“I’m a fucking man.” He wiggled his eyebrows. This was everything he wanted made reality. He swept his eyes over the damage and the load. But his enjoyment quickly dissipated. He looked at his fresh load of cum. It wasn’t the typical milky white color. It seemed almost . . . blue. Mark leaned closer and dragged his fingers across the surface of the counter. He sniffed the load.

It smelled just as Mark had thought, like blueberries.

Mark tried not to think about the aroma of blueberries that wrapped around him. He quickly cleaned the mess from the counter, throwing the napkins into the trash. He gave himself one final look in the mirror and noticed that he seemed even larger.

No. It's nothing. It's nothing.

But Mark did not believe his own lie as he gawked more intently at his reflection. He turned to the side and just stared. He flexed his pectorals, seeing them bounce less fervently as they did before—almost as if they were too heavy to bounce like they once did. He grasped the undersides of both of his pectorals and lifted them, and then let them fall.

The heavyweight of his chest also felt different. They felt different. They felt full.

Mark grabbed the hem of his shirt and lifted the shirt over his body with much difficulty. The combination of a too large body and a much too tight shirt made Mark consider just ripping the shirt off him. He didn't need long to notice what was wrong with him.

His pectorals weren't just full. They weren't just large. They weren't just massive.

They were overflowing, and they were tinged with blue.

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.”

Mark was afraid to touch himself as his pectorals resembled balloons ready to explode, opposed to the slabs of muscles he had at first. His hand inched towards his chest, too afraid to touch himself but a desperate need to investigate urged him forward.

He grabbed his left pectoral and squeezed, feeling something inside of them jostle around. It wasn't firm or soft. It was taut. Like something inside of his pectorals begged to be released. He squeezed his other and felt the same fear. He jumped softly and felt the insides of his pectorals slosh around, and the tightness of his pectorals increased. Mark couldn't believe his eyes, but his chest swelled just slightly.

“What the fuck did I do to myself?” Mark's fingers moved from the underside of his pectoral and touched his nipple. He let out a high-pitch squeal. Wetness appeared at his fingertips. A thick, practically jelly-like substance oozed from his pectoral, and the tightness relieved slightly. “Ahh.”

Mark couldn't explain why his pecs were acting like they were but knew he had to get whatever was filling them out. He lifted his hand to milk the rest of the blue jelly from his pectoral but found that his arm couldn't touch it anymore. He stretched and tried to force it towards his chest, but something was restricting his movement. He twisted his arm and flexed slightly, seeing that this arm had swollen even larger. Mark saw a blue tinge beneath his skin, following the curvature of his muscles.

“Oh my god!” Mark screamed as he tried to release the jelly from his pectorals as a small amount of pain took over the tightness that filled him. “I need help!”

Running out of the bathroom, Mark felt like a giant. His shoulders filled the doorframe, and his entire body seemed to bounce as he ran towards the science room. Mark threw open the doors to find his classmate Alex cleaning up Mark's destroyed science experiment.

"The culprit returns to the scene!" Alex accused. He stood up with a broken microscope and a large broken beaker. "What did Mark even do to you? Why would you destroy all of his work? Did his brother or dad do something? If they did, he -"

"Alex, it's me!"

"Me who?"

"Me, me! Mark!"

Alex looked at Mark like he admitted that he was the Pope. Alex's face was full of disbelief, and Mark couldn't blame him. Mark knew he looked like some weight-lifting obsessed monkey with a strange body augmentation fetish. I walked towards him, feeling my pecs bounce like huge water balloons. Alex backed away from Mark as he approached.

"Dude, what's wrong with you?"

"No! It's me! Alex, my experiment worked. I finally got huge, but something's wrong. Look!"

Mark raised his arm and flexed. A look of arousal passed through Alex's gaze before a quizzical look quickly absorbed the arousal with his knitted brows. He saw the blue tinge under Mark's skin and realized something was truly wrong.

"Is that-"

"BLUE!" Mark screamed.

"Bro, I am going to need you to calm down. If you are actually Mark, tell me what happened, and I can see if I can help you." Alex stepped towards Mark's bulging biceps and poked it. The hard muscle felt unreasonably squished underneath like a new plush toy or a stress doll. There was a shape, but the insides were so soft and irresistible to squeeze.

"I've been working on a secret side project," Mark admitted, somewhat shamefully.

"And how did your *secret side-project* go from that to . . . all this?" Alex motioned to Mark's bicep and the rest of his enormous body

"I wanted to get big. So, I have been working with different fruits and vegetables, gene splicing them and merging them with human DNA. I had been getting more success with fruits, so the vegetables were ditched a few months ago. I think it's because vegetables have a more oblong-shaped chromosomal cell structure while fruits seem to remain in their shape but still form around the shape that we put them inside, sort of like when the farmers put a watermelon within a box."

"Holy shit, it's actually you in there underneath all that muscle? How do I get on what you are taking? I wanna get huge too!"

“No, that’s the problem! Something is wrong. I’m turning fucking blue, and my pecs are leaking like fucking tits.”

“Hold on what?”

Mark’s nipples became bullseyes, and Alex’s eyes the bow.

“Show me,” Alex demanded. The eagerness of his classmate’s demand made Mark uncomfortable, and the fact that he couldn’t do it himself made Mark feel more uncertain of his next sentence.

“I can’t do it myself . . . you will have to do it if you want to see.”

Alex’s hands lifted quicker than Mark would have ever expected and launched themselves at Mark’s chest. His fingers were tight like iron as they clenched onto Mark’s chest and harshly twisted them both. Mark let out a yelp.

The sound, a combination of his pleasure, pain, and surprise. A flood of the blue jelly shot into Alex’s hands. Mark sighed.

“Oh, thank god, that feels so much better. I thought I was about to explode.”

Alex stared at his jelly-covered hands. His eyes were wide and continued to expand as he brought his hands to his mouth. Mark was horrified as he watched his classmate ravenous eat the blue substance from his hands. Alex released several animalist groans of enjoyment. A hand-dug into the front of his pants and undid his jeans quickly. He slathered his hardening cock in the jelly and hollered.

“FUCK!”

Now it was Mark’s turn to back away. Alex saw the confused look on his overgrown friend’s face.

“Don’t be afraid. It’s okay. I’m okay. It’s just—so fucking hot.” Alex withdrew his hand from his now blue-covered cock and walked towards his friend. “Do you think you can do that again? Do you think you could get bigger?”

“Bigger!? No, I don’t want to get bigger. I want to go back to being normal! I need to find a cure.”

“Why?”

“Why? You’re asking me why I would rather be a normal person than this life-size blueberry?” Alex nodded his head. The inquisitive look in his eyes became something else as he stared at Mark, something malicious, something crazed. Even though Mark was over twice the size of his classmate, he felt as if he were the weaker of the two. Alex stepped toward Mark, and Mark stepped away. He looked over his shoulder.

Just a few more feet and he could get away from Alex and find some real help.

But as Mark turned back around, Alex quickly grabbed something from the table and stabbed it into Mark's stomach. Time slowed around Mark as he looked down at the syringe that hung from his flat stomach. He watched as every ounce of the experimental drug was pumped into his stomach, draining the remainder of creation into his body.

Mark flung out his arms, pushing Alex from him.

"What . . . how? I thought it was all destroyed," Mark stuttered as he felt the pain radiate through him as it did the night before. "FUCK!" Mark shouted, doubling over in agony.

"I found some of the stuff on the floor and combined it all into a single syringe. I was going to test it on one of the mice in the corner and see exactly what it was, but it seems like I have the perfect little test subject right here!"

Mark could understand every other word that Alex said as the pain took hold of his consciousness and threw him into the darkness of sleep. Mark stumbled forward towards Alex's hungry hands and frightening eyes. He lifted his arm to punch Alex or push him away but instead only fell to the floor.

"Don't worry, my blueberry; I'll take great care of you."

Alex's leering eyes narrowed Mark's vision as he succumbed to the pain and regretted ever wanting to be big.

* * *

Mark awoke sometime later, finding a recognizable ceiling above up.

"God, was that all I dream?" Mark thought of his massive body, the blue jelly, his apparently manic classmate. Mark laughed at it as he thought about it all. "God, I really need to stop drinking so many energy drinks before bed." Mark turned to slide off his bed but quickly found his body too heavy to move. He rolled back and forth. Mark's back went slick with fear as he knew the sloshing sensation. With hesitant eyes, Mark looked down at himself.

"JESUS CHRIST!" He shouted as he stared at the massive belly that had swelled from his once frail midsection. Two enormous pectorals pushed against his chin as he tried to turn his head and investigate the rest of his body. He lifted his hands and found the floor color had enveloped his entire body, and the sloshing, overfilled sensation came with it.

"Oh, looks like someone's awake. I was hoping you wouldn't take much longer. I thought you might explode." Alex stepped from the base of the bed. The beach ball stomach obscured Mark's view, allowing only Alex's head to peek over the roundest point of Mark's changed body.

"You better let me go before . . . hole on, did you say explode?"

"That is correct." Alex's hands ran over the surface of Mark's heavy stomach, jostling it slightly so they both could hear the jelly inside of it splash around inside of him. "And if my calculations are correct. You are about to explode if someone doesn't juice you . . . quickly."

Mark's thoughts of escape quickly transitioned to desperation to be juiced.

"Do it!" Mark screamed as he realized the tightness that surrounded his entire body. "Just do it!

A friendly yet maddening smile crept over Alex's face as he disappeared behind Mark's stomach.

"Gladly."

Seconds later, Mark felt the warmth of Alex's mouth around his cock. Mark shook in surprise as Alex's tongue danced around the tip of his even larger cock. Alex's hands found the base of Mark's shaft and rubbed them up and down the slimy, jelly-covered surface while his mouth remained at the head. His tongue dove into the slit of Mark's cock, urging the first of his blueberry-tainted precum to drain into his mouth.

"Oh fuck," Mark cried as he felt the jelly inside of his stomach bubble as his cock hardened within Alex's skillful mouth. Alex's hands moved from Mark's cock and onto his balls. Mark continuously moaned as Alex found the sensitive areas of his testicles. Gently rolling them around in his hand.

Mark's orgasm rushed quickly to him as Alex's finger found the entrance to his hole and weaseled his thin finger into his bulbous asscheeks. The insides were coated with the jelly that flooded Mark's body, so much that it started leaking out of his hole into the bed that was Mark's prison.

Against his better judgment, Mark pumped his hips against Alex's advances, attempting to force his cock deeper into Alex's mouth and the tightness of his throat. He hoped he would be able to relieve the uncomfortable feeling of being so full with his orgasm and then escape for help, but something nagged him in the back of his head. Teasing him with a fate that he would not want.

'Oh god, oh god, here it comes!'

Something inside of Mark snapped as he felt his cock spurt its first load into Alex's mouth. His load felt thick and sluggish as it came from his cock.

"Oh god, don't stop!" Mark howled.

Mark could feel as his load overflowed from the corners of Alex's mouth, dripping onto his groin. He watched as his belly shrank more and more, revealing Alex as he tried to engulf the entire load. Though his eyes, and libido, were bigger than his stomach would allow.

Regretfully, Alex pulled away but continued to jerk Mark's cock, sending a geyser of juice and jelly into the air. The thick blue substance rained on them, covering Mark's already blue skin and Alex's body. Alex fell with his back against Mark's shrinking belly, forcing even more jelly from his body, squeezing every last drop that formed inside of him while Mark thrashed and repeatedly screamed at his never-ending orgasm.

"So much . . ." Alex breathed. "So much jelly. So much. Fuck, it's so hot. So big. So blue. God. Fuck! Oh, fuck!" Alex humped his hand and with a quick yip. His load began to cover his torso.

Alex's and Mark's squeals of enjoyment mixed as they unleashed the last bits. Mark's geyser of jelly slowed until it became only a dribble and filled the area between his legs. Alex lifted himself off Mark's stomach, breathing heavily from the sexual experience. He looked at Mark with such lust as he leaned down on Mark's body and licked him clean.

"Fuck so sweet!"

Mark looked at his friend as he climbed towards him.

"Don't pretend you didn't love it," Alex teased. "You wouldn't have cum so much if you didn't."

Mark felt repulsed as he stared at thick blue arms and his still sizable gut. The room smelled as if a blueberry factory had exploded, and he couldn't deny the fact he felt the need to be juiced already grew inside of him. Mark whined as he thought about the potential pleasure that he could enjoy if only he asked for it. His eyes went down to his still heavy pectorals, seeing the jelly bead at the tip of his large stretched nipples.

"Please . . . please juice my pecs," Mark whispered.

"What? I'm sorry, I didn't hear you?"

"Juice me! Please! I need it! I want it! Juice me like the fucking blueberry that I am!"

"Just calm down. All you had to do was ask nicely." Alex leaned forward and attached his lips to Mark's chest, and a whole new pleasure fogged Mark's mind as he felt his jelly fill his new friend's mouth.

"Suck it all out," Mark gasped, giving in to the reality of his new life.

Juicy

Alex wiped the blue jelly dripping from his lips as he ascended the stairs, his overfilled stomach swollen from the gallons of jelly he milked from his new pet.

Mark remained in the bed, completely drained, lying unconscious due to the waves of pleasure forced upon him as Alex pulled every droplet of jelly from his body. Though his body was deflated, it was almost to a normal size. His heavy sphere-like belly had been juiced to a flat set of abdominals, and his massive ballooned pectorals were milked until every ounce of jelly was squeezed from his dark blue nipples. Alex rubbed his own swollen gut as he stared at his blue captive. His cock throbbed at the idea of continued juicing, but no matter how hard he tried—Mark was completely empty and was in desperate need to replenish his internal stores.

Drained into the overenthusiastic mouth of Alex or splattered around the room or bed.

Mark snored loudly, falling asleep between his eighth and ninth load.

Mark's pleasure from the juicing was too much for his brain and body to handle and sent him into unconsciousness with several heavy gushes of jelly.

Alex locked the door behind him and continued into the first floor of his house. He settled behind a computer and opened a folder. A collection of images appeared on his screen, and he moaned at the sight.

Every one of the men was blue and inflated and oozing blueberry deliciousness.

"I can't believe it happened," Alex gasped as he scrolled through the hundreds of images. "Everything I have fantasized. It's real." Unblinking eyes stared at the screen, watching the videos, the morphs, the collected images he simped over.

Alex leaned back into his chair, reminiscing about the thick jelly that he sucked and pulled from Marc's massive pectorals. The sensation of the thick jelly as it rolled over his tongue and into his stomach forced his cock to ache.

"God, it was so sweet. So thick. So juicy."

Alex stared at his cock as it started to leak. He spit on his tip and massaged the head of his cock, smearing the precum as it dribbled into his palm. His free hand rubbed his stomach in a circular motion, imagining what it would be like to swell and become like Mark. Or become even larger. He saw his stomach expanding with the jelly that he drained from Mark in his mind's eye, but instead, he would fill with juice. His would-be so sweet that men would become addicted to the taste. That they would line up for his juice and grow into handsome little blueberries.

"Fuck. Yeah, grow my blueberries. Grow big and large." Alex stroked his cock, imagining the men around him swelling and transforming against their will. Each of them begging to be drained and juiced.

“You need Farmer Alex to milk those big berries you have on your chest? Drain that juice? Squeeze those balls until jelly spews all over me?”

His once spent cock found the energy to drain one more time into his hand, but the images he created remained within the front of his brain, and an idea bloomed.

Could he create more Marks?

Alex wiped his cummy hand onto his lower stomach and closed out his computer.

“Could I?”

Alex bathed, ate, and laid in bed.

“Could there be more?”

That was the final thought Alex had before he fell into a well-deserved rest, dreaming of his future.

* * *

An alarm forced Alex from bed. The fresh scent of fruits filled his room, and Alex couldn't help but grin at the smell. He stretched towards the edges of his bed. His fingers scraped along the edges when Alex was several inches away from filling his bed months ago. He found the additional gain in size, muscle mass, and overall girth was due to his blueberry-only diet. Jams, jellies, and juices.

He rolled out of bed with two heavy thumps on the floor and left his room. The house seemed different but vaguely familiar. As he walked through the house, the odor of blueberries grew. A large blue door at the end of the hallway beckoned Alex, and his cock grew hard as he came closer. He opened the door, and a blast of blueberries hit him. He grunted and then turned on the lights.

“Time to wake up, boys!” Alex shouted as he walked into a long room filled with swollen blue men on beds. The thirteen men groaned as if pleased by invisible toys. Their voices grew together, creating a harmony of pleasure. Alex wandered over to his first blueberry and twisted its nipples. He cried out loudly, shooting two large streamings of juice onto his swelling belly. He was one of the smallest in his blueberry patch, but Alex knew he would grow just like the rest of them—they always did.

Slowly, Alex made it through the room, milking the juice and jelly from each of his blueberry-infused men. He played with their pectorals. He stroked their cocks. He pressed into some of their swollen bellies. For one guy, in particular, he pushed a thick vibrating butt plug into the blueberry's hole and watched as a geyser erupted from within his hole minutes later.

Alex would enjoy himself rubbing their jelly and juices on his body, his cock, and ingesting as much as he could throughout his juicing process. The moan of the final blueberry grew louder as Alex went from one bed to another, taking his time so that the last would beg him when he arrived.

“Please. Please, Farmer Alex!” The familiar voice called out to him. Alex looked at the swollen blue face and grinned, recognizing Mark's face. It had been days since Alex had milked Mark, enjoying

the way that his first blueberry swelled so large. His body stretched and inflated towards the edges of the queen-size bed. The inflating spread from his stomach and chest, forcing his arms to become like large blue pillows attached to his torso. His belly had become the size of an inflatable pool toy. Alex's hand brushed against the large growth.

The briefest touches forced Marc to jiggle with anticipation. Blue jelly oozed from the tips of his nipples, eager for the hands of their farmer.

"Pleeeeeeease!"

Alex chuckled.

"You want it?" Alex walked to the head of the bed and saw his extra thick jelly leaking from the corners of his mouth as he moaned loudly, begging for the release. Alex walked his fingers towards one of Mark's engorged nipples, circling the tip of his finger around Mark's hard erect nipple. The gentle touch forced a jet of jelly from his nipple. The thick blue jelly leaked down his body. Alex leaned forward and dragged his tongue, lapping away as much as he could.

"Delicious!"

Alex climbed over his stomach and sat at the peak of his size, grinning like a mad man as he rubbed his cock back and forth against the taut drum-like belly. He lifted his cock and let it slap against the stomach. A deep thud erupted every time, like the slapping of a melon.

Mark was full and ready.

Alex leaned towards the top half of Mark's body and reached his hands out towards his large nipples. He held both of them—now barely contained by his hands. Alex squeezed both with his palms and felt the jelly ooze from Mark and into Alex's palms.

Mark whimpered for more.

"Please don't stop. Juice me. I want it. I need it. Just keep juicing my huge body." Alex sprawled out on Mark's giant belly and humped his stomach. The expansive gut bounced and sloshed back and forth with Alex's thrusts. Alex smeared the jelly underneath him and used it as a lubricant as he slid around Mark while he continued to cry and whine for release.

"Soon, you're gonna be too big for this bed too. Growing so much larger and faster than any of my other berries. Right boys?" Alex called back. His swollen harem moaned in response, losing themselves once more in the pleasure that came with their refilling. Alex pulled more jelly from Mark's chest and smeared it all around Mark's massive stomach. He fell forward, hungry for the sweet dessert that coated his hands and continuously oozed from Mark's body. He latched his lips around Mark's left pectoral and bit down.

Jelly flooded his lips, shooting into the back of his throat like a hose. Alex felt the thick jelly fill his mouth and drip down his throat as he bit for more. Alex looked to the buckets of drugs that he created

and forced his boys to eat. The solution that created his blueberry patch. The experiment that made his fantasy a reality.

"Oh god! I'm cumming!"

A wetness formed between Alex's legs, forcing him from his dream. He lifted his blanket and saw he had cum while he slept. He touched the wet spot in his underwear and saw the future he wanted to make real.

"Fuck . . . am I really going to do it?"

Though it was a question, Alex already knew the answer.

Alex fumbled around in the darkness, searching for his clothes and the keys to the science building. If he wanted more blueberries, he would have to make more of that experimental drug that Mark had created by accident. He slid downstairs and checked on Mark before leaving the house. The entire room smelled like a blueberry exploded within the space. The smell alone was enough to get Alex excited and wipe away what fears encroached on his idea. Mark was still fast asleep, forced into the unconsciousness by the repeated orgasms that Alex forced to awaken within his body. Alex placed his hands on Mark's stomach and felt something gurgling from within.

"Already filling back up." Alex went to the underside of Mark's somewhat flat stomach and stroked his cock. It stiffened immediately, and blue jelly appeared at the tip. Mark couldn't help but lean forward and suck the droplet free.

"Ooo," Mark groaned within his slumber.

Alex wondered, did Mark dream the same dream?

The campus was nearly empty as Alex crossed the dewy lawns, moving towards the science building. His vision seemed to be altered as he walked, seeing every man he passed as a potential blueberry. Oh, he wondered how the experiment would affect each person.

Would they grow huge jelly-filled pectorals?

Would their bellies be swollen that they wouldn't be able to walk?

Would some have balls so large that they resembled the largest blueberries ever seen?

Alex's mind was a whirlwind of lust and scientific questions as he entered the science building and made his way to the lab. The room was just as he left it, supplies spilled onto the floor, chairs sitting in disarray, and large blue stain on the ground. Though he could hardly believe it himself, everything was real.

He stared at Mark's station, knowing exactly where he needed to start. Alex needed to find Mark's journals. He dug through the drawers, rifling through the piles of papers and notebooks. Nothing seemed out of place, but a journal was tucked away beneath dozens of others. A notebook that seemed

fuller than any other one. Mark lifted it with such care as if it were made out of glass. He had not opened it, but he knew the notebook was what he needed.

With notebook in hand, Alex settled at his station. He started at the beginning, years ago when Mark began his experiments. Hundreds were listed out—hundreds of failed attempts and unsuccessful plans. Alex sat in the corner, reading through the pages of notes, trying to understand the experiment and what he did wrong, and how he ended up with the blueberry solution.

Hours and a few broken test tubes later, Mark had gotten a firm understanding of Alex's work and even created the blueberry-based solution.

Though Alex had no way to test his experiment, he knew somehow he had gotten it right. With the berry extract added, the smell of wild blueberries flooded the room, and Alex's cock throbbed.

"I did it," Alex said breathlessly.

The liquid was dense and sloshed around the beaker as Alex stirred slowly. The blue of the solution darkened and turned a slight purple color. His mouth drooled at the thought of the blueberries he would create and the juicing he would get to enjoy.

"Oh, my beautiful blueberries."

Alex's First Blueberry Patch

The rest of the day was a blur for Alex; classes were uninteresting, his teacher's muted puppets as they talked, and his work was uninspired as he continued his own experiments. He stayed within a constant state of horny and exhaustion. Every time his eyelids would close, his mind's eye would bring the buckets of the blueberry solution to life, forcing the same question to his mind.

Who would be his test subjects?

He considered feeding more to Mark but nixed the idea, wanting to add more blueberries to his collection and bring his dream to reality.

No, Mark would be something special. A perfectly stable blueberry that he could use to gauge the effectiveness of his experimental creation.

Alex walked from the science building with thoughts of blueberries on his mind and the oversized one that was locked within his basement.

I wonder if he is good to be juiced again? Alex asked as he imagined Mark's swollen blueberry belly and his oversized balls.

He was so preoccupied with thoughts of the rest of his night and weekend that he did not notice the group of frat boys that attempted to cross in front of him, carrying a heavy keg of beer and dozens of boxes of food. The two groups would have missed each other if either had seen the other walking.

"OOOF!" Alex grunted as he slammed into the one carrying a keg. The heavy drum fell from the man's hands and slammed into the ground, sending an echoing *thud* throughout the courtyard. The barrel bounced twice, hitting hard on the nozzle. The pressure gave way as the nozzle bent into a 90-degree angle and forced beer into the air. The dark liquid assaulted all the men who quickly surrounded the keg, coating the men in foam and hops.

"For christ's sake!" A broad-built Hispanic man. He held his hands in front of his face, struggling to keep the rest of his body from getting soaked. The scent of hops layered the air as several men attempted to stop the beer from flooding into the courtyard's grass.

Alex hid beyond the largest of the men, protecting himself from while the others went closer.

"Someone find the off valve!"

"It's fucking bent!"

"Well, then unbend it!"

"It's fucking broken! How the hell am I supposed to unbend it?!"

The men shouted amongst themselves while Alex quickly searched for a way out of his knowingly caused problem. The closest exit was through the explosion of beer and around the muscular frat boys.

Here goes nothing, Alex thought as he ran from the group. He made a wide circle around the frat boys, hoping the spewing keg would hold their focus while he made his escape.

“Oh! You’re not going anyway!” The broad Hispanic shouted as his arm snapped from his side and out towards the neckline of Alex’s shirt. Alex ducked, but the frat boy anticipated his moves. His meaty fingers grabbed a roll of fabric and pulled him to the side. “Where do you think you’re going?”

“It was - it was an accident!”

“Well then, my fist is going to *accidentally* find its way into your face if you don’t cough up the money for another keg.”

“I don’t have any money.”

“Well then, I guess you don’t have any front teeth either!” The muscular college student pulled back his fist, tightened his palm, and smiled and horrible grin. His fist flew, and Alex screamed.

“Wait!”

The man’s large tanned fist stopped inches from Alex’s face; he could feel the heat radiate from man’s fist as it frozen in the air.

At that moment, Alex knew exactly who would receive his blueberry solution.

“What? Realized you have money?”

“No-”

“Well, begging won’t get us back our wasted beer.” The man brought back his heavy fist one more time.

“I can get you beer!”

The man’s hand paused again.

“How the hell are you going to get beer?”

Alex’s mind became a tsunami of thoughts and ideas on how he would force every one of them to become his blueberries.

“I work in the science building. We have beer there. WE are using it for an experiment. They won’t notice if a keg goes missing,” Alex lied.

“Two kegs,” the man corrected with a lifted eyebrow. “You meant *two* kegs, correct?” The man’s hand tightened around Alex’s shirt.

Alex swallowed the fear that bubbled in the back of his throat.

“Yes, *two*, I will bring two kegs to you tonight.”

The man’s eyes narrowed, and he looked over Alex’s body. His large lips pursed together as he examined every inch of Alex. Something passed behind Edwin’s eyes. Something that Alex recognized but could not place.

Alex’s hands went inward, feeling the need to cover his clothes body from the intrusive gaze of the large man.

“Oh, and a little insurance,” the man said before he sent his fist flying towards Alex. Alex’s eyes squeezed shut quickly, but he did not feel any impact on his face. Instead, he felt the man’s hand go into his pocket and pull out his phone.

“You’ll get this back tonight when you bring us the beer.” He released Alex’s shirt and pointed towards the western side of the building. “The large blue house at the corner of Broad and Main street. Ask for Edwin. You bring the beer tonight. You get your phone. And hey, I’ll even let you stay. Maybe you could finally lose that V-card tonight.” He slapped Alex’s face condescendingly several times. “Sigmas!” Edwin shouted, and the men who scrambled around the dying keg of beer froze. “Leave it. Our new friend said he would be bringing us some beer tonight.”

“Hell yeah!” They chorused. One of the larger men drew back a leg, kicked the empty keg, and kicked across the courtyard.

“What’s your name again?” Edwin asked as he began to walk away.

“Alex,” he shouted, trying to level out his voice and hide the excitement.

“See you tonight . . . Alex.” He waved for his fraternity brothers to walk with him, leaving the empty keg and Alex behind. The fearful nature melted away as Alex’s view of the men shifts within his imagination, layering over reality. Their skin turned blue, their bellies swelled, and the scent of blueberries hit Alex’s senses.

“Yes, I shall see all of you tonight. My perfect little blueberries.”

Alex skipped the remainder of his class that Friday afternoon. He spent his time dumpster diving for two empty beer kegs, pressurizing and carbonating his blueberry concoction, and lugging the heavy ass kegs across campus towards the house. He had little time to check on Mark when he ran home to change. However, the few seconds he spent at home were spent showing, changing, and rubbing Mark’s growing stomach while he slept. All Alex wished to do was lay between Mark’s legs and milk more jelly and juice from his dripping blue cock, but the idea of more perfect blueberries kept him moving.

It was half-past eight when Alex arrived at the frat house, as instructed, and the party was already in full swing. He lugged the kegs across the street on a wagon he stole from the science building. He approached the door and asked for Edwin. The skinny fratboy at the front had been prepared for Alex’s potential arrival. The thin man called for another brother, and they lugged the beer kegs inside.

“Edwin said he wants to talk with you.” The thin brother said as he prepped the kegs. He primmed the pump and hose and released out the blue-tinted beer into his empty cup. Alex’s cock went rigid as he smelled the intense flavor of blueberries and hops that he mixed. The thin brother took a sip and sighed. “Damn, that shit is great!” He gulped the rest of the cup and began to fill a second and a third. “Here, take these to Edwin. He’s the last door on the left.” He said, handing the cups to Alex. “BOYS! The beer is here!” A stampede radiated throughout the house as men ran towards the two kegs. Alex stepped to the side and ascended the stairs as the smell of fresh blueberries followed him to the second level of the house.

“Hello?” Alex said as he knocked and opened the door at the same time.

“Oh, you showed,” Edwin said with a hint of surprise in his voice. Alex stared at the man’s shirtless upper body. It was the perfect combination of muscle and fat. His pectorals were round with muscle but heavy with fat. They hung low on his chest, which stretched his nipples and forced them into a point. His stomach appeared strong but soft around his sides. The man was extremely attractive, but Alex could only imagine Edwin’s appearance once the blueberry drug forced his transformation. “Glad you didn’t decide to ghost us. I would have had to *hunt* you down myself.” Alex felt that word shiver along his spine as Edwin crossed the room. “Those for me?” Edwin asked, nodding towards the beer in Alex’s hands.

“Oh- yeah. Here.” Alex held out the beers, and Edwin took only one.

“The others for you,” Edwin smiled before he tipped the beer back and swallowed the entire cup. “Fuck, that tastes good.”

“Here, I can always get another,” Alex said, offering the beer to Edwin, which he eagerly accepted and drank.

“What is this? Cider? It tastes like . . . what is that flavor? It’s so familiar.”

“It’s blueberries.”

Edwin snapped his fingers.

“That’s right! Where did you even find this stuff? It’s the best-tasting beer I have ever had.” Edwin rubbed his stomach slightly before a manly burp forced its way from his lips.

BUUUUUUUURRRRRP.

“Fuck. Sorry about that,” Edwin said before he stepped closer to Alex. He tilted his head to the side as he stared into Alex’s large green eyes. “Anyone ever tell you; you have great eyes?”

“What?”

“You’re very cute. In an innocent nerd kind of way. Just my type.” Edwin stepped closer.

“Wait, what?” Alex stammered.

Edwin didn't allow another moment to pass before he leaned down and pressed his lips into Alex's. His tongue slid into Alex's gaping mouth and massaged around the insides of Alex's mouth while his hands went around and grabbed ahold of Alex's buttocks. Alex melted into Edwin's arms, pulling himself tighter into Edwin's body, forgetting the reason why he had come to the frat house in the first place. Edwin's body tensed within Alex's hands and broke the kiss.

BUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRP

"Damn, that carbonation is a bitch," Edwin laughed as he rubbed his stomach. Edwin looked down and slapped his gut. "Fuck, how am I already so bloated?" Alex looked at Edwin's circling hand, seeing his stomach inflate within every pass.

It's already happening.

Stealthily, Edwin backed into the door and locked it, ensuring that nobody would interrupt him.

"I don't mind," Alex said, throwing himself into Edwin's mouth. He pushed Edwin towards the bed while his hands held onto the side. Alex broke the kiss, pushed Edwin back, and watched as he fell into the bed.

"Someone's excited," Edwin smirked.

"You have no idea," Alex said as he searched the room and grabbed two hanging ties. "Wanna be bad?" Alex asked, sliding into a more seductive purr.

"Oh fuck, it's always the quiet ones who are the kinkiest." Edwin held out his hands, but instead, Alex tied them to the top of the bed frame. Edwin went to grunt as Alex tied them tighter than expected, but another Burp escaped his lips.

BUUUUUURRRRRRP

"Fuck! Dude, I don't think I feel so hot. I think that beer is coming back up."

Alex climbed atop of Edwin's body, straddling the sides of his torso between his legs. Alex took a mouthful of the air, tasting blueberries.

"No, I think it's doing exactly what I need it to do." Alex dragged his hands down Edwin's chest, stopping at his nipples. "These are already starting to change." Alex let out a moan as his fingers circled Edwin's nipples, flicking the tips with his fingers.

"Change? What do you mean by change? What did you do to the beer?"

"Why ask? Just look." Alex firmly griped Edwin's left pectoral and lifted it so Edwin could see. His dark caramel-colored nipple began to change. The tip had changed and taken on a dark blue shade—a color the spread across his chest, changing his tan skin into an almost purple hue.

"What the hell!" Edwin shouted, throwing his body from side to side, trying to knock Alex off himself. Alex grabbed his nipples and twisted them both hard to the left. "UGH!" Edwin moaned.

Blueish liquid gushed from the tips of his nipples. Alex couldn't contain himself. He pulled back and his hands and licked them clean, dragging his tongue against the juice that dripped down his forearm.

"God, even sweeter than Mike!" Alex rubbed his hands along Edwin's chest, following the blue color with his fingers. The color traveled along Edwin's chest and moved down towards his stomach. Alex adjusted himself and sat atop his knees. His hands rubbed the juice into Edwin's skin, watching as Edwin's stomach slowly inflated as if by an invisible air pump.

"What did you do to me?" Edwin gawked at his stomach as it grew and swelled and transformed into a spherical shape. "Help! Someone. . ."

BUUUUUUURRRRRRP

Alex inhaled deeply, swallowing mouthfuls of the sweet air.

"So delicious! God! Even better than I thought!" Alex unbuttoned his jeans and withdrew his dick. It slammed down aggressively on Edwin's stomach. "God, you are going to be so big. So juicy! I can't wait!"

"God, it hurts! So much pressure," Edwin whined as his pectorals quickly inflated like water balloons. Alex tapped the sides of them. The juices inside sloshed around, practically begging Alex to juice them. "Please! Please, I feel like I'm about to explode. God! It hurts!" Edwin's pectorals had swollen so large that he pushed his head back into his headboard.

Alex groaned, enjoying how Edwin's face turned the dark combination of purple and blue while he begged. His plump lips took on that deep shade that Alex lusted to taste. He leaned forward and grabbed both of Edwin's pectorals, and squeezed them. Edwin let out a yelp of pain followed by a deep sigh of enjoyment.

"Ready for your first *REAL* juicing blueberry?"

"What. . .what do you mean, blueberry?" Edwin's voice was shaky with fear as he felt the tightness of his pectoral's spread down towards his stomach and then begin in his balls. "Fuck, it's so tight!"

Alex chuckled.

"What? Don't you remember that beer you so happily guzzled? That *delicious, fruity beer*?" Edwin's eyes grew, and his hands went towards his throat, clutching at it as if he had been poisoned. "That's not going to help now. No turning back . . . well, as far as I know so far there's no turning back. But don't worry. You'll enjoy it as much as I do."

Slowly, Alex lowered his face towards Edwin's right pectoral. His nipple pointed towards the ceiling, erect and leaking beads of juice onto his blue body. Alex extended his tongue and lightly licked the tip. Edwin's entire body shook, quaking with the need for release.

"Hold on to something. This is going to be fun."

Alex fell towards Edwin's nipple. The pointy tip practically begged for Alex's tongue and his hungry mouth. He bit the end and felt something leak into his mouth. The tip of Edwin's nipple roled between his teeth, spreading more and more into his mouth as his biting continued. Edwin bucked underneath Alex's thin body, trying to shake himself free and knock Alex off in the same motion. In retaliation, Alex aggressively bit Edwin's nipple. Juice flooded his mouth, flowing into his mouth as if he had turned on a faucet or popped some sort of balloon within his pectoral. Alex's cheeks swelled and filled with the overly sweet flavor and forced him to either release his suction on Edwin's pectoral or swallow. Alex happily swallowed. There was a sliver of time between his empty mouth and the moment when Edwin's juice filled his mouth once more to the point of explosion.

Alex swallowed several mouthfuls, feeling his stomach swell to an uncomfortable point. With each mouthful, he swallowed Edwin followed it with gasps or grunts or sighs of enjoyment or pleasure. It wasn't until Alex felt Edwin's pectoral had drastically deflated beneath his lips that he opened his mouth and released Edwin's nipple.

"Fuck, you're even sweeter than my first one," Alex sighed, relaxing into the space between Edwin's legs.

"What . . . what do you mean your first one?"

Alex waved away the question, "Oh, you don't think you were my first one, do you? Well, I guess technically, you are the first one that I created. The first real experiment he did it to himself." Alex laughed. "But I did force a few more injections into him. Bigger is better, right?"

Edwin looked down at his chest, his bulbous right pectoral and his other, much smaller and more realistic, left pectoral. Alex leaned towards the overgrown pec, grabbed the pert nipple, and twisted it counterclockwise. Edwin's back arched, and his nipple shot out a stream of blue juice into the air. The blueberry aroma overwhelmed the space and made Alex's cock throb harder. Through the walls and the floor, he heard screams from the men on the first floor.

"Oh, looks like you aren't going to be the only blueberry in my patch!" Alex's tone was practically maddening as he danced towards the bedroom door.

"You can't just leave me like this!" Edwin shouted as he struggled against his restraints. Though they were only ties, the dense fabric held him in place. And the continued swelling of his stomach and genitals did not help with his escape.

Alex looked over his shoulder. "What good is a blueberry that is not ripe and swollen with juice?" He ended his comment with a wink and left the bedroom. Edwin shouted for help, but only the fearful screams of his fraternity brothers answered. Alex barely made it to the stairs before he found the first brother. The bedroom to the left of the fraternity president's bedroom was open, and inside sat a rotund blueberry rolling back and forth. His belly was too swollen for him to stand. Alex recognized the guy from the altercation earlier in the day.

The brother's once overly soft, flabby body had filled in and expended like a worn cushion finally refilled with new fluff. He looked something closer to an oversized pool toy than a human. His bright

blue stomach had outgrown his shirt and pushed past his pants. The seams on both popped every few seconds, indicating that his growth was not complete.

“Dude! Help me!”

Alex only stared and watched as the male rocked back and forth. Alex laughed slightly, enjoying the way the guy struggled to stand up.

“Dude! Are you just going to stand there like some sort of faggot . . . wait! What are you doing?” Alex grasped the door and pulled it close. “What the fuck! Dude!!”

Alex chuckled as he walked down the hallway, hearing the muffled cries and screams of the rest of the brothers. He peaked into the bedrooms and saw the transformed brothers, each more different than the last. One brother’s body remained human while his chest swelled like bowling balls, hanging from his chest. Alex couldn’t stop watching as the brother played with his dark blue nipples, milking them to release the pressure repeatedly built within them. Another brother turned the darkest purple and blue he had seen thus far, and his cock and balls had grown too large they sat on the floor. He cried through the pleasure. Thick blue jelly oozed from the tip of his massive blue cock, splattering on the floor into a sizable pile of jelly. Alex desperately wanted to dive into the room and bathe in the jelly from the man’s cock but held himself at the doorway. The blue-cocked man and Alex’s eyes met, and Alex could see the way he begged for an answer to his transformation but also for help stroking his nearly meter-long and soda liter-sized cock.

“Soon,” Alex told himself as he shut the door and walked down the stairs, seeing his collection of blueberries. They shook and screamed for an answer as they all transformed. The front door was open. Alex could only imagine what it must have looked like; the overgrown brother’s attempting to push and wedge themselves into the open. Alex approached the door and locked it.

“You did this!” One of the brothers shouted, a particularly ass-centered blueberry.

I wonder how I get to juice that berry, Alex wondered.

One lunged at Alex, grabbing fistfuls of his shirt. The man’s blue, swollen hands pawed at Alex’s shirt as they continued to grow. Unable to hold onto the fabric due to his chubby fingers. Alex pushed him off, and he ran towards the door. Alex stood back and watched as his pudgy hand tried to unlock the door. Alex continued into the living room, finding all the brothers withering in confusion and pleasure, and Alex had never been happier.

He went around the house, locking the doors and closing the windows. Alex shattered their phones and disconnected the Wi-Fi. He took away whatever means of communication from them, but they didn’t care. Their minds were preoccupied with the lust that assaulted their changing bodies and the fear of what was happening. By the time Alex had finished his work, the men were nothing but blue, babbling monsters, and it was well into midnight. He rolled whatever brothers were downstairs into the middle of the living room, arranging them together into an obscenely sexual collection of beanbag chairs. Alex climbed over them, feeling his hands and knees sink into the overly squish stomachs of some and the dense, taut chest of others.

He nuzzled into a space between two overly bulbous bellies, each oozing their special blueberry stench. He squeezed between both of them, acting as the perfect smear of jelly between two extremely perfect slices of bread. With one ear against the rounder of the two bellies, Alex lulled himself to sleep with the sloshing sounds of the juices inside the fraternity brother's stomach. Into one of their bellies. Though many of them still cried—or shouted for help—many just fell asleep, hoping that today was only but a nightmare. But for Alex, this day was not a nightmare. It was a dream come true.

The Juicing

Alex woke up to the grumbling of the blueberry brotherhood.

He chuckled at the name.

“Blueberry brotherhood.” He rather liked that name.

Alex pulled himself from the belly, feeling that the squishy pillow had transformed into a tight drum from the night before. From the way the skin felt under his hand, Alex knew the time had come for his berries. It was time for their first juicing, but first, he had to figure out how. He slid from between their bodies, seeing even more changes than the night before. Cheeks were swollen, nipples were the size of saucers, cocks leaked a steady stream of jam onto their bodies and carpets. Alex could not inhale without the smell of fresh blueberries moving into his body.

He tiptoed through the sea of blueberry-shaped men, making sure not to rouse the ones who found bliss in their dreams. He steeled himself as he gawked at the erect cocks and the jelly-covered bodies. He walked into the kitchen and slid through the window above the sink. The small frame brushed against Alex’s sides as his feet found stability atop the trashcans out the window. He didn’t bother to lock the window. He knew that none of the brothers could fit through the window, and most of them wouldn’t even be able to get on their feet after being juiced first.

It took about two hours for Alex to get back to his place, check on Mark, and get to Target. It wasn’t the weirdest thing he thought would happen to him this week, but it sure as hell was the strangest part of the salesperson’s day or month.

Twelve breast pumps, a bunch of tubing, and a small vacuum. The machine, not the cleaning instrument. Alex could tell that the sales associate wanted to say something from the way his lips opened, closed, and opened again.

“Have a good day,” The salesperson said.

Alex smiled wildly, “And you too!”

The salesperson slightly backed away from the overly excited way that Alex looked before he ran from the store like he had a bag full of money or, at the very least, something he shouldn’t have in the first place.

He slipped back through the kitchen window, moving as quietly as possible so as not to frighten the men any more than they were already. He walked into the living room, and the men assaulted . . . verbally assaulted him.

“Please! I feel like I am about to burst!

“No, no me!”

“I need it!”

“Please!”

“GOD HELP ME!”

All of their bodies jiggled, bounced, and thrust towards Alex as he stood at the threshold. Their cocks, pecs, and bellies were swollen and darker than they were in the morning. Though this was new territory for Alex, he had a feeling it was juiced them now, or there was going to be some blueberry juice splattered on the walls very soon.

He went back to the backs in the kitchen and tore through the packages. He hooked up the pumps and attached the suckers to several of their nipples. He gave a few, rather delicious-looking nipples a quick pinch, giving the blueberry boy a little relief. After nearly thirty minutes and lots and lots of begging, each blueberry was attached to some sort of vacuum or pump.

One by one, he flipped each pump, whirling into action. The blueberry boys shrieked in pleasure as the suction cups latched to their overgrown nipples and began to juice each of them. Alex stared at the tubes as if his life depended on them, hoping that the machines would have enough power to juice the frat boy's swollen pectorals. The moment the dark blue jelly and juice dripped into the first machine, Alex nearly came.

The tubes filled with the blue liquid and deposited it into the large jugs that Alex had finagled into the end of the pumps. He walked around the room and massaged certain men, forcing the extra thick jelly out of certain brothers. He circled the room twice, ensuring that each was taken care of and lost within the pleasure of their first juicing. The brothers watched him as he ascended the staircase, returning to the president's bedroom.

“Don't worry. I will be back in a little bit; I wouldn't want this to stop for any of you!” They moaned undecipherable words. Alex wasn't sure if they were begging for more or begging for their freedom. He walked down the hallway as he did before, checking on the blueberry boys that were locked away the night before, and Alex couldn't get the image of the man with the meter-long cock out of his mind.

The door opened, and thick jam flooded out into the hallway, washing over Alex's shoes. Immediately, Alex kicked off his boots and tore away his socks, needing to feel the warm jelly against his toes. He looked into the room and found the frat boy.

“Please! I can't get to my tip! Please! It needs to be touched. I'm so close! So, fucking close!” The desperation in the man's voice radiated through Alex and pulled his attention from the jelly that called his name towards the blue man that straddled his own cock. The man looked practically normal, as normal as one could look with their skin dyed blue. His features were the same, and his body seemed more humanoid than the rest of the house. But it was his genitals that grew. His shaft had developed further than his hands could stretch, potentially three meters in length, and the girth . . . it had swollen to the size of a milk jug. The end of his cock, the large spongy cock head, was just inches from beyond his grasp. He humped it into the ground, splashing the juice and the jelly onto his body. His legs were

spread wide, with his outrageously sized testicles pillowed between his quads. They were a much darker blue than the rest of his body and swollen with juice to the point where it was spattered with purple. His hips moved back and forth, rubbing his entire body along the length of his blueberry-covered shaft. His tongue hung out from his hips and pressed into the center, licking and swirling around the area he could reach.

He pulled away from his shaft, sitting on his balls like some sort of obscene beanbag chair.

“Please! I don’t know what’s happening, but I need to cum. I have to cum! I feel like I’m about to explode!” He bounced slightly on his balls, forcing a heavy spurt of jelly out towards Alex, shooting at him like a water gun.

Alex dropped into the jelly, splashing it out in all different directions. He leaned forward, angling towards the tip of the cock. The dark, purple head was nearly the size of a watermelon—a large watermelon. Thick jelly flowed from the end and created a pile that his cock smeared across the wooden floors as he massaged it.

“Why aren’t you like this?” The fraternity brother asked, bouncing on his humongous ball sac between every word. Alex licked his lips, seeing the fresh blueberry jam shoot from the college man’s cock, and he leaned closer towards it. He pursed his lips and pressed them into the slit. The blueberry jelly leaked out of the shaft and covered his face as Alex kissed the man’s giant cock. His lips parted slightly, and he slid his tongue out. It entered the cock through the slit and continued to kiss harder.

“Fuck! Right there! That’s it! That’s what I want!” The blueberry boy bounced harder and faster, enjoying everything that Alex had to offer. He passionately kissed the man’s cock head, making love to it as if it were the last thing that Alex would ever be able to kiss. His lips smacked, and his tongue massaged, pulling in whatever amounts of jelly and juice his mouth could handle. With his free hands, Alex undid his shorts and withdrew his cock. He coated and jerked himself with one hand while he stroked the blue cock with his other.

“It tastes even better when it’s fresh!” Alex slurped an excessively large amount of jelly. “Bounce harder, and I’ll make you cum.” Alex ended his promise with a soft jab of his tongue into the large blue cock. The blueberry boy released a high-pitched moan.

“Ugh! I can feel it! I’m so close! Please keep going!” He squeezed his balls with his thighs. “Please! Almost!”

Alex picked himself up, pulled his shirt and clothes off, threw them outside the bedroom, and covered his body in the jelly. His cock grew even harder as the thick jam dripped along his skinny body. He painted his body with the fresh jelly, making himself into a false blueberry boy. He twisted himself and laid atop the shaft. He pressed his entire body into it and humped along with the hard cylinder. His lips returned to the head, kissing, licking, and *lightly* nibbling along the sensitive underside of the frat boy’s blue head.

Two hands appeared on Alex's cheeks. "Fuck what I wouldn't give to fuck this ass! God, I want to fuck you. It's never going to happen. Never again. Oh, fuck, why is that so hot! God, I'm going to shoot. I'm gonna . . . I'm gonna . . . FUCK!"

His balls exploded like a canon, shooting the thick jelly and juice into the door. It exploded into the wall, covering the wall and the shelves that sat opposite of them. The blueberry boy cried out in enjoyment while Alex humped and massaged the sides. The cock shrunk beneath him, losing its girth and its length as the orgasm continued. Alex lifted himself off and threw himself into the pathway of the load, enjoying the way the jelly spewed onto his body. Alex grabbed fistfuls of the blue jelly and used it as a lubricant for his cock. He pumped his cock, staring at the shrinking member of the fraternity boy all while he bounced like a mad man on his dwindling balls.

"So beautiful. So perfect!" Alex groaned, shooting out a much smaller load onto the covered floor. Alex fell forward, exhausted from the action, and the blueberry did the same though he did not wake up in the few minutes it took for Alex to catch his breath. He looked around the room. Every space not covered before had been painted with the thick blue jelly and the fraternity boy sitting in the center asleep. His two-meter-long cock had reduced down to a few feet long and the thickness of a beer can. Though it was still well above the size of any normal person—and blue—it was a much more manageable size.

Alex scooped away what jelly covered his body, flinging it onto the floor. He did not try hard to completely clean his body, knowing that the next two rooms would be just as messy as this one, or at least he hoped.