

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 that 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 into the reality of his new life.