

Seal Berry

By: IndigoRho

Headphones over his ears, Nick drowned out the rest of the world with music. The seal was lazing at his desk and playing an MMO, leveling up an alt since he couldn't think of anything better to do. He was pretty sure his roommate JD was somewhere in the apartment, but for the time being he was fine being alone.

Nick reached for a nearby pack of gum and tossed a piece into his mouth, chewing to the beat of the music. It was a common routine for him. He chewed for the sake of chewing on the almost flavorless gum, despite how much his friends made fun of him for it. The alternate was chowing down on chips or snacks, and the doughy seal wasn't eager to get any bigger than he already was.

A few chews into the gum the flavor started to change. The difference was subtle at first, enough so that Nick thought nothing of it. Eyes locked onto the computer screen, Nick had no way of knowing his gray muzzle had started turning dark blue. The color spread rapidly, covering the seal's whole face within seconds before swiftly moving on to the rest of his body. His rubbery blue hide also gained a reflective sheen, as if he'd just gotten out of a shower.

Nick felt an odd chill in his stomach, but as with the taste of the gum he ignored it. His belly suddenly began to swell at a steady pace, the faintest sounds of sloshing and bubbling echoing from within. The tank top he'd been wearing was rather loose, but it didn't take long for his growing middle to strain it.

At the same time, Nick was finally getting curious about why his gum tasted so strongly of something he swore was familiar. It was definitely fruity, but not like the soda he'd been drinking. Was it...blueberry?

The seal's belly swelled up against his desk, and Nick sighed as he began to suspect what was happening. Initially he didn't look down, not eager to confirm whether his middle was a blue ball filling with juice. Eventually he relented and rolled backwards in his chair. The juices within him sloshed about as he did, causing him to wince.

Just as Nick had feared, his belly was larger and rounder than normal, a shiny strip of blue peeking out from under his tank top. As he stared in disdain his middle continued to grow, spreading across his lap and against his chair's armrests. If nothing was done he'd swell up until he was practically a perfect sphere, an immobile and helpless blueberry.

Instead of panicking, Nick merely felt irritated. There was no doubt in his mind that someone had switched out his gum, and the only "someone" who could pull off that sort of juvenile prank in the apartment was his roommate. Sure Nick had done the same to JD a couple weeks before, but that didn't make the sloshy seal any less grumpy. However, if he acted quick enough he might be able to halt the transformation.

Nick slid out of his chair seconds before he would've ended up stuck in it. His tank top had rolled up, leaving his massive middle exposed. The weight of the juice in his stomach slowed his pace and threw off his balance. Just waddling out of his room was a chore. The gap between his bed and dresser proved to be narrower than he thought, forcing him to carefully shimmy through. He could feel his sides pressing into drawer knobs, hear juice splashing and bubbling. A persistent blueberry taste lingered in his mouth, which he knew wouldn't go away until he'd been completely juiced. At least he wasn't leaking yet.

Halfway through the door he got wedged, though aggressive wiggling ensured the predicament was temporary.

Nick was inflating far faster than he'd expected. He was already well on his way to resembling a blueberry, his hopes of reaching juice suppressant medication dwindling. If he were actually still able to squeeze into the bathroom he'd get stuck for sure after. There'd barely be any room to expand, fixtures pushing into his taut hide from every angle. At best he'd be terribly uncomfortable, at worst

he'd burst and flood the entire room with blueberry juice. Neither were very appealing.

Giving up on the lost cause, Nick accepted he was going to become a berry and decided to make a desperate waddle to a room with more space. His pants and tank top were being ripped to shreds by his expanding body, which threatened to brush against the hallway walls. It was a comical flight, made more embarrassing by how loud the sloshing of juice was.

Nick made it to the living room with barely any time to spare, lugging his spherical form in with considerable effort. There was no time to celebrate the minor triumph, though. As a blueberry simply standing in place was a challenge, and a single misstep while shuffling forwards was all it took to topple him.

All the berry seal could do was growl and flail his puffed up paws as his weight shifted and he began to roll. Nick grunted and clenched his eyes shut as pressure was applied to his whole front from rolling. He narrowly avoided the sharp corners of a coffee table, but not an unfortunate game controller that was crushed and flattened underneath him. His momentum faded quickly, Nick ending up rocking gently on his back—or what *had* been his back. Being an orb meant every side seemed the same.

Immobile but no longer swelling, Nick had completed his transformation into a blueberry.

There were some who adored being berries, who spent so much time big and sloshy their hide took on a permanent blue sheen and the juice always came back. He'd even heard of someone who had chosen to remain eternally spherical. Nick enjoyed his mobility far too much for that. For him being a blueberry was just an inconvenience, a source of embarrassing pictures and videos. Having a roommate willing to keep him berried for days at a time didn't help.

Ugh, JD.

The tiger had to still be nearby, probably hanging out in his room and oblivious to the spectacular success of his prank. Nick could already imagine the taunts and gloating. It could be worse than becoming a blueberry at times. He ignored the fact he was just as bad when the roles were reversed.

Time dragged on for Nick, who was stuck staring at the ceiling and the shiny blue curve of his berry body. Bored out of his mind, he was almost relieved when he heard familiar laughter from somewhere behind him. *Almost.*

“Damn dude, I'd completely forgotten about the gum!”

“I should've reminded you by bursting in the hall and flooding your room with juice,” Nick grumbled.

Suddenly his roommate JD waddled into view. The tiger was as blue as Nick, and had a round ball gut that looked unnaturally large on his plump frame. There were the faintest sounds of sloshing coming from his belly. A blueberry bagel of all things had left him berried for three days straight, trapped in his room and teased by Nick. He was still taking medication to de-berrify, though it'd likely be another week before the blue faded and his body stopped producing juice. The ordeal had understandably left him vengeful towards the culprit, Nick.

“It's not fun if you burst!” JD laughed, giving Nick's taut middle a pat. “I've already got plans to use you as a comfy blueberry waterbed, not to mention you're the keg of honor at tomorrow's party.”

“N-No way you're holding a party while I'm a damn berry!” Nick insisted.

JD simply nudged his massive roommate, just hard enough to roll him onto his side. Once he strolled back into Nick's view he was holding a spigot in one paw. He made certain Nick got a good, long look at it, delighting in the nervous glances. Gently dragging the spigot across Nick's hide, JD stopped directly atop the barely visible indent that was the blueberry's navel.

“Dude don't you dare, I'll sell you to the berry sciences department at the university if you—*errrrrrrk!!*”

Nick's threats were silenced as the spigot was jammed into his navel, his face locking into a grimace. The puncture hadn't burst him—unfortunately—though a trickle of juice had begun to leak around the spigot.

“You always make the perfect keg—maybe you should look into being one full time!” JD said, drumming lightly on Nick. “Now I wonder if the product tastes just as good as ever?”

Nick wiggled and wobbled as much as he could in protest, but there wasn't anything the blueberry could do to stop his menace of a roommate.

JD put his lips over the spigot and turned on the flow. A steady stream of cool, delicious blueberry juice poured down his throat, some of the best he'd ever had. Of course he always had a strong craving for anything blueberry when he was afflicted by berrification. A quick taste turned into a greedy guzzle, JD's belly swelling further while Nick experienced a noticeable relief in pressure. The massive seal wished he could forcefully empty every drop of juice into his roommate, till JD was creaking and meowing and ready to pop. He'd get no such miracle that day.

Having had his fill, JD withdrew from the tap, licking his lips. The fresh influx of juice caused his stomach to rumble and bubble. His middle ballooned outward some as his body started to briefly produce juice again. Moving was a bit more awkward for the tiger, though he didn't seem to mind.

“Addicting *and* volatile!” JD laughed, his gut shaking. “Wouldn't be surprised if you end up with some berry company tomorrow night.”

“Yay,” Nick mumbled with zero enthusiasm. Being turned into a living keg was utterly humiliating, and he couldn't even take joy in the fact that some of the friends who'd be teasing him at the party would get berrified as well. Oh well, at least he'd have plenty of time to plan a proper revenge...