

A Day at the Berry Salon

(Berry Barber of Blue Boulevard 2024)

There existed a hair salon said to do much more than cut your hair. It promised a haircut, shampoo, styling, massage, hot tub, and more in just over one hour. Marjory had heard of this place several times before, but never really had reason to go. It sounded expensive and she didn't really want to be let down after spending a fortune for a glorified haircut. But she was needing a haircut soon and this weekend she had a day off right after payday. What's the worst that could happen? She wastes money and only gets a semi decent haircut? At least this way she can say she tried it.

Marjory went ahead and called them up and set up an appointment. There was only one time slot left for that day and the person on the phone said they luckily just had someone for that day call and cancel minutes prior. The next open slot after that was in 9 months. Just how popular is this place?

The days pass by and Marjory almost forgot about her appointment. She woke up on Saturday morning to an alarm and became very grateful that she put everything in her phone. Luckily, there were still four hours until she had to be there, so she got up as slowly as she wanted. This was her day off after all. About an hour till, she looked up the address on her phone and started driving to the location. After about 30 minutes, she arrived. The Berry Salon. There honestly was no way she could miss it. This one building took up the entire block. She drove around for a bit because the parking lot was also packed, but eventually found a spot.

The inside looked like a typical hair salon. A decently large salon, mind you, but Marjory couldn't figure out why the building would need to be this big. As soon as she walked in, Marjory had to wait in line to get to the front counter. To either side of the line, there were easily 40-50 seats making up the waiting area, most of the chairs full. Directly behind the counter was probably two dozen stations, all full with stylists and patrons. Behind those was a wall, likely with sinks for the shampooing stations and such. Is that where the rest of the building was? Maybe you had to set up an appointment for the spa separately? After a few minutes, Marjory made it through the line to the front desk. "Hello, I'm here for my appointment."

The lady at the counter almost immediately looked up and beamed at Marjory. "Absolutely! What's the name on the appointment?"

"Marjory Rose."

"Yes, here you are. You seem to be about 15 minutes early, but we may have a room open for you shortly. Did you have an idea of what package you were looking to get today?"

"I'm not sure. I don't really know the options? Over the phone, I was just told it would be easier to explain in person."

"My mistake, it does say on here that this is your first time. Well, in that case, Welcome to the Berry Salon. We offer a variety of packages. The most popular are the Yellow, Red, Green, or Blue packages. Of course, with this being your first time, we do offer the "Ripening Pack," which is just the Blue for the price of the Yellow, with some goodies to take home after."

"Yellow, red, green...? "I'm sorry, what do the colors mean?"

"They are the codes we use that represent what services you would like. Each package adds to the last. The Yellow is the base hair cut and shampoo done here in this main area, Red adds a targeted massage, Green has a more spread out massage and a toxic cleanse, and Blue has a full body massage and time in our specialty hot tub. As I mentioned, since this is your first time, you can do the Blue for the price of the yellow. Shall I write you down for that?"

"Uh, sure. That works."

"Perfect! Now we have a few forms we will need you to fill out since it's your first time, but after that, you'll be set."

Marjory took a look at the forms and glanced over them. 'What the-?' She thought to herself, seeing some of the questions and legal statements. There were questions like, 'Would you prefer male or female workers handling you?' and 'Are you comfortable with professional nudity?,' and statements like, 'We guarantee that any discoloration or skin stretchiness will wear off within 1-3 business days of the appointment. Please reach out if the color lasts longer than a week.' that were really making her start to question what she was signing up for. After the shock value, it didn't take her long to fill out the form. 'Whatever. I'm already here, right?' She thought.

As she walked back up to the desk, the woman perked up and said, "Perfect! Now I just need to enter these into the computer and you will be good to go as soon as a room opens. Now I hope the form wasn't too weird or anything. I've seen plenty walk out from the form alone."

"It was quite weird. But I figured, I'm here anyway. Why do you need to know this stuff?"

"Oh, you'll find out in a few minutes. I'm just glad you stayed. I'm positive you will enjoy this. Alright, I have everything entered. Please take a seat and wait for your name. You will be called to the back shortly."

This had better be good. Marjory looked at the seats around her and found a single open chair. She was about to sit down when a woman's voice called "Marjory?" Marjory got up, only to have another woman rush to the back.

"I am she!" She blurted out.

"Uh huh. I'm sure. What was your name again?" The other woman thought for a second before giving up and went to sit back down, only to find her seat already taken.

"Uh, that's me. Marjory Rose?"

"Oh good. Nice to meet you Marjory. Right this way please." The woman leads Marjory to the back, past all the stations, the back wall, and all the hair washing and drying stations to a door. "Says here you are ripening today?"

"I guess? I think that means it's my first time."

"Lovely! I'm Charese and I will be your head stylist today." Charese walked through the door and Marjory followed. On the other side, Marjory's senses were attacked. The smell of various fruits hit Marjory first before she notices all the bright colors. She felt she walked into a children's doctor's office with all the fruit imagery on the walls and the various colored lines on the floor. Charese leads Marjory through the halls, before hitting an intersection. Here, the lines on the floor split. A red line went left, a green line went right. Charese continued straight, following the blue line. They started passing doors down this hallway, each door roughly 30 ft apart. Each door had a number displayed on the inside of a cartoonish Blueberry at roughly eye level. Looking up, Marjory was also impressed by the easily 30 ft tall ceiling. "I'm sure you have many questions, so I will do the obvious thing and start by asking you a few. How did you hear about us?"

"Ads online, mostly. Then a few friends started talking about it. But they would never describe the experience, only recommend it."

"Ah, yes. This experience is a bit...unique. Did any of your friends give any sort of warning?"

"Not really. I didn't really tell anyone I was coming, so I don't think they really believed I would."

"Oh? Why do you suppose your friends wouldn't think you'd come?"

"I'm sure a number of reasons. Price, probably. I'm not really worried about that today, but I am probably the most money conscious of our group, so they probably didn't expect me to splurge on something like this."

"Well, I'm glad you made the choice to be out here today. I hope we will not disappoint. Ah, here we are!" Charese stopped at a door with a 71 inside the berry. She opened it and walked in. Marjory looked around and followed. Inside was a small room with a shower behind a curtain, a bench, a locker, a couple of hooks, a towel hanging on one of the hooks, and another door facing the first one. "We now ask you to remove your clothes unless you brought some to change into. I will wait for you in the next room." Charese left through the next door and waited.

Marjory was now alone and still not quite sure to expect. Remove her clothes? Surely they don't mean all of them. Then she remembered that the receptionist mentioned a hot tub. That's probably why. Still, this place seems weird in general.

After a bit, Marjory steps through the door wearing nothing but a towel. Inside is a huge room. The walls and ceiling are blue with the floor being plain white. The room looked like a 30 foot square with a round indent in the center of the floor roughly 10 ft in diameter and a single stylist's workbench next to it. There were also 4 women in here besides Charese all standing behind her waiting. "Good, you are ready. Any last questions before we begin?"

"Plenty, actually. Chief among them: What did I just sign up for?"

"This is your first time, so this may be a little hard to believe, so let me try to explain this as simply as I can. Well, how can I put this? We'll be filling you with juice until you are a massive, round blueberry. Temporarily, or course. Everything should wear off before you leave today, though sometimes the blue can stain a bit for a few days. Once you are as big as you can be, my assistants will roll you into position so that I may cut your hair while they massage your massive body. This should allow you to expel the juice from your body, reverting you back while the juice will collect in the center of the room. The floor will then warm it up so that you may relax in your very own blueberry juice hot tub while I wash your hair. I'm sure that made absolutely no sense what-so-ever, so is there anything I can help to clarify?"

Marjory looks around the room with a confused expression on her face. "I think that created more questions than answers. A blueberry? Filled with juice? Roll me to the center? I-I think...can we just get started before I change my mind?"

"Of course. Now it does say you are afraid of needles. No worries. We just need to get the formula inside you another way. Any preference? Pill, food, drink? Something more intimate?"

Marjory's eyes open wide at the implications of that last option. "Uh...drink will be fine," she answers.

"Perfect." Charese turns to tell one of her assistants to fetch the drink, but the assistant had already left. "Even better. Thank you, love," she called to the assistant. Charese turns back to Marjory. "Well, the needle would've been the fastest method, but the drink is more enjoyable if you ask me." The assistant returns with a glass full of a blue liquid and hands it to Marjory. "Now the enjoyment can begin. Drink this at your leisure, but do make sure to drink all of it while you can."

Marjory takes a sip of the drink. It was alright. She tastes the blueberries, but she had never really been one for blueberries. It feels quite good going down her throat. Charese leads Marjory to the center of the room as Marjory takes a larger drink. She notices a funny feeling spread across her body. It feels like she is sipping warm tea and feeling it go down her throat, hit her stomach, and spread outward, warming her as it went. She takes a few more drinks from the

cup and smiles, feeling her body relax from the warmth before remembering where she was and that other people were with her. "What is this?"

"I'm afraid that's the company secret. Can't have anyone trying to replicate it. You can think of it as blueberry juice. Only this juice will multiply in your system, swelling you up into a massive ball." Charese looked at Marjory's face and smiled. "You may want to finish that drink. Looks like the effects are starting."

Marjory looks at her glass and drinks the rest, feeling the warmth seemingly cling lightly to her face and spread downward. Charese took the glass from Marjory and handed it to an assistant. Marjory then put a hand on her stomach and remembered that she was just wearing a towel. When she looked down at herself, she saw her shoulders were blue and the color seemed to be spreading down towards her arms and chest. She was shocked, but for a lot less than she thought she would have been. She was just so relaxed by the feeling the drink gave her. "So, is the blue normal?" she asked Charese.

"Completely. Everything is working as intended. And you need not worry, everything that is about to happen to you will be completely reversed before you leave here today," Charese answered. "Now, if you would like to lay down, the floor has a very special padding designed for what will happen to your skin and is very comfortable. Just put your head right here, please."

Marjory complied and laid down in the center of the padded section only to find that Charese was right. This floor is very comfortable. It seems to be plush and fit itself around her form. She watches the blue color spread under her towel then rests her head against the floor and closes her eyes, feeling the warmth spread over her body. After a few seconds, she was beginning to experience a new feeling. The warmth spreading across her body seemed to be settling in select locations of her body. Not making her warmer, just...well she couldn't really describe it. Fuller? Sloshier? As if the warmth was a juice inside her, finding locations to stay, but more juice was collecting than there was room.

Marjory opens her eyes and looks over herself again just as the blue envelopes her toes. Her stomach starts feeling tight. A pressure slowly builds, making her start to feel a bit uncomfortable. Her stomach started to feel bloated. The towel almost feels like it is starting to slide across her bare stomach as if it is unwrapping itself. Pressure building before forcing itself upward. Before Marjory can stop herself, her mouth opens and she lets out a massive

BWwwwaaaarrrrpppp!!!!

The burp felt like it came from deep within Marjory and echoed off the walls for a good few seconds before petering out. Marjory felt the pressure and tightness die down, but the full and sloshy feeling remained. Marjory blushed and put her hands over her mouth. "Oh my god! Excuse me."

"Oh, don't worry, love. That was just the detox. Think of it as the juice moving in and shoving out any unwanted guests. It's perfectly normal. Now, just a heads up for this next part, you may experience some pulling and stretching of muscles and your skeleton. This is perfectly normal and actually helps to realign your body," Charese explained, noticing the growth beginning.

Marjory only half listened as she watched herself inflate. Her stomach never went down after the burp. In fact, it has been growing since. She put her hands against it and felt the skin slowly stretch and push her fingers out. The juice built up inside her until it started overflowing to other areas of her. She felt her sides bulge, her hips widen, and her legs slosh and spread apart from her new girth. She blushed as she even felt her modest chest push out, the towel rubbing against her bare nipples. The towel finally unravels itself, revealing more of Marjory's ever expanding blue skin and the white pair of panties she decided to keep for some modesty. She tries to cover her now large breasts with her arms, but quickly realises how futile the effort is and lowers her arms back to her sides, now much further away from her center than she is used to.

Marjory resorts to just rubbing her stomach. With her waist 3 ft across, it's all she can really reach. She blushes harder as her panties get tighter on her growing form. A blue stain growing on the front. How she longs to be able to reach if she just wasn't in public.

Marjory's form, now starting to take on a much rounder look, begins to assimilate her limbs. She can feel her crotch slowly moving further away from her longing fingers that are also being forced upward as her shoulders are now a part of the orb Marjory is becoming. When suddenly, the growth seems to slow, but the pressure continues to build. Slowly, Marjory feels a tug on her spine that grows into a pull. It's starting to hurt. It feels like her spine is about to be ripped in twain!

POP

A wave of relief washes over Marjory when she feels her spine pop back in place. She is now growing again as she is supposed to. The pop sent ripples through her body, bouncing her breasts almost dangerously.

THWIP

The pair of panties finally burst off, leaving Marjory fully exposed. Not that she could really see anything past her massive tits anyway. Her limbs could no longer move, being up to her elbows and knees. It was taking everything in her not to moan. This felt so good. Marjory figured this was supposed to feel good, but in a sexual way? She could feel the eyes of all the workers on her as she finished growing. Her hands and feet meeting her body. Her head barely able to move with her chin pressed against what used to be her neck.

"How are you feeling?" Charese asked. Marjory could hardly see Charese, but could tell her head was probably level with Charese's chest. The floor must have sunk under her new weight.

"G-good. Almost, too good. Is it supposed to feel *this* good?," Marjory responds between heavy breaths.

Charese chuckles. "Yes, it is supposed to feel that good. Trust me, the first time is always amazing. I can imagine you must be feeling so full right now. Why don't you be a good berry and let some out. Come on now. Do it for me."

Juice starts to sputter out of Marjory's womanhood while she gets casually buttered up by Charese. Charese then motioned for her helpers to reposition the berry girl. Marjory suddenly felt hands along her body as her body began to shift and roll ever so slightly until her head was right next to Charese's station. Just the hands pressing into Marjory gets another reaction as more juice tries to escape.

Charese appears next to Marjory's head. Marjory feels a hand caressing her cheek before feeling breath on her ear before Charese whispers, "Come on now, Marjory. You can do better than that. Why don't you just let it all out for me?" Marjory is practically panting now, doing her absolute best to try not to cum in front of these strangers, but failing miserably. "Perhaps you need just a little more...coaxing."

Marjory feels one of the workers approaching her bottom half. They reach out a hand toward Marjory. Right as soon as they brush their hand against blue skin, they get blasted with juice as Marjory finally lets out a scream, orgasming harder than she ever had in her life.

After a few minutes of bliss, Marjory opened her eyes to Charese staring down at her face. "There we go. Was that so hard? Now, for your haircut. What are you in for today?" Charese moved a mirror into place above Marjory's line of sight and angled it so that Marjory could see Charese and what she was doing.

Marjory had completely forgotten that this place was a salon. She was still waking up from the orgasm. It did not help that the other workers were massaging her body, rubbing her still very sensitive skin up and down. It felt very relaxing, but she kept having more orgasms making it difficult to think and talk. Eventually, she gets enough coherent thoughts out for Charese to start.

Charese had clearly done this before. Easily holding a conversation despite her client constantly being interrupted by her own body. Not only that, Charese had kept Marjory's head steady while working on it, which was in no way a simple task. After Charese was done, she messed with some buttons on a tablet and a sink rose directly under Marjory's head and lifted until her neck was pressing against the edge. Her neck. Huh. Marjory hadn't really noticed until now, but she had gotten smaller. Not by much, but she was definitely smaller.

"You are shrinking back down as projected. Very good. Now we will let the juice fill the floor below you and have that be the basis for your hot tub today. I will also grab some of your juice for your shampoo, which I will be starting momentarily. The nutrients in your juice work wonders on basically every part of the body, but are especially rejuvenating to the hair. And do not worry,

as you shrink back to normal size, the sink will also be lowered into the ground so as to not cause discomfort. Now, would you care for a hot towel?" Charese asked.

"Oh, yes please," Marjory replied. She watched Charese grab a towel and walk back.

"All right, just let me know if this is too hot." Charese put the towel on Marjory's face, covering her forehead down to her chin while leaving an opening for her nose to breathe. It was much too hot at first, but Marjory said nothing as she quickly acclimated to it as she felt her body continue to get smaller while the assistants continued to apply pressure in choice areas in order to speed up the process slowly and to get rid of points of tension. "Now I will be mixing your juice into the shampoo. Of course, I am using our specially branded shampoo and conditioner. You can always buy some for yourself on your way out. It comes in both ready to be mixed and premixed." Marjory just lets herself fall into bliss while Charese's soft yet firm hands run through her hair, massaging her scalp. "Next is the conditioner and to let that sit on your scalp for a few minutes. As I was saying, you will be sent home with a few gallons of your own juice for use at home. This would allow you to use your juice to mix in with our special shampoo, but if you run out, the premixed will already have some juice in it. Though I do recommend our brand, feel free to mix roughly a tablespoon of your juice into any sort of shampoo, conditioner, color enhancer, or just about anything else you can think of. We will also have bottles of just juice for sale if you ever run out of your own. But your juice will be ready for you when you leave today, so just talk to the lovely lady up front on your way out." Charese rinses her hair and steps back, admiring her work.

Marjory couldn't tell at first, but she was almost juiced. Her elbows and knees were beginning to show again and the blue color was fading a little. The floor had sunk in even further, though, collecting the juice and turning into a pool of sorts, so with Marjory floating in her own juice, she could hardly tell that she could move her limbs again. It also didn't help that Marjory was still cumming. Her legs didn't even feel like they were even attached to her body anymore.. The sink was finally at floor level and stayed as a headrest as Marjory began sinking the rest of the way into the tub of juice. She eventually felt her feet touch the floor again and looked up. She removed the towel from her face and looked at herself. She was definitely still a pale blue and seemed to still be a ball with full length arms and legs. She began feeling her stomach shrink with each orgasm. She leaned her head back again and just laid there, floating while the juice began to heat up and bubble, becoming a hot tub.

When Marjory was fully back to her normal size again, Charese waded up to her in the hot tub. "That concludes your appointment, but you do still have 15 minutes left, so feel free to relax here as long as you want. It is perfectly normal for guests to stay over their time, so don't feel rushed in any way. And the final note, according to your preferences, you don't mind sharing your hot tub time so long as we are clothed, so my helpers and I will be joining you until you leave. Do not forget, we can change these preferences at any time." Marjory looked up and indeed saw the five women in white one-piece swimming suits with The Berry Salon across the front in big blue letters. She just shook her head and went back to floating in her juices, one final orgasm expelling the last of the juice.

After about 10 minutes, Marjory got up and the five workers followed closely behind. Charese helped Marjory back to the changing room while the other four stayed back and started draining and cleaning the room while smiling and waving goodbye. While getting changed, she had a small jolt of worry when she could not find her panties before remembering them snapping off her growing body. Oh well. Not like anyone will notice.

When she was dressed, she went out and found Charese in the hallway already dressed and ready to take her back to the lobby. On her way back, Marjory made sure to change up some preferences with Charese now that she knew what was actually in store for next time. Right before reaching the yellow door to the lobby, Charese stopped and said, "Now, I'm not supposed to advertise this yet, but two months from now, we will be hosting our first ever Blueberry After Dark Special as a way for several people to show up and enjoy each other being big and blue together. I'd love to see you there, my good berry." Before even giving Marjory enough time to process the offer, Charese winked, opened the door, and practically shoved Marjory through before closing it again.

Now with her head held high and her back physically straighter, Marjory walked out of the building with two gallon sized jugs full of juice.