

Black Market Berries

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One of the world's oldest wineries houses one of the greatest secrets in business, and Nix has been hired to steal it. Can she resist the building's other temptations long enough to find her target, or will she end up captured along the way?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains a Female Fox, Tactical Action Espionage, Partial Berry TF, Inflation, Wardrobe Malfunctions, Leaking, Immobility, Implied Juicing

The radiant light of a setting sun stretched across the courtyard, casting long shadows against the rustically ornate complex. Wooden pillars and steel-laced glass lent the winery an atmosphere of fantasy, juxtaposed to the cutting edge technology and processes housed within. High hedges and towering trees filled the surrounding lands, concealing the roads and parking lots that dotted the property. At a glance, the main building was a gorgeous fusion of the old and new, and the furs who worked there knew that fact better than anyone else. Of course, they would never admit it. Despite gag orders regarding the winery's methods, rumors of lost and arcane arts and approaches circulated through social media. The company's unwavering denial did little to stem the fascinated whispers, forcing them to secure the building more and more as harmless curiosity became less so. Wine enthusiasts and business competitors alike speculated on the origin of the rumors, fueling break ins and espionage. Despite the efforts of countless would-be spies and thieves, none ever returned with substantial information. The most ever found amounted to more straws to grasp at, which only teased the appetite of the most dedicated info brokers. Nix grinned to herself and thanked the stars for those obsessive few as she walked one of several courtyards, back straight and perfectly disguised. Her forged badge shined in the dwindling sunlight as she smoothed her pilfered uniform, and her thoughts drifted to her impending paycheck as she patrolled a route toward the main warehouse.

The silver vixen nodded toward a watchman as she strode through the loading dock entrance, earning a hat tip in return as she effortlessly infiltrated the winery. She stuck to the edge of the central walkway, away from forklifts and lifters, masking her casing gaze with investigative initiative. Nix dove between shelves and inspected the wares at her leisure, searching for a souvenir to supplement her substantial pay. Though the stock was among the best in the world, she failed to find anything worth risking her continued her exploration over. The chirping of summer evening cicadas faded from her ears as she delved deeper into the grand supply hall, and boxes and bottles of product gave way to fermentation tanks. Webs of pipes filled the side walkways and the soft hum of climate control reverberated in the air, mixing with aged casks to blur old ways and new. Nix's pace slowed as her curiosity overpowered her professionalism, spurring her to approach a particularly large vessel. A tiny camera hidden in her shirt pocket took a constant string of pictures as she examined the tank, enraptured by the runes scrawled across its surface. She lacked the learning to determine if they were functional or merely decorative, though she'd been in her business long enough to know they would interest someone. The vixen glanced around and circled the container once sure of her solitude, then documented every visible inch. Her mind wandered to possible buyers as she stored her data and moved on, and her wallet tingled at the mere thought of her bonus. The vixen cleared her thoughts with a shake of her head, then continued toward her primary goal.

The processing and fermentation tanks at her sides grew ever more ancient and archaic as she swiped through security doors, delving into wings locked tightly away from public knowledge. Nix knew just enough magical theory to realize the magnitude of mojo involved in their processes, though the finer details eluded her. Still, she was sure someone else would be intently interested in her findings, and she kept her camera rolling while she explored. From the floor she analyzed every rune and drawing visible, some carved

recently, others chiseled well before her time. Nix's curiosity deepened as she examined the arcane patchwork, pondering the easiest way to remove them without drawing attention. The slam of a far-off door derailed her train of thought however, and she decided it best to finish her first run through the building before planning her second. The vixen took a photo and made a notes of locations worth returning to on her mental map, then made her way to a catwalk overlooking the tanks and vats. Her footsteps against bare metal echoed through the expansive warehouse and announced her ascent, though those who heard didn't care to listen. Her pace slowed when she reached the highest landing, where the labyrinth of enchanted pipes and passages laid bare before her. The shine of fluorescent light on polished metal was almost breathtaking, though she ignored the majesty of her vista in favor of advancing her task. She scanned the room's far walls for the entrance to the innermost chambers. Her tail lashed with delight when she spotted her distant destination, and she launched into a brisk stride. The need to deflect suspicion kept her from running outright, and her restraint paid off when she eventually arrived unbothered.

Nix didn't emerge from the pipes right away however, keeping herself hidden from a pair of guards posted at the door. She drew in a soft, calming breath, recalled the details of her research, then pushed from the shelves and bolstered her confidence. The dog and bear stiffened with acknowledgment as she stepped around the corner, then relaxed at the sight of her uniform and badge. She nodded toward them in greeting, then began her bluff.

"Hey, Johnson wants to talk to you two in his office. I'll cover your posts until you get back."

The dog looked puzzled but compliant, but the bear raised concern. "There can't be less than two of us here at a time. You should know that."

"That's what I told him, but he insisted. I don't think you want to keep him waiting on this one."

The ursine rubbed the bridge of his muzzle. "Did he say what he wanted?"

"He mentioned something about a post change, but he wouldn't tell me the details."

The bear rolled his head back and groaned. "I was just starting to like this post. Don't leave until we're back, and we'll try to keep this short."

"I wouldn't dream of it."

Their footsteps echoed to the edge of perception as the pair of guards departed, leaving a smirking vixen in their wake. Metaphors about foxes and hen houses filled her head until they walked out of earshot, granting her the privacy to do her job. A swipe of her forged badge, a scan of a fake hand, and a peer into a false eye unlocked several hundred latches, and the low rumble of moving metal filled the air as the vault door yielded. The vixen silently hoped her "comrades" wouldn't come running back, but a few seconds of inaction implied she was clear. Layered doors ground open to reveal a short tunnel capped by yet

another door, spurring the thief to step through before they reascended their invitation. A broad smile spread across her muzzle as she sauntered forward and took them up on their offer, breeching the winery's pride. The next gateway reacted to her presence and opened as the one at her back closed, moving her through a high-security airlock. Nix lost count of how many vault doors opened and closed before her, but the final gate broke the pattern and remained firmly shut. Instead of polished metal, ancient stone blocked the way, and instead of magnetic pins, luminescent runes held it in place. The vixen rubbed her chin and admired the article of aged ingenuity, then reached into her belt and fished out her solution. A stick of wax, a bag of salt, and a rolled-up scroll was all she produced, though that was all she needed.

The soft rustle of paper filled the isolated tunnel as she unfurled the parchment, then examined the drawings within. Inlaid circles of two colors covered the sheet, one mapping the puzzle, the other showing its solution. Nix studied the latter with great care and picked up her stick of wax, then traced the solution onto the grand stone plate. Despite her time constraint she maintained a methodical pace, aiming for accuracy above all else. The vixen knew she only had one chance to crack the arcane lock, and throwing her efforts away over a few seconds of haste was not an option. The arcane key grew more intricate with every stroke, gradually taking shape as Nix rose on her toes and dropped to her knees. She let out a soft grunt of effort and rose to her full height once finished, then took a step back to admire and check her work. Not a single line escaped her scrutiny as she measured it against her template, verifying her work to the best of her abilities. Once it passed her test, she reached into her pouch and rubbed the powder within across her palms. A small cloud of salt fell to the floor as she clapped her hands together, then planted them on the center of the door. For a brief moment, nothing happened, and the vixen feared the worst, until a flash of light banished her concerns. The lines of the lock and key glowed in luminous trails as spells and wards withdrew, freeing the rock to dissolve away in an arcane mist. Nix watched the glowing dust scatter and vanish, unveiling her grand prize.

For all the impenetrable security and magical grandeur, the final chamber was underwhelmingly small. What it contained, however, was well worth the effort of protection. Little more than a few shelves lined the walls of the rounded room, though at its center sat a monument to arcane ingenuity. A glowing bubble held in place by shifting filigree housed the pride of winery, a long-extinct tree found nowhere else in creation. Upon its branches grew tantalizing clusters of berries, which tempted Nix beyond self-restraint. A rush of humid air washed over her as she stepped through the bubble's luminescent surface, immersing her in an ancient climate. She ignored the moisture seeping into her fur and reached for the lowest hanging berry, accidentally dousing her hand in its juice with the slightest squeeze. Its aroma was as heavenly as it was intoxicating, and she could only imagine the potency of its wine as she stowed it in an airtight case. Her tail flickered with delight when she licked its essence from her fingers, hitting her with a dizzyingly sweet flavor. A faint alcoholic buzz muffled her inhibitions after that single taste, rendering the idea of loading up too tempting to resist. Flows of decadent fluid soaked her paws and arms as she plucked every bunch in reach, stuffing her bag first, then her muzzle when it ran out of room. Her cheeks bulged with the tasty treats

and her lips stained with their purple essence, making her crime as impossible to deny as the juice seeping into her shirt. Once she'd stolen or swallowed everything in reach, she stumbled out of the environmental bubble and began her escape.

Nix staggered to one of the few cabinets along the sanctum's wall, then pilfered a bottle of wine for good measure. Available only to the winery's owner and their inner circle, it would supplement her haul nicely. A drunken grin crossed the vixen's muzzle as she strapped it to her belt, a task made considerably more difficult by her compromised dexterity. She rubbed the bridge of her muzzle and gathered her senses once it dangled from her belt, then stumbled for the door with intoxicated urgency. Irritation and confusion crossed her muzzle and deepened with her dwindling coordination, and she struggled to compensate for her swinging balance. Nix set her stance and stomped through her stupor after a moment of consideration, ignoring the resulting wobbles through her chest and belly. Her heavy footfalls resonated down the secure hallway as she crossed the sanctum's threshold, masking the sound of the stone door regenerating behind her. Rumbling and grinding metal announced her continued progress as vault doors opened before her and closed behind her, and their rhythm slowed with her increasingly ponderous gait. Her breath shortened as her clothes tightened, tugging at her attention until she finally glanced down. The sight stopped in her tracks cold, and she braced against the metallic wall. The vixen squeezed her eyes shut and tried to blink away her intoxicated haze, but despite her efforts, reality persisted. Nix didn't accept it until she sank a finger into her swollen breasts, however.

A twinge of mixed discomfort and pleasure shot through her frame as her blunted nail met the tight curves of her chest, followed by a shiver when a burst of fluid shot from her nipple. Nix tentatively squeezed her breast and groped to its front, gaging its size until she reached a growing wet spot. A second squeeze only made the patch larger, finally convincing her she wasn't hallucinating. A wave of shock sluggishly rolled through her system, gradually overriding her alcohol with a rush of adrenaline. Nix forced her legs into motion, sending waves rippling through her figure as she sprinted for the tunnel's exit. The sloshing of her breasts and belly threatened her already weak rhythm and dragged her to the floor with every step, inviting her to the ground with greater and greater insistence. Her knees tired under the keg of her middle as her hips stretched to the sides of the passage, rounding and tightening with the weight of fermentation. Her grey pelt thinned across her curves and revealed the deepening purple of her skin, fraying her focus until she tripped over her own feet. The vixen gracelessly wheeled her arms as the ground rushed to greet her, though gravity maintained its grip and sent her sprawling. Sweet juices sprayed from her breasts and leaked from her navel with her unplanned landing, though her curvature spared her the worst of the tumble. She rolled nearly onto her head before her momentum dissipated, then by luck or reflex rocked back onto her feet. The vixen rubbed her temples and scrambled for the exit before mobility escaped her.

Nix's thunderous footsteps resonated through the metallic passage, shaking the building's foundation with a laborious rhythm. Her arms and legs thickened with excess juice and her stolen uniform stretched across her bloating figure, squishing her deep purple

curves through widening tears. A trail of fluid traced her path through the tunnel and pooled around her feet, which by then could only shuffle passed each other. The vixen's hips bumped the walls in her wide waddling, impressing just how little space she had to work with. The pressure at her sides increased as she willed herself through the last leg of the passage, and a victorious smile broke across her muzzle as she lunged through the open security door. Her grin faded when her love-handles caught the reinforced frame, however, and she growled with frustration and struggled to free herself. The same juice swelling her figure lubricated her fur, easing her latest trial into the realm of possibility. A sweet puddle inched farther from her ankles with each claimed inch, sprawling out until it lapped at the shoes of her audience. The vixen paid the trio of guards no mind as she wiggled her arms free and braced against the wall, gathering just enough leverage to pop loose. An audible slosh announced her success, followed by a resounding thud as she flopped onto her swollen chest and slid across the tile. Ripples and wobbles stole her momentum and deprived her of the opportunity to get up, though resting atop her middle, she easily met the gaze of her soon-to-be captors.

The looming wolf tapped his foot and scowled at his underlings. "Really? You two fell for this? Did either of you think to verify her story?"

The ursine looked to the floor. "The tanks mess with our radios. By the time we could have talked to you, we would have left our posts anyway."

"Fair enough," the head of security granted. "But that doesn't explain why *both* of you left at the same time."

"We didn't want to keep you waiting, sir."

"What is the number one rule for this door?"

"Two or more at all times," the bear admitted.

"Good. You two morons can work on committing that to memory while you wheel her to the juicing wing. Don't bother coming back though. You'll be helping her replace the product she ruined."

The vixen was far too drunk on stolen goods to resist, though she couldn't help but moan and shiver as their fingers sank into her curves. A trail of juice and lust followed in her wake as the guards rolled her to her punishment. As her arousal tumbled and bloomed, she began to wonder if the berries were reward enough.