

A Juice Stained Note



Vic Waite

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A Juice Stained Note
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A Personal Work
Modi and Magni Belong to Vic Waite
Jenny Belongs to Smallergod
Stella Belongs to Garuda

After a worrying note arrived at the Guild of Investigators, Modi and Magni are dispatched to the Rolling Hills Winery to look into the possible disappearance of Jenny. A haven for wine lovers and vacationers alike, there are plenty of ways and places for one to lose themselves, literally and physically. From the very beginning the atmosphere feels off, from the owner's dismissiveness to the workers' berry stained fur. Modi and Magni both put their bodies on the line to resolve this case, but only time will tell if they find their victim or suffer the same fate.

Content Warning: This Novella is intended for readers and the following tags apply: Novella, Adult, Personal, Female, [Modi], [Magni], Pokemon, Thriller, Transformation, Berry, Inflation, Weight Gain, Juicing, Alcohol, Bondage, M/F, {Pokemon Art Pack}

A Worrying Letter

The rhythmic trundle of wagon wheels sounded across a sunny field, one of the few noises to break the tranquility of the day. Grasses rustled in a gentle wind, occasionally stirred as birds and mice fled the road. The sun shined overhead and bathed the land in its warmth, countering the cool breeze of an early spring. Despite the sights and atmosphere, the natural seclusion of the path left it lonesome. There wasn't another soul for as far as the eye could see, a fact the pair inside was somewhat thankful for. An arcanine and an alolan ninetales shared that comfortable space, both of their gazes turned toward the outside world.

Modi gazed upon the far-flung field, lost in its quiet splendor. A slow breath filled her modest chest, and a quiet exhalation let it free. The arcanine was short by most standards, barely surpassing chest level on most of her peers, though her width made up for it. Equipped with hips that tested the limits of lesser doorways, she comfortably filled her seat while she daydreamed. A slight paunch splayed against her lap, an overhang barely noticeable when she stood. Powerful thighs matched the breadth of her hips, ample canvases for the black stripes of her fur. A backdrop of orange endowed her with the typical patterns of her species, complete with a broad, fluffy tail that cushioned her back.

A thought broke the peace of her moment and she reached into her bag. Scrolls and tomes clattered against each other while she searched, until her paw finally found a slip of paper. She produced with an unfurling flourish, then reviewed its contents. The handwritten note remained unchanged since it fell into her possession. The script was hurried and scrawled, but thankfully legible. Splotches of purple and blue dotted its paper, some as droplets,

others as broad spills. Despite its unchanging nature, Modi perused its contents again. She left no detail unscrutinized, and she committed its every aspect to memory.

There's something wrong at the Rolling Hills. People are disappearing and no one can be trusted. Send help! - Jenny, Umbreon

While Modi reviewed their only clue, Magni let out a sigh. Unlike her partner, the icy ninetales filled her side of the wagon. The ceiling forced her into an uncomfortable slouch, and the bench beneath her hips strained under her weight. Toned arms crossed under her bountiful chest, each larger than her head. They rested upon a generous belly built from constant indulgence, a plush layer of fat that concealed the strength beneath. The thickness of Magni's thighs only slightly hid the power in her legs, partially due to her compressed stature. A massive, two-handed axe at her side completed that passive display of intimidation, a weapon likely as heavy as her partner. The barbarian shifted in her seat, a motion that rocked the wagon.

"You must have looked over that thing a thousand times," she grumbled. "What could you have possibly missed?"

Modi shrugged. "I don't know, but it's all we have to go on."

"Because we haven't got there yet. You need to take breaks," she sighed. "I'm worried you're going to burn yourself out before we even get started."

"But what if there's a coded-"

Magni snatched the letter and cut that thought off.

"I'd bet my hide there's no code here. It says exactly what's on the paper, no more, no less." The barbarian lifted the note to the light

and dramatically cleared her throat, then read it aloud. "There's no room for a code, barely enough room for what's there." With more theatrics, she crumpled the note and stuffed it into her top, a band of fabric that struggled to contain her breasts. "There's nothing more to do until we get there. You should relax while we still can."

The arcanine sighed. "You're probably right. I can't miss anything though. If someone really needs our help, we owe it to them to leave no stone unturned."

"That doesn't mean turning the same stone over and over again."

"I know, but this is our first case like this. It's not just some goods that have gone missing."

"Which is why you need to be on the top of your game," Magni grinned.

"Both of us need to be, really."

The vixen's eyes sparkled with a idea. "How about this. You do things your way, and I'll do them mine. We'll work together and share info of course, but who ever finds this umbreon first wins."

"Magni I really don't think we should make a game out of this."

The ninetales laughed. "Sounds like you think you'll lose."

Before Modi could rebuff that accusation, a voice from the driver's interrupted. "We're about there, ladies. Rolling Hills Winery is just over this ridge."

The following minutes passed in a blur. Modi grabbed her bag and scoured the cart for her belongings, packing away notebooks and trinkets alike. Magni simply reclined on her bench and watched the arcanine work, heavy axe by her side. Modi slung a heavy pack

over her back as the expansive winery came into view, and the pair spent the rest of their ride admiring the sight.

The Rolling Hills Winery spanned every step of the wine making process. Several wooden buildings stood in a circle around the center of the complex, surrounded by expansive fields. Distant figures wandered the organized rows of berries and fruits alike, reaping the bounty of carefully cultivated lands. Carts loaded with produce converged on one of the farm's larger buildings, one among many rustic structures. A sprawling farmer's market filled the rest of the grounds, a grand operation that drew in travelers from across the country. Some came to buy all the kegs and bottles they could carry, while others savored the atmosphere and experience. The winery catered to both tastes, offering lodgings and festivals alongside the business. Faint music filled the air, even from that distance, and it grew louder with their steady approach.

As the pair pulled up to the main gate, a figure rushed to meet them. The greudent was only slightly taller than she was wide, and her fluffy, folded tail rose just higher than her shoulders. The rodent sported a rich coat of brown fur, a darker tone on her face and front while a lighter covered the rest of her curves. Her prim attire sported the Rolling Hills logo, and a sharpness in her eyes betrayed otherwise soft features. Her posture dripped with authority, indicative of someone high in the chain of command. A flash of confusion crossed her face for an instant before hospitality overrode it, and a broad grin spread across her snout as the wagon pulled up to the main gate.

"Welcome to Rolling Hills," she offered. "Sorry for the sparse greeting, but I wasn't expecting any more visitors today."

The wagon rocked with Modi's exit, adding a stumble to her step. Her chubby frame wobbled with that motion, and once recovered, she rose to her full, lacking height. Embarrassment smoldered in her

muzzle as she brushed herself off and turned to the squirrel. "That's to be expected. No one expects the Guild of Investigators."

The greedent's smile flickered. "I imagine you're here for an impromptu vacation? Or perhaps some wine? In either case, I can accommodate you with some time."

"Neither," Modi replied. She reached into a satchel at her side and presented a scroll, a document that confirmed her identity as a registered investigator. "We're here to look into a possible disappearance."

The greedent leaned in close and browsed the scroll, reading it under her breath. Her eyes scanned the document with lightning speed, combing it over with unexpected swiftness. A sigh left under her breath, and she seemed to accept its authenticity. "On what grounds do you think someone's gone missing? Pokemon might lose themselves in drink around here, but no one actually goes missing."

Modi stowed the scroll into her bag, and in the same motion produced the note. "The guild received this a few days ago," she explained, showing the slip's message. "That's cause enough for us."

"It must be a slow week," she scoffed, "This is obviously a joke or some scheme for a free stay."

That took Magni aback. "Ma'am I can assure you that this is quite serious. The guild doesn't play games with these matters."

"Then I demand to see your orders."

The wagon rocked and tipped with a groan as Magni stepped out. She towered over the pair of her peers, and her muscled silhouette cast quite the intimidating shadow. The broad swell of her belly only slightly undercut that quality. A glint of sunlight caught her fang when she grinned, and the air rumbled with her husky voice.

"I have it here." The ninetales produced a scroll from her top, begging the question of where exactly it was held. "If what you say is true, then we won't have much to find. We'll be in and out miss...?"

"Ahh, apologies. I am Lady Indigo, owner of the Rolling Hills. I think you'll find the only thing that's gone missing around here are my manners, apparently."

Modi smiled. "A pleasure. I am Modi, and my associate here is Magni."

The ninetales offered a grunt and a nod.

Lady Indigo folded her arms. "I suppose I don't exactly have a choice in this," she sighed. "I can show you around while we prepare your room, but please be discrete. I can't have you scaring off guests."

"You won't even know we're here," Modi said.

Magni said nothing.

Guided Tour

With reluctance, Lady Indigo lead the pair through the gate and into the grounds. They didn't linger long in the public areas, opting instead to look them over later. As such, they quickly reached an entrance to the main field. A wave from the owner flagged down a wagon, and the trio piled into the back. Modi fit neatly in Magni's lap and laid back into her belly, while the latter filled her bench entirely. Lady Indigo sat opposite of them, and once they got moving, explained the sights. The arcanine hung onto every word while they rode through rows of stalls, hoping to snatch a critical detail from the air. Magni stared into the distance with a smile on her muzzle. Cobblestone paths eventually gave way to rutted dirt, and the wooden walls of buildings yielded to blossoming trees.

The splendor and expanse of Lady Indigo's operation stunned Modi. The comparison to a mere garden did not do the space justice, as it was far closer to one of the lost wonders of the world. Perfectly kept trees met in an arch over their path, creating a networked tunnel of greenery that stretched as far as the eye could see. Streamers of flowers and berries dangled from those manicured branches, some within reach, others tantalizingly just beyond. Modi rose up on her toes to pluck one while Magni simply reached out, actions that earned a glare from Lady Indigo.

She stopped the cart with a snap, a jolt that threatened the arcanine's perch. "Please refrain from helping yourself to my crops," she tisked. "There will be plenty of samples at the end of our tour, if you're so inclined."

"Not even one," Magni questioned.

“Especially, not even one. These berries are raw and unrefined, unwashed and unselected. If you must have a taste, it’s going to be the best I have to offer.”

Magni shrugged and withdrew her hand, unable to argue that logic. Modi did the same, reluctantly.

At the greedent’s gesture, their ride through the fields resumed. Shaded by leaves above and cooled by a gentle spring breeze, their trek blurred the line between work and vacation. Modi resisted that call of relaxation, remaining vigilant, while Magni seemed to embrace it. The ninetales reclined against the side of the cart and let her eyes drift shut, losing herself the ambiance of nature. She might have even teetered on the edge of sleep, until a delectable scent wafted into the air. It drew her attention down the path beyond, and her body started to follow until Lady Indigo cut her off. With an outstretched arm, the greedent barred her way.

“You may look, but do not touch,” Lady Indigo warned. “This is the most recent addition to my orchard. There are still some... details to work out, so these berries are not ready for consumption.”

Modi cocked an eyebrow. “Details that could make someone go missing?”

Her eye-roll was audible. “Details that affect flavor and fermentation. Details that are trade secrets.”

“Ahh,” Modi sheepishly sighed.

Without further interruption, the trio’s cart crested the hill and the orchard’s crown jewel rose into view. “I call it the cornucopia tree.”

It was truly a marvel to behold. While it didn’t rise much higher than the other trees of the orchard, its boughs spread far and wide. It bathed a large swath of ground in gentle shade, and from those

broad branches hung berries of every type. An abundant supply of cheri and bluk and pinnap berries swayed in the gentle breeze, along with a bevy of less familiar shapes and hues. Hybrid fruits spanned the gaps between them, offering a tantalizing blend of shapes and textures. Modi arched her brow with curiosity while she tried and failed to place them, while Magni's stomach rumbled with the possibilities. That temptation tested their collective self control, and without Lady Indigo's harsh glares, likely would have broken them.

"As you can see, this single tree grows every berry needed for my wines, and many more. I'm still experimenting with flavor combinations, but I've had promising results already." The greedent spoke with an excitement Modi had not yet seen, and it might have been infectious if she was a better speaker. High on that feeling, she turned and gestured toward the impressive tree. "Once I get this figured out, it will be child's play to open other wineries and expand production!"

Lady Indigo continued, but her foretold grandeur went ignored. Modi took that opportunity to check in on Magni. She craned her neck to find the ninetales captivated. A subtle slurp of her lips confirmed her hungry thoughts, spurring Modi to squeeze her thigh. A grin crossed Magni's muzzle when she met the arcanine's look, mischief and gluttony in her eyes. Modi gave a subtle shake of her head, a singular motion, which Magni repaid with a quick nod. Modi inwardly sighed and resigned to talk about that exchange in private.

With that, the investigator's attention turned toward the pokemon plucking from those branches, specifically the stains on their fur. Those patches came in every color, some more expected than others, and they marked nearly every worker. The spots that covered Jenny's note came to mind immediately. Curiously, they spread far beyond the hands of many pokemon. Up to the wrist, they were easily explained, but the splotches on stomachs and chests defied that reasoning. Modi scanned the field, where she

spied a meowscarada departing for the day. In the admittedly short time she'd spent on the grounds, that was the only time she'd someone out of their apron. The question of how those spots came to be tickled the investigator's thoughts, and she made a mental note of that detail.

While Modi scrutinized the employees, Lady Indigo concluded her speech. Only bits of it stuck in her memory, most of which revolved around the difficulty of crating such a botanical miracle. She only faintly registered when it was time to move on, and even then only noticed when their cart lurched into motion. Few words passed between the trio in its wake. Magni watched the tree as it faded into the distance, apparently lost in thought. Modi pondered the implications of the tree, dwelling on what possible details its owner might be concealing. Lady Indigo simply basked in her own achievement, satisfied with stunning her surprise guests into silence.

Their trip from the fields passed without event. Leaves and wood gave way to planks and timbers, and the dirt path yielded to cobblestone characteristic of the winery's square. The buildings that closed in on them lacked the tourist-friendly veneer, however. Favoring function over form, there were no painted walls or eye-catching signs. Instead only the most functional of markers guided their trail, ushering them towards what had to be a warehouse. As they neared a faint chill leeches into the air, fluffing up Modi's fur with a shudder. That slight relief from the noonday sun would prove but a prelude to its interior.

At Lady Indigo's command, a pair of broad double doors swung open and unleashed a frigid blast. Modi gnashed her teeth and shivered, wrapping her arms around herself in a vain effort to fight the cold out of her fluff. She snuggled up to Magni's side in an effort to steal her warmth, a gesture met with a bump from her wide hips. The greedent only gave them a second before hopping from the cart, then coaxed the inspectors along with a tut.

“Once they’re harvested, we store the berries here.” She gestured toward a series of towering shelves, divided into sections that held individual species. They spanned the width of the warehouse, and between them a legion of ice types maintained the environment. “The berries themselves are never frozen. I’ve found that utterly ruins the flavor and makes for a bottom-shelf wine unworthy of my label.”

Modi nodded along, her attention far more fixated on the workers. She watched a chubby, berry-dyed glaceon move a block of ice into place with a hip-check, a motion that sent a rippling wave across her figure. The frozen fox winked when she caught Modi staring, spurring the arcanine to shift her gaze with a blush. It landed on a beartic that hauled baskets of berries, one on each muscled shoulder. A knowing flex from the icy ursine sparked Modi’s fantasies, errant thoughts she swiftly reeled in. She made a mental note to talk to them later, partially for her investigation and partially for her own interests. The arcanine’s thoughts only returned to the present when Lady Indigo began walking.

Modi and Magni followed in her wake, and she soon lead them to another set of double doors. They opened with her gesture, and beyond laid a second section of the warehouse. The chill in the air remained present though diminished, and instead of storage shelves, vast casks lined the walls. A single one of them rivaled Magni’s height, and they were stacked three to a tower all the way to the ceiling. Their footsteps echoed down those secluded walkways, uninterrupted by the bustling of employees. The trio were the only ones there, a stark contrast from the chamber before. While Modi pondered that change, another detail caught her eye. Names and dates identified the fermenting mixtures within and the day it was sealed, a fact she noted.

The arcanine stole away from Lady Indigo’s tour for a brief instant, just long enough to examine the text scrawled upon the outside of the casks. No single entry earned particular scrutiny from

the Modi in itself, and she rejoined the tour before the greedent realized she was gone. As they snaked through the barrel-flanked walkways, however, a pattern emerged. The regressed through time as they went, all the way to the back of the warehouse. Those most recent casks, those closest to the entrance, were sealed over a year ago. Moreover, there wasn't a single open space amongst the casks. That detail inspired a question, though it took Modi several tries to ask it though Lady Indigo's endless explanations.

"Is this your only warehouse?"

"For now, yes."

Modi tilted her head. "Where do you extract the wine then?"

"In another building."

"Can we go there?"

"Not now. I'm on a tight schedule, and it's not the type of place folks without training should wander around."

The arcanine raised an eyebrow.

"The equipment is dangerous if you don't know what you're doing," Lady Indigo explained.

"Fair, but we'll need to take a look around there at some point."

The greedent sighed. "If you must, I think we can work something out tomorrow. I don't have anyone free to escort you, but I have a break in meetings in the afternoon."

"That's fine."

Modi accepted that outwardly, but inwardly didn't buy it. It wasn't uncommon for the subjects of investigations to be uncooperative, that was nothing new, but Lady Indigo seemed intent on making sure they saw only what she wanted them to see. She pondered that while the rodent got back to her script, spouting the long history and storied greatness of her winery. By Lady Indigo's account, the land on which her business stood was barren wastes before her arrival. The arcanine paid little attention to those ramblings. When her gaze turned to Magni, she found the ninetales staring off into daydreams. On some level the arcanine wished to join her, but other thoughts stuck in her mind.

Though her opinion was uneducated, Modi couldn't help but find the fermentation wing off. Given the Rolling Hill's popularity and presence, she expected much more activity. Her hand drifted to her chin, and she pondered that notion. Perhaps each cask filled more bottles than she expected. Modi reeled those thoughts in and made note of that detail. There would be time to comb through facts and details later, when she wasn't trying to gather information. At the conclusion of that thought, the greedent guided Modi and Magni to the warehouse's exit.

Splitting Up

The familiar sights of painting buildings and eye-catching facades greeted them, characteristic of the winery's central plaza. Employees and visitors alike wandered between stands and stalls, dealing and sampling everything the winery had to offer. The wines of course were the main attraction, but pastries and juices drew a fair crowd as well. Modi's thoughts lingered in the warehouse as she sauntered to an open table, while Magni's eyes followed a berry danish and its owner to another stand.

"This brings us to the conclusion of my tour," Lady Indigo announced. "Please feel free to explore the public areas at your leisure, but please don't pester my employees any more than you absolutely have to. I hope you got everything you needed."

"Actually, I have a few more questio--"

Before Modi could finish, Lady Indigo dismissed herself with a wave. "Good. Here are the keys to your room, now if you'll excuse me, I have important business to return to."

Despite Modi's protests, the greudent vanished into the crowd. By the time she considered giving chase, there wasn't any sign of where she went.

"Well that's great," Modi huffed. "What now?"

Magni shrugged. "I don't know about you, but I need some of this food." A groan from the ninetales's stomach underscored that sentiment.

“Fine, but don’t take too long.”

With Modi’s reluctant blessing, Magni stormed the circle of stands. The arcanine briefly watched, shaking her head as her partner flashed her guild scroll and helped herself to desserts. When that lost her interest, she reached into her satchel and produced a notebook. The traces of past cases littered its pages, but after a few quick flips, Modi found a blank pair of pages. While her thoughts and memories were fresh, she penned down the details of the tour. The tip of her tongue poked from her muzzle while the wider world fell away, leaving nothing but the conduit between her mind and the book. Details regarding the field and warehouse spilled out, interspersed with notes about the pokemon working there. Sunken into her work, she failed to notice Magni and the arm-loads of treats she carried with her.

A thundering thud shook the table and earned a startled yelp from Modi. A groan sounded in her chest at the sight of her pen scribble, drowned out by Magni’s quiet snicker. The arcanine looked up to her sharp grin, then down to the mountain of food she’d procured.

“Any of that for me?”

“Hells no,” Magni smirked. “You can have a bite if you’re hungry, but this is all mine.”

The sight tempted her greatly. Modi’s sweet tooth dueled with inner restraint, and soon the former won out. With practiced speed, the arcanine swiped a pastry from the edge of Magni’s pile.

The impulse to defend her hoard flashed across Magni’s eyes for a brief instant, but faded just as quickly. “I’m starting to rub off on you,” she chuckled.

Modi stole a bite of her pilfered treat and hummed in approval before gulping it down. "You shouldn't be surprised with how much you stuff that muzzle of yours," she smirked. "It's impossible not to gain some sympathy weight."

"Whatever you need to tell yourself~"

The arcanine finished her treat in a few bites, perfectly portioned to do what snacks do best. It whetted her appetite without fulfilling it, inviting her to devour another. In the time it took her to decide she wanted another, Magni swallowed several. She dismissed that thought with a subtle shake of her head, then began pondering their case.

As the gears in Modi's head started to turn, Magni wiped the crumbs from her muzzle. "What are you thinking?"

"A couple things. Did the warehouse feel a little small to you too?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, I thought the ceilings were pretty high."

"No," Modi sighed, "like, three should have been more to them. It seems like a place this big would need more than that with all the berries they grow, right?"

"Maybe not," the ninetales countered. "It looks like they use a lot on their pastries too." She gestured to the stack of snacks before her and the fleet of carts that surrounded the square.

Modi nodded and conceded that point. "Maybe."

A pause filled the air while Modi fell into thought, interruption by the sounds of Magni's swift eating. A quarter of her spoils vanished before the arcanine spoke again.

"The stains on the workers in the field stuck out to me too. Nearly everyone there had them under their aprons, and it looked like they don't take them off often."

Magni waved her hand. "This whole place deals with juice, I don't think that's too weird."

The arcanine sighed, exasperated. "Who's side are you on here?"

"Yours. I agree, something's going on here, I'm just not sure you're on the right track."

"Well, what do you think then?"

Another empty beat hung in the air while the ninetales finished off the donut in her muzzle. "I think you're going to have a lot of trouble questioning people here. Did you see how everyone tensed up when she was around?"

Modi's eyes widened. "I didn't, but now that you mention it..."

"She's definitely the iron fist type," Magni continued. "Folks aren't gonna want to risk getting on her bad side. Hells, I wouldn't be surprised if she did some of the disappearing herself." She leaned in over the table, a motion that squished her breasts against its surface, and dropped her voice. "You're probably not going to want to flash your scroll around too much either, now that I think about it."

The arcanine smirked. "That's why I keep you around, isn't it?"

Magni laughed.

A pause fell between them. Magni's stack of food diminished while her middle swelled, a growing dome that filled her lap and pressed to the edge of the table. Modi pulled her notebook away

from the flying droplets of juice, and her thoughts once more focused in. The ninetales followed the changes in her partner's expression, finding some insight in her thought process if not the case itself. When her brow furrowed and remained scrunched for several minutes, she finally spoke up.

"What are you planning?"

"We need an unguided tour," Modi murmured. "Probably tomorrow morning, so she has as little time to cover tracks as possible."

Magni stifled a belch into her fist. "What about the folks here at the market? I bet they see a lot."

"Maybe, but I want to revisit the field on our own. Lady Indigo was extremely protective of her berries."

"That's not a bad idea."

Consideration paused both sides of the conversation, until an idea struck Magni. "What if I stay here and ask around while you go back to the field before the end of the day? We'll regroup this evening, and then I can poke around on my own while you rest."

Modi hesitated. "Are you sure? You know you're not subtle or sneaky, right?"

"Maybe, but I've never found a locked door I couldn't get through."

"Let's save breaking and entering as a last resort."

Magni grinned and stuffed a candied berry into her mouth. "If you insist."

"I like that plan though. Just promise me you'll be careful, alright?"

"I don't think it's me you should be worried about," the ninetales murmured. "Be smart about who you try to question. Some of these folks might not take kindly to it."

The arcanine nodded. "I will."

With that, Modi stood from her seat and stretched. A glint flashed in her eye as she swiped one of Magni's pastries, drawing a reflexive lunge. The table lurched with the impact of the ninetales' overstuffed middle, and a groan of regret followed. Modi claimed the donut in a single bite before her towering partner could retaliate, then embarked once more for the fields.

After no small amount of careful navigation through crowds of guests, Modi returned to the main gate of the fields. The arcanine took a moment to collect herself. A slow breath filled her chest, and she smoothed down the ruffled fluff of her pelt. Mind cleared, she snagged a forgotten apron from a nearby fence post. She slipped the name tag on its front into her satchel, then hid her belongings behind the garment. A sigh crossed her muzzle when she realized the apron's bottom dragged well into the dust, then discarded that fact. That was the best disguise she could gather in the moment.

Without the aid of a wagon, Modi's return to the cornucopia tree took far, far longer. The succession of hills and valleys drained her endurance, and by the time she arrived, the chubby canine was ready to collapse. That lengthy trek did provide an advantage, however. She recognized none of the workers present, and more importantly, none recognized her. She plucked an empty basket from a cart and found a particularly bountiful branch, then went to work picking. For a moment, Modi mulled over which berries to grab and the risk of picking the wrong one paralyzed her. A spark of wit turned that into a boon before her cover fell apart, and she slipped into the role of a new hire without a mentor.

It only took a few minutes for a field hand to work their way near her, a feminine leafeon with an almost equally ill-fitting apron. From the corner of her eyes, she sized him up and found him clearly experienced. His hands moved with practiced confidence from branch to branch. More importantly, patches of color stained his fur. The light green of his pelt served as a canvas for a rainbow of hues, another mark of his tenure. A soft smile adorned his muzzle while he worked, implying a gentle demeanor. He would be perfect.

Modi let a few minutes pass before she tapped his shoulder, and when she did, the grassy canine nearly leapt from his hide.

"Shit, sorry," Modi apologized. "I didn't mean to startle you."

"No worries, I get lost in daydreams sometimes," he sighed. "I'm Mint."

"I'm Modi. I started here a few days ago."

"Well welcome to the winery then," Mint grinned. "Enjoying the job so far?"

The arcanine took in a deep breath. "It's been alright. The work is good and folks are nice, but things seem a little disorganized around here."

That raised his brow. "Really? What makes you say that?"

"I was supposed to train with an Umbreon named Jenny, but no one seems to know where she's gone. I've kinda just been passed around like an afterthought, and it's been frustrating."

Mint fumbled the berry in his hands. "I-I can see how that would be irritating."

Modi tilted her head. "Do you know her?"

“Not closely,” he admitted. “She worked out here for a little while, but I think she got transferred.”

“Do you know where?”

He quickly shook his head. “Not a clue.”

Modi considered her next question, but in those seconds the leafeon picked up his basket and darted away. The thought of giving chase crossed her mind, but she reigned that impulse in. It was too early to blow her cover so blatantly.

Instead, the arcanine shrugged and resumed the illusion of work, then approached someone else. The zigagoon flushed deeply as she drew near however, then scurried off to another branch. That reaction confused Modi and stopped her in her tracks. Several eyes fell on her while she stood there, dumbfounded. Modi met their gaze with confusion, weary to make another move. Rather than further endanger her cover, she planted her basket away from the others and returned to picking. Modi puzzled over that reaction while she absently plucked. All the while her coworkers gave a wide berth, avoiding both the newcomer and her curiosity.

Outlandish possibilities played in her mind’s eye, grasping at straws to concoct a scenario that could create such reaction. As Modi darted between increasingly unhinged explanations, a realization struck her. While perhaps a few of the winery’s workers knew the truth of what happened, rumors had likely run rampant. The line between fiction and reality blurred potentially days before her arrival, leading to increasingly warped ideas of what happened behind closed doors. Still, the fact the winery fostered an environment that allowed such rumors to spread didn’t sit well with the arcanine.

All she knew for sure is that something had happened. For the rest of her time under the cornucopia tree, that remained all she figured out.

Regrouping

After Modi's departure from the fields, the sun began its cross over the horizon. The bright warmth of day gave way to the gentle chill of an early spring night, which only cooled further as shadows lengthened. The sky blazed with vibrant oranges and reds before subdued blues and indigos overtook them, painting the backdrop for a sea of stars. The arcanine turned her gaze up and gave a wistful sigh. She reflected on her day, most of which was spent walking from the field and back. Her legs ached with the lengthy hike and her head filled with frustrations.

She drew in a deep breath and let it out, an effort to go easier on herself. She was only a day into the investigation, and not even the guild's top agents cracked cases that quickly. Still, she loathed the fact she had nothing to show. Modi invested her hopes in Magni and prayed the ninetales had a more productive day. Those hopes turned to optimism as she walked to and through the winery's cabins, quaint structures built with comfort in mind. Standing lamps lined the path between those buildings, banishing the night's shadows and easing the anxiety that came with the dark. A smile curved the corners of her mouth. Perhaps their time at the winery wouldn't be all bad.

Modi slotted her key into the door and swung it open, flinging a column of light into the room. The darkness fully retreated when the arcanine conjured a sphere of flame on her finger tips, just enough to shine in the reflection of the space's lamps. One spotted, she flicked a mote of light into each one, and warmth filled the air. The style of the furniture wasn't an uncommon sight, wooden frames supporting cushions of woven fabric. Their quality, however, caught Modi's attention. A bench seat beneath a window cradled her weight

luxuriously, supporting her well as exhaustion crashed upon her. She set her satchel down with a light thump, and her eyes fluttered shut when she slumped back. They shot open when she realized she was alone.

A hint of worry fluttered in her chest, but faded quickly. Several crumb-littered plates caught the corner of her eye, and a sigh of something between irritation and relief huffed from her muzzle. It seemed the ninetales had helped herself to a hearty dinner and embarked on her midnight mission. In the wake of that rush of worry, her day caught up with her swiftly. Modi shed her day clothes into a pile on the floor and flopped onto the bed, a mercifully soft mattress that bore her weight with only a faint creak. Sleep took her the instant her head hit the pillow, and a dreamless night ushered her to morning.

The midmorning sun rose and shone through her window by the time she finally stirred. A soft sigh tumbled from her muzzle as Modi stretched across her sheets, releasing the stiffness in her arms and legs. A groan resonated in her chest when that shift moved her face in the path of a sunbeam, spurring her to bury her face under the covers. That desire to sleep in only lasted until she remembered where she was. With a huff, the arcanine threw her sheets aside and stood up, reluctantly ready to meet the day. She passed the remnants of Magni's dinner without a thought, though a new sight caught her eye. Modi froze mid-step when she spotted a plate of treats beside it, complete with a welcome note from the Rolling Hills staff.

The implications of that hit her like a tidal wave. The thought of someone slipping into their room while she slept chilled her to the core and sent a shudder down her spine. The impulse to check the rest of the room sparked in her mind, but a more pressing detail took priority. With a critical eye, Modi examined the pastries. Flakey danishes filled the plate, and three flavors comprised their spread. They coincided with Magni's favorites, a fact that told the ninetales

someone was paying close attention to them. Whether their watcher did so out of hospitality or malice was a moot point. Coupled with the unchanged stack of plates, the presence of uneaten food told the most worrying story.

Magni never returned from her nighttime outing.

Modi's heart dropped. A gridlock of emotions kept impulse in check just long enough to catch herself. A breath filled her chest, and a wavering exhale brought her back down. Magni was more than capable of taking care of herself. The arcanine could think of no one stronger, and in a pinch, she could be extremely resourceful. Even if the worst had happened, she was in all likelihood alright. Modi repeated her truth until the worry in her chest diminished. Another breath focused her thoughts, and she devised her plan.

Several parts of the winery remained unknown, a fact that greatly complicated matters. The arcanine dug into her satchel and produced a map of the grounds, a potentially outdated guide sourced from the guild archives. Rolling Hills had clearly expanded since it's creation, but the information Modi had appeared to be accurate. Of potential fruitful destinations, the offices, the stables, and the worker's quarters, she considered her next move. The employee quarters seemed the most promising option, until Modi thought about it harder. The time line on Jenny's potential disappearance was fuzzy at best and completely unknown at worst. Whatever clues that might have been there were almost certainly gone.

With a moment of reflection, she discounted the stables in favor of the office. The proximity to Lady Indigo's lair would make direct questioning impossible, but perhaps there were more tangible clues to be found. If kept, employee records could provide some insight. Modi set her course and steeled her resolve. On the off chance her instincts were wrong, the arcanine left a note for her companion. She made the excuse of grabbing an early lunch, and once done

writing it, she placed it atop the plate of uneaten favorites. There was no chance of the ninetales missing it there. With a deep breath, she gathered her map and stowed it in her satchel, then left the cabin.

Just outside her door, the winery bustled with life and business alike. Most other guests had woken some time ago and gone out to enjoy the sights, and the employees were deep into their routines. Only a scant few recognized Modi from the previous day, and those that did scurried away. That detail registered in the back of her mind, though she didn't dwell on it. The arcanine kept her head down and walked at a brisk pace, striving to draw as little attention as possible. She wound down cobblestone paths and passed the central square, then ducked down a much more narrow walkway. Immediately, the warm colors of the winery gave way to muted tones. It bore the obvious mark of an employee only area, and Modi adjusted to compensate.

She donned the attitude of someone late to her shift, powering down the corridor with purposeful speed. The arcanine plucked a clipboard from a rack near the administration building's entrance and slowed her stroll, completing an improvised disguise. False confidence in her eyes, she stepped into the offices and marched passed a small reception area. The grovyle at the desk nodded her on without comment, and a subtle grin curled the corners of Modi's mouth. Her sense of pride proved short-lived, however. Behind that desk and down its first hall, a miniature maze of doors and corridors awaited. Her confidence wavered, but before the paralysis of indecision broke her cover, she picked a direction and walked.

Fortunately, she didn't need to wander for long. Most doors were labeled several were closed, providing the cover to explore at her leisure. A cluster of storage rooms gave way to one labeled 'records' and Modi slipped in unnoticed. A library's worth of books and folders populated walls of shelves beyond, an imposing collection of data that loomed over the canine. She braced for an exhaustive search

while she scanned the first collection, and blindly, she slid a set of papers from the tightly packed shelf. Though the spine was not labeled, the front cover was, a detail that allowed her to peruse at a reasonable speed.

Most of what she found was data, a fact that surprised Modi. Lady Indigo kept meticulous records of all things, from the day to day weather of growing seasons to temperature ranges for fermenting. Notes of analysis filled the margins of those pages, referencing other records for more detailed conclusion. The attention to detail impressed Modi's inner bureaucrat, a sentiment overrode by irritation. It would take weeks to comb through everything at an attentive pace, so the arcanine began pulling random groups of paper. Operating on the assumption that like files were grouped, she sped her search considerably. Her sense of time dulled in the darkened room, but eventually she stumbled across the employee records.

Modi uttered a prayer and the files were in some kind of order, alphabetical, species, anything, and dove into the tightly packed shelf. To her delight, she found both rhyme and reason in the set, and she pulled Jenny's file within minutes. The arcanine flipped open the folder and perused the documents within, tracing her path through the winery. Just as the leafeon had said, it seemed she started her career in the fields. The next page revealed a disciplinary record, documenting several occasions where she tried to eat berries fresh off the tree. The notes spoke of atypical symptoms, a detail that perked Modi's interest. She continued through the erst of the record before taking that detour however, a path that brought Modi to transfer orders.

The slip described Jenny's reassignment to juicing duty, the last entry in the file. Modi perused the documents for dates, but those way points were few and far between. That discovery corroborated with her findings, though it raised far more questions than answers. Armed with that lead she stuffed the umbreon's file back into place,

then consulted the wider records and resumed her search. Anxiety welled in her chest while she scoured the shelves, a growing awareness of her the ticking clock. It was only a matter of time before someone walked in and discovered her. The arcanine released a breath she didn't realize she held when she finally found the fermentation and juicing logs.

If not for the leaf of paper that peeked from its top, she would have passed it by. The name in its header was not one of the winery's signature makes, nor was it something she'd ever heard of. The first sheet detailed a mix of berries, a fermentation length, temperatures, and times it was collected, all notes that appeared consistent. Behind it was the name of another blend, followed by another and another. Buried behind those typical vintages, however, was a name. At first, Modi wrote it off. It was likely named for its creator, as were the blends behind it. That trend continued several times over, and her brow furrowed as she went. Most names were unknown to the investigator, though some scored glancing blows against fresh memories. Soon, one caught the breath in her throat.

Jake Icewrite.

Immediately, Modi's thoughts returned to the berry warehouse. The beartic that caught her eye in berry storage bore that name tag. She committed that lead to memory and added the storage area to her list of destinations, then stuffed the ursine's papers back into his file. The arcanine resumed her scour of the fermentation records, leafing through name after name, until a muffle sound tickled the edge of her ear. She froze, silencing the shuffle of papers, and a pair of footsteps neared the door at her back. Muted approximations of words followed, and at the threshold of the room, they grew clear.

"Yeah, I think I saw her go in here."

Panic lanced Modi's heart. Swiftly, she stuffed the records in her hand back onto the shelf and uttered a prayer that they landed in

their proper place. Flight won her internal battle over fight, and she scoured the room for options. Shelves lined every available inch of those enclosing walls, leaving no room for openings. Her gaze turned upward as her search expanded, where fortune smiled upon her. In the narrow gap between the top of the shelves and the ceiling itself, a band of windows spanned the room. Without consideration for cost or consequence, the arcanine scrabbled up record-populated rungs. It was a clumsy, graceless affair, a stunt that left a pile of disorganized papers in her wake, though she managed to reach her target. The paunch of her middle and the curve of her rear threatened to stop her escape entirely when they wedged into that narrow space, and it was only by the grace of arceus that she popped through to the outside.

Curses and shouts sounded in her wake, but Modi paid them little mind. She picked herself up and dusted herself off. The arcanine took in a steady breath and calmed the adrenaline on her nerves, and then another to bring herself back down. Time was short and her situation less than ideal, but the risk of investigation came with a reward. A solid lead guided her back to the warehouse, and with a brisk step, she set off before alarm spread too far across the winery grounds.

Discovery

Between the short distance and Modi's pace, it didn't take her long to reach the warehouse. The chill of its ice seeped into the surrounding air, a defined contrast to the rest of the complex. The arcanine found a hidden side entrance and slipped inside, unnoticed by workers and guests alike. The thought of snatching another apron as a disguise crossed her mind, but on reflection realized it would accomplish little. Her fiery nature was not so easily masked, and attempting to do so would only draw unwanted attention. Instead, she fluffed her fur, warded off the cold, and delved into the rows of towering shelves.

Right away, the arcanine drew confused looks. Most workers returned to their tasks quickly, deciding her presence was a concern above their pay grade, while others seemed to search for a tour guide or escort. A few more shot her pointed looks, unspoken messages of unbelonging. Modi shrugged them off and marched into the warehouse with mock purpose, mostly to shelter herself from their attention. No one followed her between the racks and shelves of chilled berries, and employees there seemed too preoccupied with work to notice her. She took a breath and collected herself in that relative privacy, then started her search for that beartic.

Those looming towers of wood and berries provided ample place for the investigator to hide. Modi methodically worked her way between them, ignoring the enticing scent of chilled produce all the while. A sigh crossed her lips at thought of the breakfast she left behind, and a lamenting groan from her middle echoed her sentiments. She placed a hand over it to calm it down, a gesture that had little effect. The desire to help herself to a sample panged in the back of her mind, and a quick glance confirmed her solitude.

Before she reached her hand out however, she dismissed that notion. She was many things, but a thief was not one of them. Modi redoubled her search.

While she wove between the tempting stockpiles, she glanced over several pokemon. By then, most didn't acknowledge her presence. A common thread of juice-stained fur ran between them, patches of every color and hue distributed without reason or pattern. They showed no preference for stature or species, and the shades rarely aligned with the type of berries they hauled or chilled. Weight was another trait that caught her eye. None were worryingly hefty, though there wasn't a single soul Modi would describe as slim. A shrug shook her shoulders as she pondered that notion. If she worked in the cold all day, the extra insulation would be welcome. The arcanine finished her sweep of the warehouse with that thought in mind, and her brow furrowed with a lack of results.

As she prepared to move to the fermentation area, the slam of a door drew her attention. Investigative instinct spurred Modi to crouch at the edge of the shelves, where she strained her senses. It took her only an instant to spot a door pressed against a wall, and in its frame was wedged her target. The state of the beartic shocked her. Where the day before he was merely large, the frozen ursine before her was absolutely enormous. His rounded belly sloshed below his knees and swelled passed his hips, accentuating an already bottom-heavy figure. Deep purples and blues stained the core of his frame, and thin trickles of juice leaked from somewhere behind his saturated apron. The strings once tied behind his back hung torn and limp at his sides, defeated by the bulk of his belly.

It wasn't until Modi confirmed the name tag on that ruined garment that she believed him the same bear.

Modi covered her mouth and retreated behind the corner, terrified that her subtle exclamation drew attention. An eternal second passed while she waited for the sound of rushing footsteps

or shouts of discovery, only for none to come. The only noise in the air was a clumsy, waddling slosh, the cadence of Jake as he lumbered across the warehouse. Conflicted emotions swirled in Modi's chest, a strange mix of shock, horror, and arousal. Her attempts to parse them left her rooted in place, unsure of why she felt anything other than worry or dread. When the bear waddled through the towering double doors that divided the space, Modi felt compelled to follow. She crossed that threshold into the fermentation area, where the towers of casks provided little cover.

The arcanine maintained her distance in an effort to evade Jake's attention, a gambit that paid off well. Whether because of the constant sloshes of his steps or simply being lost in his own world, Modi never fell into his perception. Few other workers populated that wing as well, simplifying her task of following the lead. The investigator's mind dedicated more of itself to the mystery while the bear waddled, pondering and mulling explanations. Her mind's eye filled with predictions and visions, though none of them predicted the reality that unfolded. Jake halted near the far edge of the room, before a cask that by its date had been there for years. Modi's eyes widened when he reached down gave its spout harsh tug, a motion that swung the face of that massive barrel up on an unseen hinge.

Modi watched, stunned into silence, as the bear sloshed into that revealed darkness. The breadth of his belly brushed the frame's edges with his entry, and that concealing panel gently swung down in his wake. Swiftly and silently as she could, Modi bolted toward that passage sealed shut once more. She caught it just a few degrees from closed, where she lingered for a tense moment. Every second spent holding the door just barely open passed as an agonizing eternity, each littered with the potential of being discovered. The arcanine's eyes darted from side to side, weary of any perceived motion, until finally enough time passed. With the bounds of her strength she levered the false front up and slipped behind it, a choice that sealed her in dense darkness.

Just passed the threshold of the hidden doorway, a staircase yawned wide. It descended into the earth passed the limits of her light-adjusted sight. The depths of it reach became gradually apparent as her eyes adjusted, a process that eventually revealed a doorway at its foot. With that revelation, the boundless possibilities that plagued her inner eye collapsed into two. From the conflict between them, the impulse to retreat surged through her muscles. Regardless of what was actually beyond that door, the scope of the situation leapt well beyond what a single investigator could manage. Even the guild's top agent would be wise to fall back and return with backup, to call down the hammer with the organization's full force. No one would judge her for making that choice.

In her heart of hearts, however, Modi knew that wasn't true. One person would know, and that person would judge her more harshly than anyone else. If her partner was anyone other than Magni, she might have been able to gather her strength and make the wise decision. An ache in her soul forbid that verdict, however. If Magni's fate was on the line, retreat was simply not an option. With a trembling breath and tail wrapped around her waist, she took her first step toward that darkened portal. That brash mote in her core burned brighter with each step, a heat that reforged her resolve by the time she reached the bottom. The momentum of her travel carried her to the door, and without fanfare, she cast it open and stepped through.

The basement's presence rolled forth to meet her, enveloping Modi in a thick, sweet scent. It flowed around her like a fog and laid into her senses, dulling her perception. In the back of her mind, she wondered just how deeply it would seep into her fur. Another step forward, and shadows swallowed her anew. Her trek slowed, ground to a near halt by caution. That carefulness let up as her eyes continued to adjust, however. Low, nearly imperceptible lights dotted the ceiling of the space, bathing the basement in a red light. Indistinct shapes formed on the edge of Modi's perception as it

expanded, adjusting for and compensating to her environment. Soon, she placed those noises as huffed, labored breathing.

More of those huffs met her ears as they swiveled about, giving the impression of several sources. Those little breaths came from several round masses, and morbid curiosity drew her toward the closest one. Modi approached with cautious steps, hoping to avoid the attention of whatever lurked in that strange lair, until she reached the shape's side. A ginger touch revealed plush fur, and a light stroke tickled it to motion. Heavy sloshing accompanied that jerk, along with a muffled moan and spatter of fluid. That sound stopped her cold, and a combination of confusion and dread rooted her in place. For a lengthy moment, she simply stood there on the precipice of possibility, unwilling to fully resolve her situation. Fate had other plans, however.

Be it a reaction to her presence or a simple matter of timing, a light flicked on overhead. The figure beside Modi jerked, and a long, low moan resonated in her chest. Instinct kicked in and released the arcanine from her indecision, spurring her to circle the shape and find its front. Though few in number, each of her steps around the figure revealed something new, and gradually she painted a picture.

A braixen, bound bloated and beached, greeted her with lust-lidded eyes. A round gag parted and filled her muzzle, a black sphere adorned with a red 'R' on its front. Circles of rose-tinted glass sat in front of her eyes, a shade that distorted the purples and indigos stained into her fur. Beneath that needy expression dangled a pair of breasts that dwarfed Modi's, round and dripping with juice. Behind them swayed a belly that looked full term, a weight that arched her back and taxed her legs. Wide hips and thick thighs supported what the lean bar under her arms didn't, hinting at the possibility of standing under her own power. Patches of juice stained fur marked her entire body, from the black fur of her 'leggings' to the yellow that adorned the rest of the fox. Not even her face was spared, the corners of her mouth especially, dyed a deep hue.

Lost in a heated haze, it took the fox a moment to register Modi's presence. When she did, however, a stream of muffled moans beat the back of her ball gag. Pleading and desperate, the braxien begged the arcanine for something. Modi lurched to action and reached to loosen the strap behind her head, but a thick squelch and a long, wavering moan stayed her hand. The rhythmic pump of a machine filled the aural space left in the wake of that blissful utterance, and the fox's eyes fluttered before rolling back. Her lucidity gave way to an apparent flood of bliss, a state made evident by her flagging tail and trembling thighs. The flow and spatter of fluids against the floor rose above her stifled groans and cries, and a basin in her shadow filled with the products of her harnessed desires.

A fierce, raging blush burned in Modi's muzzle, a potent heat kindled in sympathy with the fox. Dangerous notions, leeches into her thoughts. The investigator dismissed them with a shake of her head however, though the fire in her muzzle remained. Her professional duty railed and returned to the front of her mind, and remembering the stakes at hand, she examined the braxien for clues. Rather than risk her cover and ungag the fox, Modi searched for more reliable clues. A circle around her revealed little of interest, other than a more clear look at the rig that pleased her so thoroughly. A piston at the vixen's rear pumped her sex for pleasure, which in turn coaxed her breasts to leak a stream of juice. Nothing held her place other than apparent addiction. Aside from her gag, the only thing she wore was a collar that bore the name 'Stella.'

Modi placed a hand on her chest and stepped back. Though obviously not either of the pokémon she sought, Modi learned much from Stella. It was safe to assume that she was far from the only one to befall this fate, even beyond the other figures scattered through the basement. She recalled the juice-stained patches that marked so many of the workers above, and her chest dropped. There was a chance that many of them knew the winery's dirty

secret, and more worryingly, were actively involved. For an instant, the investigator regretted descending those stairs. The degree to which she was in over her head hit like Magni herself, and the impulse to flee rose from the back of mind. The option to do so was even further off the table, however. If there was some sort of brain-washing in play, it only added to the potential danger Magni and herself had stumbled into.

With that in mind, the investigator steeled the rest of her resolve and delved deeper into the basement.

A Break in the Case

As quickly and quietly as possible, Modi darted deeper into the basement. Abundant darkness obscured her sense of direction, though low, persistent light spared her from bumping into anyone. Across that dim expanse islands of lights occasionally surfaced, populated by another pokemon in an advanced, bloated state. Always a muffled, blissful moans sounded out. Without fail, the hum of machinery subdued them into rapturous silence. In that limited sample size, she found no rhyme or reason to the spread of species. Their one unifying trait were the expansive stains that swallowed their natural colorations and the bloated size of bellies and breasts alike. That began to change as she wandered deeper, however.

While the same willing sounds and wanton postures populated the later juicing rigs, the binds that held them changed dramatically. To her side, a bloated zoroark teetered on the edge of mobility. Their belly sagged passed their thighs and dominated their frame, a mass that would have dragged them to the floor if not for a series of supporting straps. That huffing pokemon still stood, but only just. With that extra rigging came tubes and pumps, complete with cups attached to their vast chest. A constant mechanical drone underscored their muffled moans and pants, soft sounds that rose in volume with steady cycles. Clear outflow lines stayed dark with a constant production, a feature mirrored in the tube that ran to their mouth. Quiet swallowing betrayed the direction of that hose's flow, inspiring the conclusion that the zoroark's tenure had been much longer than Stella's.

A wisp of fire on Modi's breath cast a quick light across the pokemon's collar, and its name tag reflected the name Vic.

That name tickled a memory, and a tug of that mental thread took her back to the record room. Though her search was far from complete and flawless, she hadn't found that name in the employee records. The juicing logs, however, mentioned a zoroark that fit their description. Her brow furrowed with something between confusion and frustration, both of which deepened as she went down the line. With it came a rekindling of shamed arousal, a distracting blaze that caught in her chest. Though she found the situation abhorrent, the pleasure scrawled on those captives' faces could not be denied. Their looks of lust and need were contagious, though the investigator buried that need deep down in the back of her mind. It surged against her self control each time a juicing pump kicked on however, and the wanton moans that followed dampened her thighs with sympathy.

Though her memory was clouded and her body was distracted, Modi connected enough names to records to know she stood in the juicing room. A shudder ran down her spine when she recalled the thickness of those records, an indication that some workers had been bound for months. That thought stoked the infernos in both her chest and loins. To her shame, the desire to throw responsibility to the wind and fall into such hedonism followed. It resonated through her body and thrummed on her thoughts, conflicting with the core of her character. Her cheeks flushed with those opposing emotions until she grit her teeth and reset her focus. There were two missing folks that still needed to be found.

The sounds of creaking leather and muffled moaning echoed in the investigator's ears while she cautiously delved deeper. Modi crouched low and moved meticulously, careful to avoid making a sound. Only the soft brush of fur across floor marked her progress through the basement, sounds occasionally accented by the jingle of a name tag. She checked each pokemon she came across, hoping to find a familiar name or form, but found mixed results. By her fifth, Modi realized that the basement *only* represented the juicing records. She had yet to match anything from the fermentation files,

a development that implied an incomplete picture. Her instinct asserted that finding that missing piece would solve her puzzle, and with that thought in mind, she traded stealth for speed.

That exchange came at a greater cost than expected, however. While her focus fell on the path ahead of her, the arousal that still smoldered in her core expressed itself in her tail. That long pillar of warm fluff flicked in her wake, brushing along the sides of the suspended flygon in her wake. Even without their heightened sensitivity, such a touch would have drawn a reaction. The arcanine's fur stood on end when the dragon shuddered and groaned, an outburst of lust that filled the air. Acting on the assumption of blown cover, she made no concessions to subtly. Her heavy footfalls and panting breath marked her path through the darkened cellar and only slowed when she reached its far wall. Her chubby frame heaved with exhausted breath, and once she recovered did she notice the door before her.

By luck or by fate, her frantic flight brought her to exactly where she needed to be. An unmarked door stood between her and what she suspected to be the winery's innermost reaches. Without fanfare Modi reached out, and to her surprise found the handle unlocked. It turned with little resistance, and with a pensive click, the door itself practically swung open on its own. She lingered on that threshold for just an instant before passing through, where a new wave of sights and scents slammed into her senses.

Upon opening that door, the sharp aroma of alcohol washed over Modi. Hidden in its folds were notes of lust and arousal, a curious detail that kindled the sympathetic need in her core. It leeches into her senses and set her head swimming, throwing off her train of thought for just an instant. That spell subsided as quickly as it set in however, and the investigator found the coordination to venture forth. As with the previous room, darkness shrouded its far walls and obscured its occupants, but familiarity muted its effect. The arcanine

harbored no doubt that the shapes and figures that lined the chamber's rows were bloated pokemon.

Like their earlier counterparts, they toed the line of mobility. Bellies and breasts defined figures, a detail that obscured even their species at a glance. Unlike the residents of the juicing stalls, however, the freedom to come and go seemed a distant memory. Present were the straps and belts that supported muscle-straining figures, though they occurred in much greater density. Designed to both support and confine, they cocooned and suspended those on fermentation duty. Plugs and plates replace the cups and hoses of their peers, ensuring that not a single drop escaped until their tenure was up. Blindfolds were also widespread around those carrying out their stay, reducing their worlds to just their immediate vicinity. Awed and just a little shaken, Modi, stepped into that moaning darkness and surveyed the living casks.

With each step, the investigator felt the weight of their collective presence. Her mind reeled with the scale of Lady Indigo's operation, and stray thoughts dove into what they must be feeling. The ever-present chorus of muffled moans and stifled groans hinted at hedonistic delights, but the arcanine couldn't help but wonder how many had simply gotten in over their head. Her muzzle flushed at the notion of personally probing that mystery, but she shrugged off that self-destructive notion. Regardless of her stance on the matter, there was no time plumb those depths. Not while the care remained unresolved. Still, siren's call hummed in the silence between notions, so much so that she nearly overlooked the umbreon at her side.

Arguably, Vic could have still moved. It would have been a laborious affair, their belly would have dragged across the ground even when upright, and it likely would take all of their strength, but it was theoretically possible. The same could not be said for the umbreon. Stranded on her back, the helpless midnight fox's belly towered above her. It rose passed Modi's standing height and gently sloshed with every breath, mimicking the rhythm and scale of an

ocean. Her fur stained deep purple, though that hue tended toward a rich red around her limbs. The arcanine's step hitched while she walked a circle around that lounging boulder, awed and struck by her incredible transformation. Deep down, Modi knew who she looked at. The need to confirm that detail was little more than a formality, and the glint of the umbreon's luminous rings across her name tag answered that question.

Modi froze when they made eye contact, unsure of the living keg's reaction. Jenny strained toward the arcanine with a longing in her eye, an ultimately futile gesture. Her fingers curled with a carnal, frustrated ache, and the rhythmic pulse of her rings quickened with unanswered desire. A rolling slosh sounded with a pitiful effort to beckon the arcanine closer, a noise echoed with a drunken whimper of need. The scents of mixed lust and alcohol flared Modi's nostrils and kindled a sympathetic heat, though she ignored that primal impulse in the moment. The investigator retained her self control until she circled around to Jenny's spread thighs. Wedged between her legs and nearly buried in the overhang of her belly, a shiny metal handle gleamed in the low light. It drew Modi's eye instinctively and spurred her to reach for it, and she couldn't stop herself from gripping its length.

That simple motion drew a muffled squeal from Jenny and sent her quivering. The bloated rolls of her thighs and belly bounced and tugged at her binds, and her luminescent rings blazed with the light of her climax. In the back of her mind, Modi worried about remaining hidden, but in the moment, the growing puddle of juice under Jenny's hips commanded her attention. The bliss of release sprung a slight leak in the tap between her legs, filling the air with the aroma of freed wine. A horrible arousal swept through Modi in that instant. Her mind tumbled between professional and personal interest, captivated by the unknown details of the umbreon's journey. How long had she been down here? What did it feel like to be so thoroughly stuffed, reduced to a living container for a load that brought such brazen carnal bliss.

Modi dismissed those questions in a moment of recovery. There would be time to answer them later, but in that instant, Jenny needed help. The investigator circled to the umbreon's side and crouched near her arm, where she examined the restraints. Lashed to the ground like a piece of cargo, four ties kept Jenny in place. Two bound her wrists and two snared her ankles, arranged to hold her in a spread eagle. Quickly, the arcanine moved to a point on her wrists. Simple, tight knots kept her secure, a barrier not insurmountable to Modi. The real stumbling block came after. Jenny was in no shape to move on her own. Even if she possessed the strength to move on her own, the umbreon's pace would be glacial. That also failed to account for how drunken she may or may not be. No matter what angle Modi took on that problem, every progression of her plan took her back a long-known truth.

She needed Magni.

The arcanine's heart sank with that realization. Though inner conflict lingered in her chest, she stood from Jenny's bonds and left them untouched. Without a clear exit strategy, freeing her now would only leave evidence of her presence. For better or worse, the umbreon didn't seem to notice as the investigator stepped up and away. She seemed to sink back into her carnal haze. Somewhat freed from that guilt, Modi surveyed the rest of the fermentation wing. The long sight lines and low light obscured its scale, though intuition guided her. If Magni had been taken, she was likely close. Modi latched onto that hope, made a promise to herself and Jenny both, then delved once more into darkness.

Reunion

Despite those promises, the arcanine's resolve carried her only a few steps. Her brisk pace slowed out of necessity, held back by the time needed to identify each living cask. With every closer look came a surge of lust and interest, a torrent of mixed desires that railed against her self control and professionalism. Modi only managed a few stations before reaching the limit of her focus, where a pause and a breath restored her attention. The arcanine bolstered that with thoughts of Magni, the resilient backbone of her dedication.

Modi's ears flicked, and her attention snapped to a dragonite farther down the row. The beached pokemon shifted and sloshed atop their swollen middle, unleashing a flood of sound with each motion. They soon found a pleasant position on their side, a pose that let their rounded middle sprawl out freely. A soft moan of anticipation crossed their snout as a worker approached with something equal parts toy and tool. Modi recognized the spout instantly, and it's function became blindingly obvious as the dragon lifted and spread her thighs. A delighted squeal sounded out when that cool hunk of metal and rubber met her heated folds, spurring the worker to pause and let it warm. They gently rubbed that plug along the edges of the dragonite's folds, covering it in her wine-scented arousal. That teasing only lasted a few seconds however, and a moan leapt from her chest when it popped into their folds.

Similar scenes played out across the cellar, blending together in a carnal haze. They clouded Modi's thoughts, though with her partner's fate on the line, the arcanine usually corrected her course. Hope took root in her chest while she crept down the line of casks, building off a forming pattern. The size of the bloated employees declined with her progress, implying she moved toward the most

recent additions. Not only was there a chance that she closed the distance to Magni, but it was also possible they could escape without complications. Breaking her free would be a simple matter if Jenny's restraints proved common, and retreating would come down to recalling her path through the cellar. Modi's confidence wavered with that realization, but she shrugged it off. One step at a time.

That invested confidence fell as one final shape stood stark in an island of light. Bucking the trend of smaller sizes, they loomed over their neighbors by a considerable margin. In her heart, Modi already knew who it was, though she didn't acknowledge that feeling until she reached their side. The icy blue of Magni's pelt was unmistakable, even with the dark shade of purple spreading across her hide. The vast globe of her belly hung from her frame and strove for the floor, only missing its goal by a fractional inch. Her breasts succumbed to similar growth, spilling over the curve of her middle and defying gravity with internal pressure. Her hips and thighs had not widened however, a detail that accentuated her impressive growth everywhere else.

Modi's breath caught in her throat and a blend of emotions jammed her chest. Relief at her sight broke the gridlock first, reflected in the tears that welled in the corners of her eyes. Frustration followed, upset that the ninetales could be so careless. On its heels came twin pangs of envy and jealousy, stoked by the arcanine's own inner conflicts. Finally arrived pragmatism, which spurred her to Magni's side. A groan resonated through Magni's chest with that first touch, an exploration of her binds. Unlike Jenny, her partner was locked to a standing position. Thick chains circled her ankles and rooted her to the ground, mirrored by the shackles that suspended her arms above her head. The arcanine's touch earned a jolt from Magni, a motion that unleashed a tide of sloshing and clattering of metal.

Modi wasn't sure if she could move, even if freed. The ninetales's legs trembled with prolonged exertion, and her tails lashed with

waning endurance. A subtle bend at the knee was all it took for her middle to touch down, a motion that sent a tidal ripple through her figure. That shift in weight threatened to tip Magni off her feet, but in that moment, the ninetales resisted the motion. Exhaustion flickered across her face in its wake, but faded when she spotted Modi herself. A weakened but toothy grin flashed across her muzzle, a gesture that brought no small amount of relief to Modi.

"I figured out what happened to that umbreon first," she boasted. "I won."

The arcanine's expression twisted in a confluence of emotion, ready to both kiss her and slap her. Those two responses jammed on the tip of her tongue, until they spilled out in a wavering laugh. "It's not a contest. It never has been."

"Spoken like a true runner up."

That brought a shake to the arcanine's head. "Fine, you won."

A moment passed while she processed her emotions. Immediate anger drained from her chest with this revelation, though a fair amount of frustration and questions remained. All of that took a back seat to lurking dangers, however, spurring Modi to crouch at Magni's feet and inspect those chains.

"Come on, we need to get you out of here," she explained. "I can't get Jenny out of here without your help."

A mote of Magni's energy returned, manifested in a sharp turn of her head. "Wait, don't," she hissed.

Modi immediately dropped the chain and pressed to the ninetales' side. "What? Is someone coming," she whispered.

"No, its just..."

"Can you move?"

"I think, but-"

"I know I'm not the strongest, but I can help you a little I think."

"That's no-"

"Can you pull on the chains a-"

"Modi." Her tone was hushed but harsh, enough to stall the arcanine's runaway train of thought. "I need you to listen to me."

Confusion crossed the arcanine's muzzle, but ultimately she nodded.

"We were wrong about all of this. No one's gone missing, it's just been a big misunderstanding."

The arcanine's heart dropped. "*What?*"

"I know it sounds crazy, but it's true. Lady Indigo told me everything, something happened with the berries a couple months ago an-"

"Shush," Modi interrupted. "You've been brainwashed or something, just..." She sighed. "Help me break you out and we'll get you somewhere safe. Then we can undo whatever she's done to you, and then we can close this case. I've got more than enough to get this place closed down."

Shock flashed across Magni's face, followed conflict, then resolve. "No."

"No?!"

"I'm not ready to leave."

Flustered, Modi stammered until she found words again. "Why? Why could you possibly want to stay here!?"

"It feels *incredible*," the ninetales moaned. "You know that feeling you get after you eat a huge meal, but before you're so full you're sick? It's like that all the time. It makes you more sensitive too, and," Magni leaned in as close as her chains allowed, "once it gets going, it just doesn't stop. You found Jenny, right? Did it look like she was having a bad time?"

"Magni," she breathed.

"I'm serious Modi, you need to try this."

"Do you have any idea how worried I was? I asked you to be careful, and you go off and do this."

"It turned out fine, didn't it?"

"*Did it?*"

"It could have gone worse," Magni shrugged.

Modi squeezed her eyes shut and buried her face in a hand. "You're lucky you're gorgeous, you know that right?"

Magni chuckled. "You too."

Somewhere in the darkness, a distant door slammed open and shut. That noise brought Modi back to precarious reality. "Seriously though, we really need to leave."

"Not until you join me. This is your perfect chance to unwind."

Modi glared at her.

"I've been telling you for ages that you need to relax more. This is your chance. Indulge in yourself like I know you want to."

Footsteps emerged from the relative silence, close and closing in.

The heat in the arcanine's muzzle betrayed the effectiveness of Magni's point. "What about the investigation?"

"Isn't this part of it," Magni smirked. "You're always going on about the importance of detail."

The investigator began to refute that point, but Magni cut her off.

"Really, you're doing yourself a disservice by turning this down."

Modi's ears flicked. There were two sets, one much heavier than the other. A subtle sloshing accompanied them.

"Magni please, we need to go now."

With a nod, the ninetales flexed her strength. With a mighty pull she wrenched her arm down, a motion that came with a metallic snap. The shards of her chain's anchor rained upon her and bounced off her taught pelt, and she reached out to Modi.

The arcanine nodded back, and she accepted the offered hand. Modi poised to help Magni forward once she freed her other arm, but that second snap never came. Instead, her partner's unbreakable grip seized her shoulder and pulled in close to that rounded, bloated belly.

"Sorry, but you'll thank me for this later."

Shock stunned the arcanine, and the familiar warmth of that embrace dulled the urgency that should have sprung from such an act. By the time she thought to try to wiggle free, it was already too late. Pressed against Magni's flab, Modi couldn't see the pair that had arrived, but she heard them clearly.

"You've done well, Magni."

Change of Heart

Panic lanced through Modi's chest and shock robbed her strength. Fight or Flight instincts surged through her muscles, but held tight in Magni's embrace, the outcome of that duel mattered little. Her only freedom to act was granted in a turn, allowing her to face the owner of the winery. The sight of Lady Indigo sent a chill down Modi's spine, a sensation only slightly blunted by Magni's warmth. A feminine sylveon accompanied her, his ribbons already swaying with delight and mischief. Modi prepared for a fight, but instead, the architect of this madness began to speak.

"I had hoped to avoid this confrontation, but it's only natural you couldn't keep your nose out of things," Lady Indigo sighed.

Modi's hackles raised and flame wreathed her breath.

"Easy now, no need to be rash," Lady Indigo murmured. "I know it's hard to believe, but no one is here against their will."

Modi's eyes stayed locked on the greedent as she approached Magni's side and placed a hand on the side of her belly. Her glare said everything it needed to.

"You should listen to your partner. It really sounds like some time off would do you good, and there's no better place to vacation than here."

A rising flame lit bared teeth from behind, an escalation answered and checked by the sylveon's fighting posture.

"Magni, you've enjoyed your time here haven't you?"

The ninetales' muzzle warmed with a carnal heat and underscored her nod.

"And you'd be more than happy to come back once this investigation of yours wraps up?"

"Absolutely."

With that, Modi snarled. The blaze in her chest erupted, not as a stream of fire, but a lash of furious words. "I don't know what you've done to her, but you're not getting away with it. Undo this brainwashing or hypnosis or whatever, or I'll bring the full weight of the guild down on you. I'll make sure you rot for the rest of your life."

The greedent laughed, a sound that gnashed Modi's fangs. "You're not the first to try, and I'm sure you won't be the last." Lady Indigo took a step forward, a motion the arcanine answered by leaning back into Magni's stomach. "Maybe someone a little smarter and a little stouter will pull that off someday. But it will not be you, and it will not be today."

Lady Indigo stepped back and let that point sink in. In the beat that followed, Modi scrambled to recover and Magni squished her back into her softness.

"You know I'm not going to let you hurt her, right," the ninetales clarified. "So much as scratch her and I'll tear this place down to the ground myself."

The rodent raised her hands. "No one's threatening anyone." She gestured toward the sylveon, who backed down from his stance and passed a berry to her. "I prefer to solve my problems other ways."

The arcanine's muscles tensed when the greedent approached her once more, berry in hand. It took her a second to place the strange fruit. A blend of differing shapes and hues, it bore the hallmarks of several species. Its scent alone caught the investigator's attention, and when the greedent gave it a gentle squeeze, more leached into the air. That blend of signature smells kindled a heat in her core and a hunger in her chest, bringing to awareness the skipped meals of the day.

"This is a blended berry," Lady Indigo explained. "I'm still working on the name, and I won't go into the details of its creation, but this is the latest in a long line of experiments."

She paused, granting Modi a second to drink in its splendid curiosity. "This is from the cornucopia tree, isn't it?"

Lady Indigo smirked. "You have been paying attention. You've seen what happens to folks that eat these raw already. I imagine you passed many of them on the way here." She took a breath, as if trying to figure out exactly how to phrase what came next. "This one has been treated to enhance those effects, and you will test it for me."

Outwardly, Modi scoffed. Inwardly, however, the suppressed depths of her desire gravitated toward it. All those lustful wants and needs pressed against the edge of their bottle and cracked its glass. The hesitation in Modi's eyes betrayed her uncertainty, and the greedent's smirk broadened.

"You're not as hard to read as you think," the winery matron taunted. "I can see it in your eyes that you want this. Why not make things easier for everyone?"

An audible gulp came as her answer. Reason railed against hedonism, and the latter proved craftier than the former. Modi visualized Jenny in her mind's eye, the victim of a crime and the

objective of their mission. The details of her predicament overrode that vision, drawing focus to the umbreon's intense, endless bliss. The investigator flicked her inner eye to Magni, bound and on the verge of being overwhelmed. The softness of the ninetales' middle on her back derailed that focus, beckoning her toward indulgence. The investigator spiraled in gridlock as that pattern continued, until eventually, Magni spoke.

"Please, join me?"

Those three words would have brought her will to heel under the best circumstances. In that moment of weakness, their effect was explosive. Denied desires flooded conscious thought, spurring her to devour the offered berry from Lady Indigo's hand. Almost sickly sweet, a potent combination of flavors slammed her senses. Its viscous juice crept across her tongue and coated her whole mouth, sparing no taste bud from its power. The arcanine's eyes unfocused and her head swam, allowing subconscious action to guide the bulk of the berry to the top of her throat. A single swallow sent most of it to her stomach, and she spent the next several seconds licking at the corners of her mouth and savoring the rest of it.

"Good girl," Lady Indigo remarked.

Modi attempted to glare at the greedent, though the wagging of her tail demolished any chance of intimidation.

"There is one last thing I need. A formality really, since you've already eaten the berry and signed on. This just makes the book keeping easier." Lady Indigo reached into a satchel at her side and produced a small novel's worth of paperwork titled 'Fermentation Consent and Release.'

The scale of its contents made the arcanine second guess herself, a shift the greedent picked up on.

"It's not as scary as it looks, mostly. This states that you consent to becoming one of my living casks for a time and that anything you produce during your stay here is my property."

Modi spent a moment leafing through its pages before the nature of the document finally struck her. "You know all of this could have been avoided if you just showed us Jenny's paperwork, right?"

"This is my most important trade secret," she stated, gesturing around the basement. "It's hard enough to keep this under wraps without every single investigator out there knowing about it."

The arcanine struggled to find fault in that logic and dropped the issue with a shrug. She dipped the tip of her claw in an offered inkwell and signed her name, sealing her fate with a simple gesture.

The greedent grinned a broad, predatory grin, one quite unsettling on a rodent. She snatched the paperwork away, as if the investigator might change her mind. The instant that packet was secure, she turned her attention back to the arcanine.

"I must say I admire your devotion, diving in head first without reading so much as a word" Though the praise rung hollow, Modi didn't care. "Had I known you were this easy, I would have signed you on at the front gate," she chuckled.

The gravity of what she'd done began to sink in, and the arcanine's blood ran cold. "Wait, how long is that contract for?"

"Long enough," the greedent smirked. "I'll get this filed away, and I'll have my associate here get you situated." She motioned to the sylveon at her side. "Don't go wandering off now," she teased. "Or maybe do. It's going to be a long time before you can walk on your own again." With that, the greedent departed with a cackle that faded into the darkness.

Just Desserts

The thought of doing that flickered before her mind's eye, only to fade away just as swiftly. A deep, guttural moan from behind drew her attention, where she found Magni flushed with carnal heat. It blazed in her muzzle and resonated in her chest, a prolonged groan of bliss that the arcanine had only heard a few times before. The ninetales' legs shook with climactic tremors, and in the quiet granted by her breaths, Modi heard the faint pump of a mechanical piston. A sympathetic need sparked in her chest, and it caught well on the kindling of exposed needs. She circled Magni's middle and started for her back, only for a tight, narrow grip to clasp her shoulder.

Modi glanced to find the sylveon's ribbon on her shoulder, which she followed to the feminine pokemon himself. He only offered a playful smirk and a wag of his finger before a second ribbon lashed out, carrying with it a leather band. That soft strap circled the arcanine's thigh and snapped shut in the same motion, and from that anchor point, the sylveon reeled her in. That motion spun and disoriented her, a state not helped by the growing tingle in her stomach. When she finally came to rest, the arcanine found herself on cleared square of stone, the station that neighbored Magni. Just as she found herself, the sylveon summoned a fierce wind, one that ripped her clothes and carried off those tatters of fabric. Another band cinched around her opposite thigh, and faster than thought a padded leather harness followed.

Once the room stopped spinning, Modi's hand flew to her middle. The straps of leather that adorned her frame hid nothing and actually drew attention to her belly and chest. On top of that it left ample room to grow, a detail that would no doubt come into play. While that thought smoldered in the back of her mind, a click tickled

her ears. A short tug to her harness was her only warning before her world spun once more. Modi let loose a sharp yelp as the floor pulled away, leaving her suspended from darkness. She could only tremble as the pastel employee secured her in place, torn between anticipation and apprehension. The latter surged when he strapped a ring to her muzzle, a bit of cold metal that kept her jaw parted. The sylveon excused himself with a teasing wave, leaving her to ponder the depths of her decision.

The arcanine's thoughts did not stay on that matter for long. The pleasant tingle in her core grew in size and intensity, sweeping through her torso and into her chest. Tendrils of sensation crept in her ass and hips as well, but the majority settled in her belly. The urge to grope and explore herself dominated her mind, but her bound arms left no avenue to do so. She could only wiggle and squirm in her suspension, though to her delight, that seemed to be enough. Whether a manifestation of need or a simple matter of timing, that experimental berry took root in her essence. The effect was subtle at first, a twinge here, a pang there, but those sensations built toward something definite. Something Modi awaited with baited breath. She craned her head down as lust-laced patience wore thin, where the first outward signs of her transformation greeted her.

In the span of minutes, she joined the ranks of juice-stained employees. The first splotches capped the peaks of her breasts and saturated the curve of her paunch, where her budding production gathered. A low gurgle resonated through her as they spread, though their growth was short lived. Once those patches reached a maximum size, their hue deepened. With that came meaningful change to her body, an expression of rewritten purpose. The arcanine's breasts ached with the smoldering soreness of growth, an unmistakable sign of their swelling. A similar tautness strained the hide of her middle, etching light stretch marks beneath her dense pelt. The straps binding her arms and legs tightened with climbing weight, the start of a cycle that gradually bloated her figure.

Modi's descent into caskhood came in alternating waves. Juice stains crept across her figure, flowing and expanding with her figure, then paused to seep deeper into the fibers of her being. The changes to her physiology ran deep, and in the back of her mind, she wondered if they could ever be reversed. Her wider field of her thought, however, fixated on how fantastic it felt. Every motion, from twitch in her binds to sway through the air, was electric. It surged across her nerves, forging new paths of pleasure and rewriting other sensations as bliss. The gradual growth of her body opened entirely new lines of rapture, a process that slowly edged out all other sensations. The stretching of her hide heightened her sensitivity even further, until the gentle brush of air across her fur brought her racing to the edge of climax. The rest of the world shrank from her perception, too overloaded to consider anything else.

A shivering shudder ran down the length of her spine when those first droplets gathered on her nipples, expressed by a pressure that could climb no more. The mere touch of trickling juice spiked her nerves with pleasure, stoking a raging heat in her core. Modi's back arched as the ambient chill cooled her production, sharpening the contrast between herself the fermentation basement. Her toes curled as those indigo pearls gained enough mass to drop to the floor, snapping the lingering fluid back against her. The first fall caught her breath in her throat, and the second sent her core fluttering. With that her composure collapsed, brought down by sustained, overwhelming need. Her soft keening filled the air, a desperate plea for some kind, any kind of external attention.

Fortunately, it wasn't long before her calls were answered. Unfortunately, it was not the answer she so desired. The sylveon approached with a final piece of gear, a hunk of polished metal somewhere between tap and toy. He warmed it in his hands only briefly moment while he stepped to Modi's backside. A gentle nudge was all it took to spread her thighs and lift her tail, revealing a sex soaked with lust and anticipation. Her need carried the color of berries, a testament to the depth of her transformation. The

employee noted that detail with a nod, then brought the tool's pronounced bulb to her lips. Modi bit her lip and groaned while he teased it up and down her needy entrance, then tensed and trembled while he pressed it into place. It was a tight squeeze, rivaling the size of any knot she'd taken before, but with a little wiggling and levering it popped into place.

Shocks of pleasure resonated on her nerves as climax thundered through her body, sending her writhing in bliss. Those carnal motions tested the fit of her harness and the strength of her binds, both of which stood against her trembling bliss. All too soon she found her pleasure spent, and in the wake of afterglow, she swung helplessly from the rafters. A blissful calm swept over her body, though it lasted minutes at most. Her inner reserves of juice filled and swelled, and her figure shifted further under their influence. The arcanine's belly grew to greater and greater sizes, continuously surpassing the limit of what she thought possible. In the back of her mind she realized she should have already burst, a realization that sent a blissful shudder down her spine. Another echoed on her nerves when she wondered just how big she'd get.

Modi's inner pressure teased the limits of her endurance, toeing the line where discomfort and pleasure became one. A pair of steady streams leaked from her breasts, indigo trickles that rained into her shadow. The distinct aroma of wine wafted from that growing puddle, a detail that separated her from newly acquired peers. Where it took them considerable time to ferment their reserves, Modi produced the finished product directly. A faint buzz gathered clouded her thoughts on the heels of that revelation, and what few reservations she still retained washed away. A wanton moan spilled from her muzzle when that sylveon returned and placed a pair of cups on her breasts, which siphoned away her overflow with a gentle, pulsing pressure. That was enough to send her over the climactic edge, spurring the pastel employee to gingerly fix a gag between her jaws.

A constant onslaught of pleasure stole the investigator away from the world. Through lust lidded eyes she noticed Magni's gaze, an expression of mixed jealousy and concern on her face, before another rush of rapture squeezed them shut. From there, time blurred for the bloated canine. Endless cycles of climax and afterglow ushered her through minutes to hours to days, and the basement's lack of windows rendered that passage nearly impossible to track. That fact mattered little to the arcanine however, who filled the time between her juicings by teasing anyone and everyone who passed.

Most of those playful looks and shimmies targeted the sylveon who bound her, the employee tasked with relieving her boundless reserves. Modi learned his touch well, anticipating and savoring the skilled ministrations of his fingers. A single brush across her engorged nipples brought her to bliss, and his continued attention spurred that rapture to even greater heights. Though the passing of days mattered little to Modi, she learned the rhythm of his shifts intimately. Her production swelled in preparation of his arrival, brought on by the mere cadence of his footsteps.

Magni drew her focus just as much, her constant companion in experimental captivity. The imposing fox remained much more lucid, either spared from the same experiment or simply capable of handling her alcohol better. She watched over the arcanine with an unflinching eye, first with concern, then with relief and mirth. Still, that gaze hardened with workers' approaches. The sylveon seemed to get a pass, having earned her trust, but anyone else felt the full weight of her intimidation, until they proved they could handle Modi with perfect care. Though still chained, it appeared accepted fact that she could break free at her leisure. Under her partner's care, the seeds of regret never took root in the Modi's mind. Plans of breaking Magni free and bringing down the winery fell to the wayside, exchanged for a rapturous vacation with no end in sight.

Epilogue

Weeks later, Magni stood at the winery gates. A stay as long as hers would have a pronounced effect on anyone's figure, though they would be hard pressed to match the ninetales's transformation. Her towering height and imposing posture persisted, though several dozen extra pounds softened her presence. The ninetales' stomach and chest wobbled with the slightest motion, the latter unimpeded while the former railed against her juice-stained chest wrap. The curve of her middle hung low against her thighs, completely obscuring the fabric stretched across her hips. Her fattened ass swallowed the garment from the rear, completing the illusion of nudity from the waist down.

The natural icy blue of her pelt remained dominant, though patches of purples and blue broke up that plush expanse. Most concentrated on her chest and middle and resembled the spots of a cow, but her arms and legs hosted their fair share as well. Her brow furrowed in thought, mulling over precisely how to explain those stains to the other investigators. That train of thought derailed when a wetness seeped into her top, the expression of a lasting change in her anatomy. Despite Lady Indigo's best efforts to pump her dry, a fair few gallons of juice stubbornly sloshed on her frame. The majority lingered in her chest, maintained by a slow, constant generation of juice. A heat kindled in her core as a thought occurred to her, a notion that spurred her to look up and down the road. Her wagon was not yet in sight, and she seized upon her solitude.

Magni leaned her axe and satchel against the gate and pulled her top over her head, a motion that tested the limits of her finesse. A few threads popped in its removal, though the garment ultimately survived. The ninetales draped it over the top of her weapon, and

with freed hands massaged her chest. Electric touch lanced through her nerves, and her eyes fluttered. Conditioned by weeks of exactly that, her body responded swiftly. An ache accumulated deep in her chest, a sign of spurred production. The consequences of that spurted from her nipples seconds later, twin jets of juice that fell to the grass and dirt bellow. Her muzzle blazed with that relief, though pleasure-fueled production raced to undo her efforts.

Seconds bled into minutes as she lost herself in shameless bliss. Magni's matronly thighs ground together with swelling lust, easily slipping over each other with the aid of her lust. The essence of her carnal desire carried the hue of juice, another hallmark of her time spent at the winery. It filled the air with a sweet aroma, the start of a loop that fed back into itself. The ninetales' needy depths clenched and pulsed on empty air, which only served to soak her more. Her body craved to be used, conditioned to bring blissful heights along with buckets of juice. It would be ages before that need diminished, and in the meantime, she leaned into it.

Magni rolled the peaks of her breasts between her fingers, first with plush pawpads. That soft touch stoked the need in her core and loosened her up, allowing more and more juice to flow with each tug. Eventually, she surpassed her own production and the pressure in her chest fell. That relief neared the release of climax on its own, but didn't come with the typical, full satisfaction. To reach that height, she drew on a mote of self control and stayed her course. The ninetales teased herself until her breasts noticeably shrank, hopefully granting the capacity she'd need for the ride ahead. Once there, she gingerly pinched her blunted claws down on those sensitive nubs.

Lightning struck and Magni's back arched, locking her in a compromising pose. Chest out and legs wide, she rode out the bolt of her release, savoring the long, rolling pulses fostered by her slow build. A tremor through her muscles marked each pulse, and she only relaxed when a soft afterglow settled over her. The ninetales

released a breath she didn't realize she held and relished the moment, then relaxed and leaned against the gate post. The sun felt pleasant on her bare fur, and a cool breeze swept the field before her. The invitation of nature rang true, and while her solitude lasted, she indulged.

The long handle of her axe bowed as she leaned against it, idly waiting for her ride back to the guild to arrive. A grin and a blush warmed her expression while she recalled her time in the cellar, and her tails flickered with lingering sparks of arousal. The distant trundle of a wagon caught her ears, and a glance down the road revealed it cresting the last hill. Magni swiftly dressed and gathered her belongings, strapping her axe across her back and patting the satchel to her hip. A pang of concern hit in her chest, and as the wagon drew closer, she peaked into Modi's bag.

To her relief, everything was still there. The arcanine's notebook remained latched and untouched, along with their proof of guildship scrolls. Most importantly, the newest addition to those documents was in place. A considerable scroll weighed heavy in that bag, an official report penned by Magni and edited by Lady Indigo. The wax seal of the guild clamped the document shut, and two more flanked its sides. The first bore Magni's signature, and the second carried Modi's. Hopefully the case handler wouldn't mind the droplets of juice that stained its pages. Guilt flickered in her chest for just an instant, though a spark of lust chased it away. The arcanine got her vacation, and truly, the matter was a misunderstanding. A complicated, far-reaching misunderstanding, but it still counted. The ninetales didn't think about it too hard.

The wagon arrived and rolled to a stop, and the driver jumped down from their perch to open the door. Recognition flashed across the eevee's eyes for an instant, followed by confusion. "Just you?"

The ninetales nodded. "Just me. My partner is staying a little while longer on her own."

He nodded. "I'd do the same if I had the chance. I've been here a hundred times, but I've never actually been inside."

"You should stay sometime," Magni grinned. "My partner and I had a fantastic time, and I don't think either of us are going to forget it soon. They make the best drinks too."

"That's what I've heard! Though..." The driver's eyes scaled up and down Magni's figure. "They look like they might be hard to actually drink?"

Magni folded her arms over her belly. "We took the VIP tour. They gave us a real thorough look at how the wines get made," she explained. "Even made some ourselves."

"Ohh," the eevee marveled. "I'll have to get in before the season closes then. I've always wondered how they do it."

"Tell them Magni sent you, and I'm sure they'll show you everything you've ever wanted to know."

"I might just do that," he nodded. "Do you need some help into the wagon?"

"I've got it."

That first step took some negotiating. Magni raised her leg and planted a foot in the cart, a motion that bumped her knee into her belly. The sloshing that followed sent her stumbling, and by luck alone she kept her balance. The wagon's frame creaked when she grabbed a handle and hauled herself in, testing the limits of its capacity. The driver braced as every little motion tipped and bucked the unfortunate vehicle, until she eventually settled in. A beat passed, and when the axles didn't snap in two, he let out a breath of

relief. Wooden creaks and groans sounded out as they lurched into motion, a jolt that sent Magni wobbling.

The ninetales sighed and placed her axe and Modi's bag on the opposite bench. It was going to be a long ride without the arcanine, and a longer few days at the guild too. Still, she would be back soon. A smile curved the edges of her muzzle when she thought of Modi's bliss-drunk expression, and a heat rekindled in her core while she daydreamed about how she'd make up for time spent apart.

If you've read this far, thank you <3

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