

Enticingly Juicy



Vic Waite

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Enticingly Juicy.
-=*Rolling Hills II*=-
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A Gift for SmallerGod

As Jenny learns, being a berry at the Rolling Hills Winery has its perks and pitfalls. Both are amplified with her permanent condition. Still, she finds her niche and manages her role at the resort until a fateful tourist crosses her path. What starts as a stop at her peeling station escalates to more when Vic falls into the same state as Jenny. The desire to guide Vic through their new life brings the pair together, but a deeper desire thrusts them onto a new path, one that will have consequences for guests and employees alike.

Content Warning: This Short Story is intended for **Adult** readers and the following tags apply: Gift, (SmallerGod), Short Story, Adult, Female, Pokemon, Umbreon, Nonbinary, Hybrid, Berry, Transformation, Inflation, Perma, Bondage, Milking, Dom/Sub, [Vic], [Jenny], Rule 34

A Meeting

The soft pants of rushed breath filled the small room, separated by the labored rustled of sheets. Creaks and groans of strained wood joined the chorus, driven by the tossing and turning of a rounded figure. The umbreon's rings pulsed and glowed in time with the rhythm of her dream, a pace that quickened with the pounding of her chest. Jenny's thighs squished together with the guidance of an ephemeral lover, and her hips rolled along with those imagined motions. The heavy swell of her belly sloshed with those gentle motions, not unlike the ocean of a calm night. That calmness faded with the quickening of her breath however, and with those rising movements came tension. The umbreon's fingers tightened on the edges of her blanket, her toes curled with mounting bliss, and her tail lashed in pursuit of release. The pokemon's breath caught in her throat with her imagined lover's climax, and with that carnal snap came the unwelcome slap of consciousness.

Straddling the boarder of the real and dream worlds, Jenny pursued that fleeting thought. The umbreon's mattress creaked as she arched her back and spread her thighs, kicking off her blanket in the same motion. That damp fabric flew to the floor and landed with a slap, a sound that faintly registered irritation in the back of her mind. As she struggled to reach around the swell of her belly, that frustration peaked. The vaguely maternal swell of her middle blocked her reach and sloshed with every attempt to bypass it, a motion and sound that kindled her lust as much as it defeated it. A purple-tinged blush gathered in her muzzle while she struggled valiantly to just touch the swollen petals of her sex, though that carnal caress eluded her at every stretch.

The groans of her bed filled the small dorm as she bounced and rolled her hips, at that point simply hoping the slight breeze of motion would get her off. Unfortunately such desperation had never yielded results, and that morning would be no different. Minutes of fruitless thrusting and grinding against air dragged on, until her stamina waned and slowed those efforts. The juice-logged umbreon's need reached its zenith as the embers of desire smoldered and faded, leaving her with a tense void of non-satisfaction. The rings that adorned her shoulders and thighs flashed as a heavy sigh spilled from her muzzle, an unwilling admission of defeat. The notion of delving under her bed for a toy and trying again fluttered passed her mind's eye, though she dismissed that idea with a blush. It had been weeks since she'd been able to reach that space.

Reluctantly, Jenny blinked the rest her sleep from her eyes and hauled herself out of bed. It was a graceless motion, countered by the sloshing of her middle and the thickness of her thighs, recent additions that lingered far longer than they should have. The fluid that filled her form flowed and settled as she sat up, endowing her with curves not quite motherly or fat. Her belly bounced to rest on her thick lap, a thick, heavy, constant reminder of her recent career change. Another mark of her new field leaked from the peaks of her chest, staining her midnight fur with thin streaks of indigo. A few of those droplets fell into the sheets of her bed, adding new purple stars to a growing constellation upon her mattress. A more curious trickle leaked from the apex of her belly, the expression of a pressure that built constantly beneath her hide.

It might have been enough to drag her from bed, had the sight of her clock not done that for her.

Anxiety spiked in her chest and sent her waddling to her bathroom. It was modest chamber walled floor to ceiling in light tile, a purposeful contrast to the umbreon's presence and productions. A spout on one wall served as her shower, and a sink and toilet

completed the space. Jenny ignored those fixtures and leaned over a bar near the center of the room. Roughly waist high, it supported her saturated weight with little protest. With her foot she aligned the basin beneath with her shadow, then reached for her chest. Her breath caught in her throat with just a light touch to her nipples, and her body responded instantly. Those trickles of juice rose to thin jets at the promise of stimulation, then built to pulsing stream with pinching and pulling. Her eyes fluttered as she found her rhythm, and the smoldering lust in her core caught as the basin filled.

Seconds bled into minutes and Jenny lost herself to a trance. The sensation of emptying her reserves brought a specific satisfaction, one the umbreon had yet to completely figure out. Not purely carnal, it stoked a bliss that built like a deeper need. Not entirely spiritual, it fulfilled a desire that struggled to be defined. Jenny dwelt on those thoughts for just a fleeting instant before the gaze of her inner eye drifted elsewhere. Half-remembered visions from her dream captured her wandering thoughts, and she strove to recreate that imagined lover. The sound of her alarm lanced through that forming fantasy, however. Anxiety panged in her chest once again and drove her to wrap up.

She resumed her ministrations with utility rather than indulgence, and the sound of juice spraying against metal rang through the bathroom. It soon gave way to the duller sound of fluid jetting into fluid, a mark of the filling basin. Despite that progress, Jenny's reserves remained uncomfortably full. She pushed the limits of her speed until her fingers ached with effort, but it still wasn't enough to finish herself off. A final alarm cut her effort short, and with a tingling sting, she release her breasts. Residual trickles ran down her figure for a few seconds more, until her body sluggishly caught up with her intent. Two flavors of longing tingled on her nerves, but those desires would need to go unanswered. Her final act before dashing from the bathroom was to mark her basin for disposal, banishing the fruits of her production. Wasting it felt wrong, though she had little time to dwell on that idea.

The umbreon skipped the shower and breakfast that usually followed, and instead she reached into her wardrobe. Very few of the garments within still fitted her bloated frame, but fortunately the only one that mattered did. From its hanger she fetched an apron, a drab green cut of fabric adorned with the Rolling Hills Winery logo. Jenny hastily tied its straps behind her neck, though the pair around her waist gave her issue. Those lengths of fabric only just reached around her middle, leaving little to tie off. With a frustrated blush, she gave up after a few seconds. As long as she didn't move too quickly, the apron wouldn't flutter and expose too much. With that thought burning in her muzzle, she ignored the spots on her chest and pushed through her door to begin her day

The pleasant warmth of a late summer morning greeted Jenny as she stepped outside. Already the more industrious of her peers manned their stations, serving tourists and keeping the winery resort running. The novelty of such an atmosphere had not yet worn off, and Jenny reveled in it as she made her way across the grounds. A slight breeze kept her cool as she power walked, carrying with it the delectable scents of wines and pastries in the making. Her stomach rumbled its morning demand, and for a moment she resisted it. That waking appetite gnawed at her discipline however, and swiftly defeated it. She was already late, what was a few more minutes? With that in mind she took her detour to the market square, where a few familiar faces greeted her. A fattened alolan ninetales waved from her breakfast buffet, a veritable feast of breads and sweets. Crumbs fell from her muzzle as she nudged the arcanine at her side, a similarly bloated worker who greeted her with a smile and nod.

That gesture turned into a moment when a wetness teased Jenny's chest. Her step hitched before she checked her apron, and much to her relief, that little burst of juice failed to penetrate its fabric. A heated blush kindled on the arcanine's muzzle when she shared the umbreon's realization, and with it a sympathetic arousal. The beginning of a feedback loop sparked in Jenny's core and

inspired a spike in production. Her belly swelled a barely perceptible amount, just enough to send her apron swaying, but it was enough to draw a heat in her muzzle. As the arcanine sprung a leak, Jenny turned away and made her exit, snatching a berry danish on the way out. It took the edge off her hunger, but it remained in the back of her mind. The rings and rows of market stalls yielded to a wide open path as she continued, and the bustle of business faded to the sounds of nature. The rhythmic beat of rolling wagons rose above that ambiance as she passed the gates to the fields, then faded as she reached the warehouse.

The chill of its interior rushed from those double doors and bristled her fur before she crossed its threshold, and the cold fully embraced her as she stepped inside. Jenny hugged her apron to her curves as she adjusted, but fortunately, it didn't deter her from her work. A bevy of ice types greeted her as she walked between the towering shelves of cooled stock, some more familiar than others. The umbreon offered soft greetings and sheepish looks, intensely conscious of her leaking chest and late arrival. Still, she reached her work station without issue. A stack of near-freezing baskets waited for her, impatience evident in the growing lean of their tower. The careless addition of another nearly toppled the stack, though a quick save spared her a messy accident. Jenny bored a glare into the back of the culprit's head, then plucked the most precarious of the containers and poured it across her table.

In one hand Jenny took a peeler, and in the other a frost-firmed berry. With a practiced stroke she freed its skin from the bulk and tossed it to a bin at her side. Frigid juices leaked between her fingers when she tested the hardness of its core, and when it passed her inspection, found its way to a bin of its own. With the second berry Jenny found her pace, and with the third established a rhythm. Her mind wandered as her hands worked with a slight rush, and time passed in a haze as she lost herself in meditative peeling. The tower of her backlog diminished faster than it grew, and eventually, the evidence of her lateness vanished. The trance of her

rhythm persisted until a familiar voice entered the warehouse, accompanied by the murmurs of curious tourists. A faint heat kindled in her muzzle, and with approach, slowed her work enough to show it off to those interested.

That warmth only grew when the group reached her prep station. For a moment Jenny kept her gaze down, focused on her task, but with their sustained attention flickered a desire. In the motions between placing a peeled berry aside and plucking a new one, she chanced a glance up to her audience. The vast majority watched her hands while she deftly freed the juicy center of her target, but an instant's worth of investigation revealed the others. She felt the weight of a delphox's gaze on her middle. The corners of an espeon's muzzle curled with a knowing smirk. The weary glance of an absol sent a subtle shiver down her spine. A twist of shame and pride buzzed in her chest, and as the guide droned on, it migrated into the core of her being. A flash of spurned arousal snagged her breath in her throat, but by then the group's attention fell elsewhere. The agron shepherded them on, with the exception of a single, lingering tourist.

The umbreon did her best to ignore that attention, a task that grew more difficult by the second. The tourist's appearance only compounded that challenge. They were a curious hybrid of a zoroark and miltank, in apparent defiance of their biology. The figure was lithe and thin, dark-furred on the front with a lighter grey filling their back. A long ponytail of brown hair flowed from their head, held in check by a purple bead near its end. The faintest impression of tummy nipples peeked through their fur, and a modest chest offset the rest of their slender frame. The true give away to their mixed heritage poked through their hair, a pair of horns unmistakable as those of a miltank. A thought crossed her mind, a stray notion that caught like kindling. They would look fantastic bloated and swollen with production.

Jenny's body latched onto that idea hard and fast. The faint tingles and pressures of production percolated through her form, and as swiftly as the resulting gasp fell from her lips, twin splotches of juice soaked her chest. Her muzzle blazed as those trickles flowed down the curves of her breasts. She could only hope her apron was thick enough to conceal that wetness, but checking herself in front of a tourist was out of the question. Instead, she gaged the saturation of her top by the tourist's reaction and chanced a look into their eyes. A clear answer to that question eluded her, but what she found was better. Captivation painted their face, the zorotank unable to look away. The heat in Jenny's muzzle only deepened, which in turn cracked her discipline.

Reflexively she slipped a hand beneath her apron and squeezed her breast, a gesture that both relived and exacerbated the moment. The pressure in her chest declined, though the carnal desire in her core burned brighter. An instant of lucidity stayed her had before that next grope however, and her eyes widened with realization. Embarrassment ripped her hand from her chest, and she stammered an apology in recovery. Flustered, she nearly ruined the next berry she attempted to peel and nearly missed casting it into her container. The umbreon's distracted thoughts did eventually string into coherent words, but when she looked up to explain herself, the zorotank was gone. A glance up and down her row revealed no sign of them, a detail that brought only confusion. With a breath, Jenny shrugged and put that moment behind her.

As she fell back into her rhythm of peeling and tossing, just before she finished filing that encounter away in her mind, a detail snagged her attention. Jenny's breath hitched as she turned to the basket of peeled berries, and panic panged in her chest as she struggled to recall which was the last she touched. Where she swore it had landed, there was only empty air. The berries that surrounded it were not the same type as what she had accidentally tainted, and that discrepancy inspired fear. A quick survey around the basket revealed nothing, and reluctantly, she convinced herself she had

made a mistake. To be safe, she scooped out several of the berries she thought it touched and set them aside for disposal. The umbreon breathed a sigh of relief and returned, though her mind lingered on the zorotank for some time. What a sight it could be to see them as a producer, and what a delight it would be to claim them as an attendant.

Jenny's middle wobbled and sloshed slightly heavier with that notion, and that fantasy fueled her daydreams while her shift dragged on.

Eventually, the hybrid fell from Jenny's mind and she returned to her work. She slipped back into her practiced ritual of picking and peeling berries, and another tour group came and went. The passing of tourists did little to shake her focus, though the other commotions of the warehouse caught her ear. Every so often, just slightly more often than usual, a denizen of the of the central office darkened the warehouse's doorway. Their mere presence straightened her posture and rushed her productivity, a burst of effort that dissipated the instant they departed. That break to her rhythm was at most a mild irritation, though against her otherwise great day, the blemish stood starkly.

The morning sun arced across the sky, and the patch of its light migrated across her table. As noon approached and her quota neared, Jenny relaxed her pace. Her thoughts wandered to the lunch ahead and the possibilities beyond, a musing that brought a rumble to her stomach. The umbreon spared a moment to rub her rounded paunch, a gesture that brought to attention her swollen reserve. That simple motion sent her middle sloshing, a sound that in turn brought a heat to her muzzle. It deepened as the sensation of filling set upon her, threatening to spark a runaway cycle of desire and expansion. With a collecting breath, she nipped that possibility in the bud and reigned in those carnal needs. A glance up and down her row confirmed that only her coworkers were present, and in that safe company she resolved to sneak away for an emergency juicing.

Before that first step from her station, however, the sharp clack of heels against treated wood twitched her ears. The umbreon's blood ran cold, and the notion of abandoning her post vanished in an instant. She scrambled for a berry and fumbled her peeler, only just slipping back into her work as the winery's owner approached. She kept her head down and feigned focus at the staccato of her footfalls neared, an act that unfortunately cracked when that rhythm stopped just feet away. Jenny continued her work for another second, hoping against hope that the greedent would move on, but that desire went unfulfilled. With the clearing of a throat, Jenny's focus flicked up.

Across the known and unknown worlds, there were few beings that matched the disconnect between Lady Indigo's appearance and demeanor. The greedent was shorter than most, and a full head shorter than Jenny. Despite that, the umbreon felt as though she looked up to the coffee brown squirrel. The soft curves of her cheeks framed a frown of depthless irritation, and the sharpness in her eyes placed that inconvenience on Jenny herself. The force of that glare could have pinned the umbreon to the wall, but it instead remained indeterminate. Lady Indigo looked her up and down, surveying the leaking fox as she would a berry, and only after her appraisal did she speak.

"I have a special assignment for you." Her tone was that of a coach, scraping the bottom of her barrel for options. "I have an unplanned addition to the producing line, and all my qualified attendants are tied up."

The umbreon waited for the question that followed, though the greedent never gave it voice. "And you want me to orient them?"

"Good to see you taking the initiative for once," Lady Indigo chuckled. "I've already told your manager. Follow me."

Without pause, the winery's owner took off down the corridor. Despite Jenny's height advantage, she struggled to keep up with the motivated rodent. The sounds of huffing and sloshing followed the beat of Lady Indigo's heels as they walked, a brisk pace that tested the umbreon. Heedless of her employee's stamina, the rodent pressed on and explained.

"If there is such a thing as a happy accident, this is it. I don't know how this keeps happening, but this zorotank's case appears similar to yours. It's hard to say for sure this early, but they'll be joining you in quarantine. It also means you're in a unique position to handle them, despite your lacking qualifications."

Outwardly, Jenny sighed with her boss's comment. Inwardly, hopeful curiosity sparked in her chest. What were the odds of more than one zorotank gracing the winery in one day?

"Focus on the basics for now. Get them hooked up to the juicer so they don't leak everywhere, and only tell them what they need to know." Lady Indigo paused. "But whatever you do, do *not* let them leak. I don't need this permanent berry thing running through my winery and ruining productivity."

The umbreon rolled her eyes.

"I mean it," Lady Indigo snapped, without looking. "My empire only runs because not everyone stays bloated and blue all the time."

The owner continued on her train of thought, following threads of theories on what caused berry symptoms to become permanent. She waxed on biological factors and pondered the phases of the moon, all discussion of which went over Jenny's head. While usually interested to hear theories on her state, the tangible sensations of her condition eclipsed her curiosity. A blush kindled in her muzzle and confirmed that sentiment as she cradled her belly, a vain effort to stifle its sloshing as they walked. Despite the umbreon's efforts,

the noise only stopped when the pair arrived at their destination. Lady Indigo stopped before a nondescript door, causing Jenny to nearly walk into her. A quick step avoided that disaster, though she still earned a withering glare. A sheepish look mostly absolved her of guilt, and the portly squirrel threw the door open.

Inside was a familiar sight. Jenny's juicing station waited for her, far from those of her peers and free from risk of contamination. With it was a freshly assembled neighbor, complete with its occupant. The umbreon's eyes met the zorotank's, and both a blush and grin spread across her muzzle. The hybrid's gaze dropped with an equally potent heat, and a twitch in their narrow bovine tail betrayed thoughts of similar delight. Possibilities danced before the eye of Jenny's mind, each of them indulgent and decadent. She envisioned the hybrid's progress while Lady Indigo droned on, from the swelling of their belly with juice to the sweet sounds that might spill from their muzzle in juicings. It sent a spark and thrill through the umbreon, and introduced the scent of berries and desire into the air.

Eventually the greedent reached the end of her speech and took a breath. "But that's not anything you need to concern yourself with," she concluded. "Just get them hooked up and we'll get the head of development down here to handle the rest."

Jenny suppressed a shudder and then nodded. Something about that salazzle always put her on edge.

The umbreon shook that thought from her mind as the greedent left, granting the remaining pair some privacy. The blush in Jenny's muzzle returned as she took a step toward the zorotank, who mirrored the sentiment when her belly sloshed.

"What's your name?"

"Vic," the zorotank answered. Even in that single syllable their voice trembled.

“Do you know how you got like this?”

The hybrid shook their head. “I must have eaten something that didn’t agree with me. I mentioned I was feeling a little bloated, and they brought me here?”

The umbreon’s brow arched. “What did you eat?”

“Just some free samples,” they shrugged.

Doubt lingered in Jenny’s mind, but she didn’t press it. Instead, she reached behind her neck and untied her apron, freeing it to slide down the juice-moistened curves of her figure. “Well, let me show you what you’ll be doing for the next couple days.”

The hybrid watched with rapt attention, and the focus of their gaze sparked in Jenny’s chest. The heat in her own muzzle intensified while she fetched a sample cup from the room’s table and brought it to her chest, pressing its lip to her nipple. That soft pressure was enough to draw a soft gasp and low trickle of juice. A thin puddle of production gathered on the cup’s bottom, and a single squeeze filled it considerably. Her breath hitched and broke on a soft moan, an utterance of indulgence that clearly reached her protoge’s ears. A thrill ran down her spine and her tail lashed when she watched the inferno in their muzzle blaze higher, driven by a desire that brought them a step closer. Their tongue glided over their lips in their continued approach, a gesture echoed by a faint rumble in their middle.

In that instant, conflict clashed in Jenny’s chest. Reason battled with desire, responsibility with indulgence, while she massaged her chest and filled the cup. A jealous pang of her peers tipped that balance, ignited by thoughts of other producers and their attendants. Her thighs squished together as she recalled the intimate juicings by hand witnessed over her time in the winery, the

last reinforcements needed for one side of her mind to beat the other. Before she fully registered the motion Jenny reached out and cupped the back of their head, then pressed their muzzle to her nipple. Shock and regret flashed across her face for only an instant, before a rumbling purr resonated through her new employee.

With greed and hunger, they drank from Jenny's reserves and filled their stomach. A hint of regret tried to spoil the moment, though Lady Indigo's remark spared it. If the zorotank was probably already like her, there was no harm in nudging them a little farther down that path. With that thought in mind her grip tightened. Vic leaned into that unspoken command with apparent delight, redoubling their efforts and swiftly draining her chest. Without request they moved to her other breast, a fortunate development considering the umbreon's state. Her breath quickened and her pulse raced, driven by the twining of pleasure from juicing and being juiced. The raw carnal relief that came with expression coupled with the unexplored bliss of feeding another, kindling emotions that laid long dormant in the fox's chest.

Vic lingered in that embrace for a moment after emptying her reserves, a devotion that spurred Jenny to pat their belly.

The soft slap sounded through the room, followed by a gasp. That little blow was all it took to shatter the hybrid's illusion, revealing the true extent of their transformation. Reality wobbled, and a sloshing boulder of a belly spilled from the hybrid's waistline. Space yielded to a pair of hips wide enough to demolish doorways, leaving Jenny to wonder just how they snuck around with such a stature. The light and dark greys of Vic's pelt melted into a sea of blues and purples, showcasing the advanced state of their condition. Trickle of indigo leaked from the peaks of their chest, but more tellingly, splotches of blue stained their inner thighs. An instant of shock passed before she fit the pieces together, and a broad smirk crossed her muzzle. Desires merged, and she couldn't stop herself from acting upon them, even if she wanted to.

“Oh, you naughty thing,” she chuckled. “Someone’s going to have to punish you at least a little for this~”

A Task

A look of worry flashed across the hybrid's face, an expression Jenny answered with a touch to their belly. One hand followed the other, and before long she explored the plush curve of its expanse. Vic's breath caught in their throat while she kneaded and grouped that dough, from the tender swell of its lowest roll to the flabby overhangs of their love handles. Soft moans punctuated their breaths as she closed in on the front of their belly, though she paused just before touching their begging teats. A questioning look confirmed their consent, and once given, she descended on those sensitive points. The umbreon's careful, ginger attention drew them to prominence, where she lavished them with more attention. Already their hue shifted from a dark grey to a deepening purple, a sign of fairly extensive transformation. The trickles of indigo at their tips supported that suspicion, and their development kindled a deep, bashful heat in the hybrid's snout.

"Oh, you've really done a number on yourself," Jenny remarked. "We're going to need a heavier harness for you."

A heat kindled in the zorotank's muzzle, and it blazed full bright when Jenny opened a small wardrobe tucked into the corner of the room. From its rack hung a handful of harnesses, assemblies of brown leather straps and metal buckles. A hum of thought resonated in her chest while she pondered her selection, a thread that sparked a similar heat in her core. The smallest of her set hadn't fit in months, and its difference with her current harness clearly marked her progress. Her gaze drifted passed it to the next step up, which she appraised with a critical eye. She turned to Vic and back several times while she struggled to feel out the dimensions, only to end that line of thought with a shrug. There was no better option.

The jingles of those straps and buckles sent a visible shudder through the zorotank's corpulent frame, a sight that inspired a flutter in Jenny's chest. The apprehension in their eyes climbed with the umbreon's approach, a response she countered with a soft hush.

"You really only have yourself to blame for this," she cooed. "I don't know how many times you broke the rules and ate something you weren't supposed to, but I can take a guess." She grabbed a handful of Vic's plush flab and jiggled it fondly, igniting the hybrid's muzzle with a bashful blaze.

"What's that for?" Their voice trembled with equal parts interest and uncertainty.

"It's for you," she smirked. "You're going to need a good juicing soon, and this makes it easier to keep everything in place while that happens."

The hybrid tipped their head, still unsure of what they'd gotten themselves into.

"You're going to swell up with juice, very fast and very soon," she teased. "We have to get it out of you without spilling it everywhere."

"Do we really need the harness for that," they stammered. "Is it going to hurt?"

Jenny leaned in close, a feat complicated by the scale of the zorotank's belly, and whispered a truth. "Not entirely, but it's going to look so good on you." She reached around the hybrid's neck and latched the collar of the harness shut, a sound that made their knees wobble. "It won't hurt a bit. In fact, you're going to love it."

Whether Vic believed her or not didn't matter. Their body believed her, and those twin thoughts rooted deeply in their core. A

huff of submission spilled from their lips, and they offered wordless assent as Jenny diverted her attention to the harness itself.

Though intimately familiar with the indecent garment, the umbreon only knew the broad strokes of putting it on. More often than not, a gloved attendant helped with that. Jenny struggled to recall the process, then moved through its first steps. She draped the belts of its chest across Vic's breasts and down their back, then nudged the hybrid's arms up to connect the halves. The subtle rolls of those limbs sagged and swayed once lifted, and she couldn't resist pinching that dough before fastening the clasps. A touch of adjustment brought a pair of rings in alignment with Vic's nipples, a detail the umbreon checked again and again before tightening it all down. The arrangement left their belly bare, a foreshadowing of growth that heightened the heat in Vic's muzzle.

That blush only intensified as Jenny crouched at their side. A shiver ran the length of their spine when she traced her fingertips across the outside of their hips, admiring their width and gaging their softness. Plus layers of flab dominated any muscle that might have been beneath, from the rounded globes of their ass to the thighs that supported it. Jenny gave those curves a teasing squeeze and moved the harness into place, centering a ring that clasped shut around the base of their tail. Another set of straps wrapped around to their front, and once secured, vanished under an overhang of belly and love handles. There was no belt to work between the zorotank's thighs, a fortunate development given how thoroughly their thighs squished together, but that didn't stop the umbreon from exploring those crevasses.

Vic's breath caught in their throat when Jenny spread their cheeks and exposed the base of that valley. A snug pucker flexed in time with their pulse and quivered with the touch of ambient air, though that was not nearly as interesting as what lived below it. Faintly indigo arousal gathered on a pair of feminine lips like dew, and beneath that a modest sac battled for space between their

suffocating legs. A pang of shock flashed across the umbreon's muzzle, surprised by their equipment, followed by a low, rumbling purr.

"You are just full of surprises aren't you?"

It wasn't clear if Vic heard that murmured approval, but they certainly felt the touch that followed. Carefully, delicately, Jenny traced a finger over those sensitive folds and down the back of the zorotank's virility. A shuddering moan leapt from their chest and their muscles seized. With their recovery came a drip of need from both sexes, purple and berry scented. The desire to lean into that abundant need and tease the hybrid to climax flashed in Jenny's mind, countered by the gravity of the zorotank's position. There was no telling how many forbidden treats they had snagged along the way, and that unknown drove their transformation passed what anyone seemed to realize. Getting them juiced was more important than sating her carnal desires.

There would be time for that later, anyway.

Jenny backed off and let the hybrid's arousal stew, then secured the last of their harness. A pair of straps across the tops of their thighs completed the look, even if it was a strained look. Even opened to their maximum length, the bands fit snug against their flab, right on the cusp of being too tight. If Vic swelled any more, they could become an issue. With that consideration in mind, she stepped back and admired the rest of her work. The rich brown belts contrasted nicely with the zorotank's fur, and the support it offered brought out some of their best features. The shifting in their hips revealed their opinion on it as well.

In the shadow of their stomach, Vic's lust lifted that lowest roll of blubber. A viscous strand of juice-tinted arousal dripped from the length of their spire, an open broadcast of approval for their new attire. The more subtle shifting of their hips outlined their inner

eagerness, and the rising scent of desire only further underscored their anticipation. Those signs called to the umbreon with an unexpected urgency, one that matched the subtle creaks and groans of their swelling figure. In her mind's eye Jenny recalled her first juicing and the intense arousal that came with it, and the impulse to alleviate that confronted her professional duty. A trickle of fluid from the zorotank's middle swiftly ended that internal discussion however.

Jenny stretched a length of leash between her hands, then brushed up to Vic's side. While the hybrid watched and relished her closeness, the umbreon reached for the loop of their collar and connected that length. A gentle tug confirmed its catch. "You're going to love this," she murmured.

Something in her voice inspired hesitation in the hybrid, and a whine keened in their chest. That pleading sound drew a grin across Jenny's muzzle, which only widened when she their leash. Vic lurched toward the juicing station and stumbled, a motion that brought its crossbar to their chest. Jenny sashayed to the front of the kneeling hybrid and wrapped that leash around an anchor point. She hummed to herself and fetched a pair of pillows, then circled to Vic's side. With just enough strength to be insistent she lifted one of their legs and placed the cushion under their knee. The zorotank obliged for the second and lifted before Jenny arrived, earning an affectionate pat from the umbreon.

The hybrid's belly swung low beneath their frame. It swayed with the soft flows of their breath and sloshed with the adjustment of their hips, a clear sign of approaching ripeness. Jenny knew that a glance only provided part of the picture, however. With a slosh of her own she crouched down beside the hybrid, then reached into their shadow and surveyed their middle. A half-stifled moan spilled from Vic's muzzle when she pressed a paw to the upper swell of their belly and examined their stomach. The softness of that curve yielded deeply to her touch, an indication that whatever was in the hybrid's stomach before, wasn't anymore. Her brow furrowed with

that discovery, perplexed by that diversion from expectation. She continued her survey.

Vic arched their back as Jenny reached their chest. That simple motion pushed those modest swells out, an invitation the umbreon gladly indulged. The straps at their sides and rings at their peaks shaped them well, and a gentle squeeze brought a soft groan from the hybrid. The firmness of volume resisted the pressure of production, and that slight conflict expressed in twin trickles of juice. Thin purple fluid seeped into their fur and stained its grey purple, adding another outer mark of their inner state. Jenny expected to find that reserve, though its size raised further question. The zorotank should have more stored up. She was missing something, and as Vic raised their hips and lifted their belly, she realized what it was.

Jenny knelt to the ground and peered under Vic's swaying belly. Only a scant few inches separated that plush grey expanse from the floor, a gap that widened and narrowed with the flow of their breath. A few drops of juice fell from the ridge of their navel, where the tributary of their breasts naturally ran, though significantly more trickled from their teats. Those prominent points dangled and swayed with the every motion, which in turn coaxed more juice from their peaks. Jenny watched the puddle beneath spread for just a moment, then reached under and groped the hybrid's curves. Vic's posture faltered with that first squeeze, but once braced, took the next touches with only slight huffs. An arch of their back bared more of that surface for exploration, an invitation she was compelled to indulge.

Mystery solved, Jenny's survey took a new tone. She raked her fingers across the sensitive swell of their belly, relishing the plushness of Vic's fur. The relatively shaggy coat that adorned most of their body gave way to silken smoothness along their midsection, a texture that begged for lavishing and attention. The hybrid's breath quickened under those eager ministrations, soon laced with

needy pants and huffs. Their quartet of teats trembled with the quivering of their thighs, swelling the slow trickle to soft rainfall. Jenny marveled at ease with which Vic gave their bounty, a momentary lapse that brushed her hand across one of those sensitive nubs. The zorotank's breath seized in their chest, and with a bolt of over-stimulation, they kicked out. The sharp crack of claw against glass split the air, along with their juice tank. A vicious crack ran its length from top to bottom, rendering the container useless. Jenny's body froze, and her mind raced.

The idea to call up the chain of command for help struck Jenny first, though it left a foul taste in her mouth. If what Lady Indigo said was true, there were few other producers available to help. Her request could potentially make it to the greedent herself, or worse, that salazzle. Jenny's head swam with the mere memory of her presence. Alternatively, she could find a bigger juice tank for the zorotank. It would be easier to bring them to the vessel than the other way around, given the size she'd likely need, and that presented issues in itself. Taking Vic through the winery while they still leaked presented a major risk, but so did overflowing their container. Plus, the idea parading her protoge around the ground by leash sparked a curious fire in her core. In that instant, she made up her mind.

Vic watched with bovine curiosity while Jenny freed the leash from the milking bar. She took its loop into her hand and wrapped its end around her wrist, and wordlessly, she made for the door. The hybrid watched with interest at first, heat still blazing in their muzzle. They only comprehended her command when Jenny gave that lash a gentle tug. Their collar bunched the rolls of their double chin and nudged them from their hands and knees, spurring them to stand. A smirk crossed the umbreon's muzzle while she watched their flabby bulk bounce and sway, first from that encumbered rise, then the ponderous waddle to her side. She cupped the side of their muzzle and rewarded that effort with a quiet "Good pet," draped an apron

far too small for the zorotank over their leaking curves, then embarked for the juicing floor.

Instantly, immediately, Jenny felt the eyes of her peers upon her. The details of her contagious condition was no secret, and they watched her with a gambit of expressions as she waddled through the warehouse. Most gave her a wide berth and steered clear of the droplets left in her wake. A small part of the umbreon felt the shame of a pariah in that moment, but the leash in her hand twisted that into something else. Her eyes glittered with the realization they paid her a respect similar to Lady Indigo's, a realization that straightened her posture and raised her gaze. She lumbered with an uncommon confidence, a sentiment that expressed itself in a the tension of Vic's leash.

That tug eased after just a moment, a palpable change that drew Jenny's attention backwards. The smirk from her muzzle dropped, a change that gave the zorotank pause. She no longer guided a bloated, sloshing berry-to-be to the juicing floor, but the lithe tourist that first stopped at her stand. A bashful smile crossed Vic's snout under her stern look, and they folded their arms beneath their chest with her approach. The umbreon stopped a step away, where she knew the edge of their belly waited in concealment, then grabbed its sides and smooshed it in. The air around the hybrid shimmered and distorted, with that grope, and corpulent pounds spilled back into reality. A smirk crossed Jenny's snout as her hands glided beneath their ill-fitting apron, seeking out the ridge of their navel. That increasingly tight boulder of flab bounced with the flick of her finger, sending a wave of pressure through the hybrid's form.

The umbreon draped herself over the slope of that bountiful middle, mirth and discipline in her eyes, and murmured to Vic. "None of that. Naughty berries don't get to hide what they've done to themselves."

Vic's muzzle blazed.

Confident in her point, Jenny pressed on and resumed their trip. The sloshes and wobbles of her own middle sounded out with every step, though fortunately, the tidal sounds of Vic's ponderous lumbering drowned out her own notes. The slaps of their belly against their thighs lent that formless noise a rhythm, a slow beat that decelerated with their waning stamina. A part of Jenny rang sympathetic, hauling around gallons of juice was not the easiest thing, though her wider thoughts focused on keeping the hybrid going. A smirk crossed her muzzle each time she gave that leash a gentle tug, reveling in the huffs and sloshes that followed in its wake. It was music to her ears, and she directed that song from the warehouse's towering shelves to the tighter corridors of the fermentation wing.

The change in the air was palpable. The shivering chill of refrigeration gave way to the pleasant cool of conditioning. Shelves brimming with berries yielded to towers of wooden casks, their lids marked with dates and pictograms. The umbreon waddled the path between them without issue, though the zorotank struggled with their groaning hull. The space was not so narrow that it caught Vic's hips, but their creaking width still bumped its walls. Adjusting away from one side collided them with the other, and through that ping-ponging they followed Jenny's path. Both of them breathed a sigh of relief when they stepped into a clearing in that forest of fermentation, dominated by a cask twice as wide and tall as any other. Confusion furrowed Vic's brow while they appraised the written and overwritten marks on its lid. Confidence glittered in Jenny's eyes when she strode passed them and placed a hand on that colossal barrel.

The umbreon's fingers glided over that sealed surface, until eventually, she found a seam in its finish. With practiced effort she worked a claw into that minuscule gap, and a grunt of effort announced her success. The split in the cask lanced vertically from her touch, a widening gap that opened on groaning hinges. Vic's

perplexed look only became more so as the light of the clearing spilled into the void within, revealing a broad, worn staircase into unknown depths. Those heavy panels ground to a halt long before sweeping through their full arc, curtailing that unveiling and raising more questions than answers. Jenny took a moment to recover from that burst of effort, then stepped back. An empty beat passed while Vic looked to her, heat burning right in thier muzzle, only for her reply to stoke it higher.

“Berries first,” Jenny offered.

That invitation carried the weight of a command, and the zorotank felt no urge to deny it. With a hasty nod they waddled ahead of the umbreon, then hesitated just before the entrance. The stairs before them descended into sweet, moaning darkness, a combination of sounds and scents that gave the hybrid pause. A prod from Jenny sent them on their way, only to reveal a larger problem. Vic’s first step across that threshold crashed their hips into its frame, and other wedged them between its supports. They looked to Jenny for help, muzzle ablaze, an expression the umbreon couldn’t help but smirk at.

“Your misbehavior has really caught up with you,” she chuckled. “Try turning to the side.”

Vic obliged, and heavy sloshes filled the air while they navigated the hull of their body. The bloated apron of their middle slapped against their thighs with every labored step, a sight that kindled a sympathetic need in Jenny’s core. The squish of her thighs smooshed together while she watched her protege side step through that passage, an approach that at least got them farther. A pang of concern rang in her chest when Vic’s belly scraped the frame, a touch answered by the squish of their ass against the post’s counterpart. Still, the softness that lingered on their frame granted a few more inches and spurred them to continue. That careful progress ground to a halt before the apex of their middle however, and a released breath wedged them firmly in place.

Jenny laughed under her breath. "How bad are you stuck?"

Vic answered with a slosh, the result of trying to lurch free. "Pretty stuck," they whined. Another attempt to break away spilled trickles of juice across the floor, unleashed by uneven pressure across their frame.

An edge crept into her voice. "Don't struggle too much, you'll just leak juice everywhere and make it worse." Though far from the first time something like this had happened, it was the first time with a quarantined berry. While Vic calmed down and stemmed their flow, Jenny's thoughts raced. Grease would be helpful, but she had none on her person. Leaving Vic alone while she ran to an emergency kit would be less than ideal, not to mention the attention such an act would grab. Going home for hers would raise fewer questions but take considerably longer, but it seemed like the best option. Jenny wavered on the edge of that choice, and the first sounds of her explanation passed her lips, but the click of heels against stone derailed her train of thought.

Jenny's chest dropped with realization. The thought of explaining herself to Lady Indigo instilled a distinct fear, and it would likely mean a demotion, but it wouldn't be the end of the world. In the space between those footfalls she cobbled together the start of her reasoning, lines of thought that felt flimsy in retrospect, but that dropped to the wayside as well. As the official drew closer, a new sound crept into perception, the sound of smooth scales over stone. The umbreon's heart stopped and panic laced her breath. Vic shot her a worried look, an expression that only became more so when Jenny charged them down. Their combined grunts sounded out and rolled between the lines of casks with her impact, a blow the wedged them a few inches deeper and spilled gallons of juice.

"What ar-"

"Shush," Jenny hissed. "We can't let Empress catch us."

Their worry turned to confusion, then to fear. "Why?"

The umbreon shuddered, a gesture betrayed by the heat in her muzzle. "Trust me, you're better off with me. Now get moving!"

To their credit, Vic did their best to do just that. Firmly wedged into the door frame, there was only so much they could do on their own. Jenny's gaze flicked between the stuffed zorotank and the nearing source of the steps, increasing desperation in her eyes. That budding fight or flight instinct resolved in another shove to Vic's hip, a blow that gained an inch and lost another gallon of juice. The umbreon's foot slipped in that growing puddle before she mustered another charge, but thankfully, that lost, contagious product was a double edged sword. Slick with juice and down a considerable volume, it granted the edge Jenny needed to knock Vic through that last little bit.

She spared a wince for Vic as they tumbled down into the darkness and muttered a quick apology, a sentiment cut short by panic. The umbreon sloshed as she reached back and wrenched the hidden doors shut, throwing all of her weight into slamming them shut. Those heavy panels resisted that wrenching however, swinging slowly on their languid arc. Jenny's heart stopped when the salazle's shadow rounded the corner, and adrenaline surged in a final burst. A waving breath crossed her muzzle, and with that relief her strength departed. The desire to slump down in exhaustion tugged at her thoughts, but a groan from the base of the stairs cut that desire off. Vic still needed a proper juicing, and every second lost meant more juice to clean up later.

With that in mind, Jenny picked herself up, helped Vic to their feet, then ushered them to the juicing floor.

A Choice

With practiced familiarity, Jenny navigated the low light of the juicing floor. The darkness offered both cool comfort and privacy, though it didn't obscure everything. Indistinct shapes and silhouettes danced in the murk, sights and sounds that kindled the heat in Jenny's core and struck awe into her companion. Vic's steps lagged behind the umbreon's on several occasions, a lull corrected by gentle tugs to their leash. The smirk on Jenny's muzzle deepened with every pull, mirroring the eagerness that welled in her chest. Juicing was only a routine for the umbreon, a pleasurable one, but a common one. The thought of ushering a new recruit into that blissful world sent a flutter through her chest, an anticipation that quickened her step.

What awaited the hybrid was little more than a cushion on the ground and a set of milking cups. A large indent in its center showed the sizes of its previous occupants, and towering container at its side hinted at their production. Jenny circled the hybrid while they basked in the tank's sheer size, then snapped them from their trance with a pull to their collar. The growing weight of their middle pulled them to the floor, and with a resounding slosh, they came to rest. Trickle of juice spilled down their curves, shaken loose from the landing and spurred on by ramping pressure. That smoldering sensation brought the zorotank's hand to the peak of a breast, and their breath caught in their throat when they gave an experimental squeeze.

A bolt of bliss shot through Vic, overwhelming. It curled their toes and throbbed their nethers, but more importantly, lingered on their nerves. The hybrid's body begged for another touch, just a graze of the sensitive nipple, and Vic's finger returned to do just

that. Jenny snatched their wrist however, a tight hold that earned a keening whine from the hybrid. Gently yet firmly, she brought Vic's arm behind their back and wrapped a satin band around it. Anticipation panged in the zorotank's chest as she did the same with the other, then bound them with a budding skill.

The smooth fabric gave just enough to grant comfort without movement, leaving the hybrid helpless to her whims. Jenny took a moment to admire her work, and after confirming its quality, reached for the milking cups. The sounds of glass clinking against glass broke the relative silence, a result of the umbreon scooping up a bouquet of tubes. A press of her palm to each tip confirmed their idle suction, a detail that brought a grin to her muzzle. She locked eyes with her trainee and brought the first of the fixtures close, drumming up the apprehension in Vic's eyes. It melted the instant that cool rim kissed their chest, swept away in a burst of bliss brought on by its latch. A shuddering, wavering moan spilled from the hybrid's muzzle with that tug, and with it a generous burst of juice.

The zorotank's other breast proved even more productive, unleashing a trickle of juice in Jenny's mere presence. A pang of jealousy hit in her chest when she attached that second cup. Her own arousal blazed in sympathy, and for a moment, she wondered if her own juicings would ever feel that good. An errant brush across her chest dispelled that misgiving however, shocking her with a jolt of pleasure. A quick glance revealed the scope of her own growth, an issue that would soon demand her attention. There would be time for that once Vic was hooked up. A smirk and a blush adorned her muzzle as she crouched, bringing the far edge of the hybrid's belly in reach.

That chubby fold swung and swayed only inches from the ground, spurred into sloshing motion by the rolls and bounces of their hips. A flow of juice trickled from the ridge of their belly, but a quartet of much more enticing targets stole Jenny's focus. With a

tentative hand, she reached put and caressed the nearest of Vic's belly teats, exposed and swollen with arousal. A singular touch clenched their thighs tight and caught their voice, only to release in a subtle, almost inaudible moo. Something between milk and juice filled the umbreon's palm, and she only just resisted sampling the hybrid's fluid. Instead, she rubbed it into her hands and grabbed the cow's quivering teat.

Immediately, Vic collapsed. Strength drained from their limbs, and only reflex saved them from a swift meeting with the ground. With expectation on their side they weathered the second caress much better, and by the third, they leaned into it. Quiet huffs and moans punctuated each of their breaths, and what was initially a spurting trickle swelled into a proper flow. Jolts of bliss rocked and wobbled their figure with each addition, and before long, Vic's second and third teats spilled into the pump. Already a puddle rose within that massive tank, thought the solving of one problem created another. As Jenny affixed the third cup and reached for the fourth, she found only empty air. She fumbled for a moment against that dropped expectation, before properly turning to behold the scope of the issue.

She was one cup short.

Jenny considered leaving that last teat to leak freely, though its output spoiled that notion. It spurted in sympathy with its sisters, dousing the floor in a puddle that would soon expand passed their station. Given its contagious qualities, dumping it down the drain was not ideal. Heat burned in Jenny's muzzle when she considered latching on herself and drinking the excess from the tap, though that would only delay the problem at best, not to mention the long term consequences. The umbreon lingered on that thought a little longer than she should have, then revised her approach. A notion percolated in the back of Jenny's mind, and when she found no catastrophic fault in it, she put it to work.

Vic hardly noticed her return to their chest, but the removal of their milking cups lanced through their haze of hedonism. A whine keened in their chest as rivulets of juice streamed from their peaks, coaxed out and cruelly curtailed by the chilly ambiance. Jenny stroked the side of their cheek with affection and offered a calming smile, a gesture somewhat undercut when she took one of those loose hoses into her teeth. With freed hands she smooshed in Vic's chest, closing the slight gap between as a canyon of cleavage. The zorotank blushed fiercely as that pressure unleashed twin jets of indigo, and what protests that might have had fell to a low, indulgent moan. A gasp stifled that sound when Jenny tied a second band of silk around their breasts, holding those peaks together as she affixed a single milking cup to those united peaks.

The umbreon appraised her work and found it lacking. A look of disappointed consideration crossed her muzzle while she watched that overworked cup leak and sputter, dripping a torrent of juice. Still, it caught more than it lost, and that was good enough for her improvised repair. Plus, the constant pressure on Vic's breasts sent them into a heated spiral. Whether it was the mere idea of being bound so thoroughly or the physical sensations of it, the zorotank panted and begged before her, a needy mess of a pokemon. A thrill danced on her nerves with that sight, an impulse she indulged with aplomb. The umbreon traced a finger under Vic's muzzle and tipped their gaze up to her own, then crooned the words they both so desired.

"You've been very well behaved through all this," she smoldered. "Good berries get rewards, and you've earned yours."

Jenny crouched deep, a motion that tested the flexibility of her own bloated body, and flicked a switch nearly hidden in the floor. The hum of a pump filled the air and resonated through the ground, a subtle shake overshadowed by its first tug. The gentle grasp of priming suction gave way to the strong pull of extraction, a five-fold sensation that stole Vic's breath. Like swift rolling waves the second

drawing stroke struck before they could recover, searing their nerves with a high watermark of rapture. Jenny weakened the milkers before they passed out, but that weakening didn't come fast enough to bring Vic back from the precipice of climax.

The zorotank's toes curled and their eyes rolled back, flung over the edge into an orgasmic abyss. Juice surged into every tubes, driven by the concerted clenching of every muscle of their body. Pressure built and the pump struggled to keep up with that tidal wave, saved only by the imperfect seals at the cups and hoses. The successive bursts never quite matched that output, but they still put the machine through its paces. Ragged huffs and pants poured from Vic's muzzle in an effort to recover, but their stamina would never fully return. Even in the wake of such a potent release, the ceaseless tug of the milkers rekindled those spent embers. The chasm between Vic's body and spirit yawned wide, manifested in the shudders of rapture that rocked their form. Jenny began to wonder if she'd overestimated Vic's production, though a rumbling in the hybrid's figure put that notion to rest.

Whether brought on by bliss or a matter of timing, Vic's transformation truly took off. A rumbling thundered from their middle and their eyes crossed with bliss, unprepared for the carnal sensations of expansion. The hybrid's thighs squeezed together as their belly swelled, swiftly closing the gap between its bloating curve and the ground. The chill of the water-proof cushion contrasted greatly with the warm juice that swirled within, adding another wind to the maelstrom that battered Vic's perception. Their swelling tank spilled across the floor and took weight off their arms and legs, slowly, gradually lifting them from the ground. A pulse of panic pierced their thoughts when balance escaped, only for a combination of discomfort and pleasure to override it. The added pressure of their weight amplified the delight of expression, which in turn drove their transformation forward.

The lights and darks of Vic's grey pelt yielded to the deep blues of berries, staining their form both inside and out. The majority of their production flowed from their belly teats, the quartet of nubs every bit as sensitive as their cock. The floods that poured from their chest came in a close second, spilling out gallons by the minute. Even the hybrid's drool took the tint of the indigo fluid, a betraying just how deeply the berry's influence ran. It leached into their limbs as their middle swelled heavier and rounder, soon battling with their legs for space in their shadow. Pillows dragged across the saturated ground when that battle concluded, a landslide of a victory for Vic's belly. Their balance shifted like a raft on a wave, unable to reach the floor with arms and legs at once.

All the while that pump chugged on, siphoning off juice as swiftly as it could. The machine lost its lead when Vic rolled back onto their ass, settling the weight of their chest atop their over-productive belly. That change in posture came with higher pressures, and with those pressures came a blissful high. Vic tugged against the binds around their arms in an effort to indulge in that pleasure. When they inevitably failed to break free, they rolled their hips and squished the globe of their belly between their chest and the floor. Their thighs squeezed in and added more pressure to the lower sides of their overfilling middle, inspiring a pleasure that shorted senses. The hybrid's jaw dropped with a lust-drunk utterance of need, a sound somewhere between a moan and a moo.

Hopelessly pinned by the sloshing, groaning hull of their middle, Vic surrendered. The last dregs of apprehension they might have had spilled from their muzzle with a deep, guttural groan and a waterfall of juice. Their production peaked with that embrace, and what started as a modest workout for the pump devolved into a losing battle. Leaks sprang from more than just Vic's bound chest, and its mechanical hum took a distinctly distressed tone. The tubes connecting the cups faired little better, bowed out with a building back pressure. Most worryingly, the problems of Vic's overproduction flowed downstream to the hold tank itself. Seals stretched and

strained as the towering container reached and surpassed its capacity, allowing trickles of juice free from its flexing walls.

Jenny ignored the machine's pleas for help, enraptured by Vic's sudden, nearly explosive growth. She stood locked in lusting awe as a tide of juice rushed by her toes and lapped at her ankles. Dueling desires battled in her chest as the sound of corruption spilling down overflow drains rose to a thunder. The umbreon waded through the rising waves and placed a hand on Vic's quivering belly, heedless to the alarm that began to sound. She made up her mind as the pump in the floor seized in defeat, reaching for one of the zorotank's teats and casting its cup aside. Above it all a whine sounded in protest of that withdrawn pleasure, a needy noise swiftly eclipsed by a heady moan. Jenny latched onto that sensitive spout and drank deep from her protoge's overwhelming reserves, casting herself down a chasm of reckless hedonism.

Immediately, juice flooded and filled her stomach. Jenny's plush paunch ballooned into a tight, sloshing dome. Her own production and Vic's overwhelming supply mingled in her depths, and narcotic bliss rolled through her limbs. Strength left her limbs and slumped her against that mountain of a hybrid, though she maintained her grip on that spout. Her hide creaked and groaned while she surpassed her capacity, lacing fresh stretch marks into the hide beneath her pelt. The rings that adorned her arms and thighs fluttered and pulsed with the light of indulgence, until the rapture of growth overwhelmed even that faculty. Her eyes fluttered with hedonistic glee while her marks flickered, shifting from the yellow of a full moon to the purple of a permanent berry. Oblivious to that change, Jenny drank and drank, until she could drink no more.

Filled to capacity and drunk on juice and recklessness, what remained of Jenny's strength departed. Vic's leaking teat slipped from her muzzle as she slumped to the floor, riding the curve of the zorotank's figure to the soft, soaked cushion beneath. With a jealous smirk, she realized she hadn't diminished the hybrid's reserves in the

slightest. The creaking dome of their middle remained as tight as ever, perhaps even more so than when she started. An indigo tide flowed passed her hips while she settled at the base of Vic's mountain, staining her fur a deep, rich purple. It complimented her midnight coloring well, though that was a realization that couldn't hope to penetrate the hazy afterglow surrounding her mind.

More juice rushed by her when the tank finally cracked, spilling full contents of Vic's bounty across the ground. The low lights of the space caught and reflected in its flowing ripples, an obvious sign of disaster in case the overpowering puddle itself wasn't clear enough. Despite the joy and adrenaline that pumped through the umbreon's frame, the crackling lust that sparked between her thighs, exhaustion sapped her strength. The metabolic tax of transformation took its dues and left Jenny teetering on the edge of consciousness. A grin crossed her snout as the balance tipped, and dreams of growth and swelling blocked out the splashes of approaching footsteps.

The aftermath of Jenny's indulgence was delayed but significant. Though uncommon, spills were not unheard of, and the employees that cleaned their trail across the winery did so ignorant of its properties. Others simply walked through the pool and thought nothing of the affair. Through the rest of the afternoon and into the evening, Jenny and Vic's influence spread to more and more of their peers. A few brows furrowed that evening when those touched by lingering essence tried to scrub their stains away, only to find them stubbornly seeped into their pelt. Those with the most contact sensed a degree of bloating, but that was hardly worth reporting. Most even relished the sensation, delighted by taking a day off to juice.

By morning, the signs were harder to ignore. Across those exposed, what once was a modest bump was by then a pot belly, swollen and sloshing with abundant juice. Only then were suspicions of something beyond normal raised, and only then by a narrow few.

A solitary voice railed against the teasing of their peers, unwilling to sacrifice a perfect attendance record to alleviate their bloating production. What started as token investigation revealed a distinct trend, one that lead back to a specific time and place. While these findings came to light, the reach of Jenny's choices spread further. Those carrying her condition brought it to others, creating secondary and tertiary spreads. By the time the inquiry reached its conclusion, the secretary who delivered it to Lady Indigo swelled and bloated with most of the winery.

Lady Indigo thumbed through that report, but the minutia of its findings mattered little. The greedent flipped to the final page, where the root of the problem was named. She let loose a deep sigh, disappointed in herself for not guessing who was responsible. The greedent bottled that frustration and channeled it into her pace as she stormed through her grounds. Her workers fled at the mere sight of her fury, unwilling to become its accidental recipients. The sights and sounds of those sloshing pokemon only deepened her frustration, though she let most of it go. Neither that nor anger was useful in the moment. Lady indigo reached the fermentation wing in record time, and the doors to its basement yielded swiftly to her ire. Juice lapped at the bottom steps of that flight leading down, a sight that inspired little confidence. The impulse to find a pair of boots bowed to the drive to stem her problem, and the greedent descended.

Opposed emotions battled in Lady Indigo's chest as she waded into that shallow ocean and surveyed the heart of her operation. On one hand, the ability to generate so much product thrilled her. It would take some time to process it all into wine, once its corruptive qualities were cured, and she stood to make a fortune. On the other hand, none of what soaked her ankles was useful. Only arceus knew what contaminants had leached into the pool by then, a thought that filled her with dread and sent a shudder down her spine. Clean up would be an ordeal, but that was a chore for one of her crews. They would receive a generous bonus for the rush job. A low, seismic pop

derailed that train of thought, and she braced as a wave of juice languidly saturated her more.

That rush rose to her calves seeped into her hide, adding another front to her inner battle. The call of hedonism thrummed on her nerves, briefly overpowering the other sides. Fortunately, she found her center quickly and reassessed. Gallons and gallons of corrupting juice swamped the room, soaking into floors and walls. The scent, though pleasant, would take weeks to scrub out completely. More pressingly however, were the workers it leached into. Had anyone in that basement managed to avoid contamination, that wave would have washed over their boots. For better or worse, it would only take a few days to quantify the damage dealt. Lady Indigo herself wasn't spared either, and in the wake of that moment, the pleasant tingle of change crept back from the background of perception.

That was a problem for later, however.

Pushing against the gentle current around her ankles, Lady Indigo delved into the flooded basement. Her eyes adjusted to the dim light of the chamber, gradually exposing a legion of rounded shapes. At a glance, the sight was business as normal, but a closer inspection confirmed her fears. It wasn't unheard of for some of her berries to swell to immobility. Some simply forgot their schedule and allowed their condition to get out of hand, others actively relished the sensations. In either case, those beached few comprised a small fraction of her operation at any given time. Across that lake of juice however, not a single worker retained their mobility. Some wobbled and sloshed atop the boulders of their figure, others sat pinned by the weight of their bulk. None retained their lucidity, instead instead perching on the precipice of perilous bliss. Concern crossed her muzzle, first for herself and then her crew, but resolve eclipsed those thoughts and drove her forward.

Resisting the slow, intoxicating gnaw of transformation, Lady Indigo trekked toward the back of the floor. Several familiar, bloated

faces watched her as she passed, but none were her culprit. Single-mindedly she sought out the umbreon and the latest addition to her ranks. In her heart of hearts she knew there was nothing she could do to stem the calamity upon her business. At best recovery would take weeks, at worst not at all, but that was secondary to her drive for confrontation. It carried her passed row after row of blissed-out, lust-drunk faces, and eventually, it carried her to her quarry. Nestled near the back corner of the she found that reckless pair beached and bloated, oblivious to the rapturous destruction at their feet.

Mobility was no longer a concept for Vic. Stranded atop the mountain of their belly, their sunken limbs stood no chance of reaching the ground. The most they could hope for was a few degrees of wobble, a tilt that lasted seconds at most. The weight of their swollen breasts and the mass of their bloated thighs acted as counterbalances, restraining that motion to a tight margin. Despite that, every attempt to move unleashed a tide of juice. It poured from their chest and cascaded from their teats, tributaries lost in the in the vast lake at their base. Unlike most, however, the zorotank seemed lucid. Chilly blue eyes tracked the greedent as she circled, at least until she left their range of vision. Before she finished her lap, the greedent found the source of her problem.

Lounged against a globe of sloshing indigo, Jenny sank into Vic's side. The rounded swell of her belly spread her thighs wide and pinned her to the ground, well passed the point of standing on her own. Bloated breasts rested atop its slope, leaking a trickles down the generous curves of her frame. One arm folded across her middle and the other busied itself by her hip, idly searching for an angle to reach her buried arousal. Her tail lashed with growing frustration while she struggled and failed, a gesture mirrored in the whines keening from her chest. Lady Indigo clicked her tongue and shook her head at the sight. She lingered a moment, hoping her presence would be enough to pull Jenny out of her trance. When it inevitably didn't, she snapped her fingers inches from the umbreon's muzzle.

An empty beat passed as Jenny blinked the daydreams away. She awoke to a withering gaze, and like a pup covered in the remnants of a pilfered dessert, shrank. Lady Indigo let that regret stew before she spoke. "I should have known you're the root of this." The greedent squeezed the bridge of her muzzle and looked down. "It would have been less trouble if I just kept my secrets from the investigators and let them drag me to the capital in irons," she sighed.

Jenny swallowed and withdrew as much as their bloated frame allowed.

"More than half my staff is bloated up and blissed out because of you," she grumbled. "Do you have any idea how many problems that causes? How much product I have going bad because there's no one to process it?" She leaned in closer and cupped her face, ensuring the umbreon's gaze could not wander. "Do you?"

Jenny gave a sheepish shake of their head.

"Of course you don't," Lady Indigo crooned. "And that's a good thing. The only thing on your mind should be making juice." She released Jenny's muzzle and stepped back. "Because the *instant* I figure out how to purify that tainted juice of yours, that's all you're going to do for weeks, months, maybe even years."

Arousal kindled in Jenny's muzzle, a detail that did not go unnoticed.

"And you won't have to worry that empty little head of yours about anything else. Happy berries make the best juice, and I'm not letting climb out of this hole you've dug with anything less than perfection. I'll truss you up in straps and keep you suspended in my office if I have to."

The squirm of the umbreon's hips sent a ripple across the lake of juice, an admission of lust the winery owner leaned into.

"I'll make it as easy as I can for you," she sneered. "A feeding tube in the mouth, a vibrator in your ass, you'll never have to think again." She paused briefly and glanced to Vic. "Maybe I'll make this one your personal attendant, so I can keep an eye on them too." A pat to the hybrid's side punctuated that point, a sound like a water-logged drum. "Maybe they'll want a little payback for the path you've lead them down."

That notion sent a whine keening through her chest.

"I've got time to figure it out. This is going to take ages to clean up, and in the meantime, you've got my full attention."