

Wimberly's Wonderland: The Farm

Contains sexual fetish content, not suitable for under 18s.

[pumpkin expansion, factory tour, dark, trans woman]

Mel slowly backed up towards the door, unsure whether to try talking her way out or escape while she could. The Swellettes babbled to each other for a moment in a language Mel had never heard of, before they all turned towards her with mischievous looks in their eyes. Her heart sank as she realised they weren't going to let her go that easily.

With the Swellettes leisurely advancing closer, Mel decided that now was the best chance to run before they got bored of toying with her. Mel sprang into action as she ran for the open door, ignoring the surprised shouts of the Swellettes as they tried to grab her. Sprinting through the exit and down the corridor, Mel didn't dare look back as she left the Swellettes behind, though she could still hear them hot on her trail. It was now that she realised her outfit was ill-suited for running as she struggled to breathe in her corset top, but she had to escape, so she tried to ignore the discomfort as she ran.

Mel briefly considered branching off into another corridor to confuse the Swellettes, but to her relief she spotted a glass elevator at the end of the corridor. She tumbled inside and lunged for the button to shut the doors, which slammed closed just as the Swellettes reached the elevator. They snarled and pounded on the glass as Mel fearfully pressed herself into a corner, trying to catch her breath. After talking amongst themselves, they seemed to decide they weren't going to be able to break through. With a shaky laugh, Mel flipped the Swellettes off as she pressed the button marked **SECURITY ROOM**, and with a sudden jolt the elevator zoomed backwards.

Mel turned around as the elevator sped through a dimly lit bubblegum pink corridor, connected by several wheels in the centre to a single metal track. The approaching brightness ahead told her she was about to pass through some of the enormous factory's other rooms.

Mel blinked in surprise and gasped, her eyes adjusting to the light as she stared below in amazement. A roaring river made of melted chocolate winded through a lush grassy meadow, with patches of wildflowers, trees of liquorice, and winding paths laid with rocky road. Underneath a bright blue ceiling painted with soft white clouds were scattered flocks of fluffy pink sheep, munching freely on the grass.

Mel narrowed her eyes as she frowned. "Wait, are they made of fairy floss...?" In the depressing silence, she realised that there was no one to answer her question as she left the meadow behind.

To pass the time, Mel decided to try and keep track of where the elevator went as it twisted and turned, moving deeper into the factory. The next room it entered contained a castle courtyard, where two groups of Swellettes were playing a fierce game of chess. Mel watched as a knight poked a losing pawn with their blunt

longsword. The pawn moaned as they burst out of their armour and swelled up into a balloon, flapping their hands and feet as they floated up past Mel's dumbfounded expression.

In a dense jungle, a tribe of rowdy gummy bears the size of soft toys carried makeshift spears, grunting as they bickered over a pile of cocoa beans. A group of Swellettes in hunting gear suddenly charged out of the foliage, firing their net guns and sending the surprised gummy bears scattering. Some of the braver gummy bears roared as they lifted their spears to attack, but the elevator entered another corridor before Mel could see what happened.

A trading floor of Swellettes in expensive suits argued and shouted, trying to sell chocolate gelt in a busy stock exchange. A fight broke out between two of them as they stuffed gelt into each other's mouths, and suddenly the crowded hall was packed tighter as both began fattening up with chocolate.

Swellettes bouncing high on bubblegum trampolines, an art gallery with fondant icing paintings, sticky peanut butter marshlands, quarry minecarts filled with rock candy, a colourful shaved ice cavern, the elevator continued on and on...

As Mel finally lost track of her journey and slumped to the floor, she wondered if the factory would ever let her leave. Suddenly the elevator lurched to a complete stop in front of a thick metal door lined with rivets, which opened as Mel shakily rose to her feet and quietly entered.

The small room was dimly lit by a singular spotlight in the centre, shining down upon a black office swivel chair. The chair faced a desk with three desktop screens, a keyboard, and a mouse. The desk was surrounded to the front and sides with a dozen monitors on each wall, which switched every few seconds to a different room in the factory.

Distracted by the flood of screens, it took a second for Mel to realise a Swellette was sitting in the chair, busy checking the monitors for anything out of the ordinary. Silently panicking, Mel tried to back up into the elevator before they noticed her, but the Swellette glanced up in time to see Mel's fearful expression reflected in a monitor.

The Swellette did a double-take and reached for a red panic button as Mel rushed over, throwing herself forward. "Please don't call her," Mel begged as she clutched their arm tightly, "I just want to leave!"

The Swellette paused upon seeing the distress in her pleading eyes, their hand resting indecisively above the button. In their moment of hesitation, Mel spotted a small pile of gumballs on the desk and hoped her hunch was right, grabbing a dark green one and shoving it into the startled Swellette's mouth. Their eyes widened as they tried to spit it out, but for some reason they moaned as they began to chew instead, settling into the chair with a dazed expression.

"I'm so sorry, I had too!" Mel felt a pang of remorse as she turned to the monitors. Frustratingly, the only entrance and exit she could locate was the main corridor the tour group had first come through, except now the pile of phones and jackets had vanished from the corner. *Damn it, guess I'm not getting those back...*

A flash of orange hair on a monitor labelled **THE FARM** caught Mel's attention, and she realised that Penelope had popped out of a vent in the wall and dashed inside a nearby barn. *Of course, there's no cameras in the vents.* Mel had no idea why that was the case, but she wasn't going to complain. And besides, Penelope had just given her an idea on how they could escape.

Searching through the desk drawers, Mel let out a sigh of relief when she managed to locate a map of the factory vents. She combed through it for a route from the Security Room to the Farm and then to a vent under the gate leading directly outside, trying to ignore the creeping fear of seeing how enormous the factory really was. She couldn't use the elevator anymore, with Wren hunting her it would be too risky. Luckily, the Farm was quite close to the Security Room, but after she found Penelope they still had a ways to go.

Rolling up the map, Mel turned around and gasped as she stared at the Swellette, who was still chewing the gum. Their skin and hair had turned dark green and striped, while their sweater and overalls filled with swelling flesh. Whimpering pitifully as they struggled to leave their chair, the Swellette ballooned outwards as threads and stitches broke, grasping their black belt with fattening limbs as it strained against their body.

Mel clutched at the map as she backed towards the only wall vent in the room, feeling awful about what she had done. "Oh my god, I'm so sorry! I-I didn't mean to turn you into a watermelon, I swear..." Unable to look any longer, Mel grabbed a screwdriver from the desk, undid the screws, and ducked into the vent, trying to ignore the Swellette's cries and moans as they grew louder while she crawled away.

Using the map to guide her, Mel crawled through the vents until she arrived at the vent of the Farm, which was still open from Penelope using it. The large room had a painted cloudy sky like the meadow, but the grassy plains were covered in dirt patches and muddy puddles. To the left were tilled fields sown with a wide variety of crops, of which Mel could recognise wheat, corn, carrots, potatoes, melons, and pumpkins. To the right were paddocks of cattle, sheep, pigs, chickens, and horses, though Mel had no idea where they would be able to ride the latter.

The barn was a few metres in front of her, a tall timber building with a gambrel roof, painted red and framed with white vertical boards. Checking that the coast was clear, Mel sprinted through the open double doors. The inside was full of hay bales and enclosed animals she had never seen before, including cows with spots of different colours and pigs that appeared to be made of chocolate truffle.

Mel took a few nervous steps forward. "Penelope," she hissed, wondering if Penelope had left her behind again. "Are you there?"

"Shhh!" The redhead startled Mel as she popped her head out from behind a stack of hay bales. "Keep your voice down and get over here!" Mel hurried over and sat down as Penelope made room for them both. "What are you still doing here? And what happened to Charlotte? Did you save her?"

Mel's face fell as she tried to forget the memory of her friend's loud moans and whimpers. "She, um, didn't make it. And I came back for you, actually."

"Sorry to hear it." Penelope frowned. "Wait, that was dumb! Why didn't you save yourself?"

Mel shot her a glare and ignored her. "You were right, there was a security room. It's where I got this." She pulled out the map. "I was watching you on the cameras, and I think we can escape through the vents using the map."

Penelope's eyes widened as she examined the map. "Oh wow, now I'm glad you came back for me. We're here?"

Mel nodded and pointed. "That's the exit over there, it leads directly outside. They don't have cameras in the vents, thank god, which I think was an oversight."

"The question is," Penelope asked, "how are we going to avoid getting detected?"

"You know, you two ladies are the worst fugitives I've ever had the displeasure of meeting."

Mel's heart sank as they looked up to see an amused Wren Wimberly towering over them. Surrounding Wren were a dozen Swellettes who were whispering amongst themselves, excited to see what would happen to the remaining tour guests.

Wren rolled her eyes as she gestured to her workers. "Well, what are you waiting for? Get them up already!" Mel and Penelope were dragged to their feet as two Swellettes restrained their arms painfully behind their backs. Wren bent down and carefully picked up the map from off the ground. "Ah hah, I was wondering where this had gotten to!" She rolled up the map and passed it to a Swellette before turning to the fearful pair. "So! Whose idea was it to use the vents, hm? And before you decide not to say anything, you know I have ways of making you talk."

Mel wouldn't meet Wren's eyes as she stared at the ground, terrified of what would happen to her if she spoke. But then she thought of Penelope, deciding that if one of them could convince the police to help, it would be her. Mel took a deep breath. "It was my idea; I told her about the security room."

Penelope's eyes widened as Mel shot her a warning glance and shook her head slightly. Mel felt her heart quicken as Wren stepped forward and examined her closely. "Oooh really?" Wren smirked. "Well in that case, I know just the thing to teach you a lesson~!"

Signalling for the group to follow her, Wren skipped towards the fields as the Swellettes pushed Mel and Penelope forwards, both trying to escape with every forced step. Stopping in the pumpkin patch, dread washed over Mel as she looked around anxiously, worrying about what Wren was going to do.

"You like pumpkin tart, don't you, Penelope," Wren asked, turning to the redhead to their surprise.

"No, of course not." Penelope tried to take an uncertain shuffle backwards, but she was restrained by a giggling Swellette.

"You sure hon? Because I distinctly remember you trying one in the Bakery. So I figured, why don't I make you into a giant pumpkin! Open wide, darling~!" Wren snapped her fingers and the Swellette holding Penelope reached into their pocket, pulling out a small pumpkin tart. Penelope's eyes widened in realisation as she tried in vain to keep her mouth closed. The Swellette pinched her nose until she had to take a breath, her forced gasp suddenly silenced as the pie was stuffed down her throat. Penelope coughed and spluttered as she tried to spit it out, but there was just too much pumpkin filling shoved into her mouth to avoid swallowing most of it.

Mel struggled to wrench herself free, but the Swellette held on tight. "She didn't do anything wrong!"

Wren laughed. "My dear, I know Penelope was the one who actually came up with the plan, but either way she's not leaving this room the way she entered it. No, I think soon enough she'll be much too large for that~"

As the Swellette holding her arms released her and backed away, Penelope groaned and clutched her stomach, a wave of orange colouring quickly washed over her skin, spreading from her throat to her toes. "You won't get away with this! Even if something happens to me, someone will stop you!"

"You've just been fed a sample from one of my prized pumpkins, grown here especially for the county fair, which I've won every year since I started this business." Wren's smile was smug as she put her hands on her hips. "You want to know why I've won? Because my products only use the best fertiliser, the recipe of which is closely guarded. My point is, I suggest you stop antagonising me and start worrying more about your waistline..."

Penelope yelped as she looked down at her swelling stomach and fruitlessly tried to push it back in. She was a tall, thin woman who had few curves, but for the first time her belly was growing a paunch which overflowed her baggy black pants and strained the available space. Her light brown sweater began to rise as her round midriff ballooned outwards. It sloshed with something thick and chunky, different to Isabella's fattening fudge or Charlotte's airy cream. "No, no, no," Penelope cried, cradling her heavy gut and squeezing it as it slowly filled out her sweater. "How is this even possible? There shouldn't be enough room!"

Wren burst into peals of laughter. "Oh, but there will be, I've made sure of it! Your body will swell with pulp until you're worthy for the county fair, all thanks to my patented techniques!"

"County fair? What the hell is wrong with you?!" Penelope released her gut with a *gurgle* as she grasped handfuls of her thighs, which began to thicken into the size of tree trunks. Her pants looked painted on as their seams began to rip apart and split down the middle, plump orange flesh bulging through the widening gaps. Penelope gasped and began rubbing her enormous thighs together, fanning her face as her bloating body shuddered and sloshed on the spot, her green eyes widening behind her round glasses. "Oooh, what's happening to me? Why... Why does it feel so *hot* all of a sudden?"

Wren beamed. "That would be the twenty tablespoons of fertiliser I put in the tart. I know how much you love science, so I packed it full of great endorphins and aphrodisiacs~!"

Mel watched in horror as Penelope began to pant, flushing as she struggled to reach something hanging between the cumbersome orb of her belly and her soft pillowy thighs. "W-Wait, is that my-?" Cupping the swelling bulge, she yelped and let go, her face burning a fiery red. "Oh god nooo, don't get bigger!" Remembering she had an audience, Penelope tried to waddle around on the spot, giving Mel an unwanted view of her jiggling ass cheeks. Her poor black pants, already taxed by her swelling gut and thighs, stood no chance against the onslaught of her watermelon sized ass filling with thick pulp, shreds of cloth barely holding itself together with threads. Slivers of her stretched dark green panties became prominently displayed, giving Penelope the impression of wearing a tight G-string far too small for her voluptuous behind. Penelope shivered as she tried to suppress a moan, her sweaty expression a mess of fear and growing arousal. "Mmph, d-don't look at me..."

Mel was startled by a groan and then a loud *snap!* as Penelope's panties finally gave out, the loose strings hanging out between her ass cheeks. Instead of an engorged cameltoe like she had expected, Mel saw two equally engorged orange spheres pulsing as they swelled bigger, mashed between Penelope's trembling thighs. Penelope whimpered as she turned back to her audience, unsure which part of her she wanted to hide the most.

Beneath the shreds of cloth Mel could now see an erect orange cock, throbbing as it swelled with pulp. Mel's eyes widened in realisation. *Wait, does that mean she's trans...?* It was one thing to helplessly swell up, but Mel suddenly felt awful that Penelope was having herself exposed to everyone watching.

Penelope yelped and stumbled back as long green vines erupted from the dirt, wriggling as they curled around her feet. "W-What the hell is happening down there?!" Several of the vines snaked around her legs and began to pull at her tattered pants, tearing off scraps of cloth and tossing them to the ground until her huge bottom half was completely naked. "H-Hey, get away from me! I need those!"

Mel quietly thought that Penelope looked more like a large swelling pumpkin than a woman, but she knew voicing that aloud would be cruel. She was more worried about what the vines were doing. "Wren," she dared to ask, "what are they doing to her?"

"Well, she doesn't need clothes anymore, does she~?" Wren's face shone with pride as she smirked. "The fertiliser in the soil gives these tiny vines the nutrients they need to grow. My guess is that they can sense the pulp inside her and see her as one of their own."

Mel recoiled in horror as Penelope yelped. "Oh my god! I can't be a pumpkin, I'm not a fucking pumpki- *ahhh~!*" A thick vine had slithered up her thigh and wrapped itself around her cock. A loud moan bubbled from Penelope's lips as the vine squeezed her throbbing member and stroked it back and forth, eliciting a dribble of pulpy pre-cum on to the soil. "O-Oooh fuck, w-why does that feel so gooddd~?"

Penelope's curves ballooned outwards, exacerbated by the vines as they squeezed and groped her whole body. Penelope whined in fear as her budding chest swelled with a thick mixture of pulp and pumpkin juice, the engorged leaking nipples pressing prominently beneath her sweater as two large sticky orange patches began to soak through the wool. Penelope whimpered as she pawed at her back, the pitifully small dark green bra cups peeking out the bottom of her sweater as her breasts bulged outwards, now completely unsuitable for containing them. "N-Ngh fuckkk, my bra is too *tighttt~!*"

The vines responded to Penelope's concerns by reaching underneath her sweater, up through the widening gap of cleavage, before breaking the bra clasp apart with a loud *snap!* Penelope squealed in surprise and moaned loudly as her engorged orange breasts jiggled outwards, now free to swell as they pleased as her bra tumbled uselessly to the ground. The sweater bundled up around her neck and thickening arms as her breasts surged outwards, supported by the shelf of her enormous belly. The vines made quick work to remove Penelope's sweater, pulling it roughly over her arms and tossing it to the dirt. Another group of vines worked on removing her brown socks and white sneakers, managing to tug them both off despite her swollen feet making the task difficult.

"N-No! I'm not- *oooh...* not a pumpkin, I'm a- *ngh...* a w-woman, *pleaseeee, ohhh fuckkk~!*" But Penelope's gasps and whimpers of protest were ignored as her fattening limbs began to sink into her swelling body, surging against the vines as they teased and explored every curve and ridge. Her breasts, belly, and ass all surged outwards as her flesh began to harden, lines of vertical divots sinking down into her body to form the shape of an enormous whimpering pumpkin, her hands and feet flapping uselessly as they thumped against her new rind.

A brown colour began to pour from the roots of Penelope's ginger hair to the tips as it bundled itself together, hardening into a muddy green pumpkin stalk that grew long and thick as it snaked downwards, firmly rooting itself into the ground when it

reached the soil. Her eyes rolled back in a rush of pleasure as her head was pulled into the enormous sphere, her moans and whimpers slowly muffled as her lips sunk below the tightening divot of her own body.

The only sounds came from the vines continuing to do their dutiful work, playing with the pumpkin's hard nipples and throbbing cock as they spurted thick splatters of pulp and pumpkin juice on to the ground, where a few more vines were beginning to spring up and join in. All that remained of the enormous pumpkin had been Penelope was her sweaty face and half-lidded eyes, both burning with lust beneath her skewed glasses. She no longer seemed to care about her new predicament as she rocked back and forth on her crotch.

In the silence that had fallen over the group, Mel wished she could block out Penelope's muffled noises, but the Swellette was still holding her arms firmly behind her back. She instantly reiterated the thought with despair as the familiar tune of the Swellettes' hums began once again, their loud voices drowning out the pumpkin's pleased cries.

*"Penelope Fitzgerald loved asking questions
And never thought to use discretion.
Her thirst for knowledge made her wise,
But fun and friends she did despise.
She was always bringing down the mood,
So we cried 'We just have to intrude!
That's why we're going to surprise her
With pumpkin tart and fertiliser!
Once so cold, now warm and sweet,
She'll make us lots of pumpkin treats.
No more dour frowns on her face,
When she's cumming all over the place!
Plumping and swelling, her fate was sealed,
Now firmly rooted to the pumpkin field.
With such huge curves we gladly declare
She'll win first place at the county fair!"*

"Wasn't that exciting?" Wren beamed as she clapped her hands enthusiastically, but there was no warmth to her smile. "Three naughty tour guests have been eliminated, which means you're the winner! Wanna know what your prize is?"

Mel shook her head but remained standing where she was, too overwhelmed to speak. Mel knew that whatever wicked idea the candymaker had in store would not end well, but Wren had caught them and dealt with Penelope so easily. Despite the dread of what was waiting for her deeper in the factory, Mel found she no longer had the will to run away. The factory had broken her.

"Aw honey, don't look so glum, you're in for a real treat!" Wren smirked as she signalled for the Swellettes to follow. They dragged a resigned Mel out of the room,

away from the gasping pumpkin as the vines squeezed out another load of pulp. "I hope you love blueberries~!"