

Violet & Veruca: V Inside V

Down the street walked a young woman. She was curvaceous, with long golden brown hair, and possessed an exaggerated hip sway. The only thing that was odd about her was the thick red coat, her long scarlet scarf, and hat that covered her features. Thankfully, it was mid-autumn, so such apparel wasn't too out of the ordinary, but it was still surreal to see such a cliché disguise out in public. The woman continued walking forward until she stopped and looked up. Above her was the sign 'Dahl's Confectionaries' in bright blue, green, yellow, and orange done in a stylized font. She reached forward, pulled open the door, and walked inside.

Compared to the extravagant outside, the interior of the shop was utilitarian. Frighteningly utilitarian actually, with white cupboards with the names of the candies and snacks plated in thick, black, plastic letters. No glass shelves, no chocolate fountains, nothing to give it personality. A single woman stood at the check-out station in an equally boring uniform, a complete white bodysuit with a 'Dahl' hat. The cashier was a cute blonde who, like the rest of the store, seemed to be caught in the doldrums. Her head turned to look at the disguised woman, and instantly, all boredom drained out of her. She shot up and saluted the woman.

"Miss PB, I'm glad you grace us with your presence once again." The cashier's voice was formal, precise, and extravagant. PB nodded.

"Is my date here?"

"Yes. Let me lead you to them." The cashier said. PB followed along as the cashier rapt three times on a plain brick wall. It slowly opened up revealing a staircase going down into darkness.

"Come along then." She said, "Make sure to watch your step, PB." The cashier led PB down the stairs, it spiraled down into a faintly illuminated passage to an unknown place. PB thought about how she came across Dahl Confectionaires. A year ago, in the process of another breakup due to her condition that brute Willy Wonka had come back into her life. She was about to slam the door on his face until the confectionery showed her a place to 'remedy her loneliness' as he put it. So biting her tongue, PB followed the man's instructions and ended up becoming a member of Dahl's secret club.

Down at the bottom of stairs the pair arrived at the store's main attraction. A beautiful club room filled with sweet spices and drinks. Men and women, all in various disguises, mingled together. Some were strange; albinos mixed vitiligo, dwarfs with the abnormally tall, masculine women with feminine men. This was a place where a woman like her could find someone to love. The blonde cashier led PB to her usual table and there she saw a figure wrapped up in a scarf that went around her head and a baseball cap that covered her head. Due to the size of the figure, PB thought, for just a moment, that this was a man. The figure possessed a great bulk but even underneath her varsity jacket and gloves, there was an unmistakable outline of a firm chest.

"Who is that?" PB asked the cashier.

"Your date, from what your reservations said." The cashier looked at PB oddly. "Would you want me to get rid of them?"

"No. Let me speak to her." PB walked over to the table. The figure looked up. Her eyes peered through an opening of the scarves and for a moment PB swore she saw a flash of blue skin.

"Jam?" PB questioned.

“PB?” The scarf wearer asked. The two looked at each other, it was obvious both didn’t know what to do next. The Dahl Confectionaires had a secretive network that allowed members to ‘hook up’ with others. PB, one lonely night, had connected with Jam. The duo talked and found themselves enjoying each other’s company. After three months of conversations they both bit the bullet and decided to meet each other. Now though, they didn’t know what to say.

“I thought...I thought you’d be a man.” PB broke the awkward tension.

“What because I like sports?” Jam said then cocked her head to the side. “You know, I thought you’d be the man here.”

“Because I speak about controlling my father’s business? My personality is too strong for a woman?”

“A bit.” Jam replied. PB puckered her lips.

PB let out a huff, the sound rasping slightly against the collar of her coat, and pulled out the chair opposite the bundled-up figure. She sat down with a grace that defied the bulky layers she wore. As she settled, there was a faint, dry *creak*—and she knew it was due to her body rubbing against the chair.

“Well,” PB said, smoothing out her coat but keeping her gloves firmly on. “Since neither of us is a man, I suppose we can dispense with the machismo. I apologize for the snapping. It’s been...a trying day at the factory.”

Jam shifted in her seat. Her varsity jacket rustled, the fabric strained slightly as she moved. She seemed to be practicing a breathing exercise, inhaling deep through her nose and exhaling slowly through the layers of scarves. She had to keep her heart rate down; first dates were stressful enough without her condition flaring up.

“Yeah. Same here,” Jam mumbled, her voice muffled by the wool. “Sorry. I’m just... I’m a little on edge. I don’t do this often. Or ever, really.”

The blonde cashier, now acting as their waitress, drifted by with a tablet. “Drinks for the ladies? To loosen the nerves?”

“A glass of Pinot Noir,” PB said immediately. “Something dry.”

“And for you?” The waitress looked at Jam.

“Water,” Jam blurted out, perhaps a little too loudly. She flinched, then lowered her voice. “Ice water. Just... really cold water. No wine. Definitely no wine.”

PB raised an eyebrow behind the brim of her hat as the waitress walked away.

“Teetotaler? I wouldn’t have pinned you for the type, given how you described your weekends during our chats. You seemed quite rambunctious.”

“It’s a... medical thing,” Jam lied, her gloved hands gripping the edge of the table.

“Alcohol doesn’t mix well with my condition. I get a bit bloated.”

“I see,” PB said, her tone softened. “We all have our burdens to bear in this place. That is why we are here, is it not?”

The tension in Jam’s shoulders dropped an inch. She looked across the table, studying PB. “So, PB. ‘Peanut Butter’. I gotta ask, is that just a favorite snack, or are you hiding a serious allergy under that coat? I know we’ve been talking for a while now but you’ve never really told me what’s up with that.”

PB let out a short, dry laugh. “Irony, mostly. I used to despise the things. Now? Let’s just say I’ve developed a thick skin regarding them.”

She leaned forward, the brim of her hat tilting up just enough for the club’s ambient light to catch her jawline.

Jam squinted. Through the shadow, the texture of PB's skin didn't look quite right. She didn't know what but there was something odd about her.

"You're staring," PB noted, not unkindly.

"Sorry," Jam said. "It's just usually I'm self-conscious about people looking at me. It's rude of me to do it back." She hesitated, then decided to bridge the gap. "Look, it's hot in here. I'm going to take the scarf off. But you have to promise not to freak out. I'm a bit very blue."

PB rested her chin on her interlaced fingers. "My dear Jam, five minutes ago I walked past a man who was half-chameleon. I think I can handle a splash of color. Besides, we came here to show off our oddities, at least here I think we can be true to each other."

Jam nodded. She reached up and slowly took off a glove to reveal a cerulean hand. Her skin was a deep, rich indigo, shiny and slightly rubbery under the lights. PB felt as if she knew this skin was from somewhere.

She looked at PB, waiting for the rejection.

Instead, PB just hummed, tilting her head. "It brings out your eyes. It's quite striking, actually."

Jam blinked, caught off guard. A flush of warmth hit her chest—her heart skipped a beat—and she felt a sudden swell in her chest. She quickly took a sip of the ice water the waitress had just set down, willing her body to shrink back. *Calm down, Beau, she told herself. She's just being polite.*

"Your turn," Jam challenged, regaining her composure. "What's under the hat?"

PB hesitated. Her condition was more exotic than Jam's. It was harder, stranger. But Jam had been brave enough to show her face.

"Very well," PB whispered. She reached up and unbuttoned the high collar of her coat, then showed off her forearm. Jam saw more of it and inspected the limb closely. There were tiny ridges over the skin, faint, but if one were to look closely they could see it.

"Cheers to that," Jam laughed, and the awkwardness finally began to deflate.

The waiter refilled Jam's water glass, and she clutched it like a lifeline. The ice clinked against the sides, a sharp sound in the low hum of the club.

"So," Jam started, her voice tight. "Dating. I'm guessing since we're both in the 'special' section of a secret candy store basement, your track record is as spectacular as mine?"

PB sighed, a sound that whistled faintly through her nasal cavities. "Spectacular" implies a show. "She swirled her wine, staring into the dark red liquid. "I tried seeing a banker last month. When I showed myself to him he said he liked my 'hard exterior' then left after a week."

PB paused, choosing her words carefully

"I have to be very careful with physical contact. If I lose my composure, or if things get too rough, I simply fall apart."

Jam nodded sympathetically.

"I get that," Jam said, rubbing her neck. "I'm the opposite, I guess. I don't fall apart. I...get a bit filled." She grimaced at her choice of words. "I dated a track star, I think I told you about him? Anyways, he was a fast guy. Thought he could keep up. But the moment I got too...intimate? I kinda blew it."

"Men are fragile creatures," PB said, her voice dripping with a mix of disdain and sadness. "They claim to want strong, unique women, but they frighten so easily when we don't fit into their narrow little boxes."

"Or when we grow out of them," Jam muttered, tapping the table.

A silence settled between them, but it wasn't awkward this time. It was the shared silence of two veterans comparing scars.

"You remember when we first talked?" PB said softly, shifting gears. "Do you remember? That first post on the message board? You were talking about people who chew with their mouths open."

Jam let out a snort of laughter. "God, yes. I hate that. It's so disrespectful. And you replied with a three-paragraph essay on the decline of etiquette in modern society."

"I stand by every word," PB said, her rigid face softening as much as it could. "But what struck me was your reply. You didn't call me a snob."

"No," Jam smiled, the memory brightening her mood. "I told you that you sounded like someone who knew what she wanted and wasn't afraid to demand it. I liked that even if I was on the receiving end of your essay. I felt glad to talk with someone who didn't feel ashamed to speak her mind."

"And you," PB continued, leaning forward, the friction of her joints creaking. "You were the first person who didn't treat my complaints as tantrums. You engaged with me! It was delightful. You challenged me, certainly—I still think your views on gum chewing are barbaric—but you respected my intellect. You made me feel swell."

"And you made me feel small," Jam said, then quickly corrected herself. "In a good way. Like um, ah gawd, what am I trying to say? You made me feel I could be smarter."

They looked at each other, the blue girl and the ridged woman, realizing that for months, a text box on a screen had been the only place they felt comfortable in their own skins.

"You know," Jam said, a playful glint returning to her eyes. "I remember you saying that if we ever met, you'd treat me to the finest dinner in the city. Does this," she gestured to the bowl of pretzels the waitress had dropped off, "count as fine dining?"

PB scoffed, a dry, clicking sound. "Hardly. Consider this the appetizer. If you can handle being seen with a woman like me. I intend to keep my promise."

The bill was settled with a wave of PB's gloved hand and a black titanium credit card that looked heavy enough to be a weapon. She dismissed Jam's attempt to split the check with a look that was equal parts affectionate and imperious.

"Please," PB said, the segments of her neck sliding smoothly as she turned her head. "I insisted on the venue. I handle the bill. Now then, if you wish, let us go to my home and settle ourselves."

They ascended the spiral staircase, leaving the sweet-scented warmth of the confectionery underworld for the crisp, biting air of the autumn night. A sleek black luxury SUV was already idling at the curb, its hazard lights blinking in a slow, rhythmic pulse.

"Fancy ride." Jam noted, pulling her scarf back up to obscure her blue skin from the few pedestrians walking by.

"Certainly, the best money can buy." PB admitted as the driver opened the door.

The ride was quiet, insulated from the city noise by thick glass and expensive engineering. They sat close, but not touching. Jam kept her hands folded in her lap, practicing her breathing exercises. Every time the car went over a pothole, her heart jumped, and she felt that familiar, dangerous tingle in her midsection. She focused on the leather seat pattern, counting the stitches to keep her blood pressure low.

PB, conversely, sat perfectly still, rigid as a statue. She feared one sharp turn would reveal her stranger secrets to Jam.

"You okay?" Jam asked, noticing PB's stiffness.

"Perfectly fine," PB replied. "Just eager to be home. The public eye is exhausting. Even among those strange people I myself feel freakier than them."

"Tell me about it," Jam muttered.

PB turned to her, her hard, shell-like eyes glistening in the passing streetlights. "You won't have to worry about that at my estate."

The drive took them out of the city center and into the wealthy hills where the driveways were long and the gates were high. The driver pulled up to a massive wrought-iron gate emblazoned with a cursive 'S'. It swung open automatically, admitting them onto a winding path lined with manicured hedges. The house itself was a sprawling manor, a mix of Victorian gothic and modern fortitude. It looked less like a home and more like a fortress designed to keep the world out.

The car stopped. PB thanked the driver and the two women stepped out onto the gravel driveway.

"Wow," Jam breathed, looking up at the towering oak doors. "This is... a lot. You live here alone?"

"Mostly," PB said, walking up the steps. Her gait was stiff, distinctively clicking against the stone. "I have staff, but they live in the guest house, it's about two kilometers away from the main house. Since we're here by ourselves, I prefer the main hall to relax in. Come now."

PB unlocked the front door, and they stepped inside.

The foyer was cavernous. A grand staircase swept up to a second-floor balcony, and a massive chandelier hung from the ceiling, its crystals dark and unlit. The air inside was cool and smelled faintly of floor wax and old wood. It was silent—a heavy, museum-like silence that made their footsteps sound incredibly loud.

"Here," PB said, gesturing to a velvet settee near the entrance. "Let's sit for a moment. Decompress."

Jam let out a nervous chuckle. "Poor choice of words for me, but sure."

They sat down. The space between them on the velvet couch felt charged. The journey was over, the public performance was done. Now they were alone, really alone, for the first time.

PB removed her hat, placing it on her lap. She still had her scarf on. "My father gifted me this home after my changes. He thought it would be a good place for me to 'sort myself out.'"

Jam unzipped her varsity jacket a bit to allow the cool air to hit her neck. "Tell me about it, my folks did the same after my change. We had to visit so many quacks and whackjobs so I could be turned back to normal. News flash: this didn't work at all." She took her baseball cap, but she too still kept her gray scarf on. "It's nice here."

They sat in the dim light of the foyer, neither making a move to go further into the house just yet. It was as if they were both waiting for a signal, a permission to stop pretending they were normal women in costumes. The clock in the hallway ticked loudly, marking the seconds.

"So," Jam said, her voice dropping to a whisper. "We're here. Just...us."

PB turned her head, the shell clicking. "Just us. And whatever we are underneath these layers."

"First," Jam said, gripping her knees, her heart rate starting to climb again, "I'd like to take this jacket off. I'm roasting."

"Me too, my clothes are roasting me." PB replied.

"And what about our scarves?" Jam and PB said in harmony. They stared at each other, the awkwardness returning, but this time it was heavy with anticipation. "You go first?" Jam suggested.

"Together," PB countered. "On three?"

"One," Jam breathed, her hand gripping the zipper of her jacket.

"Two," PB whispered, her fingers poised on the heavy buttons of her trench coat.

"Three!"

In a flurry of movement, the heavy wool and thick fabric were cast aside. Jam shrugged off the varsity jacket and unwound her scarf, revealing her tight T-shirt and the shock of platinum blonde hair that framed her indigo face. PB threw her coat to the floor, exposing a body that, at first glance, seemed normal but on closer inspection one could tell it was segmented. Her hair was spun like golden-brown cotton coming from her head.

They stared. The silence in the foyer was deafening for a heartbeat, and then recognition slammed into them like a freight train. The sophisticated veneer of 'PB' and the shy awkwardness of 'Jam' evaporated instantly.

"IT'S YOU!" they shrieked in unison, the sound echoing up to the chandelier.

Veruca stumbled back, her shell-heels clacking violently against the marble floor. Her face, a moment ago filled with empathetic longing, twisted into a sneer of absolute aristocratic disgust. The grand dame of the confectionery underground vanished; the brat was back.

"Oh god, it's this bint!" Veruca screeched, pointing a segmented finger at the blue woman. "I've been drinking Pinot Noir with the gum-chewing peasant, American? I poured my heart out to a piece of inflated produce!"

Violet's eyes went wide, her jaw dropping. She took one look at the textured, ridge-covered nightmare standing before her and her stomach lurched.

"*Hrk*—" Violet gagged loudly, covering her mouth with both blue hands, her cheeks puffing out as she fought back bile. "Veruca Salt!"

"Don't you dare vomit on my floor, you tacky little blueberry!" Veruca snapped, crossing her arms, the friction making a sound like sandpaper. "This is Italian marble!"

"I'm gonna be sick," Violet choked out, backing away until she hit the wall. She stared at Veruca with horror-filled eyes. "What... what *are* you? I left before... I didn't see... Oh god, you look like crunchy vomit!"

"I do not!" Veruca stamped her foot, and a small hairline fracture appeared in her shin plating.

They stood there in the foyer of the empty mansion, chest to... shell. Both breathing heavily (or rattling, in Veruca's case), the romantic tension of the evening replaced by the bitter, childish rivalry of the Chocolate Factory tour that had ruined their lives a decade ago.

Violet held up her blue hands, shaking them frantically to pause the verbal assault. The anger was still there, but the sheer morbid curiosity was winning out.

"Wait, slow down," Violet said, staring at the visible seams on Veruca's neck. "What the hell happened to you? The news said you just went down the garbage chute. What's with the rigid look?"

Veruca scoffed, the sound echoing hollowly inside her chest cavity. "What, you thought Mika, Augustine, Miranda, Maude, and those two Canadians were the only ones who got changed?"

"Well, yeah!" Violet exclaimed. "I always found it unfair that you just came out covered in gunk and trash. Augustine, Mika, Miranda, Maude, The Trouts, and I had our entire lives changed. When we got out of the factory, everyone could see the other girls had become freaks!"

And then there was you, just covered in trash.”

"Mr. Wonka covered up what actually happened to me," Veruca spat, walking over to a mirror to inspect her shell for cracks. "Because apparently, even for that psycho's sensibilities, revealing a young girl was torn apart was a bit too graphic for the evening news."

Violet swallowed hard. "Torn apart?"

"When we went into that squirrel room, you weren't there, you had already become inflated," Veruca explained, her tone terrifyingly casual, "I snatched a nut from a display case in the middle of that wretched room. It was shiny, large, and well I couldn't help but feel a tad envious that I didn't possess it. But it wasn't a normal nut, it was a prototype. One of Wonka's 'transmutational' experiments. The moment I touched it, it reacted with my skin oils, or so he explained. I ended up becoming peanut brittle! The squirrels didn't see a girl anymore, Violet. They saw a giant nut!"

Veruca turned to face her, her eyes cold and hard. "They cracked me. They tore me apart and threw me down the chute piece by piece."

Violet felt the blood drain from her face, leaving it a pale, sickly pastel blue. "You... they..."

"And when those pests tore my head off my torso, I gave them a stern tongue lashing!" Veruca said proudly. Violet's eyes went wide.

"You spoke with your head torn off your body?" Violet asked, her voice trembling, disturbed by the imagery.

"I was a bit upset. I made sure Wonka knew it," Veruca said, picking a piece of lint off her arm plating. "My head was halfway down the chute, screaming at the top of my lungs while my torso was still being swarmed on the sorting floor. The Bucket girl and Mika weren't so keen on witnessing that. I believe one of them vomited, I can't be certain who due to my head being thrown down a chute.

"Jesus..." Violet whispered.

"Daddy had to jump down the chute just to catch my head before it reached the incinerator," Veruca continued. "Then he had to dig through the rubbish for my arms and legs. I had to stay at Wonka's factory for two weeks as they tried to find the rest of me and... pour me back into a mold."

Violet leaned against the wall, feeling lightheaded. "Then who was that girl with your dad covered in trash? I saw the pictures in the paper. You were walking out the front gates looking grumpy but whole."

"Actors, darling," Veruca dismissed with a wave of her hand. "Apparently, Mr. Wonka had child actors on standby in the event something like what happened to me were to occur. I can only guess what happened to them. He couldn't have the world knowing his squirrels committed manslaughter, could he? So, the world thought Veruca Salt just needed a bath."

Veruca tapped her chest, the sound hard and hollow. "Meanwhile, I had to spend three weeks, three whole weeks as Wonka's men had to mold peanut butter because some other pests decided to eat my missing torso! Dreadful!"

She looked at Violet with a sneer. "So forgive me if I don't weep for you turning blue at least your body's back to normal."

Violet's face flushed a deeper, darker shade of indigo, the insult piercing through her shock. She stepped away from the wall, her rubbery skin squeaking as her fists clenched.

"Oh, cry me a river, you walking jar of Skippy," Violet snapped. "You think you're the only victim? You stood right there in the inventing room and watched me swell up like a parade float! I saw you smirking before they rolled me away. Didn't you and Maude laugh when I was inflating?"

Veruca didn't even flinch. She just tilted her head, the shell plates on her neck clicking like tumblers in a lock. "Yes, it was a bit funny. You turned blue and round. It was like watching a cartoon character meet a bicycle pump. Honestly, I was hoping you *would* pop, just so the chewing noise would stop."

"You sadistic brat!" Violet shouted. Her heart rate spiked, and with a sickening *groan* of fabric and flesh, her middle felt a bit wider. She looked like she wanted to charge, but kept her cool. "Well, looking at you now? I think karma did its job perfectly."

Violet leaned forward, her eyes narrowing into slits. "I wish I got to see a bunch of cute squirrels tear you apart. I bet it sounded like cracking open a bag of pistachios at a baseball game. *Pop, pop, pop*. Did they bury you in the garden afterward?"

"You shut your mouth!" Veruca shrieked, her composure shattering. She lunged forward, grabbing Violet's shoulders. Her grip was like a vice. "At least when I broke, I could be put back together! You? You became a stretched-out water balloon! One prick, Violet. That's all it would take. One sharp nail and you'd splatter all over!"

"Pop me! Oh I'd like to see you try princess!" Violet dared her, shoving Veruca back with a surprising amount of bouncy force. Veruca stumbled, her heels skidding on the marble. "Come on, bring your best shot!"

"Oh don't entice me to!" Veruca yelled, dusting off her chest plate furiously. "I think fate was the crueller one to me, you piece of produce!"

"And I bet they serve your ass on a plane!" Violet shot back. "You cheap, bar-top snack!""

They stood there, panting, and glaring at each other. The insults were petty, childish, and exactly the kind of things they would have said at twelve years old. But now, delivered by a blue giant and a peanut-shell woman in a lonely mansion, the words hung in the air with a strange, pathetic weight.

During the heat of the argument, Veruca whipped her head around to emphasize her point about being a "high-end export." Her long, golden-brown locks lashed out like a whip, and a generous clump of the strands drifted right into Violet's open, shouting mouth.

The blue woman's jaw snapped shut on reflex, biting down on the intruding hair before she could spit it out. She braced herself to gag on dry, fibrous keratin. But instead of the feeling of hair in her mouth, the strands instantly disintegrated on her tongue. They melted away in a burst of sweet, salty creaminess.

Violet stopped shouting. She blinked, her blue face contorted in confusion. She smacked her lips, tasting the residue.

"What is this?" The blue woman asked, looking at the golden-brown strands still hanging near Veruca's face.

The peanut butter lady huffed, reaching up to smooth her disheveled mane, pulling the damp, chewed ends away from Violet. "My hair, you dolt! Do you have to eat everything that comes near your face?"

"No, I mean..." Violet licked her lips, her eyes widening. "It dissolved. It tastes like... really high-quality peanut butter. But sweet."

Veruca rolled her eyes, the motion sliding the plates of her forehead. "Well obviously. When my transformation happened, my hair didn't grow back as hair. It's spun sugar. Like cotton candy, but peanut tasting. It's one of the only parts of me that isn't hard as a rock."

The athletic blueberry stared at the golden locks with a look of newfound appreciation, the previous hostility momentarily forgotten in the face of a snack. She reached out, pinched a loose strand that was hanging over Veruca's shoulder, and popped it into her mouth.

"Hey!" Veruca swatted her hand away. "Stop grazing on me!"

"It's really good," Violet mumbled, chewing, or rather, letting the confection melt on her tongue. The anger in her posture deflated, replaced by the gluttonous delight that had gotten her into trouble ten years ago. "It tastes like the inside of a Reese's cup, but lighter. Airy."

She reached for another piece.

"I am not a snack for your appetite, Violet!" Veruca shrieked, batting Violet's blue hands away, though she looked less angry and more exasperated. "Control yourself, Beauregarde!"

They looked at each, Violet swallowing Veruca's hair; the heiress trying to push her away. Veruca puckered her lips and said:

"Let's go to the kitchen. I think I need to get a drink after...this." She threw her hands forward. The duo walked down the winding corridors and Violet passed by paintings of the patriarchs of the Salt Family. It was foreboding for the first ten or so, but by the eleventh generation the men seemed to shrink in of themselves until one reached Veruca's father. There was no sense of the previous patriarch's power. But if you skipped over him and ended on Veruca, the faint glimmer of that same power was evident on her face.

"You folks really like your paintings." Violet looked around. "I'd think you'd have a gallery or whatever."

"Yes, well we take pride in our lineage. A Salt must always show off their pridefulness." Veruca said lightly.

"So why aren't there any paintings of you?" Violet pointed out. "And I don't mean paintings of you normal, I mean paintings of you as what you really are: a peanut girl."

"Well, Daddy realized that he couldn't have a peanut for a daughter; that'd be bad for business. He wanted to keep the illusion that only I, and that Charlene Bucket," Veruca growled. "Were the only ones who weren't changed by our experience. So the world just believes Veruca Salt had become a little smelly and dirty by her accident."

"Good for you," Violet glared. "For the first month after I came home people kept wondering why I was so flexible."

"Oh you didn't tell anyone about your little...bloating event." Veruca smiled cruelly, Violet tugged a bit on Veruca's hair and pulled out a bit of the peanut butter flavoured cotton candy. The peanut girl shrieked and watched Violet eat her hair,

"Tastes like fine nutty silk in my mouth." Violet joked. "So where's your pops now?"

Veruca puckered her lips. "My father passed away about a few months ago."

"I'm sorry; none of your other family's with you?"

"Unfortunately I only have my uncles, my aunt, and the vultures that are my cousins looking to eat the empire under me. My mother, bless her soul, has retired to the French Riviera."

"She doesn't care about you?" Violet choked on her words, that came off a little too cruel. Veruca looked at her with disgust.

“No, mumsy loves me. But she knew I wanted papa’s company, that’s why she made sure that she wasn’t in the way of my inheritance. She sends cards every so often,” Veruca waved her hand. “But trying to wrestle control of the rest of the company from papa’s brothers and sister has been a bit stressful.”

“So you got lonely and decided to get a boytoy from the dating market?” Violet’s lips curled up and Veruca turned around and poked Violet’s boob.

“Oh don’t give me that, you were in the Dahl Network too.” Veruca huffed. “I’m guessing with your skin a boy barely gives you a glance anymore.”

The blue woman’s eyes glared and Veruca could tell she hit a sore spot. The peanut woman didn’t say another word. The two made their way to the kitchen. Veruca opened up the fridge while Violet found herself seated on a nearby counter. She looked inside the fridge and found juices, and soups, and other liquid or semi-liquid meals, but nothing solid.

“What’s with the food?”

Veruca looked at Violet then into her fridge, her eyes widened briefly once she got what Violet was asking.

“My body can’t eat anything solid anymore, I still have a sense of taste but anything more solid than say a raspberry or a blueberry,” Veruca chuckled as Violet glared at her. “Can’t be absorbed by my body. So I’m forced to eat soups and slurries and slop.”

“That must suck.” The blue woman noted.

“It would if I didn’t have some of the best chefs in Britain making the recipes and preparing the food themselves.” Veruca placed both hands on her hips to announce that factoid, but Violet tried to choke back a chuckle.

“Best chefs; Britain. I think Veruca that’s an oxymoron.”

“Oh hardy har, Gordon Ramsey is one of us and you Americans love him.”

“He’s Scottish, Veruca.” The peanut woman stuck her tongue out at Violet; it was weirdly textured and Violet was afraid to ask what Veruca’s insides were made of. The blue lass was handed a bottle of water and merely held it as Veruca paced around.

“So what do you do ‘Jam’ for your life? You never told me during our messaging.”

“I’m a National Champion of America; I’ve been gold, or silver, medalists for several women’s leagues. Water Polo, track running, lacrosse, judo...” Violet rattled off. Veruca blinked in surprise.

“Did you win any county fairs?”

“Har har.”

“I’m surprised your skin wasn’t called out.” The peanut woman noted. “Though I’m not well versed in America’s sports I’d feel a blue athlete would’ve been the talk of the country no matter how many years it had been.”

“Well my folks and I had to lay low for the first year or so, you remember we were shown on TV, before and after our accidents. Well once it turned out nobody could fix my skin, mom had a few connections with a local makeup company who had a formula that didn’t melt when I sweated. So after putting a bit of that on me, I was back to being normal. I have a gallon of that stuff back home right now.”

“You put that on every time you join a game?”

“Hell, yess...” Violet moaned. “Its so annooyyying.”

“What about your hair? From the recordings I saw, your hair was quite a pale blue.” Veruca looked at the blonde of the blue woman’s hair.”

“The color came back after a year.” Violet shrugged. “And I had to make sure my flexibility wasn’t shown too much when I went back into sports. If one puts two and two together well.

Just to emphasize this Violet bent her back in such a way that Veruca couldn't help but shudder. Violet didn't even look a bit hurt by that. The heiress asked another question just to get her mind off that sight.

“What about your height?” She looked Violet up and down, it was obvious that the blue woman was taller than Veruca by like eight inches, and Veruca wasn't short for a girl. Violet was at least six foot three, maybe even four, by Veruca's estimates. Violet was a whole lot of women. The athlete grinned. “Is that another aspect of your transformation?”

“A bit of both. Dad was a tall guy, mom was a tall girl, combined with my flexibility and well.” Violet waved a hand up and down her body. “Viola~ Me! It was a bit awkward when puberty struck though, most boys don't like a tall girl, especially one who's taller than them. So what about you? How do you keep the charade going that you're normal?”

“Lighting, plus long sleeves, and a bit of makeup just like you. I mean look at my face.” Veruca pointed. “If you saw me from a distance could you tell this was a shell.”

“My eyes are good, so a bit.”

“But what if I put a little makeup on to soften the ridges?” Violet thought for a moment, when that was brought up, she couldn't help but agree. “What about the arms? It's a little more segmented like a nut.”

“Lighting and sleeves. Barely anyone notices and they think I'm trying to be stylish.” Veruca threw back her hair.

“And why aren't you a walking allergy hazard? Nobody you work with has a peanut allergy?”

“No, I'm quite stable in fact. Besides the nutty, earthen smell, as long as you don't lick me I barely cause an allergy to flare up.” Veruca said proudly.

“And your hair?”

“Surprisingly, my hair doesn't cause an allergic reaction to occur. Don't ask me how I know that.” The duo digested the information they learned tonight. Still, they didn't know what to do.

“Well it's been fun ‘PB’ but I have to get back to America.” Violet opened the water and drank it. She wiped her mouth and smacked her lips. There was a strange taste to it, but she kinda liked it. She drank a bit more and then hopped off the counter. “Obviously we were both trying to find a boyfriend and we had a stupid mixup.”

“Quite right, well I'll call an Uber for you, but you'll have to be out of my estate ground if you want to enter it. Have a nice night, Ms. Beauregardie.”

“Same.” Violet sighed and walked out the kitchen. She continued walking for a bit before a gurgle came from her gut. Surprised, she prodded her stomach, her face twisted with worry.

“No, no, it's fine right?”

Her stomach growled again and Violet doubled over, she clutched her water bottle, and her mind wandered to its taste. Hoping this was all a coincidence, she peered closely at the bottle's flavor. The words ‘Mixed Berry’ were on it and it had an obvious banner of raspberries, blackberries, and...blueberries.

“Oh no.” She muttered. Sound like water entering a hose echoed in her ears and her hands flew to her butt. It began to expand.

Violet froze, the water bottle slipping from her blue fingers and hitting the hardwood floor with a heavy *thud*. The "Mixed Berry" label stared up at her accusingly.

"Oh god," she wheezed, the panic rising in her throat.

It started in her hips. The denim of her jeans, already snug against her athletic frame, suddenly screamed in protest. A loud *pop* echoed through the hallway as the top button surrendered to the sudden outward pressure. Violet gasped, clutching her midsection, but her hands were pushed away by her own rapidly expanding stomach. It wasn't fat; it was fluid. Heavy, sloshing, unstoppable fluid.

"Veruca!" Violet yelled, her voice pitching up an octave. "Veruca, help!"

Back in the kitchen, Veruca was just closing the fridge. She rolled her eyes at the shout. "Honestly, she's probably lost. American sense of direction..."

Veruca clicked her way down the hall, her shell-heels loud on the floor. "The exit is straight forward, you daft—"

She rounded the corner and stopped dead.

Violet Beauregarde was back on her feet and a whole lot of ass was being flashed to Violet. Her lower half stretched her jeans, rips and tears covered her lower half. A long split opened up her right pants legs revealing her blue calves and thighs.

"My vase!" Veruca shrieked, prioritizing the Ming porcelain on the side table over her guest's distress.

"Forget the damn vase!" Violet cried out. Her head was sinking into her shoulders, her cheeks puffing out as her entire body rounded. "I drank the water! It had blueberry in it!"

"What?"

"It had blueberry in it!"

"You're allergic to blueberries? You're still a balloon!" Veruca accused the woman. "I thought you were stable, why didn't you bring this up!"

"It's embarrassing." Violet blushed purple. Her ass continued to grow plump and her hips, plumping blue flesh peaked out the rips. She rubbed her backside and moaned lightly. Veruca couldn't help but gape at how pronounced her ass was getting.

"You didn't have such a butt when we were kids! I mean it did get huge but it was more teardrop shaped, I couldn't see a crack like this!"

"It's because of puberty...oh god." Violet opened the button of her jeans and unzipped her pants to allow her lower half to breath. She tried desperately to pull her pants down but her swelling flesh blocked that action. Instead she decided to save her upper half by throwing her varsity jacket down to the floor, followed by taking off her shirt. "When puberty came around it changed my expansion. My curves got a lot more pronounced during my growth."

She sounded embarrassed about saying that. "Do you have someplace that's at least thirty feet tall?"

"What?" Again Veruca asked in confusion. "The Great Hall, it's past the foyer we were just in."

"Take me there." Another gurgle caused Violet to bend over and her butt to blow up again. A long slit opened the seat of her pants.

"Why does it need to be thirty feet? Explain to me when we get there! Nevermind. Move, you utter cow! Move!" Veruca barked, panic fracturing her aristocratic facade. She grabbed Violet's arm—which felt like gripping a warm, rubbery stress ball, and hauled her toward the double doors at the end of the corridor.

Violet let out a low, vibrating moan, stumbling forward. Her gait had become a wide, rhythmic waddle. With every step, a sickening *slosh* echoed from deep within her, the sound of gallons of blueberry juice generating from nowhere.

“I can’t... its getting too hard to move!” Violet wheezed. She had to keep her legs spread wide to accommodate her expanding midsection, which was currently wrecking the last integrity of her zipper. *RIIIP*. The denim finally gave up the ghost, snapping apart and falling in tatters to her ankles, leaving her in her sporty underwear which was rapidly cutting into her hips.

“Just roll if you have to! Do not spread your juice in these hallways! These are original 17th-century tapestries!” Veruca shrieked, skittering sideways to allow Violet to move past her.

They burst through the double doors into the Great Hall. It was a ballroom of immense proportions, clearly designed for the kind of galas the Salt family used to host before their daughter turned into a sentient legume. The ceiling vaulted forty feet high, adorned with a massive crystal chandelier that looked terrified of the encroaching blue mass.

“Okay, okay, I’m here,” The blue woman panted. She stopped in the center of the room, bracing her hands on her knees, a position that was becoming impossible as her knees were pushed further apart by her swelling belly.

“Space!” Violet yelled, her voice sounding wet and bubbly. “I need space!”

“You have the entire west wing, you gluttonous balloon!” Veruca retreated to the safety of a marble pillar, watching with a mix of horror and scientific fascination.

Violet stood upright, arching her back as a massive pressure wave hit her. It wasn't painful, exactly—she had done this enough times that her skin was preternaturally elastic, but the sensation of fullness was overwhelming. It was like inhaling a deep breath and never being able to exhale, only to have to inhale again. Her ass destroyed her pants and her belly swelled outwards. She groaned again and worked at her bra straps but couldn't quite reach it.

“Come over here, Veruca.”

“No, why?” To answer her question the inflating woman's boobs strained the contents of her bra, and a bit of juice poured from the front. She warbled a cry and couldn't help but groped her grapefruit size breasts as they get larger. The blueberry woman grinded her teeth together and tried to take her bra off. She huffed as her body continued to grow, taking one deep breath it seemed to accelerate her growth. It was fortunate for Violet for her boobs expanded bigger from the intake and her bra landed onto her gut. The ruined undergarment slid down the surface of her belly and landed onto the wooden floor with noise reminiscent of a soggy towel hitting solid ground.

“No flipping way.” Veruca looked at Violet's dripping tits as blueberry juice dripped down her curves staining what was left of her jeans. Violet cooed out, her bosoms spurted bits of blueberry mist in response.

“So, that came with puberty too.”

“Oh qui-eeeeeeeeeeee” Violet growth kicked up another notch and her gut swelled up causing her chest to squish against her chin. Her eyes rolled in the back of her head. Veruca watched Violet plump into the familiar sphere she was as a child, but two big additions were plainly seen on her chest. Two orbs the size of beachballs grew on Violet's surface. They grew in tandem with Violet's growth, bigger and rounder did she expand until she reached the same size as she did as a kid...briefly she stopped and Veruca walked out from behind the pillar.

“Are you...” A sound like a drum being beaten by a crackhead echoed. Veruca stumbled back as Violet's body expanded even larger.

“Oh Christ. Oh Christ.” Violet huffed out loud. Her tits got even greater, soon becoming the same size as Veruca herself, while Violet’s main body spread wide and tall. Whatever scraps of clothing left fell to the ground or was smushed under Violet’s body with a gurgling splat.

The chandelier above them began to sway, the crystals chiming a nervous warning as the sheer mass of the blue woman displaced the air in the room. Violet groaned, a sound that vibrated through the floorboards, as her expansion finally reached its crescendo. Her forelimbs had long since sunk into the curvature of her body, leaving only her hands and feet sticking out like the dimpled extremities of a massive, overripe berry. The two gargantuan mounds on her chest had merged somewhat with the upper slope of her spherical form, but they still stood out, immense and heavy, pressing against her chin and forcing her head back.

She was twenty-five feet of taut, dark indigo skin. She was a monument filled with fructose. With one final, creaking stretch that sounded like a ship’s hull under pressure, the growth stopped.

The silence that followed was heavy, broken only by the settling of the house and the wet, sloshing sound of Violet’s insides settling—like a tidal wave trapped in a waterbed.

The peanut butter babe stood by the pillar, looking up. And up. And up. To see Violet’s face, she had to crane her neck back as if she were inspecting the ceiling of a cathedral.

“Is it over?” Veruca asked hesitantly. Before she could say anything.

“Yes...noo...If we wait another hour I’m going to grow bigger.” Violet cried out. A bit of drool raced down her jaws.

“Bigger? You reached this size before? Nevermind. We can’t have you get bigger. My servants will be in the house by 6AM tomorrow. They can’t know their mistress has a freak like you in her house. I’ll get a pump.” Veruca announced, before she could move, a gurgle echoed from Violet right before the blue gal’s boobs expanded wider once more. Involuntarily she leaned forward and yelled before a loud thud echoed. Juice sprayed from her nipples and splattered against the far wall. If she was still human shaped Violet would currently be on her stomach.

“Ooooh, Veruca?” Violet said. She heard a crack echoed, followed by an ooze, thick and not like her liquid juice, pooled under her. Violet’s eyes grew wide and she gagged, a bit of bile came up her throat. “Did...did...I kill someone?”

Her eyes grew watery and a bit of blue mucus came out of her nose. She shuddered in horror at what she did. “Oh no, I finally did it, I killed someone because I grew too big.”

The thicker ooze flowed under Violet, putting a stop to her tears, she felt it oozed out of her, though the thicker pieces of shell were still buried under her body.

“That was disgusting, eeewww, ewwww.” Veruca’s voice echoed. “You just had to crush me didn’t you?”

“Veruca? You’re alive? Please tell me you’re alive and not a ghost.” Violet tried to crane her head down, but her flesh and cleavage put a stop to that.

“No I’m not a ghost you fat blue bint! I’m just pure peanut butter at the moment.” Veruca’s voice sounded weird, like she was saying this through water. “What you crushed was my shell!”

“Your shell?” Violet asked.

“Yes, underneath my shell my body is a creamy peanut butter.” Veruca said. “I know you can’t see past your cow tits and your puffy neck but think of me like...like that Batman villain. Mudface? Clayhead? That one, but made of peanut butter. It’ll take me hours to regrow my shell; you know Violet, it takes a lot of concentration to keep my shape when I’m like this. Bugger all.”

The silence was awkward but Violets sniffed. Knowing that she didn't kill Veruca made the blueberry relieved, though she hoped the heiress didn't hear her cry. "Good, you're safe then."

"Well no...now I have to drag the pump from the shack and bring it here so we can pump the juice out of you. I'll have to concentrate to give my body any weight to it, and that's a pain in the posterior, Violet." A sound like gurgling sewage echoed in the Great Hall and Violet shouted:

"Stop!"

"Oh what now?" Veruca's voice was sharp. "You said you're going to grow more in an hour, so let me get going."

"No, wait. You can't use a pump...its not that simple."

"No? Didn't Wonka say you were brought into a Juicer?"

"He did, but a Juicer isn't just a pump. There's a lot of complex machinery, moving parts, chemicals, and vices, and little gizmos that I can't wrap my mind around. I have one near my house, it's as big as this room." Violet moaned out, she could feel herself grow a little bigger.

"You have that much land?"

"No, but Wonka bought and built it for me after the factory when it turned out I still blew up. But never mind that, whatever little pump you have won't work."

"Oh, so then how do I fix you? Or do you want to just keep growing until my servants see you? Until you burst out of my house."

"You...you can pleasure me." Violet huffed out.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Penetrate me. Arousal helps expel the juices out of me and a...oh I can feel that inch inside of me...arousal helps me shrink down!" The blueberry moaned.

For a moment, Veruca's form lost cohesion and ended up as a pile of inert peanut butter. After a minute, she reformed back into a semi-humanoid shape.

"Hah? Oh no I am not going to pleasure you or penetrate you. Oh no, no no..."

"Then it looks like I'm going...toooo...ggrow." Violet's body shuddered as her growth filled her body. "Out of your house...hell...maybe I'll explode!"

"Explode?"

"I can't keep growwwinnnggg for...evah." The spherical woman gagged as another rumble filled her form. "So what will it be?"

Veruca rubbed her chin, her liquid hand melded with her liquid chin. She was many things, but Veruca wasn't a murderer. Still she was trying to see if she could get out of this.

"Can't we wait it out?"

"No!" The blueberry groaned. "At this size, I can't just think happy thoughts and keep my body under control. It's growing by itself now! You need to sex me!"

Veruca thought again, biting back the disgust she felt upon hearing these words, she announced her answer: "Alright, fine, but you owe me for this! Really owe me!"

"Get some tarps and plastic!" Violet screamed. She didn't know if Veruca heard her.

The silence that stretched between the two women—one a frantic, spherical monument to excess, the other a puddle of sentient, grumbling spread was broken only by the ominous *creak* of the mansion's floorboards groaning under Violet's increasing mass.

"I heard you!" Veruca's voice bubbled up from the floor, sounding like air escaping a mud pit. "Plastic. Tarps. And God help me, a mop."

The pile of peanut butter surged, flowing rapidly across the floor like a creamy tidal wave, slipping under the gap of the double doors with disgusting ease.

Violet was left alone in the Great Hall. The solitude was terrifying. She could feel the pressure mounting behind her eyes, the juice production ramping up in her marrow. Every heartbeat pumped gallons of blueberry fluid into her tissues.

Her skin, tight as a drum, squeaked against the floor as she shifted. She was twenty-five feet now, but she could feel her body inching towards twenty-six. If she hit thirty, she'd crack the ceiling plaster. If she hit thirty-five, she'd take out the structural supports.

"Hurry up, Salt!" Violet bellowed, the sound vibrating in her own chest.

Minutes felt like hours. Finally, the doors swung open—pushed not by hands, but by a rolling wave of beige sludge that carried bundles of heavy-duty painter's plastic and canvas drop cloths on its surface like flotsam.

Veruca coalesced in the center of the room, rising up into a vaguely human shape. She didn't bother forming detailed features; she was a smooth, faceless mannequin of peanut butter, her voice vibrating from deep within her torso.

"I raided the renovation supplies in the east wing," Veruca spat—literally spitting a glob of peanut oil as she spoke. "If you ruin these, you are buying me a new wing."

Working with surprising speed for a liquid, Veruca whipped the tarps around. She covered the expensive tapestries, threw plastic over the antique credenzas, and spread a massive canvas sheet directly under Violet's elevated, spherical rear.

"Alright, you giant fruit," Veruca said, her form hardening slightly to give her legs stability. "The kill zone is prepped. Now... how do we do this? I assume you need... friction?"

Violet's face, high above near the chandelier, flushed a deep purple. "It's... it's a pressure valve thing. You need to... you need to enter. Deep. And then... massage. Rapidly. It triggers the drainage reflex."

"I cannot believe I am hearing this," Veruca muttered. She looked up at the daunting curve of Violet's underside. It was like standing at the base of a blue Epcot Center. "I am a Salt! I am an heiress worth three-hundred million quid. I am not a sex toy for a gluttonous berry!"

"Just do it, or I will explode and paint your ancestors blue!" Violet screamed, followed by a terrifying *glug-glug-glug* sound from her stomach. Her skin stretched audibly and her form visibly expanded larger.

"Fine!" Veruca looked at Violet's undercarriage and couldn't help gape at Violet's pussy. Her slit had grown large too. Huge even, it was intimidating to gaze upon. "Holy hell your slit's the size of me! Maybe even bigger! How can a snatch be so big? If I yelled down it would I echo?"

"Fuck...off." Violet's face flushed purple. "I don't want to hear how...big...my pussy is...I can feel the wind tickle me!"

Veruca used her body and dragged herself up the underside of Violet's massive form. While in this state she was somewhat liquid, if she concentrated enough, she could make bits of her solid. She hoped what she was about to do would work. Her legs intertwined, became close together, and turned into a drill shape. She did her best to aim her legs towards the huge pussy and began to snake into Violet. She didn't have to move much for another groan echoed in the room and the blueberry's vagina consumed the legs. Both women moaned from the sudden entry. Even in her current state, Veruca against all sanity, sense of feeling was a bit more elevated than when she was in her shell-form.

Breathing deeply, Veruca went to work entering in and out of Violet.

An hour passed. Veruca's peanut-butter form quivered in place, arms (or what passed for them in her current semi-liquid state) hanging limp at her sides. Thick rivulets of golden oil slowly dripped from her shoulders and elbows, pooling on the tarp beneath her. She looked like a melted action figure left too close to a radiator. She let go and dropped from Violet's side, she looked up at it and gasped. She raced out of the room and quickly came back with a tape recorder. She did a few calculations in her head then groaned.

"Three feet," she repeated, her voice flat and incredulous. "Three. Bloody. Feet. After *that*?"

Up above, Violet let out a long, trembling exhale that made the chandelier crystals shiver. The enormous indigo sphere rocked gently with the motion, the twin beach-ball-sized mounds of her breasts shifting and sloshing audibly. A few stray droplets of deep-purple juice still leaked from her nipples and ran in slow, syrupy trails down the taut curve of her belly before dripping onto the canvas with soft *plips*.

"I told you," Violet panted. "It takes... a *lot*. The first round just takes the edge off. Stops my runaway inflation. To really drain me... you'll need a lot of... sustained stimulation. Like... a lot of it. And preferably going deeper into me so I can expel more."

Veruca stared up at the glistening blue wall of flesh. The opening between Violet's thighs—still easily wide enough for Veruca to walk into upright, was flushed a violent plum color, slick and pulsing faintly with aftershocks. Strands of sticky blueberry nectar stretched like taffy between the swollen labia before snapping and falling.

"You have got to be joking," Veruca said. "I just spent the last hour basically *swimming* in you! My arms are jelly. My everything is weak! And you're telling me we're not even halfway?"

Violet's face twisted with embarrassment and lingering pleasure. "I didn't exactly *plan* to turn your ballroom into a slip-n-slide tonight, Veruca. This... this is just how my body works now! You'll also have to be a lot faster than before too. The more aroused I get, the more juice I produce."

Veruca dragged what used to be hands down the smooth dome of her own featureless face. "Brilliant. So I either keep going until dawn and hope my servants develop sudden blindness or you pop like an overripe grape and redecorate my home with jam."

A low, wet gurgle rolled through Violet's core. Both women froze.

"There's no use belly aching," Violet whispered. "I can already feel it starting again. That... that prickling heat behind my navel. If we stop now I'll—"

"—yes yes, explode, and ruin my 17th-century oak beams, causing a tragic loss to my heritage, etcetera." Veruca cut her off. She took a step forward, bare peanut-butter feet making wet *schlup-schlup* sounds on the tarp. "Fine. Round two. But I'm going to put my all to it this time."

Violet blinked slowly. "What's that supposed to me?"

The peanut butter slime didn't answer. She walked directly under Violet's elevated entrance, tilted her head back, and without any further preamble, plunged both arms straight in up to the shoulders.

Violet's entire body jolted. A high, startled whine escaped her.

"Veruca—!"

"Shut. Up." Veruca's voice came muffled and wet. "And clench."

What followed was less elegant lovemaking and more industrial-grade maintenance.

Veruca didn't bother trying to simulate human anatomy anymore. She simply extended herself. Her arms lengthen, torso stretched, her shoulders narrowing until she resembled nothing so much as a thick, glistening beige tentacle.. She pushed deeper, deeper, curling and coiling inside the slick, fever-hot channel until even she lost track of where her "body" ended and Violet's began.

Violet's thighs (or what remained of them) trembled violently. Her voice cracked into staccato moans that echoed off the gilded ceiling.

"F—fuck—*deeper*—there—*there*—god yes—!"

Veruca obliged. She thickened her invading mass, pulsing rhythmically, letting the natural weight and pressure of hundreds of pounds of sentient peanut spread do most of the work. Every time Violet's inner walls clamped down, Veruca pushed back harder, literally inflating her slimy form momentarily to increase resistance, then deflating and surging forward again in a brutal seesaw.

Thick gouts of blueberry juice began to spurt in earnest now. It was not just from Violet's nipples, but from the stretched opening itself. It poured down Veruca's extended form in glossy rivers, running over her "shoulders," dripping off the small of her back, pooling around her feet in a rapidly spreading lake the color of smashed fruit.

Veruca didn't stop. Really she couldn't, once she committed to a shape this extreme, changing back required concentration she didn't have to spare.

Minutes blurred.

Violet's voice grew hoarse.

Her spherical shape began slowly to contract.

Twenty-two feet became eighteen feet.

Then sixteen.

Then fourteen.

At twelve feet, Veruca finally pulled most of herself free with a wet, obscene *schlorp*. She reformed into something vaguely humanoid again. She dripped with a deep purple liquid that managed not to mingle with her own creamy features.

Violet was panting, head lolling forward as much as her massive cleavage allowed. She looked exhausted. Radiant. Miserable. Satisfied. All at once.

"Better?" Veruca rasped. Her voice sounded like someone had poured gravel into a blender.

Violet managed a weak nod. "Still...still got more to go. I can... I can feel the rest wanting to come. Just... need a little more."

Veruca stared at the now "only" basketball-court-sized blueberry woman in front of her. Then she looked down at her own exhausted, oil-slicked body.

"You realize," she said slowly, "that if anyone ever finds out about tonight, I will personally fund a global campaign to have you declared a biological weapon."

Violet gave a tired, hiccupping laugh that made her remaining curves jiggle. "And if *anyone* finds out I begged a peanut to fist me until I deflated in her ballroom... I'll just roll into the nearest river and sink forever."

A beat passed.

Then Veruca stepped forward again. This time she entered the blueberry's slit slower, almost carefully. She placed one dripping hand on the taut swell of Violet's lower curve.

"Last round," she muttered. "And you're buying me new flooring. And new dignity. And possibly therapy."

Violet's eyes fluttered half-closed. A small, helpless smile curved her mouth.
"Deal."

Veruca climbed up once again, using handholds of stretched blue skin and sheer stubbornness, positioning herself astride the last swollen inches of Violet's entrance like a woman mounting a siege ladder.

One final time, she sank inside.

This round was quieter. Less frantic. More deliberate.

Veruca moved with long, rolling thrusts. The peanut butter woman was less force, more rhythmic. She was coaxing rather than demanding the blueberry to expel her juices. Violet's moans turned soft and broken. Grateful.

Inch by inch, foot by foot, the blueberry heiress shrank.

Fourteen became twelve.

Which became eleven.

Which became ten.

Which became nine, then eight, seven, six

Until finally or blessedly, she settled at roughly six feet tall again: spherical in the middle, a bit leaking gently from every overstuffed curve... but no longer in immediate danger of exploding.

Veruca slid free one last time and collapsed onto the tarp in an untidy splatter. She lay there on her back, staring at the ceiling, chest rising and falling in slow, unnecessary breaths.

Violet rolled gently onto her side, bringing her face closer to Veruca's prone form.

"Hey," she whispered.

Veruca didn't look at her. "What?"

"...thanks."

A long silence.

Then, grudgingly: "You're welcome, you ridiculous balloon."

Violet's laugh was soft. Tired. Almost fond.

Veruca turned her head. A faint smirk tugged at what passed for her mouth in peanut-butter form. Neither of them moved for a long while. The chandelier above them finally stopped swaying. Somewhere in the house, a grandfather clock began to chime five.

Dawn was coming.

And somehow it felt like the night hadn't ended in disaster.

Yet.