

# Queen Grapes

by TrebleCleffy

Tori did not care for the high noon California summer heat; the way it made her sweat in her jeans and t-shirt; how it made her bra stuffy and made her boobs stick together. It was not even June and she wondered how she would enjoy the next three months if she'd already had enough sun in her first four hours there. The vineyard hills were a pleasing sight, yes, but Tori was used to Seattle's usual overcast and moderate temperature. You never think about the stuff you won't like when you accept a friend's offer to stay at her parents' winery, all summer long.

She'd have to get used to it. She'd traveled overseas to hotter, more humid places before. And Georgia was a nice host, and a nice friend. And Tori might've actually felt good at that moment as she followed Georgia through the sun-soaked hills, if only Valerie and Edna had been with them. They were supposed to have arrived three days ago but their flight had been cancelled. They flew in tonight, now.

Tori stopped, took a breath and pulled a blonde strand back behind her ear. Georgia paused, turned round and regarded Tori through a big pair of sunglasses. "You okay Tor? You look like you could use a drink."

"I think I could use one, actually."

"The greenhouse is just past the next hill, a little further. We can rest and hang out there for a while."

"What time did you say Val and Eddy were going to be here?"

Georgia adjusted the brim of her old Giants cap and glanced at the watch on her bony, sun-tanned wrist. "Around eight, I think."

"I've been texting them all day and haven't heard anything."

"They're in the air now. They'll get back to you once they hit their layover in Denver. Are you worried?"

"No, I'm fine. Really."

Georgia resumed the path, Tori followed.

"I'm so glad you guys are staying with us this summer," Georgia said. "Summers are usually so boring. I'm stuck out here, alone. Well, anyway, here comes the

greenhouse. I should've brought some bottled water before I took you out on tour. Sorry. I didn't think of it."

"That's alright," said Tori.

The greenhouse was a marvel. It sat in the middle of the valley, blazing reflected yellow in the afternoon sun. Tori had known that Georgia's family was well off, but she'd had no idea that they owned a great, beautiful glass house. The glass along the first-story wall was tinted, you couldn't see inside. Above that, a transparent dome rose five stories in the air.

They got to the entrance and Georgia punched a code in a little keypad with steel buttons. A buzzer sounded, followed by a click. Georgia pulled open the thick metal door, letting Tori in before herself.

They passed through a small corridor into the greenhouse chamber. Tori's sweat cooled. The air was muggy but there were fans scattered about the floor, circulating air at ground level.

Ten feet above the two girls hung the biggest tangle of the thickest grape vines Tori had ever seen. It was a massive web, held aloft by dozens of wires, suspended by large, sturdy poles. The vines were thick as small trees. They wound together in crooked knots, cloaking the floor in shade and splitting the space of the greenhouse into upper and ground levels.

On the ground were mounds of soil, fenced off with wire mesh, where trees, plants and giant shrubs grew. These mounds split the smooth stone floor up into many winding pathways. It was like a park in the evening. There were even lantern-lights suspended above the paths.

But the aesthetic beauty of the place was hardly interesting compared to the first thing Tori actually noticed when she set foot in the great, glass chamber. Huge grapes hung down from the massive vines in heavy clusters. Tori could not believe grapes ever got so big. Could you even call them grapes if they were near the size of your fist? The clusters were as big as chandeliers.

Georgia grinned and said nothing as Tori gaped. They got to the center of the greenhouse. Georgia ran off to a little office by the far wall to get some water. She returned with two tall glasses.

"These grapes are huge!"

Georgia giggled. "I don't think they exist anywhere else. We call them queen grapes. They're genetically modified. They actually have regular, tiny grape

seeds in the middle, but the cell membranes just grow and grow and grow! Oh, but, before I go on talking, Tori, I have to ask something of you.”

“Um, okay,” said Tori.

Georgia handed her the glass. “I can’t have you telling anyone about these grapes, and I mean *anyone*. You, Val and Eddy have got to promise to keep all of this among yourselves. These grapes are a trade secret. My parents make a limited quantity of wine out of them. It’s what the company is famous for. Do you promise, Tori? I *need* to know that you wouldn’t spread something like this around. My parents’ business depends on it.”

“Of course, Georgia, I promise. Besides, I don’t have any reason to talk about it.”

“Thanks, Tor. My parents are really uptight about this place. The queen grapes are the reason I’ve never gone abroad or stayed away from home during the summer. It’s really only my mom, dad and I who know about them, which means I have to help them here every summer. The rest of the winery staff works the regular vineyard in the fall but the queens grow here in the summer when hardly anyone else is around. You may not have noticed, but the fruit isn’t visible from the outside. The tinted glass goes up too high for anyone to look in.

“I’ve gotten really tired of staying at home over the years, so, this year, my parents compromised and said I could have some friends stay with me, *if* they were friends I *really* trusted and if I could give my *word* that no one would talk about these grapes outside the winery.”

“Well, I’m happy you trust me enough to share, then.”

Georgia smiled. “So, let’s sit down.” She indicated a long bench aligned with a fence that enclosed some very tall shrubs.

“Is there any more of the winery to see?”

“Well, there’s the distillery, but it’s on the other side of the grounds. Kind of a long walk. I thought we could all go there when Val and Eddy get here. If that’s okay with you.”

“Yeah, that’s fine.”

“Awesome.” Georgia gingerly sat her narrow frame down on the bench, turned, and laid back, pulling off her baseball hat and folding her arms behind her head. Tori sat herself down beside Georgia’s feet.

“Tori?” said Georgia, after a minute.

“Yeah?”

“Since I let you in on a secret about my family business, can I ask you a personal question?”

“What is it?”

“What’s it like...having really big boobs?”

Tori laughed and looked down to her prominent chest. “I don’t know. What’s it like having normal boobs?”

“I’m not normal! I’m small. I’ve had B cups ever since I was twelve. I used to wonder what it would be like to have Ds or double Ds. But you, what are you, a G cup?”

“I’m somewhere between an I and a J.”

“Jesus Christ! That’s like what? Eight sizes bigger than me? What’s it like having boobs that are absolutely enormous!?”

“Kind of heavy, I guess. Most of the time I don’t feel all that big. I just feel normal. I’m used to it.”

“Hmm. I wanted to also ask Eddy what it’s like to have a big butt. Like, does it feel like a permanent cushion you can sit down on?”

Tori smiled, Georgia giggled. “But I’m not sure she’d take it as a compliment. That’s how I mean questions like that though.”

“Okay.”

“I don’t retain much water and fat. It doesn’t look *healthy*.” Georgia’s face scrunched up in an exaggerated pout.

“What are you talking about, Georgia?”

“I’m all skinny, Tori. It looks bad. You’ve got those boobs. And Eddy has that big butt, and Val, well...y’know, Val has some of both, though not as much of either as you and Eddy. I like it. It’s cute. I think you’re all cute. I’m just frail.

“Oh, get over it, Georgia. You’re waif-ey. Guys give you tons of attention. And you know it.”

Georgia sniffed. “*Hmph*. I don’t care about *those* guys. *I like* girl meat. I wish I had some of my own. And everyone hates it when I complain about not being able to put on any weight. But, I seriously don’t like it. I’d be totally stoked for

some sexy curves. “Well, anyway.” Georgia cleared her throat, “you’ve got to try a queen grape! It’ll totally change your life. Like nothing you’ve ever tried before.”

“A-alright.” Tori did not know she was in for *this*. She didn’t feel like eating and anyway didn’t know about fist-sized grapes for *food*. But then, Tori did not want to be rude.

Georgia stood. “Just a minute!” she said and turned a corner round a big shrub. In seconds, she returned with a long pickup tool. She extended it to a ripened cluster of queen grapes and clasped the stem in the middle. She pulled until four grapes came tumbling down. Tori fully expected them to splatter on the stone, but instead, they plopped to the ground and made a sound like water balloons surviving a fall.

“The queen grapes are tough,” said Georgia as she gathered them up. “It takes a lot of impact to actually break them.”

Georgia washed the grapes at a sink by the office and returned, handing a clean, shiny, particularly plump, queen grape to Tori. “They’re so ripe!” she said.

Tori examined the queen grape, tested its skin with her fingers. It was dark purple, speckled with slightly darker spots and tough as a spring roll. It was similar to a peach but heavier, denser perhaps. Tori didn’t really want to eat the weird fruit, but Georgia, her host, seemed to insist. The way Georgia just stood there and watched her with the queen grape in her hand made even a ‘how about I try it later?’ seem impermissible. For such a small girl, Georgia had an imposing way about her.

Under some duress, Tori took a small bite. She sunk in her teeth and bit off a sliver. Dense was definitely a word to describe the taste; as if a dozen grapes had been pressed together, supercharging the sweetness, the juiciness. This was more potent than any candy Tori had eaten. The manufactured taste of any imitation-fruit snack was kids’ stuff. *This* was the real thing, times ten! It was more like super sweet wine than candy flavor anyway. It was almost too delicious.

“Mmmm, this is so good!” Tori’s appetite was invigorated. She took a bigger bite, then a bigger one. She munched the grape like an apple, chewing at its squishy insides. Juice gushed over her tongue.

“Aren’t they great?” said Georgia.

“Mmm-hmm,” said Tori, between bites, “how’d your parents *do* it?”

“They won’t even tell me that. At least not until I’m old enough to be in charge here.”

“Can I...have two?”

“Of course! You can have as many as you like. You can spit out the seed in the trash.” Georgia’s finger indicated a small bin near the bench

The seed was indeed the size of a regular grape seed. Tori spat it into the trash. Then she started on another queen grape, though she noticed then that Georgia wasn’t eating any herself. “You’re not going to have any?”

“Eh, maybe later. I’m just not hungry right now.”

Tori felt a little tricked. Why did she have to be the only one eating something? But the queen grapes were so tasty, she really didn’t want to stop. She ate another, then another. Then she was full.

“I don’t think I can eat more. But they’re really amazing, Georgia.”

“I told you,” said Georgia.

They spent a long while lazing on the bench. Then, Tori felt thirsty once more. The sweat on her body was now gone and her tongue was a little dry.

“Georgia, where do I get some more water?”

“Oh, don’t worry Tor, I’ll get you some!” said Georgia as she took off to the office again. She returned with another glass of water and Tori drank it down at once.

“I feel so dehydrated!” she gasped.

“I’m sorry Tori! It is hot here in Cal. Do you need another glass?”

“Uh, yeah, for sure!”

Georgia returned with another, which Tori gulped down. “Oh my god, I’m so thirsty!”

Georgia returned with another glass, downed again by Tori, at great speed. Tori’s thirst was not quenched.

“Okay, new plan, Tori. Why don’t you use the hose.” Georgia went over to a black, coiled up hose by a tree and took the hose head. “The water from this is the same as the water from the sink. And don’t worry about getting water on the floor, it all just goes down the grates and gets recirculated through the filtration system.”

Georgia handed the hose to Tori, who was speechless. Georgia ran around a shrub and the squeaking of a valve sounded. Water spurted out of the hose head, soaking the stone floor.

Tori, embarrassed that Georgia had rather forcefully put a running hose in her hands, nonetheless acquiesced and sipped at the stream. She was awfully thirsty.

Georgia's attention suddenly turned to her cell phone. "Oh! Eddy and Val are here! Okay, Tori, I've got to go pick them up, but you can stay here as long as you like. The house is right around the hill, east of here. If you want to go back. Will you be okay?"

"Uh, yeah," said Tori between sips, "I'll be fine."

"Great! My mom will let you in the house if you need. I'll see you in a couple hours, Tori. Goodbye for now!"

"Bye," said Tori, bewildered. Georgia had left her, awkwardly, in a huge greenhouse, drinking water from a hose.

On the other hand, Tori wanted to keep drinking.

Five minutes of sipping from the hose passed and Tori was thirstier than ever. She still felt dry as a bone. She would gulp down a mouthful. Then, within a second, her tongue would feel parched, her body arid, and she had to have more. The barren feeling inside her increased with each mouthful. She sipped vigorously at the stream, faster and faster. *God, I feel like a desert, she thought. It's like I could drink all afternoon...*

Tori was soon unsatisfied, just sipping at the water. She looked about, making sure she was alone and popped the hose head between her lips, letting water fill her cheeks. She swallowed in big, heavy gulps. It was a greedy, embarrassing thing to do and it probably looked ridiculous. It helped to relieve her thirst though. *Oh yeah...this is much better...mmmm, so cold and wet...more ...*

Soon, Tori felt something tight in her belly. She looked down. Her jeans, which fit perfectly, felt tight, particularly in her groin. The button was straining at the button loop and the denim around her thighs looked awfully stretched.

*Jesus! Am I actually getting too full for my jeans!...oh, I have to stop drinking water, this is really embarrassing...*The soreness in her groin got worse and soon, unbearable.

Tori just *had* to drink more water. She undid the button of her jeans. It was not easy. The denim did not want to give and Tori had to suck in her gut and pull hard. But she managed it.

...But the tightness was also further down, too, at her buttocks and thighs. She could feel the fabric straining around her. *I think I'm really swelling up! Oh god, I hope no one sees me...*Tori bent a little to push down her jeans and heard a couple sharp snaps behind her.

That was when Tori choked on water and had to spit out the hose head. It fell to the floor, spurting about. Tori spent an uncomfortable minute heaving up the water in her lungs. She was afraid. *I'm already bursting out of my jeans! How much water have I drank?!*

When her breath recovered, she leaned down, seized her jeans, heard a couple more threads pop at her bottom and pulled the jeans down her legs. She had to literally peel them off her thighs; they were so tightly squished in the denim.

Tori was plenty embarrassed, but her thirst was more intense than ever. She had to stay where she was and keep drinking. She took the hose and popped it back in her mouth.

Tori sat and felt strange, like she was sitting on something...not familiar. She reached beneath her. Her bottom felt...squishy. There just seemed to be more of her behind herself...and below herself...and to the sides. Indeed, Tori noticed, she definitely took up more of the bench than she had before. It was hard to tell just how much but she knew she could feel a wider area beneath her than she was used to. How fast was her bottom filling out? Tori cupped a butt cheek as she drank. *Oh god, I feel it! My butt is filling up with water! How could this happen? How can I just drink all this water, nonstop? What's wrong with me? How am I even going to get out of this place? There is no way I'm going to fit back into my jeans if I keep drinking like this...*

Tori was frightened. But, water had never tasted so *good*. Hydrating her body seemed to matter more than anything else. Hydrating and hydrating until...what? Until she burst? But Tori's pleasure increased, as did the tightness of her panties around her thighs and bottom.

Tori then felt her butt cheeks touch the backboard of the bench.

She looked down. Her thighs had widened dramatically and her butt was a big mass that took up nearly half the bench now, stretching her panties wide. It was like sitting on giant water balloons.

The strangeness of it all did not displace the pleasant coolness around Tori's crotch. She noticed something else. Her belly, normally rather flat, was starting to stick out below her t-shirt; not in a 'fatty' way but in a distended, pregnant way. It was quite smooth, and gaining mass, with her belly button in the lead. *Oh god, this is so embarrassing! My body is totally giving out, I'm blowing up!*

And still, the water seemed all the more wonderful to take in. It was near ecstasy. She drank as the minutes passed and watched her bottom cover more and more of the bench beneath her; watched her belly swell out into an almost a perfect sphere.

Tori's skin was looking...different, at least the skin on her belly. Was it darker than before? It seemed quite pink, like a child's balloon.

Tori's belly got bigger and rounder (and pinker?). Her t-shirt made way, and lifted up around her shoulders, bunching around her upper back and breasts.

And then, Tori's bra began to feel tight...

She felt her chest with her free hand. Tit flesh rose above her J-cup bra. J-cups were frequently a little small on Tori, but her bra was now splitting her boobs in two, like never before. Her nipples were uncomfortably squished against the padded fabric. *Now my boobs too...oh god, I'm like a big, human water balloon now...or water balloons...mmm...oh god.*

The tightness soon turned into pain, which got sharper as Tori's bra cut mercilessly into her. She reached behind her. Her bra clasps were tightly linked. The band was stretched too far to unhook.

Tori's breasts were not only bulging out on top of her bra cups, they were also shaping up – getting less wobbly and doughy, like her distended belly which now looked like a huge, pink watermelon. Her butt and thighs were shaping up too. They rounded out, lifting her higher on the bench. She could almost feel herself rising centimeter by centimeter. She was expanding in every direction and her swollen parts were getting spherical, even as they remained squishy to the touch. There was water-filled flesh everywhere.

Tori's breasts were painfully reigned in by her bra and t-shirt. The pain grew until Tori had had enough. She had to stop drinking water...for just a minute so she

could escape the confines of her bra. She set the hose down, feeling miserable about letting herself go thirsty, and stood...

...And felt her panties burst around her massive thighs and fall in shreds to the floor. Tori could not really see it happening; her chest obscured a lot of her vision and all she saw when she looked behind her was a lot of hips and butt.

Tori was less startled by her exposed bottom, though, than by the strange sensation of standing. She was heavier than ever in her life. The gallons and gallons of water made her feel like she could tip over easily; they pulled her down like so much watery weight.

Tori looked about frantically...and spotted a pair of pruning shears on another bench, not far from where she stood!

But in this water-filled body, it was a far distance to cross. She had to baby step like a tightrope walker so as not to tip. Tori's naked thighs rubbed together. Her hips had bloomed to an impossibly wide and rounded girth. The incredible weight of her expanded body made walking a new challenge. The unfamiliar distribution of her ballooned parts had to stay balanced, or she would fall. Her muscles had quite a time trying to keep all of this swollen flesh in motion. And, the whole time that she made her way, Tori could only think about how wonderful it would be to return to that hose and keep drinking all that lovely water...

A thirty-foot walk took Tori almost four minutes. When she got to the bench and bent down for the pruning shears, she toppled over.

Tori was startled but she hardly felt any pain. Her skin was strong. The watery pillows of her butt cushioned her fall. Her bottom jiggled, despite its shapeliness.

Sunk by the weight of her bottom, Tori lifted herself to a sitting position, aided by the weight of her tummy. She reached, took the pruning shears and lifted the bra straps beneath her shirt. She cut each strap carefully. Then she took her t-shirt and bra band in her fist behind her and cut.

The bra rocketed off her.

Revealed now was a pair of spheroidal pink breasts, nearly the size of cantaloupes. Tori gasped in relief. Her body was finally naked and free...to...drink more...

Instead of taking her chances on her feet, Tori crawled the ten yards back to the running hose. It was a little slower than walking, but another spill would slow her down further. Her belly was not quite big enough to touch the floor when she was down on all fours. It swung below her, pendulously, in concert with her breasts.

Tori had to keep her elbows angled outwards to give her boobs some room. Gosh, was she ever pink...her boobs, belly and thighs most definitely were a darker, redder shade, even the skin on her arms looked a little more...colorful than usual.

As she traveled back to the hose, Tori caught a glimpse of her reflection in a far glass pane at the greenhouse wall. *Geez, is my butt really that high in the air? I can't believe how round it is! And my tummy looks pregnant with triplets! I'm deformed...what's happening to me?*

But, in truth, Tori was less afraid now. The thought of filling her body up with all that tasty water seemed vaguely...liberating. She couldn't fight the desire to take every precious drop into herself...

Tori got to the hose. She took it and lifted herself up onto the bench. Her butt easily took up most of the wooden surface.

Tori drank, taking in as much with every gulp as she could.

She watched her breasts grow to the size of soccer balls, then basketballs. Soon, they were large watermelons. They began to overtake her belly, which still grew but not quite as fast as before. Tori felt her nipples get big and puffy. They were beyond her vision as the horizon of her breasts was cartoonishly expansive. Her breasts were fully aloft on her belly. As she grew, Tori could see less and less of the greenhouse around her and more and more of her expanding boobs. Her skin continued to change. Now it was a bright, deepening, pinkish-red. If she had seen herself from afar, Tori might have mistaken herself for a giant wad of cotton candy.

The bench was getting to be an awfully small seat for Tori. Her bottom surged against the wood, pushing her forward, making Tori lose her proper seating. Tori's belly and humongous breasts – each one now a beach ball in size, yanked at her back and begged to pull her forward. *I'm so heavy and full and this bench is so tiny now. I can't believe how big and round my boobs are. I can't believe how pink my skin is! Oh god, more water, more water. I need it!*

The bench was soon filled top to bottom with Tori's butt, giving Tori no room to stay on it. Tori pushed against the floor with her legs, hoping to prop herself up. Her belly and boobs fought against the resistance of her back – and with a final gulp of water, they won. She spilled forth, this time on a massive, watery cushion of tits and tummy, burying the hose beneath her.

Tori's incredible mass absorbed all but an iota of the impact. She felt her pumpkin-sized buttocks ripple from impact and then slow to eager quivers. Most of Tori's weight balanced on her squished but mighty belly, which kept her a good foot and a half above the floor. Her feet touched the stone but her knees were left

suspended by an inch. Tori's face was half sunk into her cleavage, the rounded swell of each breast pressing against her cheeks.

The hose snaked under Tori's left boob and was pinned beneath her belly where it spilled the cool water, making her shiver. She managed to rock to the side, lifting enough of her belly and pulled the hose out from under her.

Tori drank all the more ferociously, pumping herself up with the succulent water. The expansion, which had started in her butt, worked its way down her thighs, then up into her belly, was at a peak. Her breasts grew faster than anything. She could see them rising beneath her, gathering mass on the floor, lifting her. *Oh yes, please, please, take in more water boobies! Drink up more water and grow!*

The bigger Tori got, the less of herself she could see. She was helplessly trapped in her own cleavage; it was pretty much all boob flesh in front of her.

Her skin had lost all its pinkness. It had deepened to a dark lavender, which covered her arms from shoulders to fingertips. The color was deepest over the planetary surface of her boobs. Tori's skin also felt remarkably strong...and it was shiny. The sunlight that poured through the vines overhead reflected sharply off of Tori's cleavage. *Wow, I must look like...like a cluster of huge grapes. And no wonder...I am a bunch of giant grapes now. Georgia did this. It was those weird grapes she made me eat. What a crazy bitch she is but...ohhh...more water, more water...just keep filling up...so good...*

Tori had been at a horizontal position, courtesy of her rising belly. But her growing boobs had taken over in support. They blew up like water-filled weather balloons, lifting her head and letting her knees drop to the floor where they could help prop up the weight of Tori's humongous bottom.

Tori's arms rested against the smooth, round, purple surface of her gargantuan boobs as she held the hose head, keeping it locked securely in her mouth. Tori's delight grew. She could not remember a more satisfying feeling than taking in all those gallons of water. Her swelling nipples pressed into the stone floor, sending shivers down Tori's spine. Her boobs grew bigger, wider, heavier as they dutifully accommodated Tori's ravenous thirst.

It was at this time that Tori began to feel full. All along, she had felt empty, no matter how huge she grew. But now, her belly, boobs and buttocks were voluminous and ripe, tight with internal pressure. There was an undeniable satisfaction in it, as if she had reached some potential, now that she was big as an overstuffed chair.

Tori was also increasingly exhausted. Her lips ached and her arms were tired. The thirty or so minutes she had spent pumping water into herself could have been an hour peddling a treadmill for how tired she was.

Her thirst gave out. She dropped the hose and it clattered to the floor.

She wanted to see more of herself; but how possible was that when a huge belly and a monstrous pair of breasts anchored you down? Could she rock herself? Tori's breasts lifted her so high that her fingertips barely touched the floor. She managed to push herself sideways with her knees and fingers. It was just enough to make gravity and the weight of her massive butt do the rest of the work and tip her over. She rolled onto a blown-up hip, the size of a car tire. Her left arm was trapped beneath the weight of her breast. She pushed at the floor with her legs until she rolled on her back and felt an uncomfortable sensation as her wildly protruding butt refused to let her sink even with the ground. Her bottom forced a dramatic curvature in Tori's back. This awkward position would not do. Tori put her little arms back to work, levered against the floor and fought the gallons of weight on her chest and belly. She stuck her legs in the air in a diver's pose, putting the weight of her thighs to her advantage. It worked. She slowly seesawed forward on her butt and finally sat on her bottom, comfortable again.

It still wasn't a great view. Most of Tori's field of vision was taken up by ripe, purple boob. But her boobs parted slightly, giving Tori a narrow view through her massive cleavage to the shiny slope of her belly, which was as deep purple-red as a fully ripe grape. She concluded her breasts, each individually, had far outgrown her belly. They stuck out so much in front of Tori that she could no longer tell how far out her nipples stuck. The horizon of her boobs was too spread out for Tori to properly gauge their size. Somewhere beyond that horizon, her nipples were big and fat sticking out of swollen aureoles. When Tori glanced down her backside, she found her smooth, shiny, purple buttocks sticking out behind her, and to the side where they swelled into massive hips. The watery cushion of her thighs and butt lifted Tori a good foot and a half above the floor. Tori's lavender calves had swollen up a bit but they were pretty normal at the ankles where she still had her socks on.

Tori could not believe that all this massive, ripe, naked, purple flesh was every square inch, hers. It was easier to imagine she was wearing a giant purple suit.

Fatigue gradually overcame Tori. For the last hour or so, she had pumped her body up with water, her heart thumping madly in her chest. It was too much. She had to slow down now. She felt so full...had to rest...*Okay, okay, okay, five minutes and then I'll figure out what to do...I'll come up with a plan and get out of here, where no one can see me...*Tori leaned forward and let her arms and face fall to her boobs. They were cool and soft. Rest was a relief.

When she awoke, Tori heard the clicking of a chain, the humming of a machine. It sounded like a garage door, opening from the far side of the greenhouse. Tori blinked and then her heart seized up as she saw her humongous breasts before her. *Oh no! Someone's here! I was only supposed to sleep for five minutes, what happened?* She looked up through the tangled grape vines and beyond them saw a dimming sky through the greenhouse glass, turning from dark blue to orange. She must have slept for some time.

Tori heard footsteps. She collected her legs beneath her round, watery mass, pushed down with her arms and managed with great effort to lift herself to her feet. She was surprised when she stood to see how her boobs kept their globular shape, held aloft on her buoyant belly. When standing, purple boob flesh obscured about a third of Tori's vision.

Tori looked about for a place to hide, but even if there was such a place, she was now too slow to find it...it was hopeless.

Then, Tori spotted a familiar Giants cap and a tiny, suntanned girl's frame through a large shrub. Tori was caught. She held her breath and prepared for the greatest humiliation of her life.

Georgia emerged and her eyes grew wide. "Oh, Tori!" she said, "wow! Your boobs got *enormous!* That's the biggest I've ever seen! Wow, they're cute!"

"H-how could you *do* this to me?!" Tori stammered.

"Oh Tori, it's shocking, I know. I'm sorry to just bring it on you without any warning. But we can't take chances."

"Who's 'we'?"

"Now, we need to get you over to the distillery. You'll like it there, I promise!"

"I'm not going anywhere with you! You're crazy!"

"Oh Tori, Tori..." said Georgia, circling Tori, eyeing every cartoonish, naked, purple curve. It made Tori horribly embarrassed to be eyeballed, up and down. It felt like a violation, of sorts. "Rest assured, you will be compensated for this. It's unfair to make you...an unwilling employee, I know. But there's just no other way. Now, I want you to calm down. My parents and I will take you to the winery where you'll be much happier."

"No!"

Georgia sidestepped to a spot just behind Tori. "You don't have a choice," she said.

And then, she pushed Tori. Tori plopped down on her belly and jiggling boobs. She was far too big to crawl now; her boobs too massive to even get her hands flat on the floor.

"She's ready!" called Georgia. In a few seconds, Georgia's parents were on the scene. Georgia's father carried a canvas stretcher under his arm, which he set down and unfolded, next to Tori. Tori lay silently and cried, defeated as they rolled her on the canvas. She was on her bottom, which kept her lifted in that awkward arc. Georgia's mother took Tori by the shoulders and brought her to a sitting position while Georgia placed a huge, fluffy pillow beneath Tori. The pillow helped even out Tori's posture and took the strain off her back.

With Georgia's mother and Georgia herself each taking a handle of the stretcher on one side and Georgia's father taking both handles at the other side, they grunted as they hoisted Tori up and carried her through the greenhouse and out the garage door. A red pickup truck was waiting.

They slid Tori aboard. "Strap her in!" said Georgia's father.

"Poor thing, she's scared to death!" said Georgia's mother.

Georgia climbed into the bed of the pickup and mounted Tori's belly.

"Hee hee, -you're so shapely and soft, it feels nice!" Georgia whispered. Tori, crying, said nothing.

Georgia took a strap on either side of the carrier and tied them together, sliding the knot into the deep region between Tori's belly and breasts. Then, Georgia turned around, still atop Tori's belly and tied another pair of straps over Tori's hips. Then she turned around once more, crawled atop Tori's mammoth boobs and looked Tori in the eye. "Try not to worry Tori, everything will be okay." She bit her lower lip, smiled and gingerly squeezed one of Tori's nipples with her fingers. The sensation was intense and added to Tori's sense of violation. Then, Georgia carefully reached behind Tori's head, lifted it, and propped it up on another fluffy pillow. Then, Georgia leapt to the ground and Tori heard the tailgate close, followed by car doors.

Tori was filled almost to bursting. How would she ever lose all this water?

The drive was short. Tori watched the setting sun, deep red on the horizon, wondering what indignity awaited her next. She tried to calm herself by imagining that those huge round masses in front of her were mountains, drifting miles away on the horizon.

Tori got only a glimpse of the distillery. It looked an awful lot like another, somewhat smaller, greenhouse. The lower level was again made of tinted glass and the upper level was transparent. The pickup circled in sharply, leaving the building obscured behind Tori's boobs which towered too high to see anything.

The tailgate opened and Tori was unstrapped, hoisted up again and carried through a set of double doors.

The air inside was warm, not stifling. Tori, still flat on her back, could only see the early evening stars through the glass ceiling.

They set her down on a padded floor. There were mirrors, angled a little upward all around the interior walls.

Tori heard a now familiar sound. It was of water, rushing through a hose. And...gulping? Slurping?

"Let us know if you need anything Tori. And don't worry. You'll learn to carry yourself very soon!" said Georgia's mother. Georgia's parents exited through the double doors.

Georgia circled about Tori, took her by the shoulders and, with a loud grunt, lifted her to a sitting position.

Big hammocks occupied one side of the distillery. They were suspended a couple feet from the floor by heavy chains, linked to the ceiling. Mounted on the wall nearby was a big screen TV, speakers on either side of it. There were also three enormous couches.

Most of the distillery floor was covered with a thick mat. There was a large circular region in the middle of the building floor, about five meters across. It sunk below floor level like a shallow crater. Its surface was lined with white, shiny plastic. At regular intervals, the plastic was dented with small metal grates, or drains...it looked like a giant sink basin.

But, it was what Tori saw at the far end of the distillery that was a revelation. Two very large, round purple figures rested against the wall. One lay back with her eyes closed, the other sucked water greedily from a hose.

"Eddy? Val?!"

Eddy, the resting one, opened her eyes, smiled with dark purple lips and waved a weary hand. Val unplugged the hose from her mouth. "Hey Tor," she gasped, "sorry, I can't talk much right now, I need to finish hydrating!"

“Wow Tori, your boobs!” said Eddy.

Georgia approached Eddy and Val, giggling, “how’re you girls doing?”

“Oh, fine,” said Eddy, “fat, swollen and juicy. No thanks to you.”

“Well, I’m glad you’re getting used to it. I should leave you Queens alone now. But, try and make Tori feel at home. She’s very ripe. Give her some relief.” Georgia turned for the door. “Take care Tor, I’ll be around!” The doors clicked closed behind her.

Tori struggled with her arms and legs and got herself to her feet. Eddy did the same, but with a practiced grace that Tori lacked.

“I want to see myself,” said Tori. She waddled in the direction of the mirrors beside Eddy and Val.

Walking on a floor, padded eight inches thick, was an additional challenge on top of walking with tons of extra weight on your body. It was a slow trip but Tori made it without falling. She finally had a chance to really examine herself.

“Oh...wow!” she stammered. How small her head looked now!

Tori’s butt was two gigantic, protruding globes behind her. Her bulging hips widened her to over three feet from side to side; too big to fit comfortably through any normal-sized door. With her huge thighs, they created a massive, purple heart shape that narrowed dramatically at the knees.

Tori’s belly was a parody of pregnancy. So wide and smooth, it could have held eight babies, nicely. Her belly button, still sunken, was the only irregularity on its ripe surface.

But those boobs...how did they stay so round and lifted up when they were so *big*? There was nothing to compare them to; they dwarfed everything else about Tori. Gravity could not drop her boobs any further than to her bulging belly, which kept them aloft at chin level. Tori’s little head just peered over the dual-globed balcony as her boobs jutted comically and impossibly forward. It seemed that Tori should not even have been able to stand. Even on her ludicrously expanded frame, Tori’s boobs were absurdly disproportionate!

Tori’s aureoles had always been long ellipses. Now, they were almost perfectly circular. The skin of her tennis ball-sized nipples was a deeper, redder shade of purple and the swell of her absurdly puffy aureoles protruded them comically forward, exceeding the reach of her belly button by over a foot.

Tori sent an experimental hand to her nipple, which she could not reach. She was shocked by how tiny the hand looked, compared to the huge, inflated, purple breast.

Only Tori's wildly engorged grape-bits were a dark shade of purple. The rest of her – face, shoulders, hands, arms, knees, calves – were the same bright lavender color-that is, excepting her lips, which were the same color as her dark, crimson nipples.

Eddy approached. It was strange that Eddy could walk too, for she now had what was assuredly the most massive and round bottom in the world. She could have fully occupied a three-person couch. Her buttocks bobbed and quaked as she approached. Eddy was a bit taller than Tori, which gave her frame a little more height for its now incredible width and depth. She was four feet wide and her legs didn't narrow quite as sharply as Tori's did, leaving her calves rather swollen out. Eddy's belly was roughly the same size as Tori's but each of her breasts was only double watermelon-size, nowhere near the gargantuan bloom of Tori's bosom. Even as a humanoid cluster of giant grapes, Tori was the top-heavy one, Eddy the bottom-heavy one.

"Wow, your boobs are really...buoyant!" said Eddy.

"Hey, wait up!" said Val, who stood up with an even surer grace than Eddy and waddled quickly but carefully toward Tori. She dragged the hose with her and kept it locked between her lips, swallowing as she walked. Val's breasts were oversized beach balls, her bottom closer to Tori's three feet in width but she carried a belly that drew the three women to a tie. It was a belly like a museum globe, three and a half feet wide and bulging in every direction. It could have been taken for fully pregnant with two dozen babies, and it positively ruined Val's hourglass figure. Of the three of them, Val had the most in common with Violet Beauregard.

"I can't believe she did this to us all!" said Tori, "when did you get here today?"

"Hah," said Eddy, "we've been here almost a week. But, little Georgie has our cellphones. If you've been getting text messages from us, it was her."

"Oh my god, she's completely psycho, what are we going to do?"

"There's really nothing we can do, Tori. Georgia turned us all into giant grapes. The main doors are locked and we're just too big and wobbly to escape anywhere."

"And the water!" cried Val between gulps, "we can't go anywhere without water!"

“And the more water we drink, the bigger we get, the slower we walk and the more we need to be squeezed,” said Eddy. “It’s a hopeless cycle.”

Tori was surprised by their calmness. Val and Eddy seemed resigned to their fate, as blown-up grape girls.

“Squeezed?” she said.

“Right,” said Eddy, “speaking of which, you could really use some. Are you almost done, Val?”

Val wiped her purple-red lips with the back of her hand. “Yeah, I think so. But me next.”

“Pfft!” said Eddy, “I’ve been fermenting for two hours. After Tori it’s my turn. You need to stop overfilling that tummy. You keep pushing it.” She flicked the surface of Val’s belly with a dismissive finger.

“But what are they going to do to us?” said Tori.

“They’ve already done it,” said Eddy. “They need us for their wine. They’ll turn us back to normal by the end of the summer...”

“And compensate us for our ‘hard work’ too,” added Val.

“And *that*. And who’s going to believe that we spent the summer as blown up grape girls?”

“I don’t get it!” said Tori, “why don’t they just hire people to be like this?”

“You think there’s anything about this job that fits workplace safety laws?” said Eddy, “I think not. They can’t put a job like this down on paper.”

“But...why is it like you guys don’t even care?”

There was an awkward pause as Val and Eddy looked at each other, searching for the right words.

“It’s...not so bad,” said Val.

“Not really,” said Eddy. “I’m getting used to it. Anyway! I don’t think you realize how much you need to be squeezed, Tori. But you do! Your body just gets *desperate* for it. Come with us over here.”

Tori followed them, miserable and hopeless. It was strange, the three of them having so much girth and having to waddle so far apart from each other to make room for their massive purple bodies.

They walked to the center of the large basin with the drains.

“Just get down on the floor, on your tummy and relax,” said Eddy, “don’t let your nipples get squished into the floor, keep them out.”

Tori did as she was told. She lay down on her belly, pushed her breasts out so her nipples were exposed.

Then, she saw a light turn on at the far wall in a little room behind a big glass pane. Inside was a small, wooden chair and Georgia, sitting there, smiling; her skinny legs crossed like a schoolgirl.

“What’s *she* still doing here?!” said Tori.

“Georgia?” said Eddy, “well, she...watches.”

“Watche-AAAAAAAAAH!!!”

It happened in less than a second. Val pressed furiously into Tori’s massive butt while Edna straddled Tori’s back, letting her weight, particularly her goddess-sized derriere with its mass of a medium sized aquarium do the work. The incredible weight that pressed down on Tori did not hurt a bit. Instead, it made her back, arms and face sink snugly into her boobs and belly.

Tori felt a rush, unlike anything she had ever felt in her life. The incredible weight of Eddy coupled with Val’s aggressive pressing on her bottom sent a shock through Tori that started in her crotch, pulsed up her buttocks, rippled across her stomach and blew like a tornado through her colossal boobs and her absurdly fat nipples, from which, suddenly, unexpectedly, purple juice spurted out. Her boobs were like dual water fountains, releasing a steady stream. The juice, the precious, top label wine, splashed on the white basin floor in a torrent and trickled down the grates for distillation.

Eddy and Val were right. She was full! She had to be squeezed, juiced, milked, pumped...everything. All this juicy fluid in her boobs, belly and butt, she had to squeeze it out! Then, the fountain from Tori’s nipples trickled down...the rush of pleasure came to a halt.

“Again!” cried Eddy, who lifted herself up and then sent her massive, naked bottom pounding down on Tori once more. Val pressed hard into Tori’s ripe butt.

The pleasure shot up again and hit a peak. Tori orgasmed. Juice spurted from her nipples once again. It felt like heaven.

“Oh my god, it feels so good!” she gasped.

“Atta girl, just sit tight. This’ll take a while. You’re pretty filled up!” said Eddy.

“Isn’t it great?” said Val.

“Oh my god, yes it-AAAAAAH!” Another super-intense pressure, another orgasm, another stream of rich, dark wine pouring out of Tori’s huge, ripe, fruity boobs...

“Oh GOD!”

“Weee...” whispered Eddy, teasingly.

Tori tried to suppress a laugh. She couldn’t restrain her sudden joy.

“Will-will I get small again? OH! GOD!!!”

“You’ll get small-er ...” said Val “for awhile. But then, by tomorrow morning, you’ll just get thirsty again and drink water until you’re huge.”

“OH JESUS CHRIST, keep going KEEP GOING! FUCK! THAT’S SO GOOD!!!”

“And remember Tor, we go three times a day, each of us. So you’d better start drinking water early, we don’t want to be thrown off. We need to be as big as possible in the daytime so we soak in enough sun.

“Oh god oh god OH GOD, YES!!!!!” Tori cried as they slammed their weight down on her. Their fruity bodies squished together and the juice from Tori’s nipples took a momentary leap in the air.

Gasping with indescribable thrill, Tori lifted her gaze and looked past the purple streams of her juice into the little room. There was Georgia on the chair, legs apart, pants unbuttoned; a hand deep beneath her pink cotton panties. Her eyes were narrow, her mouth wide. She fingered herself vigorously. Her face erupted with orgasmic delight.

Val and Eddy pounded down on Tori with their huge, heavy bodies. Tori’s overripe grape-flesh shook. Her colossal boobs jiggled and gyrated, sending all that yummy juice that she made into the air and down into the floor. She wailed in pleasure, loving every second.

It was going to be a strange summer.

End