

Blueberry Wine

By TROGDOR297

The night air was abuzz with noise as Bilgor the Red stomped his way into the most famous woodland village in the land. Everyone, even those who'd never visited the Endless Forest, knew about Green Valley. It was a haven for travelers, a respite for the lost, and a place of great profit for the cunning. The woods were known to be a dangerous place after sunset, except of course in Green Valley. The prickling sensation that Bilgor had felt on his neck ever since the last twinkle of light had disappeared between the trees finally vanished as he crossed the city limits. He gave a sigh of relief as he set off towards the town center.

Green Valley had been built on a natural wellspring of magic, and the first settlers had used that power to create an aura of safety for the surrounding area. None of the dangers of the woods could harm those who stayed within. Unfortunately, those who lived here since had never been able to replicate the spell, and so the town's limits were finite. The result was a town overpacked, and overbuilt. You couldn't walk down the street without tripping over someone or something who hadn't been there the week before.

Bilgor hadn't been to Green Valley in many a season, but from what he'd heard on the road, the best place for travelers was still The Blue Drake, a tavern built not long after the town's inception, famous for its homebrewed Blueberry Wine.

Bilgor made his way past a series of market stalls and campfires. Here and there bards sang songs and plucked their lutes, while their audience clapped along and hummed. Bilgor smiled as he passed a group singing a song he recognized. He was glad to be out of the woods for a bit, and enjoy some proper hospitality.

At last, he came across the familiar sight of The Blue Drake, still looking as old and cozy as he remembered it. Heaving his axe over his shoulder, he pushed open the door and stepped inside.

The tavern was full of movement and noise, travelers and locals alike enjoying their evening. Bilgor set his axe in one of the provided weapon buckets by the door and walked up to the bar, sliding on to an open stool. The bartender stood with his back to him, a bald man who oddly wasn't wearing a shirt. His skin was also a strange hue of pink. Bilgor reached forward to tap him on the shoulder and was surprised when his hand passed through the man, as easily as if he were made of mist.

"Whoa!" Bilgor yelled with shock.

The man spun about, revolving as if he were on a swivel, an annoyed expression on his face. "Hands to yourself, Dwarf!"

The goateed face of the man stared down at Bilgor. His eyes glowed bright red, and Bilgor realized his mistake.

"Sorry, friend. Didn't know you were a djinn!" He said, with a chuckle.

The djinn didn't smile, but neither did he frown. "What do you want?"

“A room please, and a hot meal?” Bilgor asked.

“Five silvers” The djinn replied, crossing his arms across his chest.

Bilgor fished the coins out of his purse and placed them on the bar top. The djinn snapped his fingers and the coins disappeared, instantly replaced by a meal piled high with meat, potatoes and gravy, with a small metal key set beside it.

“Room 14.” The djinn said before he turned back to whatever he’d been doing before.

“Not bad!” Bilgor said appreciatively as he began to tuck into his meal. As he ate, he looked around the tavern, seeing if he recognized anyone. The odds were low in a well-travelled place like this, but one never knew.

It was while his eye was dancing about the room that he noticed the advertisement on the sidewall:

“Think you can Drink? Prize of 100 Gold Coins for those who can Outdrink our Barmaid! Only cost is you pay for the drinks!”

Bilgor grinned after he read it twice to be sure he hadn’t misunderstood. 100 Gold! That was a small fortune! And they were just giving it away! All he had to do was drink some poor wench under the table? That’d be the easiest money he’d ever earned!

“Oy, Djinn!” Bilgor called, turning back to the bar.

The djinn spun back around on the spot, face neutral. Djinn did have names, but considered mortals too lowly to know them, and so referring to a Djinn as just ‘Djinn’ was standard.

“Which barmaid do I have to beat?” He asked, leaning forward with a grin.

“We have but one barmaid; Chloxanthum” The djinn said uncaringly.

Bilgor barked a laugh. With as stupid a name as that, she had to be an elf. Bilgor could outdrink male elves without even breaking a sweat. This silly girl would be no challenge; that Gold was as good as his.

“Well then, Djinn. I think I’d like to do your little challenge!” He hooked his thumb over his shoulder at the wall.

“As you wish” The djinn said with a nod, before floating away.

Bilgor clapped his hands together excitedly. He wondered if there was a limit to how many times you could attempt the challenge. He was supposed to be in town here for a few days. If he did it every day while he was here... Stonefather he’d be rich!

“Don’t do it” Came a raspy voice from beside him.

Bilgor turned to see who had spoken. On the stool beside him sat an ancient looking gnome. What little hair he had mostly grew out of his ears, which were each quite large.

"You won't win" The gnome said as he sipped at a small mug of tea.

"Eh? What's that?!" Bilgor said. "You think I can't outdrink some wee elf lass?!"

The gnome didn't look at him, instead just sipping his tea again. "You won't win" He said again.

Bilgor waved him off with a grunt "Bah! You've gone soft in the head, old timer. That poor girl will stand no chance"

Bilgor turned away from the gnome and back to the bar to see that the Djinn had returned, and he was now joined by a youthful female, an elf as Bilgor had correctly surmised. Her skin was pale purply-blue, her thick hair raven black. A night elf, not uncommon in these parts.

"So!" Bilgor said, resting an elbow on the bar. "You're Chlo...xan...uh"

"You can just call me Chloe" The elf said, performing a little curtsy. Her build was slim, typical for an elf. She was also quite beautiful, also typical for an elf. Her eyes were soft and kind, her nose small and cute, upturned just slightly. Her long thin pointed ears each stuck out from her braided hair several inches. She wore a simple green dress with a tied bodice in the front.

"Right then, Chloe!" Bilgor said "I'd like to challenge you to a drinking contest! Djinn, serve the Ale!"

Chloe shook her head with a smile. "Sorry, sir, but I only drink our house Blueberry Wine"

Bilgor frowned. "Wine, eh? Blasted Elf drink...fine. I shouldn't have to drink too much to beat you...Alright then, pour the wine!"

With a slight nod from the Djinn, two large wooden tankards brimming with a deep blue liquid appeared on the bar before them. Bilgor grabbed the handle of his tankard and lifted it "Cheers, lass!" He said heartily.

Chloe lifted her own cup and tapped it against the dwarf's. "Good luck!" She said with a smile. Then as one they both lifted the tankards to their lips and drank.

Bilgor stuck out his tongue with disgust after he finished the mug. The wine was too rich, too sweet. But as he set his mug down, he could feel quite an enjoyable buzz beginning to set in. Maybe it wasn't so bad...

Across from him Chloe had already finished, and was waiting for him. "Ready?" She said cheerfully.

"Of course! Let's get on with it!" Bilgor roared.

With a nod from the djinn the mugs refilled in an instant, and the pair were back at it again. Cup after cup they drank, not stopping to take any breaks. After his fifth mug, Bilgor was definitely starting to feel tipsy. After letting out an obnoxious belch, he looked across the bar at Chloe. If he was starting to go, surely this wee elf maiden would be on her ass soon.

Unfortunately for the dwarf, Chloe seemed perfectly fine. She looked back across the bar at him with a simple smile as she set down her own fifth empty mug. She didn't look tipsy at all, not even buzzed. She looked exactly the same as she had when she'd walked over.

Wait...no...not exactly the same. Had...had she always been that curvy, Bilgor's addled brain thought. Her green dress had been rather modest when he'd first seen her, sitting loosely on her slim form. It was no longer loose, and she was no longer slim.

Her dress was tight, the front of her bodice had been pushed out from her body, the neckline much further down from her collarbones than it had been. Her bust had swollen up, from wee little things, to great bouncy jugs. Each of them was full and round, sitting perkily upon her chest, like a pair of ripe melons. She'd had no cleavage minutes earlier, and now a line nearly half a foot extended from her chest to where her breasts disappeared into her dress.

"Wh...wha?" Bilgor spluttered.

"Something wrong, sir?" Chloe asked. "Are you giving up already?"

Bilgor's face went red with anger. "No! Of course not...I just...*Urp*...you...your...bah, just pour the wine!"

"Oh good!" Chloe said with a smile "I'm still quite thirsty!"

Bilgor grumbled as his shaky hands reached for the refilled tankard. He pulled the wooden cup of blue liquid to his lips, and went to tip it up when he stopped, distracted by what he saw. Across from him Chloe held the tankard horizontal against her mouth, as she gulped down the wine. Her throat visibly bobbed as she swallowed mouthful after mouthful of the rich blue drink. And then down below...he could see it happen. With each gulp of drink, her breasts swelled, pumping up larger, like a waterskin being filled. Rounder and heavier they grew, as they seemingly filled with more and more liquid. They were starting to outgrow her dress, each one the size of her head, when she set down her 6th mug, wiping her mouth with a satisfied sigh.

"Ahhh" She said. "Delicious! ...Sir dwarf, is something wrong? You haven't touched your wine!"

Bilgor shook his head, mouth ajar, head spinning. Was he seeing things? Was it the wine? He couldn't be sure.

"Oops!" Chloe said, her cheeks going slightly pink. "My dress slipped! My apologies, sir!" At the outer edge of her newly grown bust, her neckline had begun to slide, her dress unable to contain her new assets. Each of her nipples, dark blue nubs the size of thumb tips, had slipped free.

With an embarrassed smile she grabbed the neckline of her dress, and tugged hoping to pull her hem back up to cover her tits. As she pulled, her dress squeezed against her chest, making

each breast wobble. An audible sloshing sound could be heard as she shimmied her dress back into place.

“Ah, decent again!” Chloe said cheerily. “Sorry about that, Sir Dwarf. My girlies have a tendency of wanting to be the center of attention!” Every movement she made set them into motion, her huge round tits, filled with wine, sloshing this way and that, bouncing in her dress.

“Another drink, sir?” She said, leaning forward on the bar, her breasts nearly spilling out of her dress once again as they flopped onto the wooden board.

Bilgor stared, and then shook his head, before he fell off his stool on to the floor behind him.

Chloe frowned. “Pity. I was just getting started...” Then with a shrug, which caused her immense bust to bounce once again, she turned and walked into the backroom behind the bar.

“6 drinks each. That’ll be 12 silvers” The djinn said leaning over the bar to address Bilgor, who was still lay on his back on the floor.

“Uggghhhh” Bilgor groaned, unmoving, his ego thoroughly thrashed.

“I warned you” The gnome said quietly from his seat up above, as he sipped his tea.

In the backroom Chloe stood over an open barrel of wine, her bodice undone exposing her swollen bust to the air. Both hands gripped her breasts, her nipples pinched in between thumb and index finger. She squeezed them, pulling back and forth on each one, a small jet of blueberry wine her reward with each tug.

She bit her lips to hold in her moans as she tugged, each spray of wine from her nipples bringing tingles of intense pleasure. Slowly but surely as she redeposited the wine she’d drank back into the barrel, her round swollen tits began to reduce, shrinking back to their original size.

She let out a disappointed sigh as she squeezed the last few drops out of her breasts, before she re-tied her dress and set it back into place. She wished she could keep them full for longer, get to enjoy and play with them more, but...well, rules were rules.

She took a deep breath as she stood before the door, then she re-entered the bar, and got back to work. The drinking game was Chloe’s favorite part of working here, but it became less and less often that she was challenged. All the locals knew she was unbeatable, and so she only got to enjoy herself when an overconfident traveler, like that poor dwarf, thought they could take her on.

“What can I get you sir?” She asked, as she stopped before a man who sat at the end of the bar with his hand raised.

“A glass of your finest wine, from the finest lady in here tonight” he said, giving her a smile. His charming grin and flirtations disarmed her for a moment. Patrons of the tavern trying to woo her was not rare, she was indeed a beauty and she knew it. Most of the time she laughed it off, and ignored them. But most customers didn’t look like this one. She’d immediately found herself thrown off by how handsome he was, his piercing eyes, chiseled features, and thick well-trimmed beard

“Of course, sir” Chloe replied with a nod and a smile, cheeks blushing just slightly. Moments later she returned with a tankard of the delicious blue drink. Her boss, the Djinn, served most customers, his magic making it trivial, but she did her part when he was busy.

“It’s Chloe, right?” The man asked as he accepted the drink.

She nodded “It is, sir”

“No need to call me Sir. Name’s Deagan” he said as he took a sip of the wine.

Chloe curtsied “Very well, Sir Deagan”. Chloe knew how to play her role of the barmaid well. Be sweet, be submissive, and travelers give you their coin. “If you need anything else, just let me know”

“Please, just Deagan. Thank you, Chloe” he said, raising his glass to her and giving her a wink.

Chloe returned his gesture with a smile as she returned to work. The rest of the evening was uneventful, but that didn’t mean it wasn’t exciting for Chloe. Every time she passed Deagan’s spot at the bar he would give her a smile or a wink, and each time it made her heart trill. Who was this handsome stranger? She’d never seen him in the tavern before, though that wasn’t uncommon, with how many travelers passed through Green Valley. Either way Chloe was eager to find out.

As the night got later and the clientele of the tavern began to dwindle, Chloe found herself feeling giddy. Deagan had not moved from his seat, though he had ordered a few more glasses of wine. Each time he’d been charming, and flirtatious, those gorgeous eyes locked on her.

It was after he ordered his fourth glass of wine that he gestured for her to stay. “Chloe, darling...”

“Yes, Sir Deagan” She replied.

He let out a soft chuckle “Don’t call me Sir. Anyway...I saw your little...’contest’ with the dwarf”

Chloe’s eyes lit up, a smile gracing her face “Oh! Would you like to try to beat me, Sir Deagan? The prize is 100 gold!”

Deagan shook his head with a laugh “Please, just Deagan! And no, definitely not. I wouldn’t last half as long as the dwarf did”

Chloe visibly slumped, disappointed “Oh, very well...”

Deagan caught her wrist as she made to move away. She looked down at his hand gripping her, then back at him, her stare icy. “Unhand me!” She said sharply, her innocent barmaid act slipping. Handsome and charming he may be, but she didn’t take kindly to men laying their hands on her without her permission.

“Sorry, sorry!” Deagan said, letting go of her immediately. “I just wanted to ask...how do you do it?”

“Do what?” She said coyly

"You know..." He mimicked her drinking, and then he held out his hands in front of his chest pantomiming someone with a large bust.

"Oh, *that!* Sorry, but...it's a secret!" Chloe said, giving him a smirk.

"Why's that? Worried that someone will beat you, if they find out?" Deagan asked with a grin.

"No...It's just...its embarrassing" She said.

"Really? Well, I solemnly swear that I will not make fun of you at all" Deagan said, sliding forward on his stool.

"I don't know...I barely know you!"

"I'm Deagan, roguish traveler of these fair woods! What more do you need to know! Come, dear Chloe, don't leave this poor soul drifting in the wind, forever pining after your mysterious secret..." He lifted a hand and laid it palm out across his forehead in a dramatic fashion.

"A traveler, *and* a poet? How absurd!" She teased.

"Oh, you wound me!" Deagan wailed, though his eyes twinkled with delight.

Chloe giggled at his further shenanigans, finding herself drawn to him even more.

"So...How do you do it?" Deagan asked again, raising a single questioning eyebrow.

"Well...I guess I can tell you. Who would believe the words of a poet!" Chloe leaned forward, resting both elbows on the bar, her voice dropping to a whisper. Across from her Deagan leaned in, so their faces were only inches apart.

"Before the Djinn owned this bar he was trapped." She began to explain.

"In a lamp?" Deagan asked.

"No, of course not! Djinn's don't actually live in lamps, you know that don't you? He was trapped in a rune prison within a cave. Some sorcerer had captured him and then forgotten about him. I stumbled upon him, and promised to set him free...if he gave me 3 wishes"

"Why is it always 3?" Deagan said, rubbing his chin.

Chloe laughed, nodding towards the Djinn "Go ask *him* that! I just knew 3 was customary, and he quickly accepted my terms. I figured out how to disable the runes and just like that I had a Djinn in my debt"

"And so...you wished for magic tits?"

Chloe shook her head "Of course not! How stupid would that be! No, I made 3 simple wishes. I was a bit of a hedonist in those days, and so I wanted to make life more fun. I wished for a fuller bust, to be able to drink as much as I wanted without getting too drunk, and for gold to fund my party lifestyle."

"Wait...so the Djinn...?"

“Twisted my wishes on me, and yes, I know, that’s what Djinn’s always do, but I thought I’d been straightforward enough. So now I can drink almost limitlessly without getting drunk...because it all goes into my tits, which temporarily makes them bigger.”

“Temporarily?”

Chloe nodded with a sad frown “Sadly yes, I can’t keep them permanently bigger this way. As soon as I fill them, within an hour they’ll start to leak. The bigger they get, the quicker they leak. These days when I do the contest, I just go and empty them right away so I don’t ruin any of my dresses with...ahem, wine stains”

“Do they leak from...”

Chloe giggled “Yes, exactly where you’re thinking!”

Deagan smiled back at her “That’s amazing. So wait...what about the third wish? The gold?”

Chloe stood up straight, and gestured to either side of her. “What do you think I’m doing here?”

Deagan threw his head back and laughed. “You wished for money and he gave you a job?! Oh, that is phenomenal!”

Chloe nodded rolling her eyes “Yeah, yeah, laugh it up at the poor deluded elf. I told you it’s embarrassing!”

“I’m sorry, but you have to admit that’s hilarious” Deagan said grinning.

Chloe shrugged with a smirk “Maybe it’s a little funny”

She turned to walk away again when Deagan reached out to stop her once more, though this time he immediately let go. “When are you done for the day?” His eyes hinted at desire...desire for her.

Chloe blushed slightly, as she met his gaze. “Later...” She said coyly.

“I’m in room 27” Deagan said, bowing his head. “Come see me...if you wish” Then he stood, leaving ten silver coins on the bar, far more than the cost of his drinks.

Chloe grabbed the coins, pocketing the extras he’d left as a tip. Her eyes followed him as he walked down the bar and out the door, a jaunty spring in his step. He’d been quite charming, and he was definitely handsome, but she wasn’t sure yet if she would take him up on his offer.

As the night dragged on into the wee hours of the morning, the room began to quiet, the crowds dwindling as the locals went home, and the guests made their way to their rooms. It was well past midnight, when the Djinn turned to Chloe.

“You are dismissed for the evening.” His tone was curt, his words clipped. If she didn’t know better, she would think he was mad at her, but that wasn’t the case. This was just simply how the Djinn talked.

“Thanks, see you tomorrow” she said, giving her head a slight bow. She quickly made her way from behind the bar, and headed for the stairs that lead to the rooms. She lived in the master suite, typically reserved for the owner of the tavern. But the Djinn had told her he had no use for the room, and so he’d given it to her. She sometimes wondered where he stayed during his time off, but even after several years working together she knew he wouldn’t answer if she asked.

Standing beside her bed, she retrieved the coins she’d earned as tips for the evening, placing them within the lockbox she kept by her bed. She stared at the pile of shiny coins within for a moment before she closed it up. How long had she been here? Slowly collecting this meagre pittance of silver and gold...was this really how she wanted to live her life?

With a despondent sigh she removed her green dress, and changed into a simple sleeveless white shift. With a tired huff she sat down on the edge of the mattress. She’d considered the offer Deagan had made her, but had decided against it. It would be better if she just went to bed; there was no point in getting involved with random travelers, no matter how handsome they were.

But as she laid in bed beneath the warm cotton covers, she couldn’t stop thinking of him. Deagan had been awfully charming, and had seemed awfully interested in getting to know her. Maybe he really liked her? Maybe...maybe he’d ask her to come with him when he left! The thought made butterflies float within her stomach. She hadn’t even thought about that as a possibility, but now that the idea bounced around her head, she found herself liking it more and more.

She’d been saving up her money for quite some time, with no real plan of what to use it for. She now realized this wasn’t how she wanted to spend the rest of her life. She wanted more. She wanted to leave, to live on the road, with a handsome rakish companion by her side. She found herself smiling giddily to herself as she lay in bed, staring up at the ceiling. Well, she thought as she threw off the blankets, if she wanted to make that vision a reality, she knew what the first step was.

Minutes later she stood before the door to Room 27, feeling jittery. She’d had the occasional fling with travelers before, but this felt different. Though they’d only spoken for a few minutes, she’d thought she’d felt something between her and Deagan. Taking a quick breath to steel herself, she closed her eyes, and before she could change her mind and stop, she knocked on the door.

She stood motionless; eyes squeezed shut as she waited. There was no answer. Perhaps he hadn’t returned to his room, or he’d already gone to bed? She was about to turn away when she heard a voice come through the door.

“Come in”

Chloe stepped forward and pushed open the door, quietly closing it behind her as she turned to face the room. Deagan sat before her on the end of the bed, his torso bare. Brown curly hair covered his broad chest, which was covered in powerful muscles, which his clothing had hidden well.

"Lady Chloe" He said a smile forming on his face.

"Sir Deagan" She said, curtsying.

"Now, now, there's no need for such formalities" Deagan said as he stood.

Chloe nodded as she let out a sigh. "Sorry, I'm just so used to being the welcoming barmaid. Sometimes it feels like I never just get to be myself"

"That's too bad," Deagan said as he walked to her. He stood several inches taller than her, which she might have found intimidating if not for the kind smile on his face. Taking her hand, he led her into the room, to sit on the bed.

"I've been thinking about you" he said as he pulled over a chair from the solitary table in the room, and sat down in front of her.

"Me? Really?" Chloe asked, feeling her excitement building.

"Yes, I'm curious about your...ability" Deagan said.

"Oh, I see... Well...what do you want to know?" Chloe said.

"So...you've never lost, I take it?" He said, resting his chin in his hand.

Chloe gave a nervous smile as she shook her head "Nope, I always win"

"Impressive. I'm sure you've made the Djinn a lot of money"

Chloe nodded "Yeah, I guess so? I've never thought about it that way"

Deagan leaned forward, his eyes hungry, focused upon her. "Downstairs you told me you could drink limitlessly...is that true? Do you truly have no limit?"

Chloe thought about it for a moment. "...guess? I really don't know! If I do have one, I've certainly never come close to hitting it"

Deagan gave her a wide toothy smile "Would you care to try?" With his arm he directed her attention to the far corner of the room, where a full barrel of the house Blueberry Wine sat against the wall.

"Great Goddess!" Chloe exclaimed "Where did you get that?!"

"I bought it of course" Deagan said as he stood and strode over towards it.

"But a barrel must cost..." Chloe said as she watched him

"2 gold coins. Not cheap, but I believe it will be worthwhile" With a heave and a grunt he picked up the barrel of heavy liquid and carried it over to the table, setting it with a heavy thump atop the solid wood boards.

"So...how about a drink?" He asked, turning back to face her, grinning once again.

Chloe stood from the bed, eyes wide with anticipation. "You...you want me to drink all of it?"

Deagan shrugged "If you want to? Can you even drink all of it?"

Chloe felt a shiver of excitement run through her at the thought. Could she? She didn't know for sure. The furthest she'd ever gotten in a competition before the customer tapped out was 10 tankards. A barrel held about 100. "I would very much like to try," she said, unable to hide her desire.

Without another word Deagan fetched an empty tankard from a nearby shelf and after untwisting the spigot, poured Chloe a full mug of Wine. She eagerly accepted it, lifting the cup to her lips and chugging the rich blue wine down. As the liquid coursed down her throat, she could feel her chest go warm as the fluid began to fill her breasts.

"Ahh" She grunted as she pulled the empty mug from her lips. "More please" she said handing the vessel back to Deagan. He refilled it and handed it back to her. That cup of wine followed the first, causing her breasts to now visibly show as two round shapes underneath her shift.

"So" Deagan said as he filled her mug for a third time. "Whose idea was the drinking game?"

"Thanks" Chloe said as she accepted the topped up cup and began to gulp it down eagerly. Seconds later she handed it back to him, now empty. "The Djinn's" she said as he took the tankard from her. "They're all drawn to games of chance, especially ones that they can rig in their favor"

Deagan nodded as he handed her a fourth mug of wine. His eyes fell upon her chest as she drank down the next cup of wine. He could visibly see them swelling rounder before his very eyes as they were filled with all the wine she swallowed. They were each a full handful now, and he could begin to see the sides of their round forms through the arm holes of her shift which was being filled out wonderfully.

A fifth and sixth mug went down just as quickly. After she handed the empty mug back to Deagan for another fill, she slipped the shoulder straps of the shift off and let it fall to the floor, leaving her naked save only a set of cotton panties she wore. Her breasts were large, round and heavy, each just a bit over half a foot across. Now exposed, the dark blue flesh of her nipples quickly stiffened with excitement, poking out off her orbs like a pair of thimbles.

"Well, well..." Deagan said as he stared at her bust. "You are impressive, aren't you?"

"Thank you! I wasn't going to fit in that much longer, so I thought I'd just take it off" Chloe said with a satisfied smile. She liked it when her breasts were this big, and she rarely had the opportunity to share it with anyone.

He stepped around the table until he stood beside her. His hands lifted up to hover beside her, but he didn't touch her. "May I?" He asked.

Chloe nodded, blushing. Without hesitation he moved in closer, his muscular chest pressing up against her back, as his hands came forward squeezing tight around her breasts. "Ahh!" She gasped as his firm hands gripped her tender bust. Her flesh was soft and pliable but with surprising weight to it, from the fluid inside. His fingers explored her delicious orbs until they found purchase around her nipples. Remembering what she'd told him, he gave them a squeeze. Chloe let out a moan of ecstasy as twin jets of wine sprayed forth from her tips.

“Simply magnificent” He whispered as he squeezed them again, drawing another moan from Chloe and causing another spray of blue fluid to spatter across the wood surface of the table.

“Easy now...” She said, slightly breathless, reaching up to grab hold of his wrists to pull them away. “We’re trying to see how much I can drink. We can’t do that if you keep emptying me”

Deagan let go and stepped away “Of course. My apologies for getting carried away. There’ll be plenty of time for fun later” He gave her a devilish grin as he returned to his place by the barrel of wine.

Chloe grinned back “Yes, I believe there will”

Without another word Deagan returned to serving her. Mug after mug of wine disappeared down her throat as she eagerly gulped it down. She couldn’t get drunk from drinking the wine, but it certainly was making her feel excited. Soon she swallowed mug number ten, handing it back to Deagan.

She paused for a second, as she looked down at her bust. Each breast was huge and round, completely dominating her frame. They stuck out nearly a foot in front of her, over a foot if you counted her nipples which had engorged to being an inch and a half long. Hanging off her chest they reached down to her navel, incredibly heavy, and incredibly full. She swung her shoulders side to side slightly, causing them to sway back and forth. A heavy sloshing sound echoed from within, like someone shaking a pitcher full of ale. She shuddered with delight at the sensation. She’d only gotten this big once before, and she’d loved it. She loved it now. They were so sensitive, so heavy, so *big*.

A pressure had begun to build at the end of each pendulous jug, a pressure she recognized. She could only hold the wine in her for so long until it would start to leak out of her uncontrollably. She frowned as she turned to look at Deagan as he finished filling her 11th mug.

“What?” He said, as he noticed her concerned expression.

“Did you bring a second mug?” She asked.

“No, why?”

“We need to go faster. I’m going to start leaking soon and I’m definitely nowhere near my limit yet.” She explained.

Deagan rubbed his chin for a moment as he contemplated their predicament. “I see...how fast can you swallow?”

Chloe raised a single eyebrow “I...I don’t know?”

“One way to find out” Deagan said. Wrapping his arms around the barrel he heaved, his muscles bulging, as he hefted it onto his shoulders. His teeth gritted from exertion, he walked slowly around the table until he stood beside her as she stared at him eyes wide.

“Wait...” She said “Deagan, hold on...if you’re thinking of doing what I think you are...”

Ignoring her protestations, he moved the barrel of wine into position, then with his free hand tore the spigot completely off. "Bottoms up!" He declared as the wine began to flow freely from the barrel directly towards Chloe's mouth.

"Deagan!" Was the only word she managed to get out, before the hand that had torn the spigot freely suddenly wrapped around her jaw and squeezed forcing her mouth open. The wine hit her less than a second later. The rich blue drink filled her mouth, and she spluttered, nearly choking until she remembered to swallow.

Chloe closed her eyes as she quelled the panic rising within her. She could do this. She would do this. Reaching up she grabbed his hand that held her jaw and pulled it free; she didn't need his help. Head tilted back, mouth open wide she focused on gulping down the flood of wine that poured into her.

It was so good, but it was also so much. The torrent of rich blue liquid was unending, but did she even want it to end? She could feel her growth begin again, as all of that wine made its way into her bust. Her flesh began to stretch in every direction as the wine filled each of her breasts faster than it ever had before. They were getting so heavy; she was beginning to find it difficult to stay upright until suddenly she felt something holding them up from underneath. Was it Deagan? No, she realized she'd just grown large enough that from where she was standing her breasts had reached the table and now rested upon it.

"Keep it up," Deagan muttered a minute later. "I think we're a little past halfway through the barrel!"

Chloe's eyes shot open. Only halfway?! She'd already drunk so much, and that was only half? She reached up and pressed a hand upon Deagan's chest. Thankfully he understood her intention and tipped the barrel of wine up, so the waterfall of rich blue liquid stopped.

Gasping she tilted her head up, gulping in large mouthfuls of air. After she'd recovered a moment, she looked down at herself to see how big she'd gotten, though she didn't have to look very far. "Great Goddess!" She cried in between heaving breaths.

Her mind had gone blank while she'd maintained focus on drinking, and so she hadn't been aware of just how much she'd drunk. Looking at her breasts resting upon the table before her, made it clear. Her bust sloped away from underneath her collarbone at a gentle angle to where they rested upon the wood table, two feet in front of her. Each breast was massive, spreading wider the further from her torso you went. At their ends, each gigantic jug was easily 18" wide and piled high off the table top a foot before they began to slope back up towards her. Her nipples were engorged and pulsed angrily, each one swollen as large as a small glass. She could feel the pressure of the wine within pressing at them, but she could still hold it in for now. She wasn't at the point of no return yet.

Chloe bit her lip as a wave of pleasure raced through her. She was so...so big. So tremendously full. She'd never imagined growing this large before, but here she was. Her hands gently rested atop their upper surface, feeling her smooth tight skin. She slid them down, taking in how truly immense they were. With her hands outstretched, she spread her fingers and placed them on either side of her tremendous bust before she shook them. Their massive forms wobbled back and forth from the slight push she'd given them, the wine inside loudly sloshing.

“Ohhhhh...fuuuuuck” She moaned, her voice shuddering, thick with lustful pleasure.

“Chloe?” Deagan asked, placing a hand on her shoulder. “Are you done? Have we reached your limit?”

Chloe didn't look at him, instead choosing to revel in the gargantuan size of her bust. It was intense, feeling this full, this swollen. Her nipples ached from the pressure, eager to release the gallons of wine held within her tits. All over her chest she felt tingly, her skin stretched taut. She was fuller than her wildest dreams, but perhaps...she could hold a bit more?

Closing her eyes, Chloe tilted her head back once more and opened her mouth, tongue lolling out. Deagan didn't hesitate, tilting the half empty barrel back towards her so the flow of wine resumed, splashing directly into her open mouth. This time she was ready and she drank it down greedily, letting it flow directly down her throat. Moments after her consumption had begun again her growth continued.

Standing beside her Deagan could visibly see each of her titanic tits swelling, each one massive and round, plumped up tight with wine, like a gigantic piece of fruit. They slid across the wood table, as the wine she swallowed flowed into her bust, stretching her further and further. As they began to surge faster and faster across the table, they began to get deeper, filling up more as they struggled to maintain their round shape.

Chloe's face was strained as she continued to chug the wine. She should stop. She should've stopped a long time ago. She could feel her skin aching as it stretched further and further. She'd been sure that the Djinn's magic had no limits, but she was beginning to think that she was wrong. The tingling on her flesh had intensified, growing to an irritating itch as her skin was pulled extremely tight, the wine within swelling her to her utmost limits. But she didn't stop drinking. She wanted to go further, to be fuller! She wanted to know how big she could get, how much she could really drink.

Opening her eyes a moment to take a peek, she could see that each of her breasts had reached the far side of the table, two zeppelins of flesh and wine attached to her chest. Coming off her body they flowed horizontally away from her for several feet before they curved down to their tips. She couldn't see her nipples, but she could feel them tingle; they felt much larger than she'd ever felt them be before. Her skin, normally a pale blue, had grown dark, the wine within pressed to the surface.

Deagan continued to pour the wine, unaware of the elf's plight. As far as he could tell she was doing fine.

Chloe's legs began to tremble as sensations emanating from her chest continued to escalate. Her skin felt so tight, as the growth of her breasts began to creep over the far edge of the table. She needed to stop, before it was too late, but she refused. She would never give up now. She would keep drinking, keep filling her tits with wine, keep amplifying her pleasure, keep building that pressure within her until...

Her head shot forward with a cry as a sharp pain ripped through her, emanating from her nipples. Had she gone too far? Had she burst!? The fierce pain subsided, and she was left feeling a dull numbness at her tips. Across the room she could hear the sound of liquid spraying against the wall with incredible pressure.

Chloe sighed with relief, as she crossed her arms across the ocean of flesh before her and laid her head down upon them. She hadn't burst; her nipples had simply given out, no longer able to hold back the immense tide of wine. Now they sprayed freely as her overly stretched skin squeezed the liquid out of her, desperate to relieve the pressure.

"Surely, that was it?" Deagan said with a grunt as he hefted the barrel of wine off his broad shoulders. He walked to the end of the table to watch her twin gargantuan nipples, now almost the size of the tankards themselves, jetting wine across the room.

"Yes" Chloe said, not opening her eyes. "That was it. I couldn't have drunk anymore...or perhaps shouldn't have...How did I do?"

Deagan lifted the barrel, now considerably lighter, and shook it. The sound of liquid splashing emerged from inside. "Not quite the entire thing, but damn close. Very impressive!"

"Mmm, thanks" Chloe said, voice tired. She was exhausted. She hadn't realized how much of a toll on her body it had been. All of her will focused on that task, holding the wine in while she drank enough to satisfy a small army, had left her feeling quite drained.

Together they stood in silence, the only noise the sound of wine spraying from her nipples. The dull numbness slowly turned to pleasure, as her over stretched skin had reduced enough to no longer be painful, though she was still rather immense. The pleasure emanating from her gushing nipples in waves made her breath catch. Her whole being felt alive with desire, her body striving for climax but finding it just out of reach.

"Make love to me!" She pleaded, desperate for release.

"With pleasure" Deagan said. Chloe bit her lip as the tingling ecstasy from her breasts continued to rush through her, when she felt him move behind her, his hands falling upon her waist. Then she felt the tip of his cock slide between her legs. His stiff hardness rubbed in between her lips, becoming coated with her own fluids.

"Hurry up!" She moaned. Deagan did as he was told and tilted his hips, allowing himself to slide into her. Chloe let out a deep moan as his shaft filled her, burying her face into the massive valley of her cleavage. Her hands held onto the top of each of her monumental breasts that still reached more than halfway across the table, bracing herself as he began to thrust into her.

With this added stimulation Chloe's release came quick and hard. She cried out with delight, her voice muffled by the mass of breast flesh. Each thrust of his cock made her whole body shake. Her first orgasm was quickly followed by a second, and then a few minutes later a third. Deagan was insatiable, and untiring, giving her exactly what she needed in this moment.

With a sudden grunt Deagan withdrew, and taking a step back, spilled his seed on the floor. Chloe didn't notice, her mind still reeling from her orgasms. As her body recovered, her mind reasserting its control, she felt lighter than she had. Opening her eyes she could see that she was well over halfway empty, and likely now mobile once more. With a heave, she rolled her shoulders back and lifted, sliding her breasts from the table, letting them slap against her

waist. Waddling back and forth she walked to the almost empty barrel, her nipples still spraying wine across the floor. Carefully she pried the end off, and then gently lifted each breast and lowered it into the barrel, her spray now contained.

“No sense wasting good wine” She said when Deagan gave her a look.

There she stood for several more minutes as her breasts steadily shrank back to their normal size. As she squeezed the last few drops from her nipples she shuddered. It was strange feeling her tiny nipples between her fingers, knowing how large they’d been not long ago. Now empty, her figure petite once more, she padded over to where she’d dropped her shift on the floor. Unfortunately, it was now thoroughly soaked in wine.

“Ah dammit...” She muttered as she lifted the stained garment.

“Here,” Deagan said. As Chloe turned to face him, she just barely reacted in time, catching the undershirt he’d thrown at her.

“Oh, thank you...” She said, blushing as she slipped on his clothing. He was much larger than her so the shirt was baggy and overly long, which was perfect for her to sleep in.

Deagan walked to her, and reaching down lifted her chin with his fingers. Chloe felt her blush deepen as he leaned in, lips pressing into hers. She let out a soft moan as he kissed her. “Stay with me tonight?” He said, his lips brushing against hers as he spoke. Chloe smiled, nodding before lifting herself up on her toes to kiss him again.

“Well...that was quite fun, I’d say” Deagan said, minutes later as they lay side by side on his bed. Chloe had curled up beside him, resting her head upon his shoulder.

“I can’t believe I drank that much...Goddess, I was so big!” Chloe said.

“You were. I hope it felt as good as it looked”

Chloe smiled as she nodded. “It felt wonderful...” Her smile turned to a frown after a moment. “...But it was a one-time thing, I guess? When am I gonna be able to do that again while I’m here?”

“Hmm” Deagan muttered. “Yes, I suppose it was a rather tremendous waste of wine. But then again, you deserve to enjoy yourself as much as the next. Perhaps even more so. I think maybe you’ll have the chance to do it again sooner than you think...”

Chloe rolled over and pushed herself up on her elbows to look him in the eye. Deagan gave her a wink and a grin.

Chloe gasped, slapping his chest playfully. “What! What does that mean!?”

He smiled “You’ll just have to wait and see, beautiful...”

Chloe rolled back on to her back, crossing her arms in frustration. “Damn you...you’re no fun”

Deagan settled into bed after smothering the lantern. “I think you’ll find that I’m actually very fun”

Chloe scoffed with annoyance, still frustrated by his vagueness. But as he rolled over and wrapped his arms around her, she found it very difficult to stay mad at him.

That night she dreamt of a life on the road, riding a caravan through the countryside, with Deagan by her side. Each night they would stop at a different village and show off her magical breasts, earning cries of awe and jealousy from the crowd. Then after the show she and Deagan would make love, just as they had tonight. It was bliss, and it felt so real...until she was rudely awakened by the sound of a ringing chime.

With a groan she pushed herself upright in bed, the Djinn's alarm still ringing in her head. "I'm coming! I'm awake!" She huffed. After a moment the ringing chime was silenced. With a sigh she fell back into the pillow. She didn't want to get up for work yet. Not when she had such a handsome bedfellow...who had disappeared?

Chloe sat up with shock after she rolled over, and found the bed empty. "Deagan?" She called, her voice echoing in the empty room. There was no answer. No sign that anyone had even been here. All of his belongings, his clothing, his purse, all of it was gone. Even the nearly empty barrel of wine had vanished.

Had it all been a dream? Had she slept walked into an empty room? No, definitely not. On the far wall she could see the coloured stains from the wine she'd sprayed from her overfilled breasts the night before.

Another chime echoed in her head, summoning her to work. The djinn was not known for his patience. With a grunt of annoyance Chloe pushed herself out of bed and left the room.

Minutes later she entered the main tavern wearing a fresh dress. A few people sat at tables, overnight guests of the tavern enjoying breakfast. She craned her neck to look around the room, hoping to see a familiar head of curly brown hair, but alas no sign of the handsome stranger she'd bed the night before.

"Something wrong, Chloe?" Came a wee voice from her left.

"Sigh...no. But tell me, Eldric, did you see a man leave this morning?" She said to the gnome who sat at his customary seat by the bar, piping hot mug of tea in hand.

"A man you say?" Eldric the gnome asked, not looking at her.

"Yes, a handsome, burly man...with a beard and such beautiful eyes..." She sighed softly as she thought about how he'd looked at her the night before.

"I don't know about handsome...but yes, a bearded man left not long after daybreak" The gnome lifted his mug of hot tea and sipped at it contentedly.

"Did he say anything when he left?" Chloe asked, biting her lip anxiously. "Did he say if he'd return?"

"No, he did not" Eldric said. Chloe almost felt like she was going to cry, until Eldric spoke again. "He didn't check out either though...so I suspect he'll be back"

Chloe took a deep breath and nodded. "Alright, thank you Eldric".

She'd overreacted slightly. This man was a stranger, and not beholden to her in anyway. He probably had business in town to attend to. Besides it's not like she was free to spend the day with him, she had work to do. She would see him tonight after her shift; after all he had made a vague promise that she'd get to fill herself to her limit again soon.

Despite Chloe's promise to herself to not worry about the absence of Deagan, she still found herself keeping a watchful eye on the door, head whipping around whenever she heard the sound of it opening. Every time she felt her heart leap, and every time she was disappointed when it was not the return of the handsome rogue she reckoned she was falling for.

It was nearly supper time and Chloe had given up on him returning, when he decided to do just that. But he was not alone...

Chloe lifted her head to look at the door as she heard it open, expecting to not see Deagan, but finding herself thrilled when she did. She stepped up to the edge of the bar and gave him a wave, flashing a wide grin.

"Deagan!" She called. He did not answer. He didn't even look at her. Instead, he was focused on the conversation he was having with someone who hadn't entered the building yet.

Chloe walked out from behind the bar to approach him. "Deagan?" She said, trying to get his attention.

He turned his head to look at her, frowning. "Pardon me?"

Chloe returned his frown with one of her own. "Deagan?" She repeated.

"Darling" Came a female voice from behind him. "Who is this wench, and why is she calling you Deagan?"

'Deagan' stepped aside, allowing the woman behind him to approach. She was human, like him, and devastatingly beautiful, in almost a cruel way. She was tall, her features imperious and fierce, but undeniably gorgeous. Her nearly silver blond hair was tied back into a tight bun on the crown of her head, not a lock out of place. She wore clothes that suggested she'd been riding; tight black leather pants, with a white silk shirt. An embroidered corset girdled her midsection, squeezing her waist into an incredibly waspish figure. Everything about her spoke to her obvious nobility. Her eyes travelled up and down once, taking in Chloe, prompting a sneer to form on her ruby painted lips.

"Haven't the foggiest, Elusia." The man that Chloe had known as Deagan said, his voice dripping with derision as he looked down his nose at her. Chloe didn't know which emotion to focus on, the shock and confusion of the situation, or the crushing pain of rejection.

"Deagan..." She said, voice cracking. "It's me, Chloe? You stayed here last night..."

Deagan nodded curtly. "Yes, I stayed here last night, I wanted to be sure this was a fitting establishment for my wife and I to stay at. Were you here last night? Did you serve me? If so, I apologize but I simply don't remember you in the slightest"

Wife?! He was married?! Chloe found herself drowning in the deluge of feelings circling her mind. "Deagan..." Was all she managed to get out.

“Mind your tone, girl!” His wife said sharply, stepping in between the two of them. “And stop calling him Deagan, you silly tart! If you must speak to him, then address him by his proper title, Lord Carhault!”

Chloe let out an involuntary gasp. She was spiraling. She didn’t know what was happening, but it was all too much. “I...I don’t understand. You stayed here last night, you told me your name was Deagan, I came to your room... We made love together!”

“Slander!” Lord Carhault roared. His wife stared daggers at Chloe, though she said nothing.

The Lord’s yelling had finally earned the attention of the Djinn who floated over, face stern.

“Is there a problem?” He asked, voice it’s normal flat tone.

“Is this one of your employees?” Carhault asked jabbing a finger toward Chloe.

“Chloxanthum? Yes, she is my barmaid” The djinn answered.

“Well, tell her she shouldn’t make baseless accusations! She claims that the two of us lay together last night, which is an utter falsehood!” His face had begun to turn a shade of red as his angry reprimands increased in volume.

“I’ll make sure it never happens again” The Djinn said, no emotion present in his voice.

Chloe opened her mouth to voice a rebuttal, but the djinn’s hand on her shoulder made her stop.

“Is there anything else I can help you with” The Djinn said, his voice impassive.

“Yes, my wife and I are here to spend the night before we travel on. Your best room, and a fine meal at once”

“But of course sir” As the djinn gestured them in, his hand on Chloe’s shoulder moved her back behind the bar.

As the two nobles found a table in the tavern to sit at, the djinn spoke to Chloe. “I don’t care what did or didn’t happen. Not another word on it”

Chloe nodded, dejected and broken. She returned to cleaning glasses behind the bar, her heart in shambles. He’d used her, for a night of fun, as nobles were want to do, before tossing her aside, not even giving her the courtesy of recognition.

“There’s something strange about that woman” She heard Eldric say from across the bar. “I can’t quite place it though...”

Chloe ignored him, she didn’t care. She just wanted to not be here, but seeing as that wasn’t an option, she’d just do her job and avoid them as much as she could.

“Djinn, a word!” Came Carhault’s pompous voice across the room. Chloe grit her teeth. She couldn’t believe she’d thought he was charming. Chloe kept her head down, not looking over as the djinn and the noble conversed. She didn’t want to know what they were talking about, but unfortunately, she wouldn’t have that luxury.

“Chloxanthum, come here” Came the djinns monotone voice.

With a sigh she set down the glass and walked across the room to stand next to the djinn before the lord and lady’s table.

“How much can you drink, girl?” Lord Carhault asked.

Chloe blinked, shocked at the question. She knew that he knew how much she could drink, they’d found out last night. What was he getting at?

“Answer” The djinn said.

“Well...a little under a barrel, I’m pretty sure” Chloe said, feeling very uncomfortable.

“Is that so...Well, it may surprise you, but my wife is a champion drinker in her own right! In fact, I’m pretty sure she could drink more than a barrel in a sitting! Isn’t that right?”

The Lady Elusia gave a slight nod as she smiled at her husband “Easily. Wouldn’t even be a challenge”

“Bullshit!” Chloe blurted out without thinking. “You lie!”

“Tsk, I suppose elven grace doesn’t apply to manners!” Carhault said with a sneer. His wife just gave a tight-lipped smug smile, satisfied to have drawn a reaction out of Chloe.

The djinn held up a hand to silence Chloe’s forthcoming protest. “Do you wish to attempt the challenge?”

Carhault shrugged “Why bother waste the wine? We know that my wife can outdrink your barmaid, why not just give us the 100 gold and we’ll be of no more bother to you”

Suddenly it all clicked into place for Chloe. Before this moment she’d thought that last night the man she’d known as Deagan had just used her for some petty amusement. But now it’d become clear that it was more than that. He’d wanted to know exactly what it would take to beat her, to win the djinn’s gold. And then what, just get by on bravado? Make the djinn think winning was impossible, and have him forfeit before the contest even occurred? That was a risky play. What if the djinn denied, and forced them to do the challenge. Surely this slender waif of a woman couldn’t drink an entire barrel of wine. Whether she could or she couldn’t, Chloe wouldn’t back down.

The djinn crossed his arms, his brows furrowing slightly as he considered what the man was suggesting. Djinn loved games of chance, but they hated losing. It was possible he’d be willing to part with the gold just to avoid the humiliation of being beaten.

Before he could make that concession, Chloe spoke. “I think you’re bluffing. I don’t think your wife can beat me”

“Think again, Elf” Elusia said arrogantly.

Lord Carhault shrugged with an easy smile “Very well. I’m always up for a bit of fun. Two barrels, Djinn” With a casual flick he tossed four gold coins on the table.

“Follow me” The djinn said, as he turned and floated towards a side door. Chloe followed right behind him, while the two humans took their time getting up from their table.

“Are you sure about this?” The djinn asked after Chloe followed him through the door, during the brief moment they’d be alone. This was the first time she’d ever heard him be uncertain.

“Yes...” She said, though not quite confidently enough to be believable. “She has to be bluffing, there’s no way she can drink like I can.”

“Unless a djinn has enchanted her as well” The djinn replied.

Chloe bit her lip with worry. She hadn’t considered that as a possibility. Before she could voice that concern, the two nobles entered, Carhault with a broad smile that last night Chloe had found handsome, but now just found menacing. Elusia still bore her smug tight-lipped smirk, full ruby lips pursed together. She walked past Chloe, bumping her aside with her elbow.

“Well? Shall we get started?” The lord said, clapping his hands and rubbing them together.

With a nod from the djinn, two barrels of wine appeared, floating in the air along with two tankards.

“Better make it two each, and make them bigger. We don’t want to have to sit around while we wait for refills!” The Lord suggested his grin unwavering. Without even a twitch from the Djinn the tankards grew until they were the size of wash buckets, then magically they bifurcated creating two equivalent pairs.

“You’re going to lose” Chloe said defiantly while the Lord and the Djinn filled the mugs from the two floating barrels.

Elusia’s smile only grew smugger. “Sadly for you my dear, I never lose” Then she turned to accept the massive pail of wine, leaning in to give her husband a kiss on the cheek. Chloe took her own bucket from the Djinn, and then after giving Elusia one last glare, up-ended the massive vessel and began to chug down the wine.

Chloe felt her skin immediately warm as the rush of blueberry wine down her throat began to fill her breasts. Within seconds she felt her dress become tight, the neckline digging into her flesh, as she gulped down wine at an incredible rate. She kept her eyes closed, breathing through her nose, as she focused on swallowing, her throat bobbing as mouthful after mouthful of the rich blue drink disappeared down her throat to take up residence within her bust.

With a gasp she lowered the first bucket, lips dripping with the leftover azure fluid. She let out a soft moan as she took in her swollen chest, which bulged up out of her dress. Each had already swollen to the size of her head, and were beginning to feel quite heavy. Her dress wouldn’t last much longer at this rate.

She looked up, curious to see how the wine was affecting her competitor. To Chloe’s dismay it simply wasn’t affecting her at all. She’d just drank the equivalent of 20 cups of wine, and she looked as pristine as she had when she’d walked in. She wasn’t drunk, nor was she showing any signs of swelling, her incredibly slender waist still contained within her corset.

Elusia noticed Chloe gawking at her as she handed her empty bucket back to her husband to be refilled. “Something wrong, Elf?”

“Wha...how?!” Chloe asked, dumbfounded.

She smirked at Chloe “I’m just better than you, silly girl!” She turned back to her husband, her hand extended “More, please! This blueberry wine is delicious and I’m just getting started! I think I could drink it forever!”

Chloe groaned as she traded her empty bucket for a full one from the Djinn. She was rapidly losing faith in her plan. It shouldn’t be possible for this willowy blonde to drink as much as an ogre, and yet she was. Chloe watched Elusia for a moment, bucket held high as she chugged down the wine, her throat in constant motion as gallon after gallon of the rich fluid flowed into her and then...just disappeared?

“Come on girl, keep up!” Carhault protested.

Chloe shot him a dirty look, but did as she was told, lifting her own bucket and beginning to drink once more. She needed to stop worrying about what that woman was doing and focus on herself. She spluttered slightly as she began to drink once again, but quickly regained her rhythm. With each mouthful she could feel her breasts pump larger, growing fuller, rounder, heavier. She could feel her dress begin to slip, as her breasts outgrew its confines. Without stopping her drinking, she did a little shimmy of her chest, causing her breasts to wobble back and forth and ultimately free of the dress, popping over the neckline and into view. Her nipples tingled at the sudden exposure, growing stiff. They were already aching, still tender from her pushing her limits last night. As she finished her second bucket of wine, Chloe knew she wouldn’t be able to last as long as she had before.

She let out a soft moan as she handed off the empty pail. Each breast was swollen to an impressive size, far larger than she’d ever been in her life before last night. Each one reached her waist, projecting a foot off of her chest and each at last that wide. She rested a hand atop one, feeling her tense flesh. Her skin was already beginning to burn with irritation as she gently rubbed them to ease the pain. They weren’t even halfway through a barrel yet, and Chloe felt like she was reaching her breaking point, her skin’s elasticity too worn out after pushing her limits last night. But...she couldn’t give up. She had to beat this blonde bitch.

“You alright, Elf? You’re looking a little bloated!” Both Carhault and Elusia laughed mockingly after his jibe. Chloe ignored them, not even turning to look at them as she took the third bucket. She didn’t even want to glance at Elusia, as she suspected she would still somehow not be showing any signs of being affected by the wine.

“Oh, she’s eager!” Elusia cackled. “Keep it coming, darling, time to put this Elf in her place!”

Chloe was starting to struggle as she drank down the third bucket, excess wine dribbling down her cheeks. Her breasts had each grown incredibly heavy, each filled with multiple gallons of blueberry wine, and it had become very difficult to keep herself upright. Still, she continued to drink, not willing to give up. The wine flowed down her throat and into her bust, pumping them up fatter and fatter. Past her waist, past her hips, growing rounder and heavier, pushing out farther from her body. The slight prickling sensation of her skin being irritated had turned to pain, as she stretched her flesh further and further. She could feel the pressure building within her chest, pushing against her nipples, but she could do this, could still hold it, hold it in just a bit more...

With a pained shout she fell to her knees, dropping the bucket to the floor beside her, spilling out the last few dregs of wine within.

“Oh ho! She’s sprung a leak!” Carhault shouted with delight.

Indeed, from each of Chloe’s nipples the dark wine gushed, her flesh refusing to hold it in anymore. She kneeled on the floor, her massive breasts spreading out before her, each one resting on the ground a few feet out from her, her nipples each the size of shot glasses spurting wine on to the wooden boards. Tears formed in her eyes, and began to run down her cheeks in heavy streams. She couldn’t do it anymore, couldn’t hold it. She’d lost.

“Done already?” Elusia said as she lowered her empty pail. “Pity...you weren’t much competition, were you? Carhault, my love, we paid for both of these barrels, yes?”

“That’s right. Bloody waste I guess, we barely needed half!”

“Nonsense. I’m still thirsty!” With a catlike grin she walked over and took the bucket that she would’ve drunk next and began to chug it down. Then after finishing that one, she took the one that would’ve been for Chloe next and swallowed it down as well. She began to emit almost sexual moans as she drank, signaling her deep satisfaction.

“So, Djinn, about that gold?” Carhault said with a grin.

“Your winnings will be delivered to you at the end of your stay, minus any expenses incurred” The djinn said, a hint of annoyance breaking through his normally unnaturally neutral demeanor.

“More than fair. Shall we go, my dear?” Carhault asked.

“Not done yet...Gods this stuff is delicious!” She said insistently after finishing off another pail. She’d emptied one of the barrels, and now was on to draining the second.

On the floor Chloe sat in silence, feeling distraught. The wine from her nipples had created a wide puddle on the floor, that she knew the Djinn would make her clean up. She didn’t care about that, she just cared that she’d lost. It didn’t make sense! How had this woman beat her? How was she *still* drinking!

After finishing off the wine from the second barrel, it would appear that finally she was satisfied. “Ahh...my compliments to you, Djinn. Your wine is fantastic. I could probably drink more but...I would hate to empty your cellar!” Wrapping her arm through the crook of Lord Carhault’s elbow they began to walk out together. As they passed Chloe who still kneeled on the floor, crying, the pair stopped.

“Ta-Ta, Elf. Let me know when you’re ready for round 2. I’m *always* up for it” Then she mockingly blew Chloe a kiss before she and her husband left the room.

The djinn said nothing, floating beside her when Chloe looked up to meet his gaze. He simply shook his head, his grim face disappointed, then followed the two humans out the door.

Chloe was left alone in the room to wait while her breasts slowly emptied. After a few minutes, when they'd shrunk back halfway, now only the size of large pumpkins, she heard the door behind her open.

"I'm sorry, but please, I'm not ready to talk" she said, expecting the visitor to be the Djinn who had returned to reprimand her.

"Not ready? That's too bad...I was going to share something I thought you'd like to hear!" Squeaked a tiny voice.

Chloe craned head to see Eldric the gnome walking in, shutting the door behind him. His tiny frame was just barely as tall as she was while kneeling. "Oh, Eldric...what...what are you doing here?"

"I take it you tried to challenge that pretentious blonde noble?" Eldric asked, shuffling past her.

"How did...yes..." Chloe said resignedly.

"And you lost!" he said, voice cheery.

"Yes! Thank you for reminding me!" Chloe said, getting annoyed.

"You're welcome!" Eldric peeped, either ignoring or not understanding her sarcasm. "It's not your fault you lost, Chloxanthum. They...well, I don't know if cheated is the right word, but it's as good as any"

"Wait, what?" Chloe said, eyebrows lifting in surprise. "They did!? I knew it! But...How?!"

"First, take this. I imagine your skin must be very sore." From within his little tunic he produced a small can with a white ointment inside. "It'll soothe your pain, and make your skin fresh as new!"

"Why...do you have this?" Chloe asked, taking the canister.

"How else do you think I look this good at 300 years old!" Eldric squeaked with a grin.

Chloe undid the lid and began to lather the cool cream over her chest. Almost immediately the irritation she'd been feeling vanished. "Oooo! Thank you"

"Put more on, you'll need it" The gnome said. Chloe did as instructed, continuing to rub the ointment into her skin.

"Now as you know, I'm fairly well attuned to magic. And as soon as that woman walked in, I sensed there was something off about her, but I couldn't place it. Not until she just walked past me just now!"

"So...how'd she do it?" Chloe asked. She continued to rub the ointment into her skin, reveling in the cooling salve.

"She's using a portal to a pocket dimension!" Eldric said excitedly.

"A...a portal?!" Chloe exclaimed.

“Precisely! Situated somewhere within her esophagus I suspect...A tricky bit of magic, no doubt. But while it’s active anything she eats or drinks...”

“Just vanishes into another dimension!” Chloe said with dawning understanding. “So that’s how she was able to drink it all!”

“Indeed! Whatever wizard created it for her must have given her a way to turn it on and off at will, or else she’d never be able to eat food again” Eldric added, rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

“Great Goddess...I never would’ve guessed that...Oh well, I guess I feel a little bit better now, knowing they used magic to beat me” Chloe said as she stood, moving to grab a mop and bucket from the corner of the room to clean up the mess she’d made. “Well, thank you Eldric, I appreciate it. Now if you excuse me, I have some work to do”

“Wait! Don’t you want to reclaim your crown!” Eldric squeaked.

Chloe looked at him confusedly as she pushed the mop through the puddle of wine, soaking it up.

“Don’t you want to beat her!” He explained his phrasing.

Chloe shrugged as she wrung out the mop “Sure, but how can I? She can drink endlessly while that portal’s active”

“Yes, but if I get close enough and you give me a bit of time...I can close it! Permanently!” Eldric said with a tiny grin.

“Wait, really?!” Chloe said, growing excited.

The gnome nodded vigorously. “Yes, indeed. You’ll just have to challenge her again before she leaves”

Chloe nodded. “Ok, I’ll do it!”

“Very good! I’ll be waiting!” And with that he disappeared back into the tavern.

It took Chloe quite a while to finish cleaning up, and so by the time she returned to the main room, the two nobles were gone, probably up to bed. No matter; she would wake up early and issue the challenge before they left. She finished her work and went up to bed, stopping to say goodnight to Eldric and inform him of her timing. He promised he’d be in his normal seat, same as he always was every morning.

Chloe awoke at first light, feeling excited. She couldn’t wait to beat those pair of snooty nobles who’d backstabbed and made a fool of her. She was in the middle of picking out a dress when she heard Lord Carhault’s roaring laughter from downstairs. Why were they up so early? Unless...they were already leaving?! Still in her plain cotton shift, Chloe ran out the door and down the stairs. The two nobles stood before the bar while the Djinn begrudgingly counted out coins. Eldric sat just across from them, sipping his tea and minding his own business.

“Wait!” Chloe cried as she hurried downstairs.

“Oh goodness, look at this one!” Carhault sniggered “Out and about in her knickers!”

“Chloxanthum, what are you doing?” The Djinn asked glaring at her.

"I challenge you to another drinking contest!" Chloe declared, pointing a finger at the prissy blonde noble. Elusia's face, which was previously confused, twisted into a vicious grin.

"With pleasure, Elf. I was just saying how disappointed I was that I wouldn't get to have any more of that delicious wine before we left."

"And another 100 gold to boot!" The lord said rubbing his hands together.

"How about double or nothing?" Chloe said, stepping up behind the bar. "You win, we'll pay you another 200 gold on top of this 100 here. I win, you leave with nothing."

Carhault looked to his wife who gave him a predatory smile back before he spoke. "We accept your terms!"

The djinn shook his head. "I do not. Take your gold and go"

Chloe turned to face him "Please! You have to trust me! I can beat her this time! And if I lose again...you can take the money from my earnings until I've paid off the debt"

The Djinn raised a solitary eyebrow. "That would take you years to pay off"

Chloe shrugged with a smile "I'm feeling confident"

The Djinn watched her for a moment before nodding "Very well, proceed"

"Excellent! Shall we head to the back room?" Lord Carhault declared.

"No! Right here is fine" Chloe said, a mite too quickly. Luckily, they didn't push the matter. The tavern was empty as it was still dawn, so there would be no one there to intrude upon them. No one but Eldric.

As Chloe moved to stand across from Elusia she caught the gnome's eye. He was staring off across the room, seemingly oblivious to what was going on. But at the last moment, before she exited his line of vision, he gave her a wink.

The Djinn, still looking grumpy, summoned the barrels of wine, and the oversized mugs to serve it. Upon their appearance Elusia pouted.

"Those buckets were awfully heavy...couldn't you just give us a tube or something? That'd be a lot easier and faster!"

Chloe nodded "Fine with me"

The djinn rolled his eyes, but with a twist of his fingers the mugs disappeared and from the bottom of the floating barrels two tubes manifested, their ends twisted shut to hold the wine back.

Both Chloe and Elusia grabbed the end of the tubes and stuck them between their lips. Both elf and noble watched the other as they waited for the contest to start. The side of the blonde's mouth curled up around the tube as her eyes flashed, giving Chloe an arrogant smile. Chloe ignored her, instead choosing to focus on herself and what she was about to attempt.

Eldric hadn't said how long it would take him to undo the portal within Elusia, and so Chloe had to be ready to go the distance.

Neither woman looked away from the other when the Djinn gave the signal to begin, eyes locked on one another as their hands let go of the twist in the tube allowing the wine to flow. The sweet sapphire liquid poured into Chloe's mouth and she eagerly began to swallow.

There was no taunting this time, no snide comments or jibes. Instead, both competitors kept their lips locked around the tube that fed them with a seemingly unending amount of wine. After mere seconds Chloe felt the familiar sensation bloom within her bust, as wine began to fill her chest and pump her breasts larger.

With one hand still holding the tube to her mouth, her other hand worked to remove her nightgown, as she neared the point where she would outgrow it. The white cloth fell to the floor exposing her body, and her breasts which had already grown to reach her navel.

Chloe's breathing was calm and composed as she continued to chug mouthful after mouthful of the wine. Whatever the gnome had given her for her skin had really worked. Her flesh felt warm, which was normal, but at this point she didn't feel any sort of tingling or irritation. Her moisturized skin was eager and willing to stretch for her, which was good because as her breasts passed her hips, each one three feet long and as big around as a serving platter she had a feeling she was nowhere close to being finished.

Across from her the blonde had begun to make a series of moans, rubbing it in how much she was enjoying herself, and how little her body had changed. They were nearing the end of the barrel and she was going on strong, but so was Chloe.

Wanting to ignore the distractions of the woman across from her, Chloe had closed her eyes, so it was with great surprise that the immense weight pulling on her was suddenly relieved. She opened her eyes to see that her breasts had reached the floor, where they now comfortably sat, each one easily three feet across. Her nipples had swollen to be equivalent in size to the tavern's mugs, and trembled actively, but no wine leaked from them, not yet.

Suddenly from across the way, Elusia spluttered, spitting out wine. Chloe paused her own drinking to see what was going on as Elusia pulled the tube from her mouth and reinked it before turning to her husband.

"Carhault! What's the meaning of this!" She snapped.

"Pardon, my love?" He replied "Whatever do you mean?"

"What the fuck are you doing, turning off the...um...you know" Elusia said, just barely catching herself.

Carhault shook his head "I didn't!"

"But I did!" Squeaked Eldric, spinning in his seat.

"You what!?" Elusia screamed.

"I closed the portal that allowed you to cheat! Now anything you drink will go into your body as it's supposed to!" The little gnome said smugly.

"You shouldn't be able to do that?!" Carhault said in shock.

Eldric nodded "It was tricky I'll admit, but I found a backdoor in the magic that allowed me to...oh...oh dear"

"What is it, Eldric?" Chloe asked.

The gnome turned to face her, his already pale skin going paler. "I believe I may have made a mistake...I didn't just turn off the portal...I...I reversed it"

Chloe gasped, placing a hand over her mouth. She turned back to face Elusia whose pristine face was twisted with rage. The blonde noble took a step toward Eldric, eager to unleash her retribution on him, when a loud gurgle emanated from her innards, making her legs tremble. Her look of anger was replaced by one of confusion as she stumbled back, catching herself on the edge of the table.

"Oh...Oh Gods...I feel funny..." She said looking across the room at the others present. A louder gurgle echoed from her midsection followed by the flesh below her corset bulging out.

"What's happening to me?!" She cried with fear.

"The portal's acting in reverse" Eldric explained, his voice quiet. "Everything that you put in it...is being forced back out"

Before Elusia could speak again she was interrupted by a loud snapping noise, as one of the seams on her corset broke open, forced apart by her stomach's inexorable growth. The intricate garment fell to the floor leaving her gut exposed, which now curved away from underneath her bust by half a foot.

"Oh god!" Elusia screamed as her belly continued to swell, getting wider and deeper with every second as all of the wine that she'd consumed both today and the day before was redeposited into her.

Everyone present silently watched as Elusia's stomach continued to grow in every direction, getting bigger, wider, rounder. Elusia's skin stretched tight, a feeling Chloe recognized, as her belly filled with over two barrels worth of wine. Elusia could do nothing but quietly whimper, as her stomach continued to fill. It now sloped well away from her body, easily three feet around, arcing down between her legs and nearly reaching the floor. Her belly button had popped out long ago, now a small bump in the center of the colossal orb of flesh that was her belly.

Elusia's breathing became shallow and rapid as her belly was stretched unnaturally huge. A number of stretch marks had appeared in a few places, her skin suffering from the strain. Dark veins appeared pressing against the surface where her skin was stretched to its thinnest. But she still hadn't stopped swelling.

Her stomach touched the floor and then began to slide across it, pushing forward as her body was filled with more and more wine. Her gut spread out in every direction, even back between her legs slightly. It pressed against the tables and chairs shoving them aside, its growth unstoppable. When finally it stopped, Elusia was just a small little thing attached to the massive

sphere of flesh that was her stomach. Coming from underneath her breasts it arced away from her over six feet, and was at least that wide. Her skin was tight as a drum, stretched to its absolute limit.

Elusia stood, hands on the table behind her still bracing herself. Pushing herself up, she stood up straight, causing the great mass of her stomach to shift slightly, causing a loud sloshing sound to echo from within. "Is...is that it?" She asked quietly.

Lord Carhault rushed around to stand beside her. "My love! Are you ok!"

She was frozen for a moment, before she turned to look at him, giving a slow nod "I...Yes...Yes! I'm ok! Now where were we..." She reached for the tube that she'd been drinking from and found it dry. "Elf, did you finish your barrel?" She called across to Chloe.

Chloe blinked with surprise. "What?!"

Was she really still asking about the contest? Chloe looked at her own tube and also found it dry. She hadn't realized it, but she'd finished her own barrel as well, breaking her own record. She shouldn't have been surprised by the fact, with how large her breasts had grown. Each one was several times larger than the rest of her body, resting upon the floor several feet in front of her. Her nipples, each nearly a foot long, had begun to tingle angrily, indicating that she'd likely begin to leak soon.

"Yes, I finished" Chloe replied.

Elusia nodded "Very well. Let the contest continue! Djinn, more wine!"

"You're joking!" Chloe yelled.

Even Lord Carhault was expressing severe reservations. "My love, surely this isn't wise. Look at you! You're..."

"Massive, yes" Elusia said. "But I actually feel fine! I've got more than two barrels of wine in me and I feel like I could drink two more!" With a hand she slapped the side of her monstrous gut, creating a sound like a kettle drum and causing her flesh to ripple and shake.

"Elusia, this is insane!" Chloe yelled. "Look at yourself! How are you even still alive?! Can you even move right now?"

"Can you!" Elusia shot back.

Chloe opened her mouth to retort, but stopped herself. The woman had a point. Chloe was equally immobile, each colossal breast resting on the floor, as big around as a hay roll, keeping her firmly in place. The tingling in her nipples had plateaued for now. She wouldn't spring a leak imminently, but she doubted she could drink much more.

Across from her Elusia looked defiant. Despite the impossibility of her overfilled gut, large enough to fit an entire ox inside, she still looked eager to go. "Come on then! More—Ooooo"

Elusia let out a low moan, eyes closing as a strange feeling rumbled through her. The massive orb of her stomach trembled, emitting an audible groaning sound. Her brows furrowed for a moment, and then she relaxed.

“Darling–” Carhault started, but she cut him off.

“I’m Fine. It’s just a bit of gas. I feel fine. Let’s keep going” she said with a wild grin aimed at Chloe.

Lord Carhault crossed his arms over his chest and shook his head. “No. I have to put my foot down. I can’t let you-”

“Oh, Shut up, Carhault! Shut up!” Elusia snapped at him. “I don’t give a shit if you’re putting your foot down! Honestly, I think this is all your fault anyway! I don’t know how they figured out we were using a portal, but I bet you blabbed it when you were fucking that big tit elf-whore two nights ago!” She pointed aggressively at Chloe.

Chloe gasped “Aha! You admit it!”

“Oh, don’t act so self-righteous. Yes, he had sex with you, and yes, I knew about it, hells, I suggested it! We wanted to know how much you could really drink, and I thought that seducing you would be the simplest way.” Elusia explained, thoroughly frustrated. “None of that matters right now. What matters is are you giving up or ready to keep going?”

Chloe sighed. She was near her limit, she knew it, but she couldn’t give up now. Surely this woman couldn’t truly drink forever, could she? She gave the blonde a nod and brought the hose to her mouth. With a sigh the Djinn refilled with wine. Elusia followed suit clamping her lips on her own tube and began to suck down the wine once more.

Chloe’s skin began to burn as her breasts swelled further into the realms of impossibility, growing vastly plumper and heavier with wine. Whatever Eldric had given her for her skin had worked wonders, as it continued to freely stretch to accommodate more and more wine.

But even she had her limits. As her breasts grew larger and larger, she could feel the tingling on her nipples turning into a pinching. She couldn’t hold on much longer. But she had to! She had to beat this woman, who somehow continued to drink, despite her stomach being overinflated to such a gargantuan size.

Chloe squeezed her eyes tight as she tried to focus, chugging down more and more wine. She could do this. She could do this! She could...

Chloe dropped the hose with a cry as she felt her nipples give way, spraying wine across the room with incredible force.

Across from her Elusia, who still held the tube of wine in her mouth, raised her eyebrows in surprise! She continued to chug down the wine for a few moments more, her other hand rubbing the side of her swollen belly.

“Ha! I did it!” Elusia cried finally removing the tube. “I knew I could do it!”

Chloe sobbed “How...”

Elusia smirked “Like I said before, I’m just better than you”

The skin on her stomach was incredibly tight, and had begun to turn a bright shade of pink. More stretch marks had appeared across its surface in a number of places. Angry veins traced the surface, pressed up against the skin. Jutting out from under her breasts, her stomach arced up and away, nearly reaching the height of her chin at its peak. It was oval in shape, slumping only slightly from the pull of gravity. The far end, where her belly button resided now the size of a tangerine, was over 8 feet away from her, nearly touching the front of Chloe's breasts, even though the two stood 15 feet apart.

"Now if you don't mind, I think I'll toast my victory" Elusia said smugly, bringing the hose to her lips. She chugged down mouthful after mouthful of wine, moaning with delight.

Suddenly her eyes shot open with concern. She pulled the tube from her mouth and swallowed the last gulp of wine, as she looked down at her incredibly gravid form. Her stomach had begun to visibly tremble, beginning to move in place. It started to make that groaning sound again, but louder this time. Elusia's face grimaced with pain as she gritted her teeth.

"My Love?" Carhault asked.

"I'm...fine!" She managed to get out. The quaking of her stomach increased in intensity, as it began to surge in place every few moments, like some great angry beast. "Come on... Belly" She grunted. "You're...Fine!"

In a single moment her heaving stomach swelled out, growing another few inches in every direction, her skin turning bright red. But then... it was still. No one moved for a few seconds, waiting to see if anything would happen.

Her face covered in sweat, Elusia sighed as she gave a relieved smile. "See? I'm-"

BAAAAANG

Like an overripe piece of fruit Elusia burst, showering the entire room with a wave of blueberry wine. Chloe spluttered as she wiped the blue drink off of her face until she could open her eyes. In front of her Carhault stood, soaked in wine, next to an empty spot in the floor, all traces of Elusia vanished.

The only sound in the tavern was the sound of the wine that poured from Chloe's nipples onto the floor. After a minute she was the first one to speak. "So...does that mean I win?"

THE END