

## **Chapter 1:**

### **The Juice Factory**

The giant, red-brick building stood tall and proudly amid the lush greenery. It was designed in the style of a charming, Victorian factory, complete with a green tin roof and two fat, stubby smokestacks spewing multicolored steam that puffed out lazy rainbow clouds. Above the giant doors at its front entrance was a gold-gilded art deco sign that read “The Juice Factory”.

The building was situated with its back end tucked partially into a forest with all manner of berry bushes and flowers and vegetation surrounding its base. Grape vines and creepers wound their way up and around the brick exterior and hanging moss and ivy clung to the edges of the building’s roof and window sills. Peppered all around the pristine lawn were fruit trees of every color and size and at its center was a fountain that trickled and sprayed small jets of water. Like the smokestacks, the color of the water fluctuated. There were at least a dozen gardeners watering, weeding, spraying, mowing, trimming and sculpting the scenery. Not a speck of greenery was neglected.

Juniper twirled a lock of her wavy, auburn hair anxiously, hugging her modest chest tightly with her other arm. She felt very small standing in front of the giant factory doors. She wasn’t sure if they were functional or merely a facade. She felt butterflies in her stomach. She’d never actually been to the restaurant, just the front office for her interview.

They had told her what this place was and what was expected of her and after she had gotten the job, they’d given her a week to consider. She’d used that entire week to talk herself into following through, to get over her hesitations and doubts, but now, as she stared up at the doors that loomed in front of her, she felt a pit in her stomach and couldn’t bring herself to approach. She took a step back and started turning to leave.

“You must be Juniper!” A friendly voice called out. Juniper froze. “The front called me up, told me you were on your way.”

Juniper turned and immediately planted one foot back to steady herself. Her eyes opened wide and her mouth fell slightly ajar.

Walking toward her - or rather, waddling toward her - was a heavysset girl maybe a few years older than herself. She had a bright, friendly smile on her slightly chubby face and shoulder length black hair. She was wearing a short-cropped, green t shirt with a faded, stretched out picture of a smiling palm tree with sunglasses that read 'I'm Coco-Nuts for Bermuda!'. It was strained nearly to the point of tearing as it struggled to contain two very large, bouncy breasts. It also did absolutely nothing to hide her round potbelly, which in turn spilled over the edge of a pair of aesthetically frayed jean shorts in a muffin top. Her shorts were likewise stretched to their limits by an ass that was easily two sizes too large for them and two very thick thighs that squeezed out from the bottom and bubbled out through the holes in her shorts. Her entire body jiggled with every step she took.

But it wasn't her overly feminine curves and her heavysset body that had taken Juniper aback - it was the fact that every inch of the girl's exposed skin was dyed a shiny, cherry red.

"Uh, hi!" Juniper said, suddenly realizing that her mouth was still open. She stepped forward numbly, her incredulity so overwhelming that she had temporarily forgotten her trepidations.

"I'm Sydney," The girl offered her hand. Juniper cleared the last few steps between them and recieved it. Sydney's hand was warm and soft, but her grip was confident. "Nice to meet you!"

"You too," Juniper said. She couldn't keep her eyes off of the girl's gaudily colored body. It didn't have the texture or chalkiness of body paint; no - Juniper was very familiar what that looked like. She could tell at a glance that this girl's skin was, in fact, actually red.

"Well, let's get you inside, shall we?" Sydney said, turning and gesturing for Juniper to follow. Juniper stood rooted to the spot, unable to keep herself from

staring at Sydney's large rump that peeked out from both the top and bottom of her shorts.

"Sorry to take you by surprise," Sydney continued, glancing over her shoulder, "I can tell you weren't expecting to be greeted by a big, red girl on your first day."

"No - no, it's fine!" Juniper said, hurrying to catch up as though she suddenly remembered how her legs worked. "I mean - I should have expected it. They told me what this job is all about, so I'm sorry I was just a little, uh, confused at first."

"You don't have to play it cool. This job is weird. And believe me, no matter what they told you at the front, there's no way to prepare yourself for this." She walked up to the set of double doors next to the giant factory doors. She turned to Juniper with a cheeky grin. "So... you ready to see something wild?"

"I... don't know." Juniper said honestly.

"Only one way to find out." Sydney's smile widened and she pushed the door open. She held it for Juniper and waved her in.

Juniper stepped into the warmly lit interior. She gasped. The place was huge. There were two stories, the second floor looking down onto the center from either side with two wide catwalks connecting them. It was situated in such a way that no matter where you stood, you would be able to see the circular bar at the center of the restaurant.

It leaned heavily into the factory aesthetic - everything had an industrial, almost steampunk feel from the subtly rusted metal stairs and the floors and handrails of the upper levels, to the hanging cage lights and the brick walls and warped glass windows. The floor of the first story was a cracked, mottled dark amber stone that was polished to a perfect sheen. Sunlight flooded in from skylights built into the tin roof which was held up by decorated steel latticework.

The decor brought the place to life. Stacked crates and barrels that read "Fresh Produce" were scattered about to break up the symmetry of the restaurant's layout; a whirring conveyor belt carrying bottles filled with all manner of colorful

liquids wove its way against the walls and around the entire restaurant until it disappeared into a tunnel; moving gears, comically large, creaked and spun overhead with heavy groans and clicks. There was even a massive rusty factory crane that stretched from the edge of the right wall all the way across the restaurant with a hook that dangled halfway to the ground at the center of the facility, directly over the bar.

The tables were heavy, round planks of partially stained wood that were situated atop wooden barrels. The chairs were all metal and matched the mottled look of the infrastructure, but were comfortably designed and padded with burlap. At the center, directly beneath the crane was the massive circular bar that was designed to resemble a giant, rusty cog.

The place buzzed with energy and activity. Employees shouted and talked, calling out instructions or just chatting amongst themselves. It was a mess of noise as they busied themselves about, preparing the restaurant for the day ahead.

As she studied the people working, she saw a number of strong, burly men in black t-shirts and black pants who were busy moving tables and chairs and restocking the bar. She also spied well over two dozen girls who were full bodied and heavysset just like Sydney, and who each had a different skin tone that covered the whole spectrum of the rainbow. She took a step back as an entirely yellow girl in a nearly skin-tight summer dress waddled past her, giving Juniper a quick 'Ope, 'scuse me!' as she hurried along, pulling a mop and bucket behind her. Juniper felt her butterflies rustling their wings.

Sydney stepped up next to her. "Welcome to the Juice Factory, what do you think?"

Juniper didn't have an immediate reply. She shook her head and laughed nervously. "Wow. I mean, just... wow. This is - a lot more than I expected. This place is huge! Was it actually a factory at one point?"

"Used to be a hangar, actually. This whole area was an abandoned airfield before the company bought it. They went to ridiculous lengths to set this place up - ripped up the landing strip, demolished the terminal and planted the forest, not

to mention completely remodelling this facility and getting it up to OSHA compliant standards.”

“That’s crazy! I mean - it feels like an attraction at Disneyland. Why did they put so much work into it?”

“Hard to say. All I know is the head of the company is this eccentric billionaire type. It cost them a fortune to put this thing together. That said, at the rate we do business, it’ll have paid for itself in a few years and once it does, it should start turning a huge profit, so I guess they know what they’re doing. I’ve heard that they’re even looking to expand it - turn this whole property into some kind of high-end resort in the future, depending on how successful this venture ends up being.”

“People really like this juice girl thing that much?” Juniper asked. “I thought it would be a more, well - a niche sort of thing. Y’know?”

“It is for the most part, but you’d be surprised. Besides, it’s an exclusive business. We get patrons from all over. It’s not like you can just go downtown to your local cafe and order a drink that comes straight from some gal’s giant tits.” Sydney said with a chuckle.

“Now you mention it...” Juniper said sarcastically. Sydney laughed again.

“Well, before we get into all that, I’ll show you around. Don’t worry about keeping up if you feel overwhelmed, I know it’s a lot to take in all at once. Now, on your resume, it said that you’ve had some experience as waiting staff before. Is that correct?”

“It is. Yeah, I’ve been waiting bar for a few years now.”

“Good. Customer service is the most important part of this job,” Sydney said. “There are still some points to go over because things are a little different here. What you need to understand is that this is an entertainment business first, bar and restaurant second. As such, there are a lot of patrons who will speak very

forthright, will say some lewd things and you'll get a lot of uncomfortable attention."

"I know how that goes," Juniper said. "I had to deal with that at the bar. I'm used to it."

"I figured as much." Sydney nodded. "The important thing is that you keep your composure and don't make a scene. That's what we've got the studs like Vic here for."

She crept up behind one of the burly young men in a black t-shirt who was studying a sheet of paper on a clipboard. She playfully jabbed him between his muscular shoulder blades. He turned in surprise.

"Oh, hey - what's up, Syd?" The young man asked. His carefully trimmed, jet black hair matched his crisp black attire. He studied Juniper for a moment with deep, attentive eyes.

"I'm showing the newbie around," She said. "Vic is the one of the supervising rollers here."

"Rollers?" Juniper asked.

"We're the muscle," Vic said, stepping forward. He offered his free hand. He had an inviting, professional smile. "Nice to meet you..."

"Juniper. Nice to meet you too." She took his hand. It was firm and strong.

"You'll see these guys floating around," Sydney explained, "They make sure things run smoothly. If a customer gets too touchy or grabby, makes you feel uncomfortable, gets too drunk, or just does something you feel isn't above board, you get their attention."

"Gotcha." Juniper said.

“I was just heading back to the bar to finish setting up the rig,” Vic said, “If you need anything, you know where to find me.”

“Sounds good Vic, you go put those muscles to work.” Sydney said.

“It was nice to meet you, Juniper, hopefully I’ll be seeing more of you in the future.” With that, Vic winked and headed toward the bar at the center of the building.

“Remember to lift with your legs!” Sydney called after him. He gave a little thumbs-up over his shoulder.

“The roller’s are good guys - hand picked and thoroughly vetted. They know this business in and out. If me or the other veteran gals aren’t available, the rollers can answer pretty much any question you’ve got.”

“Why do you call them rollers?”

“Oh, right! That’s because they’re the ones who roll the tankers around and get them to the juicing room at the end of the night.”

“Tankers - you mean the uh...” She tried to act unfazed, but the words caught like a bubble in her throat. Juniper’s cheeks flushed. She felt the butterflies in her stomach flutter aggressively. “The girls who get turned into giant - uh - giant fruits?”

Sydney’s eyes narrowed and she cocked her head almost imperceptibly as Juniper stumbled over her words. Sydney’s warm smile seemed to grow devilish and she didn’t respond immediately.

“That’s right,” Sydney finally said. In the same moment, Sydney’s features softened back to her friendly, unreadable smile. She placed a hand on Juniper’s shoulder and guided her forward. “The big ol’ juice balls.”

Juniper's heart started racing. Cold sweat beaded at her temples. In the back of her mind, she knew she was just projecting her own insecurities, that she was just terrified someone might see through her.

"Ah, and on that note, perfect timing!" Sydney said. She waved to a girl across the way. The girl's skin was covered in mottled green and yellow stripes with the exception of her lips, which were a bright magenta. She had two bouncy golden pigtails. Like the rest of the girls Juniper had seen, she was quite plump and waddled with a sloshy gait. However, unlike the rest of the girls, she was clothed in nothing but a bath towel with her shiny cleavage peeking out from the top. "Hey Amy! Come over here for a sec and meet the newbie!"

The girl perked up. She had wide, innocent eyes and as soon as her eyes met Sydney's, she cracked a sheepish smile and waved back timidly. She altered her course to meet the approaching pair.

"Juniper, Amy - Amy, Juniper." Sydney said, pointing from one to the other.

"Hi-ii!" Amy sang with a little wave. She had a sweet, small voice.

"I'm training up the newbie. You know how it goes. Are you getting started soon, or are you still prepping?"

"No, yeah, I was just about to get into position." She lifted her left hand and wiggled a little glass vial for emphasis.

"Great, great! Mind showing the newbie what a tanker does?"

"Oh, I'd love to! Come on!" She turned and began skipping toward the same bar that Vic had headed toward, gesturing for Juniper to follow.

"We have one tanker every night." Sydney explained as they followed. "They're the centerpiece of the restaurant and the 'special' flavor of the night. I think tonight's is orange."

"So it changes?"



“Yep. Same goes even if you’re not a tanker. We provide as much variety to the patrons as possible, that means one night you might be a pear, next night you could be a grape, or a mango. Sometimes more exotic stuff, too. I was even a durian once. I think that one’s been discontinued because of how bad it smells.” Sydney shook her head and stuck her tongue out as she seemed to reminisce on an unpleasant memory. “Last night, I was a cherry. Hence the red skin. Us managers schedule who’s gonna be what sort of fruit for the week and we try not to overlap. It’s not always possible - we have a few fruits, like blueberry, that are particularly popular and we need to have multiple gals on staff filling those positions every night or we’ll run out of juice before the night’s over.”

Juniper nodded stupidly throughout the whole explanation. What Sydney was explaining was unbelievable and fantastical, yet she stated it so matter-of factly that it sounded almost as normal and banal as explaining something like a dress code. Her mind simply could not wrap itself around the words coming out of her trainer’s mouth. Her brain was numb.

As they approached the bar, Juniper noticed that the bar floor was entirely composed of metal grating. The back half of the bar had been pulled maybe twenty feet back and Vic and three other rollers were in the center, hunched over, laying out a weave of straps in the center. It looked like a large net. Beneath the ‘net’ was a length of fabric that was roughly shaped like a hammock and nearly the size of a parachute. The far end stretched back and tapered off to a point where there was a heavy looking metal ring. As it approached the front of the bar, the fabric split down the middle, about three fourths of the way up and tapered off into two points that likewise had a metal ring at their tips.

“Hey Vic, hey Sam!” Amy said as she skipped past the two closest rollers.

“Hey Amy, how’s it going,” The guy she’d called Sam said, “We’re just finishing up with your rigging, so you can get started whenever you’re ready.”

“Will do!” She walked past the weave of straps to where there was a little red ‘x’ of blocking tape on the ground about ten or so feet from where the Rollers were setting up and pivoted on her heel.

Juniper and Sydney stopped in front of the girl. Without any hint of hesitation or decorum, the green-striped girl unfastened the knot on her towel and let it fall to the floor. She was completely naked. Juniper balked as Amy's exposed breasts flopped free and slapped against her rotund belly.

Juniper stared, at a complete loss for words. She noticed, as the green girl stretched her arms and legs, that her nipples as well as the inner lips of her puffy womanhood - which she did absolutely nothing to try and hide - were magenta just like her lips. After a few more stretches, Amy shook herself off and bounced on her heels a little. Her entire body quivered and rippled with every movement.

Sydney leaned close to Juniper, nudging her with her elbow. "Sorry if the nudity thing caught you off guard," She said in a low voice, "Probably should have warned you about that."

"Uh - nah it's fine!" Juniper said in an unconvincingly squeaky voice.

"Alright, here we go!" Amy said. She lowered herself to the ground, sitting back on the red 'x', her large butt squashing against the ground. She let her legs spread akimbo, exposing her womanhood even more as she took the vial and uncorked it. "Now make sure to watch carefully, I can only do this trick once!"

With that, Amy tipped the vial back and downed its contents. She tossed it onto the towel beside her and coughed, gritting her teeth. She leaned forward, resting her hands on her knees, looking up at Juniper with a friendly, innocent expression. Sydney stepped forward wordlessly and swept up the vial and towel, walking them over to the bar.

Amy's body suddenly groaned, every part of her swelling ever so slightly, almost unnoticeably. Then it stopped. Then, as though a dam had broken inside Amy, her stomach and breasts ballooned outward, doubling and then tripling in size in a matter of seconds. Amy's head was pushed back and her arms fell behind her to stabilize herself. A moan escaped from her lips as another wave of growth inflated her. Her belly plopped gracelessly onto the ground with a wet smack.



Wave after wave of growth began to course through her. Each came more rapidly than the last. Her hands and legs were lifted from the ground and pushed out as the juice filled her ass and hips. Her body stretched and made dangerous creaking sounds that would have been at home in an old wooden ship at sea, not so much inside a woman.

Juniper folded her arms and winced as she bit down hard on the inside of her bottom lip, nearly drawing blood.

Amy's flesh continued to pulse and undulate with wet gurgles. Her belly burbled ever larger, growing rounder and tighter, her skin stretched and shifted to accommodate her increasing size. Her breasts heaved, tight and shiny like overinflated water skins. Her pink nipples were engorged and puffy, sticking out like fat thumbs from her chest and dribbling a thick, orange liquid.

Juniper stepped aside as Amy's belly inched closer, like some sort of fat slug. It looked almost as though there was a gelatinous creature growing inside Amy, pushing and squeezing its way through her massive body, pressing it outward as it explored every inch of her and stretched her to an impossible size. Her belly, her breasts, her arms, her thighs, her neck - every part of her was engorging. Her body groaned ceaselessly. At any moment, Juniper felt certain the girl's writhing body would suddenly burst like an overfilled water balloon. Through it all, Amy gasped and moaned, rubbing and groping her swelling form.

Then, Amy's skin color began to change: a vibrant orange rapidly replaced the mottled green and yellow stripes. The color spread in pulses to the rhythm of the girl's heartbeat. It seemed to burn the girl's green color away like a fire spreading beneath her skin, and as it spread further it began to wrinkle and raise, becoming rough and textured. Not unlike the skin of an actual orange.

"Crazy, right?" Amy said in her small, sweet voice. She was still caressing herself absentmindedly, though her chubby arms were barely able to touch any part of herself. She was several feet taller and her chubby legs were being absorbed into her rounding form. She looked like a misshapen gummy bear with a tiny head and tiny hands and feet. She struggled to continue rubbing her body as

her arms were pressed out further and further. Finally she gave up with a sigh and let her arms snap to her sides and wobble in defeat.

“Do you want to touch it?” Amy asked - her genuine, inviting eyes wide and friendly.

“What?”

“My body - do you want to touch it?” Amy giggled. She creaked and groaned, even as she spoke. “I know, I know - it’s super weird. It’s just, you know, you seem a little on edge, but there’s really nothing to worry about!”

Juniper looked nervously to Sydney, but she merely shrugged nonchalantly.

“I uh - okay...” Juniper shuffled forward. She reached out towards the massive, ballooning girl in front of her. Close as she was, she could smell fresh citrus and heard a low rumbling gurgle. It sounded like someone had left a trickling hose running inside of her. She poked the girl’s belly gingerly and pulled back, looking up at Amy as though for confirmation.

Amy giggled again, her body shaking ever so slightly. “It’s okay! I’m not fragile - this skin is actually really tough. It has to be to hold so much juice. Go ahead - get a good feel, I don’t mind, really!”

“Well, if you say so,” Juniper said. Her face was burning, but she forced herself to keep her composure. She took another small step forward and pressed her hand against the girl’s body. It was rough and waxy like an orange, only warmer and softer. As she held it there, it bloated outward to meet her touch, pushing into her hand. Her palm sank into the girl’s pebbly exterior like warm dough. She pulled back. She ran her fingers gently across her textured skin, looking up. “Can you - can you feel that?”

“Mm-hmm!” Amy replied. She giggled once more. “Everything becomes more sensitive the bigger you get and your body gets so tough that you don’t really feel any pain. It actually feels nice. Especially the juicing. Mmm. Especially the juicing.”



“Oh.” Juniper said. She made a mental note of how Amy repeated the last part. There was a distant, hungry twinkle in the girl’s eyes and she could swear she saw the giant orange shudder. Juniper felt the butterflies do barrel rolls inside her and she had to remind herself to breathe normally.

She shuffled back. She kneaded her fingers nervously. Amy had already grown far beyond what Juniper had imagined possible and still, she just kept growing; even after her arms and legs had been completely consumed by her unnatural expansion and her body was little more than a ball with two massive breasts, she didn’t stop. The contours of her body were erased as she turned into a seamless sphere. Her body lifted her feet off the ground and continued until she was resting entirely on the part of her orb that would have been her crotch.

“Hey Amie, looks like you’re just about finished ripening.” Vic said. Juniper blinked, realizing she’d been absolutely transfixed by the girl’s absurd transformation. She felt her butterflies flapping their wings. She chanced a glance over to Sydney and the butterflies took flight when she realized her trainer was leaning against the bar counter, eyeing her, wearing a small smirk. She had no idea how long she’d been watching. Juniper looked away.

“You ready to roll into position?” Vic asked, looking up at Amy, whose head poked out comically from the top of a giant orange. It was now no less than fifteen feet off the ground.

“Sure am!” The girl said cheerfully, flapping her hands. They made a faint, flat drumming sound as they slapped against her turgid, spherical body. The four Rollers positioned themselves around Amy in a square formation, one at each ‘corner’ of her body.

“Sam, Chris, Damien; you guys all ready?”

“Yep.” Came three replies.

“Alright, on three, guys. One, two, and - three!”

Vic and the other roller at the front heaved in unison, their arms bulging and muscles visibly straining beneath their black shirts. Amy rocked back ever so slightly and the rollers at the back took over. They weren't exactly rolling her, instead, they rocked her forward and back getting her spherical body to build up momentum. With every push, her body rolled a little further, teetering and jiggling. The two rollers at her front gave her one final, lengthy push. She rolled back once more - much further than before - her head disappearing from Juniper's eyeline.

As she rolled fully onto her back, her underside was left completely exposed. Juniper blushed and averted her gaze, but not before stealing a guilty peak at the giant orange girl's womanhood. It was obscenely engorged and a deeper orange than the rest of her body - it was also smooth and leaking an alarming amount of juice. Juniper couldn't help but think that the lips of her pussy looked very similar to giant, peeled segments of an orange.

"And... now!" Vic called out like a battle cry. He and the other roller at the front of Amy ran to the back to join the other two. The four let out a collective grunt of exertion and pushed, pressing themselves like linebackers against the giant orange. Amy rolled forward, faster than before, her hands and feet flapping uselessly.

She came to an abrupt halt as she was rolled onto the giant net of straps and her gigantic breasts smacked loudly against the steel grating. Amy let out a cry of ecstasy as her breasts were squashed by the weight of her body. The juice inside her rocked to the front of her body, swelling her front end and causing her breasts to bulge and shoot a small geyser of juice from each nipple.

Then as the juice rebounded, her body started to roll back violently. The rollers braced themselves against her. The momentum of the juice sloshing back fought against the roller's strength. Juniper heard another torrent of juice splash heavily against the ground behind Amy and she let out another squeaky howl, a very lewd expression on her face. The rollers panted from the strain, but they held fast, keeping the giant orange from rolling back. She wobbled in a pendulous motion as her round body approached equilibrium. Each wobble forced a small jet of juice to leak out of her, front and back, until finally, her body came to rest.



“Okay, feel me now!” Amy said after catching her breath.

“What? I already did, though - are you sure?”

“Yeah, I’m pretty much full now, and there’s a big difference!”

Juniper shrugged meekly, trying to play it cool. She approached the huge, dribbling orange, finding it increasingly difficult to see the ball as an actual girl and once again pressed her hand against her side. Instead of her hand sinking into her like before, there was little give in her tough exterior. She even felt it actively pushing back as though -

“Are you -” She said with shock, “Are you still filling with juice?”

“Of course! There’s still a lot of room in me and I’ll keep producing more throughout the night!”

“But you’re not getting any bigger.”

“Yeah, this is about as big as I’ll get,” Amy said with a whimsical sigh. “My body won’t stretch any further, but I can still hold a lot more. It just means that the pressure inside me will keep increasing until I’m just about ready to pop!”

“Can that happen?”

“I don’t think so. It’s never happened to anyone before. But sometimes it feels like it. It feels amazing!”

“Really?” Juniper said dubiously.

“Oh, yes.” Amy had that faraway look in her eyes again and suddenly seemed to drift off into her own private musings.

“Alright, got you in position, Amy.” Vic said, coming around to face the orange. “I’m gonna get on top of you and get you hooked up.”



“Yep! Go ahead!”

“Okay.” Vic turned to the bar and ducked down to a cubby and procured a small duffel bag, which he shouldered. He turned back to Amy and planted his feet against her rough skin and dug his fingers into her side. He pulled himself up like a rock climber. When he reached the pinnacle, he placed the duffel bag on the girl’s back.

“Alright guys start sending the straps up.” Vic called down to his team of rollers. One by one, they hucked the ends of the straps up to Vic. There were six in total at equal points around Amy’s body and Vic caught them each in turn. He procured a round metal ring and six ratchets from his duffel bag. He looped the straps through the ring and began tightening them.

Amy turned her attention towards Juniper. “It’s fun when they climb on you. It tickles. Their feet feel so tiny! It’s like when a cat makes kitty biscuits on your lap, you know? And when the straps get real tight - nnnnnh, that’s so good.”

“Huh.” Juniper was having trouble processing the scene in front of her. It was so absolutely surreal. She was having a conversation with a girl’s head that was attached to a giant orange.

As Vic cranked, the straps started to dig into Amy’s body. The effect it was having on Amy was obvious. She clenched and unclenched her fists, her eyes glazing over, drunk with pleasure. There was another spurt from Amy’s erect nipples. It splattered against the floor and poured through the grating. As if some flood barrier within her had just broken, her nipples began to dribble and squirt, the juice now flowing freely from her.

“Oops! There I go!” Amy said with a touch of embarrassment. She giggled nervously. “Sorry if I got ya a little, it’s real hard to control, especially when you get this big!”

“Yeah. Let’s go ahead and get your spigots in before you flood the bar.” Sydney said, coming up behind Juniper.

“Sounds good!” Amy said, the dorky smile still plastered across her face.

Sydney stooped down low to the same cubby that Vic had produced his duffle bag. When she stood back up, she was hoisting what looked like two long, dangerous metal javelins.

“Uh...” Juniper said, losing her facade of composure as alarm bells went off in her head. “What are those?”

Sydney looked down at the weapons in her hands and Amy laughed good naturedly.

“These are tanker plugs.” Sydney explained simply. “They’re going to keep Amy here from leaking like a fire hose.”

“We all have to get nipple piercings. The stoppers are what keep us from leaking.” Sydney said like that was explanation enough for the giant spear she was touting. “I’m pretty sure you were informed of that during the interview, but seeing it is definitely different than just having it explained.”

“Isn’t that a bit much, though?” Juniper asked, not even trying to hide her terror.

“Don’t worry, it’s not as scary as it looks.” Amy said unconvincingly as Sydney hoisted the first javelin. “It’s only this big because us tanker’s are so big.”

“It’s just this bit at the end that’s the stopper,” Sydney explained, pointing to the thick end of the rod where there was a seam about a foot from the base and a mechanical aperture between the seam and the end of the rod. “The rest of it just acts as a wedge so we can get it into the piercing.”

Sydney stood to the side of Amy’s right breast, careful to stay out of the splash zone. Her breasts were each easily twice the size of Sydney’s entire body and her nipples were nearly the size of her head. She began to fondle the girl’s orange nipple, kneading it and tugging at it as she searched it for the insertion point. Amy

moaned and bit her lip. Small gushes of juice squirted from her at random intervals.

“Ah-ha - here we go.” Sydney said as she pushed her finger into a small hole in the side of Amy’s nipple.

“Alright, here comes the first one. Get ready for the pinch.” Sydney took the metal rod and smoothly and carefully slid the rod through the piercing. Amy gasped and shuddered. Her nipple started to bulge as the rod reached the thick end. The spray of juice grew to a crescendo for a moment, but as the rod went deeper, the spray became smaller and more pressurized, then smaller and smaller until it was barely a trickle. Finally, as Sydney slid the rod the final few inches, the trickle of juice stopped altogether, only a few stray drops dribbling down and splattering through the grating.

As soon as it was fully in, Sydney reached up to the long end that poked out like a wet shishkebab and began to unscrew the glistening, sticky rod. When she finished, what was left behind in Amy’s nipple was little more than a thick stud that stoppered up the juice.

She went on to the girl’s right nipple, repeating the process with the second rod. Juniper couldn’t help but wince. She was never big on needles, let alone needles that looked like they were designed to harpoon a whale. After she finished, Sydney stepped away, her forearms covered in orange juice.

“There we go, all done. See?” Sydney said, looking over to Juniper. “Nothing to it.”

She turned back to the cubby and brought back two large, faux-rusted spigots that each had a wide, circular base lined with rubber. She brought the first one up and fitted it over Amy’s left nipple, attached it to the edges of the stopper and twisted it until it clicked into place. It was an incredibly tight fit and looked like a giant novelty nipple pasty, with the spigot jutting out comically. She proceeded to the next and repeated the process. When she was finished, the edges of the spigots were so tight against the girl’s areolas that it almost looked like they were growing out of her tight orange tits.

“Hey newbie, hand me a drinking glass, would ya?” She nodded toward the bar and Juniper turned to look where she indicated. She retrieved a glass from below the bar counter behind her and handed it to Sydney.

“Whenever we insert the spigots, we have to make sure they’re installed correctly.” She explained. “Amy, give me a little push.”

“Okay!” Amy’s eyes shut hard and her cheeks puffed out cutely as Sydney twisted the handle of the spigot on her right nipple. A torrent of orange juice came pouring from the spigot like a water faucet. Sydney allowed the girl’s juice to flow freely for a few seconds before twisting it shut. She proceeded to the second, producing much the same result.

“All good. Nice job, Amie.” Sydney said. She took a swig from the partially filled glass. Juniper watched, her heart skipping a beat and she bit her lip again.

“Not bad, not bad at all.” Sydney said, smiling at Amy and gently patting her cheek. Amy giggled and blushed. Sydney offered the glass to Juniper. “You wanna taste, newbie?”

“Uh... I’m good.” She said, holding her hands up. Sydney shrugged.

“Alright.” She said. She tipped the glass back, downing the rest of the juice and placed the glass in a tub below the bar.

“Hey Syd, you got her spigots in?” Vic called down.

“Yep! All good down here!”

“Alright guys, send up the tarp!” He called.

The Rollers on the ground each grabbed the ends of the fabric hammock and took turns tossing the rings of their respective flaps up to Vic, who caught them and fastened them to the rigging. As he tightened them, the flaps raised up like ship sails, the two up front on either side of Amy’s breasts. Juniper noticed that

while the underside of the fabric was made of a shiny, comfortable looking material, the outside was made to look like patchy burlap. It fit the industrial theme of the place very well - making Amy seem more like freight getting ready to be hauled off.

As Vic cranked them tighter and tighter, the two front flaps drew taut against the orange girl's body and began to squeeze and tug her breasts closer and closer until they met in the middle and squashed together. When Vic finally stopped, Amy's giant breasts were shiny and nearly smooth from being so tightly squeezed together. They were practically spilling out of their restraints. Her nipples throbbed behind their spigots, her body obviously desperate to expel its juicy payload.

"Alright Sam, bring'er down." Vic called out.

"Okay, coming down," The young man at the far edge of the bar called out. He was holding a control panel and pressed a button. There was a loud, mechanical whine and Juniper searched for its source. She found it moments later as the crane above began to lower its hook directly over Vic. He grabbed the hook as soon as it was within reach and guided it to the metal hoop.

"Okay, I've got enough slack. Kill the power." Vic called. The whirring stopped and Vic secured the hook. He tugged it sharply a few times to test it before nodding to himself. Vic sat back, shouldering the duffel bag and slid down Amy's side.

"Alright, all clear! Let's get'r up." Vic said. Sam nodded. He pressed down on the panel once more and the crane whined back to life. The whining of the motor grew deeper as the slack from the steel cable went taut and began to lift its cargo. The straps tightened around Amy, her orange flesh bubbled through the gaps in the rigging and her body was compacted and squeezed even more than before. The buildup of pressure on the poor girl and the inability to release it must have been unbearable.

As soon as Amy's body pulled off the ground, it wobbled, her breasts dipped forward ever so slightly and she began rotating clockwise. When the crane's

whining stopped, the bottom of the orange was hanging five feet off the ground. The spigots that covered Amy's nipples hung down just below eye level, her breasts a little closer to the floor than the rest of her body. Her restraints creaked ever so slightly.

"The cable's designed to keep her turning all night." Sydney explained. "It takes twelve minutes for a full rotation. It's slow enough that the bartenders won't have an issue juicing her, but quick enough that everyone in the restaurant will get to see her body from every angle throughout the night no matter where they're sitting."

Juniper followed Sydney around the bar as she made her way to the backside of the giant globe. As they came to Amy's posterior, she realized that the hammock-shaped holder they had called 'the tarp' had been cleverly designed and positioned so that when it was fitted into place, the back flap completely covered her private area. Even so, the bulging lips of her inflated womanhood were clearly defined against the tight fabric.

"The tarp isn't just for covering the tankers up," Sydney said, "The straps do the heavy lifting, but the tarp keeps her tight and juiceable and also keeps her from leaking out the wrong end. The inner fabric is hydrophobic and lined with rubber. We strap it up tight against the tankers so that it keeps them from leaking from the wrong end."

She pointed out a bead of orange moisture that slowly built up at the edges of the 'tarp'.

"It's not a perfect solution, there's always a bit of leakage as the night goes on, but it's not as... invasive as alternatives, and the bartenders scrub them down regularly throughout the night." Sydney explained. "Besides, the sort of clientele we serve - they love it when us gals get leaky. If we were allowed to serve that juice, we could probably sell it at triple price."

"Isn't that right, Amy!" Sydney called out as she hauled back, giving the orange girl's massive, shiny backside a hard, heavy smack. Juniper winced as the



resounding clap made a sound like an overinflated basketball and sent a small ripple across Amy's orange body. Amy let out a surprised squeal.

"H-hey! Warn me if you're gonna do that! You know I can't see what you're doing when you're back there!" Amy shouted back.

"Oh, I know it. It wouldn't be fun, otherwise!" Sydney placed her hand against her side and traced a line across her pebbly body as she worked her way towards Amy's front. The big orange shuddered and quaked at the touch. Sydney stopped in front of her, giving each of her giant breasts a tight squeeze.

"Stop it!" Amy giggled. "You're embarrassing me in front of the new girl!"

"Make me." Sydney leaned in close to Amy's face, resting her arms in the girl's shiny cleavage and stuck out her tongue like a petulant child.

"Viii-iic!" Amy whined playfully, balling and waving her fists, "Syd's harassing meee!"

Vic turned his head at the sound of his name. He lifted an eyebrow and crossed his arms, glancing from Amy to Sydney and back to Amy. He shrugged innocently.

"I mean, I could kick her out if you want." He said. "But she'll just come back."

"Uugh fine. Then tell her to go away!"

"Okay." Vic said. "Syd, go away." He turned his attention back to his clipboard.

"Well, I need to get back to training the newbie anyway, so..." Syd playfully flicked Amy's nose and tapped out a beat like against each of her tight breasts like a bongo. "See you 'round, big gal!"

"Oh my gosh, you're like a mosquito!" Amy said. Sydney trotted back over to where Juniper waited silently, wringing her hands.

As Sydney returned to Juniper, she sidled up close, wrapping one arm around her shoulder. She lowered her voice to just above a whisper.

“You already realized it, I’m sure, but between you and me, there are some real perverts who work here.” Sydney glanced around, eyeing the various employees conspiratorially as they went about their work. “Some of these gals are just as bad as the patrons. They’re real into this shit. They like getting filled with juice and waddling around like a freak with their giant squirting tits out. It’s their thing - gets them all horned up.”

“Oh - ah - really?” Juniper felt her heart skip a beat. She gripped her forearm and held her breath, trying not to think about the warm, soft, red skin pressing against her own. She wanted to sink into the floor.

“Fucked up, right? Could you imagine actually being into this weird shit?” Sydney jerked her head casually towards where Amy was being given last-minute adjustments by her squad of Rollers. “They like being helpless balls of juice - getting milked like a cow and having an entire restaurant stare at them all night long.”

“I couldn’t imagine.”

“Some of these gals work here for exactly that reason.” Sydney shook her head and snorted. “Amy’s one of those girls. She just loves it. Don’t let her chipper personality fool you, she’s totally fucked in the head.”

“Ah - gotcha. That’s definitely - whoo.” Juniper shook her head and laughed nervously, “Definitely a big pill to swallow.”

“Yeah, but don’t sweat it too much. The pay more than makes up for the embarrassment, believe you me.” She shrugged. “You almost gotta envy the girls who get off on it. They might be freaks, but they’re living their best lives, y’know?”

“Ha, ha - for sure!” Juniper agreed with perhaps a touch of mania in her voice. If Sydney noticed Juniper’s discomfort, she made no visible sign.

“That said, we won’t be starting you out as a tanker, so you won’t have to suffer such indignity for a while. Your body isn’t ready for that yet. It needs to get accustomed to the effects of the serum and you won’t be in the limelight for at least a few weeks.”

“You mean - even if I wanted to -” Juniper said, hesitating for a moment, “Which I don’t, of course - but theoretically speaking, you know - are you saying that I wouldn’t even be able to do that right away?”

“Pretty much.” Sydney said. “If you took a concentrated dose like Amy just did, it would put an incredible strain on your body. It wouldn’t kill you or anything, but it would be unpleasant and it would take a very long time for you to go back to normal.”

“But that changes over time?”

“It does. When you take the serum consistently, after a while your body starts to adapt. You’ll be more susceptible to the effects of the serum and you’ll be able to produce and handle greater volumes of juice. It’ll make your body stretchier and your skin and internal organs tougher. It’ll also make the effects of the serum have more pronounced effects, like how it changed the texture of Amy’s skin to an orange peel.”

“That’s crazy.”

“It is. Us gals who’ve been doing this the longest could easily handle at least double or triple the volume of a fully filled Tanker, but we’ve never had a reason to test that. There’s no way we’d be able to sell that much juice and we don’t even have the facilities to handle gals growing past tanker size.” Sydney said. “Speaking of facilities, we should probably move on to the juicing room.”

Sydney took Juniper by the wrist and guided her around the dining area. The butterflies in her stomach were long dead. They were boiling in her stomach as she was dragged along. Sydney seemed so nice, so friendly. She was the sort of person, it seemed to Juniper, who could get along with anyone. And yet... if this sort of

thing was really so fucked up that someone like Sydney found it that appalling - well, then it was probably pretty bad.

She took one last backward glance at the giant orange girl that was swaying lazily back and forth. She gritted her teeth and turned away. *It was disgusting*, Juniper told herself. Only freaks would be into something like that.