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Contains: Breast Expansion

*When Tessa, an ambitious journalist with no time for romance, meets Morgan, a small town winery owner, she'll learn that some of life's answers **are** found in a bottle!*

A Very Wine-y Christmas

A frenetic, royalty-free recording of 'Deck the Halls' plays over stock footage of a city that might be New York.

"You wanted to see me, Karen?"

A woman, just below average height, steps into a glass-walled office. Her hair is light brown and in a tight ponytail reaching just past her collar.

“Tessa. Yes, come in.”

Tessa tugs the lapels on her suit jacket trying to cover her chest. She barely manages to hide a grimace of frustration — last night’s bottle of merlot while she revised her latest article had bumped her up nearly two cup sizes. She recovered her mask of professionalism and took a seat on the edge of the chair across from her boss’s desk.

“I want you to go to Vermont for a story.”

“Vermont?”

“Yes, Vermont. There’s a charming little winery up there that puts on a big Christmas party every year. You’re going to do a piece on it.”

Tessa balked. This was the exact kind of tripe she’d been desperate to move past since she’d finally landed a job writing for *Chic Week* magazine.

“Really Karen, a winery?”

“Yes Tessa, a winery. Your last article about this year’s wedding DJ trends had so little engagement the shareholders want me to move you to the editing department.”

“Come on, Karen. That was a fluff piece and you know it. And this one is even *more* of a fluff piece!”

“Fluff piece or not, this is your last chance, Tessa. You need to figure out how to write articles with a little more relatability, a little more *humanity*, or you’ve got no future at *Chic Week*.”

Tessa’s shoulders drop a fraction of an inch. She knows she’d been beaten.

“Alright...” Tessa mutters as she stands to leave.

“You’ve got a ticket on the 8pm flight to Burlington.”

a big band version of “Santa Claus is Coming to Town” plays over stock footage of a plane landing in a snow-covered landscape.

Tessa drags a gold-colored roller bag covered with silver embroidered LVs that don’t quite match the famous brand. A plainly dressed and slightly overweight woman taps at a computer with a very old monitor.

“Let’s see... I’ve got a Ford Focus?”

“*Ugh*, you don’t have anything electric?”

“Oh you won’t find any of those fancy charging stations out in Pine Tree.”

“What about a hybrid, then?”

“Well we had one Prius, but it just got rented out about an hour ago.”

Tessa sighs. “Fine, I’ll take the Ford.”

A small blue economy car speeds out of a mid-size city and down an interstate surrounded by snowy fields. Then a state road lined with tall evergreens. Then rolls into a charming little town with wreaths on every light pole and twinkling multicolored displays in every shop.

Tessa looks disgusted.

“Another fluff piece...” she complains from the privacy of her rental car, “and a *Christmas* fluff piece!”

Tessa suppresses a gag reflex.

Tessa emerges from the town's only hotel. A cutesy little place that looks like a cross between a Swiss ski lodge and a log cabin, it somehow fails at both aesthetics. Tessa's white fur-lined coat stands out against the Carhartts and Filsons worn by the locals, but she holds her head high and walks back to her rental car.

Pulling up at the winery — a newer stone building made to look much older than it is — Tessa parks and steps out of the car. Her high-heeled boots were made for city sidewalks, not muddy gravel, and she nearly twists her ankle approaching the winery entrance.

"Hello?"

A man well past middle age smiles warmly.

"Hello there! Welcome in!"

Tessa forces a friendly smile, but doesn't quite pull it off.

"Hi. I'm here for the tour. Tessa, with *Chic Week*?"

The man looks puzzled for a moment.

"The magazine..." Tessa presses.

"Oh yes of course! Nice to meet you, Tess."

The man shakes Tessa's hand, and she doesn't correct him.

A vaguely bluegrass rendition of 'White Christmas' plays while the owner shows Tessa various parts of the winery's interior.

"... and of course you saw the vines driving in, but here they are close up..." The owner rambles on about roots and leaves, remarking on their current dormant state. Tessa holds up a small recorder, thoroughly disinterested.

A loud **crack** followed by a clattering of wood makes Tessa jump, and one of her heeled boots sinks into the mud.

“Oh, that’s my daughter. Morgan! Take a break and come meet our guest.”

A woman who looks about Tessa’s age leans a heavy maul on the massive stump she’d been using to split firewood and walks over to them. She has short brown hair and is wearing a flannel shirt and jeans. She’s cute, in a boyish way. Her sleeves are rolled up, showing hands and arms used to manual labor.

“Tess, meet my daughter, Morgan.”

Tessa shakes Morgan’s calloused hand tentatively, adding “Tessa.”

“Nice to meetcha, Tessa.” Morgan smiles.

“She’s that reporter from the city I told you about.”

“Oh cool. Are you staying in town for Christmas?”

Tessa almost suppresses another grimace.

“Just a few days, probably.”

“Aww, that’s too bad. Well, have you had a chance to sample our wine at least?”

“Um... I probably shouldn’t...”

“Oh. Do you... not drink?” Morgan asks cautiously.

“Oh no, I do. I just uh... I drove here...” Tessa replies lamely.

Morgan’s chuckle is low and husky.

“A few samples isn’t *that* much. Come on back inside, it’d be a shame to come all the way up here and not even try some of our products.”

Morgan puts a hand on Tessa's back, steering her toward the stone building. With the other woman standing so close, Tessa can't help but notice the height difference between them. Morgan is half a head taller than her, and Tessa finds herself being led back inside the winery. At some point the owner left the two of them alone, but Tess doesn't even notice.

Soft piano music plays while Morgan and Tessa talk. Tessa is reserved and quiet, while Morgan is cheerful and often smiling. The taller woman pours different varieties of wine, and Tessa sniffs them, holds them up to the light, and takes careful sips of each.

Tessa's eyes light up. "This is delicious! What did you say it was?"

"This one's our Cab Sav. Isn't it great?"

Tessa takes a longer sip, and Morgan adds more to the glass.

"I don't normally like dark reds, but this is *really* good."

Morgan smiles. "I'm glad you like it."

A low rumbling sound reaches Tessa's ears. A look of panic crosses her face, and she pretends to brush something off her coat, feeling a slight bloating in her chest. She sets her unfinished glass on the counter.

"I'm sorry, I have to go. I *-uh-* forgot I have to make a call."

Morgan's face falls. "Oh... alright. Did dad tell you about our Christmas party?"

"We didn't get that far. But I'll come back tomorrow, you can tell me all about it."

Tessa turns to go.

"Wait!"

Morgan bends down under the bar as Tessa turns back. The brunette pops back up with an unopened bottle of wine, sliding it across the counter.

“Here, a bottle for you to take home.”

“Oh, I couldn’t...”

“Nonsense, it’s on the house. I can tell you really liked it.”

Tessa can’t think of a good reason to refuse, so she takes the bottle from the counter.

“Thanks, Morgan.”

Their eyes meet for a moment.

“No problem! See you tomorrow, Tessa.”

Tessa nods curtly, then rushes out.

As night falls, a minor key rendition of “Carol of the Bells” plays over footage of gusts of wind and snow. A montage of exterior shots of the northern hamlet show large drifts and cars trapped in driveways.

Tessa sits in her rental car, tires spinning as she tries to pull out of a street side parking lot.

“Ugh, stupid car! Stupid snow! Move you piece of sh—“

A gloved hand knocks on the car window.

“Hi again!” Morgan is wearing a knit cap and a full body Carhartt snowsuit. “Are you stuck?”

“Nothing gets by her...” Tessa mutters before pushing the button to roll her window down.

“Looks that way.” Tessa says with annoyance. “I was on my way back to the winery to finish up my research.”

“You want a lift? They probably won’t have these parking spots cleared for a few hours when the plows get caught up.”

Morgan gestures to a large pickup truck almost as old as either woman.

“Oh, I couldn’t...”

“I’m going there anyway. And I can give you a lift back into town later when I come back to pick up the cakes for the party.”

“Well, I guess if it’s not too much trouble...” Tessa says, eyeing the ancient vehicle dubiously.

“No trouble at all. This old beast can handle a little flurry like this no problem.”

Tessa eyes the snowed-in town wryly, but climbs into the truck.

“You don’t get much snow down in the city?” Morgan asks as they roll out of downtown.

“Oh we get snow, but there are more plows. And I don’t have to drive as much.”

“That makes sense. Next time you come up you should try to get something with four wheel drive.”

“Uh, sure... good advice.” Tessa eyed the smarmy town with bemusement. It was plain she hoped there wouldn’t be a ‘next time.’

“And this is our big tree. The one downtown had their lighting ceremony a few weeks ago, but we’ll do ours tomorrow.”

Morgan gestures to an ancient fir tree growing outside the winery, while Tessa feigns interest.

Montage of Morgan and the other winery employees decorating, setting up tables, and plugging in lights. Outside the wind and snow intensify.

“Morgan,” her father says, “it’s coming down pretty bad out there. You should probably get Tess back into town.”

The two women don their coats and walk outside, finding the old pickup truck piled in snow, and several feet of accumulation covering the road back out.

“This doesn’t look good.” Morgan smiles. “You might be stuck here for the night.”

“What!?” Tessa moans. “I’m gonna miss my flight!”

An older man with a white beard is shoveling snow. “Didn’t you girls hear? The storm’s covering the whole region. All the flights are grounded.”

Tessa kicks a snowdrift, and seems about to throw a tantrum, when she notices Morgan and the old man watching her warily.

“Sorry about your flight, Tessa.” Morgan says. “But at least now you can stay for the party?”

“Sure.” Tessa pouts.

“Come on, let’s get back inside and warm up. I have an apartment in the back with plenty of space!”

Tessa complies glumly. The old man throws Morgan a wink and resumes his shoveling.

An instrumental piano version of “Baby it’s Cold Outside” plays while Morgan enlists Tessa’s help finishing up her work, then leads her into a cozy apartment inside the Winery.

The two women sit in a set of chair near a small fireplace.

“Can I ask you something?” Tessa asks.

“Of course.”

“Why do you love Christmas so much?”

Morgan sips warmed wine from a mug and chuckles.

“I don’t think anyone’s ever asked me that. It’s just so magical, you know? The snow and the lights, and people all together.”

“Hmm.” Tessa seems unimpressed.

“Do you not like Christmas?”

“I think I did when I was little. But after my dad died it just got sadder every year. Mom tried to keep the traditions going but it just wasn’t the same. Once I moved out I was relieved not to have the pressure of it all, you know?”

“I guess that makes sense.”

The two women sip their wine in silence, until a soft *pop* is heard from Tessa’s torso.

“What was that?” Morgan asks, wide-eyed.

Tessa sets down her mug, fidgeting with her shirt.

“It’s just this weird reaction I have to wine. It makes my breasts swell up.”

“What, really?”

“Yeah...”

Morgan looks skeptical.

“What, you want me to prove it?”

Tessa picks up her mug and brings it to her lips.

“Oh no, you don’t have to—“

Tessa is already gulping the warm red liquid, and Morgan watches closely as the buttons on the shorter woman’s blouse start to tighten and pucker. Tessa upends the mug and sets it back on the table with a sigh.

“I know I’ve said this before, but that’s *really* good stuff. You all could go nationwide with it.”

“Tessa, your...” Morgan is staring at Tessa’s chest.

A soft *ping* sounds as a button pops off the apex of Tessa’s swelling chest. The dark-haired woman lets out a squeak and covers the small patch of exposed skin.

“Damnit!”

Morgan scrambles up out of her chair.

“Hang on...”

She pulls open a drawer in an antique dresser, fishing out a large tee shirt, and an even bigger sweater.

“Try these on.”

Morgan turns away while Tessa changes.

“Done.”

“Aww, you look great!”

Tessa extends both arms, pushing up the sleeves which are too long. If not for the extra bulk of her swollen chest, the sweater would reach almost to her knees.

“Is this yours? It’s huge!”

“It was my grandpa’s. It’s too big even for me, but I still like wearing it sometimes. It reminds me of him.”

“Oh... thanks.” Tessa looks down shyly.

“Well, now you know why I try to be careful around wine. If I drink too much I end up looking ridiculous.”

Morgan sits down again.

“I don’t think you look ridiculous...” she says softly.

“That’s nice of you to say, but they’re way too big for my body like this. And it takes *days* for the swelling to go down.”

“Well I think you’re very pretty.” Morgan’s eyes widen at her own words. “Oh man, this wine is hitting me harder than I thought. Sorry...”

“That’s okay...” Tessa says just above a whisper. “I think you’re pretty too...”

“Really?”

Tessa nods.

The two young women lean in toward each other, eyes locked.

With their lips mere inches apart, a knock sounds on the apartment door.

“Hey Morgan, we’re gonna play some games, you and Tess wanna join us?”

The pair spring apart, chuckling softly.

“Sure dad, we’ll be right out!”

A vocal quartet sing “Jingle Bell Rock” over a montage of Tessa playing board games with the winery staff. Her prickly mood gradually gives way to smiles and even some laughter. Wine glasses are refilled many times.

Back in the apartment, Tessa peels off the oversized sweater, revealing a pair of breasts the size of volleyballs pressing against the large tee shirt beneath.

“Why’d you have to keep refilling my wine?” Tessa moans.

“I asked you every time.” Morgan smirks. “It’s not my fault you never said no.”

The tall woman continues putting fresh sheets on the bed.

“You can have the bed, I’ll sleep on the couch.”

“What? I can’t take your bed.”

“I insist. You’re my guest after all.”

Tessa leans on the wall for support.

“This was more fun than I expected. It almost makes me glad we got snowed in...”

Morgan fluffs a set of pillows and walks up to the city girl.

“Me too...” She brushes a few strands of Tessa’s hair over her ear, then pecks a kiss on the shorter woman’s forehead.

“Sleep well Tessa, let me know if you need anything!”

Tessa lays bundled up in a stranger's bed, alone with her thoughts.

A series of shots of people walking in groups or carpooling down newly-plowed roads, culminating in a flow of guests to the winery. Morgan's father is giving a speech.

“And finally I want to thank my daughter and all of our staff for making this party happen. I couldn't have done it without you. Thank you all for coming, let's start the countdown!”

“Ten, nine, eight...”

The crowd of townsfolk join in, and even Tessa can't resist quietly counting along.

“...three, two, one!”

Morgan flips a breaker, and the huge tree bursts into multi-colored magic. Throughout the crowd children gasp and adults smile.

The owner spreads his arms wide. “Merry Christmas, everyone! Let the party commence!”

As the party goes into full swing, Tessa mingles in the crowd, listening to stories from various townsfolk. Morgan is never far away. Over the course of the afternoon, Tessa's borrowed sweater gets more and more full as Morgan keeps her glass topped off.

The pair have retreated to a quiet corner to chat.

“... and then she sent me out here to do this fluff piece!”

The wine has loosened Tessa's tongue, and she realizes what she just said.

“Sorry, that's not what I meant, I—“

Morgan puts a large hand on Tessa's shoulder.

"It's alright Tessa, I get it. But if you hate your job so much, why do you stay there?"

"I don't know..." Tessa whines, "I worked so hard to get that magazine job. And now that I got it... it's just... not what I hoped."

"What do you *really* want to do?"

"I've always wanted to cover *real* stories. Spread awareness about corruption and wrongdoing."

"I mean, that sounds important, but is it what you love? Does it make you happy?"

Tessa sips her wine thoughtfully.

"You know... I don't think it does." She seems surprised by her own words. "My first internship was doing marketing and PR. It was mostly scut work, the first step in my career... but thinking back on it now, I think it was the only job I ever really had fun doing."

"Maybe it's time for a change? The new year is coming up..."

"Maybe you're right..."

Tessa and Morgan get pulled back into the merriment.

Gradually the guests start to trickle out of the party. Tessa has increasing troubles with her outfit and Morgan leads her by the hand back to her apartment.

"Help me out of this thing. I knew staying for a winery party was a bad idea..."

Morgan helps pull the large sweater off the shorter woman. When the knit garment finally slides off her chest, two bloated shapes as big as watermelons drop down to wobble high and firm in her skin-tight tee. Pulling her arms free of the sweater as Morgan pulls it off her head, Tessa cradles her massive breasts with both hands.

“You did this to me on purpose, didn’t you?”

Morgan blushes. “Mmmmaybe...”

“You perverted little lumberjack.” Tessa grins.

Morgan stands up straight and puts her hands on her hips.

“Well, what are you gonna do about it, city girl?”

Tessa drops her hands letting her swollen chest bob and sway.

“Come over here and I’ll show you...”

Morgan steps closer to Tessa, then bends down. Their lips meet, and they wrap their arms around each other.

“You know... I won’t have anything to wear home...” Tessa says, breathing hard.

“I might have something in XL you can borrow.” Morgan grins. “Maybe 2X...” She muses, looking down at the twin mounds of flesh between them. “Or you could... stay a little longer? Have a little more wine...”

Tessa gazes into Morgans eyes. “Maybe I will...” She leans up for another kiss.

Morgan takes Tessa by the waist and lifts her off the ground. The busty girl makes a little squeak as Morgan carries her toward the bed.

A soft piano version of “We Wish You a Merry Christmas” plays as the sun rises over a snow covered landscape. Tessa and Morgan are together in her bed, blankets covering them from the neck down.

Tessa’s eyes flutter open, and finding herself in Morgan’s arms, she smiles.

“Merry Christmas.” Morgan says.

“Merry Christmas.” Tessa nuzzles her head into Morgan’s chest.

“I was thinking, and I might have a solution to your work problem?”

“Oh?”

“Come work for me. Us. Come work with us.”

Tessa half sits up, pulling the blankets around herself. The layers of bedding can’t hide two round shapes billowing out in front of her.

“What?”

Morgan props herself on an elbow.

“I think you’re right about expanding the winery. I’ll be taking over for dad when he retires next year, and I want to make a go of wider distribution. I think we can expand out of state, and maybe even go nationwide like you said.”

Tessa smiles broadly. “That’s great Morgan! But what does that have to do with me?”

“Well...” Morgan grins. “We’ll need a good marketing director if we want to scale up and do it right.”

Tessa looks stunned.

“So what do you say?”

Tessa falls on the taller girl, kissing her deeply. When she comes up for air Morgan chuckles again.

“I’ll take that as a yes?”

Tessa nods. “Best present ever. Though I feel bad I don’t have anything for you...”

Morgan grins, reaching out to grab Tessa’s waist in both hands.

“Oh yes you do...”

Morgan flips Tessa onto her back, overgrown chest sloshing as the taller girl kneels over her. Morgan gazes admiringly over her new friend, then leans down slowly for a kiss.

“Best Christmas ever.”