

The Most Expensive Wine in Landosol (Drink TF, Princess Connect)

Looking down on the ballroom from the balcony, Saren tapped her arm in frustration. “Tch, just where is that delivery?”

“What are you waiting for?” asked Akino, watching from nearby.

Saren shot her a haughty look. “*That* is none of your business. As you can see, everything is going fine.”

Akino huffed. “Well, it certainly doesn’t sound like it. Are you expecting something?”

After a momentary pause, Saren sighed. “Alright, fine,” she said. “Yes, I’m waiting for the drinks to arrive. We can hardly have a party without drinks, can we? I’d ordered a special cask of amontillado, but I’ve yet to hear anything from the winery. They were meant to deliver it several hours ago.”

Just as Akino was about to respond, a bell rung. She raised an eyebrow. “Could that...?”

The two of them hurried downstairs to the servants’ entrance, where a deliveryman stood waiting and whistling, his hands behind his back. “Good morning,” he said as they opened the door. “I’m here from the Berry Good Winery regarding your order.”

“Yes...?” said Saren, looking suspiciously from side to side. As far as she could tell, there deliveryman had brought nothing with him but his clothes. Unless he was hiding her drinks in his pants...

“I’m afraid we’ve been unable to procure the specific drink you requested,” continued the deliveryman, tweaking his moustache. Before Saren could protest, he raised a hand to stop her. “Fortunately, we’ve got an excellent alternative in mind for you.”

Before either of them could ask exactly what he had in mind, he revealed his other hand, and in it: what could only be a magical, star-tipped wand.

If they’d reacted right then, in that moment, the two of them might have escaped what was to come. As it happened, they could only stand there and stare, one eyebrow each raised in amusement. “What?” asked Akino. “Are you planning to conjure some for us?”

With a smile, the deliveryman waved his wand and cast his spell on them. It took the form of a shower of sparkles, which sprayed all over their forms and vanishes like fresh snow. The two of them stared at it, blinking in befuddlement.

“Well?” said Saren. “What was that supposed to—?”

It was like a giant had grabbed her. At once, her arms slammed against her sides, and she and Akino both shot screaming into the air, where the magic of the spell held them poised, trapped and struggling. “Wh-what is this—?”

Now their invisible captor took his fingers and forced them through their lips. As one, the pair's protests cut off as their mouths were forced wide open and held that way, unable to close or move. All they could do was flash their eyes in terror.

Wh-what's happening to us?! thought Saren, sweating in fear. Beside her, Akino squirmed, but she could no more escape the spell's grip than Saren could.

Something cold and wet, like an octopus's tendrils, entered their mouths, though there was no sign of it whatsoever. Pouring down their exposed throats, it tickled their tongues and made their heads ache. Saren would have choked if she could still move. It tasted like her father's finest cognac.

Pooling in their stomachs, the substance continued to flow, pouring till the two felt as if they'd burst. Meanwhile, the magical spell continued to work them over, rubbing and squeezing their trapped bodies like clay, *spinning* them like pottery on the wheel, making them writhe and whine and shudder and whimper, trembling in terror as it slowly stole their shapes.

First, it pressed their arms into their sides and squished them flat, before rubbing them till they could barely be distinguished from their torsoes. Next it took their legs and squeezed them tight together, melding them into a single fat pillar and rubbing their feet until they joined it too.

Now, as their struggling slowed, it grabbed their heads and tugged them upward, stretching their necks tall in the process. This done, it pinched the rests of their heads and rolled them in on themselves like socks, leaving only their mouths sticking out, still wide open.

The two trembled, still struggling feebly to escape their altered forms, but movement seemed to have become impossible. *Wh-what is he doing to us?!* thought Saren, staring at Akino. It looked like she was becoming a... Becoming a— *No!* No sooner had she guessed than a cork slammed into her mouth and confirmed it, silencing her squeals in the process.

Finally, the deliveryman waved his wand one last time, their skin turned translucent, their clothes reformed into labels, and they shrank, dropping from the air as nothing more than a pair of bottles, one white and one red. Snatching them up before they had a chance to strike the floor, he held them up and smiled at them maliciously. "There," he said. "Now you have your drinks. The Berry Good Winery offers you its compliments."

With that, he placed them on the counter and turned to go. Saren and Akino could only wait there and tremble. *N-no! Come back! You can't leave us like this!*

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It wasn't long before one of Saren's servants arrived and took note of them. Placing them in a bucket of ice, where they could only squeal at their rapidly reducing temperature, she carried them out into the ballroom, where the party already seemed to be in progress. It wasn't long before someone came along to try them either: resting on the drinks table, Saren

could only watch as Akino's cork was popped, prompting a massive, bubbly froth. And then someone picked *her* up.

W-wait! No! You can't do this to me! I'm human! I'm supposed to be the host! I'm not just a bottle of wine, I'm—!

Pop! Her cork flew free, her contents burst free with the force of damaged hydrant, and Saren experienced an orgasm so strong it tore her mind apart like paper.

H-help me... she thought, as they poured her contents into a glass. *I'm supposed to be the hostess...!*