

Keg Queen Abigale
By Holo

Everyone knew they were in for quite a night as soon as Abigale walked into the bar. The ten-foot-tall drolf woman dwarfed everyone inside, and she had to duck down to even fit into the building. She was as curvy as they come: Her breasts crowded her face, and they sat atop a ball of a gut that was bigger than most people were tall. Beneath all that bigness, and sloshing between her meaty thighs, was a milk-filled udder that was comfortably carrying several gallons of cream at the moment.

She didn't even bother to take a seat when she reached the bar. She leaned forward, arms resting on the bar, making it creak under her weight. "Start bringing me everything you've got. I'm a thirsty woman!" she demanded as she cocked her huge hips and knocked a barstool over.

There was no hesitation on the part of the staff, not with someone so massive making demands. It was all hands on deck, and kegs of beer started rolling out to the giant woman in no time. Those heavy steel drums took two people each to roll out, but Abigale was able to lift them with one hand. A quick jab from her claws opened the kegs on both end, ventilating them so that she could chug them. One by one, she upended them into her mouth and guzzled them down, and a bit of the beer dribbled from the corners of her mouth and trickled down between her breasts.

As she busied herself with the kegs, the staff took to dumping all of their other alcohol into huge buckets for her. The comparatively tiny bottles of vodka and rum and everything else would barley be samples to her, but it was a different story when they were all poured together into gallons and gallons of sloppy "Jungle Juice."

Abigale didn't pay them much mind. So long as they were working, she didn't need to waste time with them. With the first keg downed, she crushed the husk in her hands, and then grabbed the next one, popping it open the same as the first. She brought it to her lips and chugged, throat glugging as she sucked out every drop of dark, fizzy beer that she could milk from the tank.

Her stomach groaned with the yeasty beverage, and began to bubble and bloat as it was processed through five different stomachs. Each one filled with a bit of liquid, and then bloated with carbonation and gas, causing the big drolf woman to belch out. It was loud enough to make everyone else cover their ears, but that wasn't the extent of it. Her stomach was stretching, the condition hastening with every gulp she took of the next keg. She grinned and patted her stomach, giving it a slosh and a shake to make it groan and bubble up even bigger.

She took a break from the kegs, not even a little buzzed yet, and went after the open buckets of hard alcohol that had been prepared for her. She took each bucket like it was a shot, and grimaced as it burned her mouth and throat on the way down. She smacked her chops and panted to try and cool off the burning, venting a strong scent of booze from her mouth with every breath.

Her body was busy with the beer as she boozed up, and the wheat-based beverage was having quite an effect on her bovine body! Her udder churned suddenly, and with a chuckle she spread her legs apart to make room. Her udder bounced and began to stretch, much like her

stomach. It sagged towards the floor, as the cream it was making was heavy and thick. She knew that wheat products did this to her, and she loved it. With three kegs already in her guts, her udder had kicked into production, and was ballooning with cream. Her breasts were not spared this fate. They kicked in with milk production of their own, and the increasing weight strained her top as they bulged around it; not that it had fit that well to begin with.

Her widening, swelling body grew too large for the sash she wore around her hips, and with a *pop* the seams came undone, and it fluttered to the floor where her udder was now resting, still growing as it spread across the floor. Her stomach was ballooned above it, a swell of white that dwarfed all the rest of her, but she still wanted more, MORE!

There were plenty of kegs to go, and she began to grab them two at a time to be able to drink them more quickly. Her guts were churning faster and roaring louder, and a series of belches erupted from her jaws between kegs. “Bhuurrrpp! Braaarrruupp! Hoorrpp!” Her stomach bloated in surges, and her skin began to groan as it stretched faster, becoming taut and shiny. Noticing this, and the fact that she was still glugging down beer, the other bar-goers began to clear out. The staff were all that remained behind, even as her stomach filled the bar from floor to ceiling, and her bust began to knock the lights down. Her udder pressed onward, surging outward, crushing tables and chairs as the small bar filled with her entire body.

The glass windows cracked, and her udder spilled out through them as they broke. The wooden frame of the building groaned, bulged, and began to splinter as drolf gut pressed out against it with unrelenting pressure. More belches rattled the building, sounding out into the street, though muffled by the building as it clung to life. More splintering, the horrible sound of wood being torn asunder, and Abigale burst from the bar like a bloated chick from a too-small egg. People had gathered to stare, but fled across the street as wooden debris was flung out from the destroyed building.

Abigale was lying on her back, still trying to drink between massive belches that shook the air. Her breasts, belly, udder; all of them were feeling tight and full, but she was past the point of turning back. All of the beer and booze she had already consumed was bubbling in her guts like a pot of water at a frothing boil. Even her shattering belches couldn't relieve the pressure fast enough. She was growing in surges, growing until she was casting a looming shadow. Milk leaked from her engorged teats, and her heavy udder was stretched into a tight, round balloon. Her breasts were even leaking from the pressure within, and it was clear that the blimped drolf was in her last moments.

Her stomach started to blush pink around her navel as stretch marks appeared up and along her sides. Her flesh began to tremble, and a low, ominous rumbling filled the air, distinctly different from the burps heard before. She was helplessly bloated, a balloon of skin stretched over a bubble of booze and an overloaded tank of milk. She couldn't purge the stuff fast enough, and she continued to increase in mass, stretch marks going red, burps growing more desperate, milk gushing, shooting out from her udder, until...

KERBLOOSH

Abigale exploded into a blast of gas, a flood of milk, and a shower of meaty chunks. Her stomach, udder, and breasts all blew out at once, spraying meat over the entire block. The milk ran pink with blood, and anyone foolish enough to have not cleared out was now gruesomely drenched. Abigale didn't survive the blast, as all of her insides had exploded outwards, leaving

little more than a fractured skeleton behind, the flesh having all been striped away by the blast. She was no more, and for everyone else, it would be one hell of a day to try and forget.