

Even Your Soul
By Angelus

Rumcha's body had covered the neighborhood in a mountain of fat, white-furred gut and ass. Their rump cheeks were like two snow covered hills, and their gut was a blindingly white slope with a streak of beige coming down from the midway point. Their furless yellow tail was heaved over the top of their house-squashing ass, and it's weight pressed down on those two huge hills.

Rumcha's whole form gurgled with digestion. They had spent the day swallowing and churning down Tuck, a bashful macro blob dragon who had been all too easy to squeeze down their throat. Tuck tried to convince Rumcha to quit it, figuring the initially much smaller demon ferret was playing around, at least until Rumcha had swallowed all but their head. Now, Tuck was little more than blubber on Rumcha's frame, and they belched in triumph, making their overblown tires of neck fat quake.

"Scherves ya righ', you fat schnack," Rumcha slurred with a hiccup. A couple miscellaneous booze bottles tumbled from their rolls and down bast their face, landing on a lower pile of neck fat. "Urgh, fatassh." They felt another belch working up through their neck, bloating out their throat and shaking their blubber before it erupted from their mouth like a thunderclap.

Accompanying that belch was also Tuck's huge, bluish, shimmering soul attempting to escape Rumcha's blubbery mass and pass on to the afterlife. Tuck stole a worried glance back at Rumcha's neighborhood-smothering form before trying to get away.

Rumcha was having none of that.

"Where'ya, *hic*, schink yer goin'? Huh?" They managed to clamp their jaws around Tuck's ghostly tail, eliciting a whimper from them as Rumcha prevented their escape. "Ahm schtill hungry!" With that, Rumcha threw their head back and swallowed hard, drawing that ethereal tail into their mouth. "I ate'cha once, *hic*, schecond 'ime shoul'be eashier!"

Their jaws stretched and their white cheeks bulged. The thick yellow collar around their neck threatened to snap off as so much neck fat was shoved around as Rumcha's throat was filled. The tail went down easy, like one big pasta noodle. Rumcha only paused upon reaching Tuck's tremendous ass and thighs. With a couple forceful swallows, they were able to fold Tuck's legs up against their, belly, making it easier to chug down the lower half of their body.

Rumcha's own body grew bigger. Their stomach filled with Tuck's thick tail and thicker rump, but they were already so fat that no details could be made out in what small bulges the dragon's lower half made. The upper part of their gut rounded out, resting atop the landslide of white fat that spilled out beneath it. "Schuks t'be you! Eaten twicsh 'n one day? *Hic!* Hah!"

Tuck's ghostly stomach was still a force to be reckoned with, as it was easily as large as his huge rump was. Rumcha could feel themselves on the verge of choking, but that was never something that stopped them. They strained their jaws wider, stretched their throat, and let their stomach expand and swell with the soul of the body they just digested. Chugging down Tuck's soul reminded Rumcha of chugging kegs at house parties, which helped them get the dragon down faster.

Past Tuck's chest, the rest was a piece of cake. Tuck's long neck was gulped down like candy rope, and with a final, decisive swallow, Rumcha locked Tuck's soul away in their gut, leaving that spirit to digest and be added as even more fat onto Rumcha's already city-rivalling mass. Rumcha hiccupped, and let out another, bassy, drunken belch that was so forceful, the air pressure forcing up their throat snapped their collar off, getting it lost in their sea of flab. Tuck may not have been a keg of booze, but they had been damn satisfying to guzzle down. Whatever afterlife the fatassed dragon had been looking forward to, they now had to settle for an eternity of being unholy fat on a demon ferret's ass.