

Rumcha on Tap
By Angelus

Rumcha thrived at house parties, especially ones with plenty of booze that the demon ferret could actually get a buzz from. While mortals could get tipsy from a couple of cans of beer, it took Rumcha a couple of kegs to get the same effect. This sometimes caused problems where Rumcha downed all the drinks at the party before everyone else had their fill, though the seven-foot-tall ferret would usually shrug it off, saying "If 'dey were thirshty 'dey shoulda' got to it first! Hic!" The party animal had a tendency of getting carried away, and this party was no different.

The stars in the sky were all but masked by the bright lights in the backyard, and the music playing inside was loud enough that the bass thumped the windows, making it audible from the patio where Rumcha, Marigold, and a couple of dozen other party-goers were hanging out. While it was by no means quiet, it was easier to have some beers and shoot the shit out there than inside, so Rumcha had grabbed a couple of beer kegs and dragged them to the patio. Marigold had contented herself with a cider to start, and she neatly popped the top off with her horns.

Rumcha hefted a keg of beer to their muzzle and chugged from it like it was a can. Beer dripped down their white fur as their stomach rounded out, looking more and more like a keg itself. Their huge, pale yellow tail acted as a counterweight to their bulging booze gut, and it smacked the ground with a meaty slap as they finally felt tipsy. They took a break from the keg with a contented sigh, which was shortly followed by a bassy belch that smelled heavily of hops. "Phew! That'sh hittin' th'spot!" They laughed to themselves as they set down the keg on the concrete patio with a metallic thud, the laughter shaking the beer in their stomach and drawing out another belch.

Marigold had selected a seat nearby and was sipping on a cider as she watched her friend decimate the party's supply of alcohol. The cattledog had told them to try and go easy before they arrived, though she knew full well that Rumcha was unlikely to listen. "Finally got a buzz going Rums?" she asked, using her favored nickname for Rumcha.

"Hic! Yeah! I'ms fin'ly gettin' schtarted!" they said, a proud grin plastered over their face. Their stomach hung over their huge thighs, halfway down to their knees where their white fur gave way to a more ashen grey color.

"You miiight wanna make that first keg your last! People are already starting to give you the stink eye. I don't think they came prepared to deal with you," Marigold said as she stuck her half-finished cider into her cleavage, using its ample space as a cupholder. She leaned back to relax, relatively certain of the answer she was going to get.

"Buh I'm barely on'm firsht one!" They insisted as they slapped the second, unopened one with their tail, putting a dent in it.

"Everyone else barely started drinking," Marigold said, tapping her hoof on the ground. "If you drink everything this early, you're gonna have to go get more for everyone." She grabbed her cider from between her boobs and took another drink from it. At least Rumcha was going for the beer and not the cider. Yet, anyway.

"Thash fiine. I'll get mo'. I'ms not even slogshed yet!" Rumcha slurred. They may have barely had a buzz, but Rumcha had a habit of speaking like they were always totally wasted. It

had something to do with being a demon... Or at least, Marigold assumed that was the reason. She never bothered to ask!

Rumcha retrieved the half-emptied keg they had started on and hit it again, chugging the frothy, cheap beer as though they had nothing better to do. Their neck bulged with each swallow, making their solid gold collar strain. Their stomach filled out more, swaying ever closer to their knees. When the keg was empty, Rumcha lifted it and crushed it flat against the top of their head, poking holes in it with their horns in the process. "Fucks yea, woo!" Without looking, they chucked the flattened steel drum behind them and managed to land it right inside a large trash bin.

"Snrk, nice throw." Marigold gave a golf clap that was inaudible over the cacophony of the party.

Rumcha bowed low, their stomach almost brushing the ground as they did so. "Sh'ank you, wha'a fabuloush audience!"

"You're a pretty big ham for a ferret!" Marigold teased as she got up from her seat and wandered in a circle around Rumcha, drink in hand. Now that she was standing, it was easier to tell that a pink udder hung between her legs, though presently it was fairly small, having been milked before the party. Her ears were tuned into the muttering of the other guests, who were already planning to try and snatch the second keg back from the demon if they could. Marigold just shrugged, making her ample chest bounce in her top.

Rumcha snorted off Marigold's verbal jab and heaved up the second keg from the ground. They wrenched open the nozzle with one hand and brought it to their muzzle, chugging loudly enough to draw the attention of people who hadn't been watching them already. Gulp after gulp they drained that keg, filling their gut out until it touched the floor with a boozy groan. Rumcha squeezed the keg, slowly crushing it between their arms as they downed it until not a drop was left.

A potent "Uhhrraaapp!" blasted from their jaws, smelling of beer, and they hucked the second empty keg into the garbage as well. Their stomach groaned with the load of booze inside, wobbling and hanging low like a water balloon. Hiccups jolted Rumcha from how fast they had guzzled, and they stumbled as they came to terms with how front-heavy they now were. "Now ish a party!" they whooped, though most were not as pleased as they were.

"Come on man, that's not cool."

"Boozehog..."

"Who even drinks that much and doesn't pitch in?"

"Rude as fuck."

The disgruntled chatter fell on deaf ears for Rumcha, though Marigold had an idea for what to do about this since before they arrived. She smiled, and her tail flicked side to side as she slowly circled towards Rumcha like a shark coming in on its prey.

"Hey Rums, you drank you all the booze," she said as she drifted around, out of Rumcha's sight.

"There's -HIC- schtill schum left. I only 'ad MOSHT of it," Rumcha insisted, tail flicking this way and that.

"I can tell, you're pretty sloshed!" Marigold slowed down and watched Rumcha's thick, yellow tail as it flopped around. She finished off the last gulp of her cider and dropped the bottle in the recycling bin as she passed.

“Tha’sh righ’m sloshed.” Rumcha grabbed their sides and shook their stomach for emphasis. Shaking up all that beer caused another belch to bloat out their throat before it erupted from their jaws. “BhuUUuRRap! Haahah!”

“Weeeeelll you’re gonna have to replace all that booze somehow, you know? Let me help~”

“Tha’scho nice’a yous!” Rumcha said, right before feeling Marigold grab their tail and tug on it. Hard. “Eh?” They turned around just in time to see Marigold give them a saucy look as she gulped down half of Rumcha’s tail, bulging her fluffy neck and furry belly with it. “Wha... Q-quit that!” Rumcha turned their hips to yank their tail out of the cattledog’s mouth, but Marigold moved with the tail, keeping herself latched onto it. Another gulp pulled that tail deeper in. “What’s you doin’?” Rumcha felt a mix of both panic and excitement that prevented them from making another immediate attempt to shake Marigold off.

Marigold couldn’t speak with a jaw full of fat demon tail, so she pointed firmly to Rumcha, then to the discarded kegs, and lastly to her udder.

Rumcha’s eyes went wide. “Buh I don’ wanna be booshe!” they insisted, trying to pull free again, though in the time they had wasted, Marigold had swallowed all the way up to the base of Rumcha’s tail. “Ack! Ge’off!” A blush started to glow on Rumcha’s face, betraying their weak attempts to get free.

Marigold shook her head and slid her arms under Rumcha’s huge ass and thighs, lifting their feet off the ground, making them yelp. Marigold was surprisingly strong, as her arms didn’t even wobble as she hoisted the beer-bloated, seven-foot demon in her arms. She shifted her grip, folding Rumcha at the hips to make them easier to swallow. Those huge ferret thighs pressed against their sloshing stomach, pushing it out to their sides and churning up the carbonated beer. Rumcha tried to find something to grab onto as an anchor, but there was nothing in reach.

People who had been watching Rumcha chug were now watching them get eaten, and they started to cheer Marigold on. “Yeah, put ‘em away!”

“Churn ‘em up!”

“Teach them a lesson!”

Marigold hardly needed encouragement, but she enjoyed it all the same. She was already sliding the demon ferret into her jaws, forcing Rumcha’s legs against their chest as her mouth stretched around that ample rear end. Rumcha’s butt was the widest part of them, and combined with their thighs it was a challenge for Marigold to fit her untrained jaws around them. She relied on her upper body strength to muscle Rumcha down her throat, and the rough treatment pushed a few more belches out of Rumcha’s jaws.

Once the rump was dealt with, Marigold had to deal with the combination of the thighs and keg gut. The bloated belly had some give to it at least, but those thighs, while fatty, still had a lot of substance. The large fluffy mane around her neck deformed as she forced so much meat down her throat, and she snorted through her snout and stomped a hoof against the floor as she strained. It was an effort that felt like it took a dozen or more minutes, but only a few had passed by the time Rumcha’s head was vanishing into Marigold’s maw. Despite a few protests from them, Marigold was able to tuck Rumcha into her first stomach with a few more strong swallows.

Her stomach bulged out and hit the floor with a thud, and she leaned over it as it dragged her down. About seven feet of demon had been packed into less than five and a half feet of cattledog. Marigold made no effort to pretend that she was still feeling confident. She wasn't entirely used to eating people, especially not of this size, so she allowed herself to groan and frown as her stomach started to digest the heavy load of booze-filled ferret. Rumcha wiggled around, making her gut bulge and bounce while causing her a few upset burps and hiccups.

Surprisingly, Rumcha didn't last long. Within a few minutes, the squirming stopped, and Marigold's middle softened. She could feel Rumcha churning through her stomachs, filling the second, third, fourth... And then, a tingle in her udder as it started to bloat with milk. "Sheesh, really? I thought it would take hours to digest you... That really all you've got?" Marigold pressed a hand to her stomach, but everything under the surface was slosh. Rumcha had been melted down in record time. "Sheesh, you were easy. Lucky for me~"

With a grunt, she lifted her stomach and hauled herself back to where she had been seated prior, and plopped down in the middle, taking up most of it with her wobbling belly and spread legs. Her udder swelled like a pink balloon, filling with thick, alcoholic cream. "Now you're REALLY sloshed, eh Rums?" Marigold poked her udder with a hoof, chuckling before another burp cut her off and made her groan.

That pink udder churned, and with a loud *glrrrssh* it filled faster. What was previously empty was now hanging heavy with milk, and growing round and taut as the space inside it filled. The stretch was a pleasant feeling, and she idly kneaded that filling milk balloon with her thighs. Her udder grew until it filled the space between her legs, and it stretched to the ground, bloated and taut and audibly churning. People gathered around to watch her, some taking video, others just marveling.

"Yeah yeah, staring is fine, but if you wanted more drinks, these are on Rumcha!" Marigold gestured to her udder, which was bloated with at least a keg and a half of sweet and thick booze, and still swelling as her guts processed all of Rumcha into milk. It was swollen enough that it could easily seat two, and she kicked her legs up on top of it rather than trying to spread them any further. "Just think of it like being on tap, don't be shy. Really, a girl's gotta get milked one way or another! Phew." People started to grab plastic cups before helping themselves, squeezing her teats to coax out the free drinks. Their efforts were clumsy at first, but the first few to try it got the hang of it and helped out serving the others.

While they did that, Marigold undid one of the buttons of her top, letting her bust a little more free. It didn't take the brunt of the milk like her udder did, but her boobs still tended to swell a bit after a big meal like that. "Phew, that is much- UHRRRPP-!" A belch burst from her jaws, sending a pair of horns and a gleaming, gold collar across the patio and into the grass. They gleamed under the party lights like a trophy set. "Ah... oops. Well, not like Rums is gonna miss them anymore." She shrugged and leaned back as people helped themselves to her milk. She got plenty of gratitude, and a few people even dropped a tip into her cleavage, which drew a snorting chuckle from her. Deep down, she was feeling pretty proud of Rumcha. One way or another, they had made up for all the drinks they hogged!