

Games With Friends

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Content Warning: Implied casual vore, digestion, implied unwilling prey, ginger ale, silliness

Damien opened the front door to reveal some familiar whiskers.

A white rat with slicked-back brown hair lifted a large bag. "Hey. I brought chips."

The host beamed despite his exhaustion. "Hello, Humbug! Glad you could make it," he greeted, stepping aside so his old friend could slip inside before closing the door behind him. "Just put them on the big table with the games and drinks."

Humbug looked at the table. A few board game boxes already sat stacked at one end, and four firm plastic cups and some two-liter bottles sat on the other; the ginger ale one was already half-empty, and the cola and root beer ones had been opened as well. One of the four cups was filled with root beer but sat unattended, and another seemed to only have tiny droplets of its ginger ale contents remaining. A fifth cup, the semi-transparent plastic showing a dark drink within, was in the unfurred hand of a brown-furred rat leaned back in one of the chairs. "Hi," he simply stated.

"Hey, Terith," Humbug greeted back, leaning the bag of chips against the two game boxes. "Take it from the ginger ale that Forest got here already, huh?"

"Mm," the kicked-back rat confirmed, sipping his cola, "you're actually the last to arrive."

"Ah. I'm sure you practically living here helped you avoid that usual feat of yours."

"Die."

Damien's fluffy black fox tail swayed as Humbug poured himself a drink and pulled up a seat nearby Terith. It was a rare opportunity to get together with friends for a game night like this, one he was happy to fight the day's exhaustion for. "Well, once Forest an-..."

"I'm here! Sorry." From one of the back rooms emerged a cheery wuff, tail wagging happily as he readjusted his glasses. "Had to take care of something."

There was a brief pause as everyone watched Forest shuffle by, pulling out his chair just a little bit extra to ensure he could squeeze in. Then Damien just shrugged, picked up the cup with root beer, and quickly headed to the kitchen to empty its contents and put it in the sink. Forest simply grabbed his cup and poured a refill of ginger ale.

"You sure about getting more?" Terith asked with a smirk as the wuff sipped and giggled at his drink. "Might lead to an upset stomach. Even before considering how you get on that stuff."

"Pssh, no, I'll be fine. My belly likes it!" the tipsy wuff snickered, patting his already sloshing stomach. The belly bubbled and shifted back. "Besides...I can cut loose with friends a little, can't I?"

"Of course you can," Humbug agreed, looking over the stack of games and not even glancing at either of the people he addressed. "Terith, don't be a prude."

The rat stared at his fellow rodent. "...wasn't? Besides, aren't you the one who..."

"Well, we probably shouldn't do Vegas Showdown. That one's best with five players."

Terith crossed their arms, pouting as Humbug ignored them. "Bweh."

"Well, if we've four players, how about we play Dominion?" Damien proposed as he returned, swinging himself into one of the remaining seats at the table and gesturing to the gray game box at the bottom of the stack..

The wuff's gaze jumped upwards from their fizzy drink and the motion each sip of it caused below, eyes wide as if someone had caught him with a hand in a cookie jar . "What? Who? I don't know anybody named that..."

"...it's a card game," Terith said. "And sure, as long as we include Dark Ages."

"And Prosperity," Humbug added.

Forest couldn't help but titter, rubbing the back of his head. "Oh! Yeah, haha...the card game! Sure, I'm good with that."

"Then I'll start getting it set up." The fox began reaching down for three boxes, clearing the table's center and shuffling the three decks of blue cards together to determine the game's card supply, the four friends studying each card intently as it was revealed and added to the table.

"...aaand 56 points for me."

"Congrats, Damien!" the wuff cheered.

"Little surprise you went for a deck of Rats, Terith," Humbug mused as he began sorting the cards back into their respective boxes. "Guessing that's why you wanted Dark Ages included, huh?"

"Would've been fine if you hadn't taken half of them," Terith mumbled back, looking at the pile of discarded cards as he picked out the ones he'd not managed to get his own hands on.

"And who would've guessed you liked Expanding them?" his friend teased.

Terith huffed and stuffed a collected stack of cards into their labeled slot. "Bweh."

"You've been saying that a lot. A certain moonbunny rubbing off on you?"

"No. Shut up."

"What's wrong with expanding?" the wuff asked, collecting the various currency cards.

Damien stopped his clean-up briefly to consider the question. "If you mean out of the game? Nothing...as long as you get some exercise. But in Dominion..."

Forest looked around. "Who? Where?"

"...the game, it's hard to use with a four-cost card as your main card for trashing. It's not very efficient if you're not going for jumps of three in value, and there aren't many great seven-cost cards here. Remodels are usually better to get since they're cheaper."

The sloshed wuff nodded along. "Hmm, expanding and remodeling...I like doing both of those things. It's hard to choose between them!" he said, possibly missing the point.

"Yeah..." the disappointed brown rat sighed, slouching in his seat and relinquishing the point. "Also, why did you get so many Bureaucrats, Forest?"

"I dunno!" Forest gave a goofy grin, "I just saw them and thought they should be mine."

"Are we still talking about the game?" Humbug inquired, speaking over the doorbell's chime as Damien scooted past to answer it.

The question seemed to give the wolf pause, hands folding across his paunch and feeling it rumble as he looked up and thought. "...maybe?"

"Pizza's here!"

With the table cleared of cards, it didn't take long for the four to get the Dominion boxes closed and set aside in favor of having pizza boxes up and opened; Damien provided small plates to his friends before flopping down with a few slices himself. He couldn't help but raise an eyebrow in surprise, though, at Forest grabbing enough slices for the outer slices' crusts to hang off the edge of the plate. "You gonna be able to fit all that in after everything you've put in there already?"

Forest waved away the incredulous question from his long-time friend, gulping down the overzealous bite he'd already taken into the cheesy meal. "*C'moon*, Damien. When have I ever overindulged?"

"Well, last Thanksgiving," the black fox hummed as he lifted a slice to his own muzzle, looking over it as he spoke, "and this Easter was one heck of a scene. Almost every February for the past few years..."

"...when have I ever overindulged and *regretted* it?" Forest clarified through another mouthful.

Humbug chuckled. "He's got you there."

"Honestly can't believe they brought a liter of ginger ale." Terith ogled as the wuff packed away more and more of the party food to mix with that sea of singularly Forest-intoxicating soda and plap atop the other party food he'd taken care of. It was little surprise the wuff had unbuttoned a few shirt buttons to accommodate the swelling curve of his white-furred bely beneath. "Surely they knew better, right?"

"You know, Forest," Humbug interrupted, "have you ever considered being on film?"

Forest belched; it wasn't in reply, but the response was noted nonetheless.

"Yeah, just like that! Been getting some great work with Damien and his 'dating life'. I'm sure we could work together to record something."

"Mmm...I dunno..."

"Humbug, I know you need to get Sickhouse when she's drunk, but don't sucker Forest into one of your vorno shoots while he's sloshed," Terith chided half-heartedly, barely summoning the effort to do so between nibbles of pizza.

"Yeah, let's not worry about recording anything tonight," Damien agreed, Humbug raising his hands and shrugging unapologetically for the attempt. "Just friends enjoying friends. And pizza."

Forest sighed in bliss, the last bite of crust having left his hand and descended below. It wasn't often he felt truly stuffed, but he could feel every inch of his insides taut and at its limit. Something hadn't really settled, but that only tickled the tipsy wuff in ways he couldn't help but curl his toes at. "Gosh...that was good."

"Don't go comatose yet, Forest," Humbug joked as he grabbed his own last slice from out of the box. "With only four players, we'll need you awake if we're to get to our night of Jackbox games."

"Hm...oh yeah! Haha, I'll be good."

A few rounds of Trivia Murder Party deep, the friends had finally hit their stride, laid out on the couch or having grabbed a chair to be in front of the television screen that served as their main game screen. With so many artists in the room of various mediums, they couldn't justify skipping out on Tee KO. "Room code is KPMW," Damien announced, each other person following the fox's lead and typing the letters into their phone. One by one, the mascot figures popped on screen with their silly names.

Then, a fifth popped up, the name "HRLPM," choosing the raven avatar. "Huh, must've been overheard, Damien" Humbug commented. "Do we play with the extra, or should we start a new lobby?"

"Might be interesting to see how they play when they can't even see the main screen."

"Yeah! I'm with Terith, let's give it a shot."

Damien was noncommittal, simply sitting down and hitting the button to start the game.

The drawing and writing phases passed with mostly silence. The required allotment of mumbling concerning the difficulty of drawing on phones was provided, Damien occasionally chuckled from what his usual method of pressing the prompt button for suggestions provided, Forest's stomach was growling and gurgling in an attempt to begin lightening the heavy load, and the occasional shuffle of clothes against furniture came from a few people's pensive shifts and repositionings. The timer ran out, everyone having barely submitted in time...except for one.

"C'mon, player five," Humbug tiskted towards the screen, "if you're gonna sneak into a game, you really have to meet your drawing quota."

"Maybe they're distracted?" Forest helpfully said in "HRLPM,"'s defense. "Could've lost track of time, too. I mean, I did that a lot learning this game at first..."

The designs began their battle on the screen. A cleanly-drawn, grumpy outline of their mutual friend Sefra's face with the caption "Have you heard from me?" might've been a winner had there not been a bold sketch of some horrifying cross between Gumby and the Cookie Monster labeled with the slogan "Decay is an extant form of life" that caused at least Damien to chortle in surprise.

"Nice design, Humbug," Damien complimented as it grabbed 3 of the 5 votes.

He brushed his hair back, looking satisfied by his win. "Yours was pretty good, Forest, but pandering only goes so far in this group."

"Hey, I got Terith's vote! At least that's something," the wuff giggled, utterly unbothered by his loss. The brown rat just shook his head and gave his hips a pat.

The new challenger appeared: the scribbled skunk with rainbow hair made for a striking image, but the motto of "Pizza Belly" wasn't particularly well-received.

"I did my best with what I was given. Too many of my slogans were too similar," Damien explained, shrugging off his 1-4 loss to the more horrifying shirt.

Humbug straightened his whiskers. "'Hurl-pim' on the losing side every time, huh?" It was as good an attempt as any to pronounce the non-sensical name.

The third challenger arrived. This one seemed to be a very sloppily-drawn face of brown lines with wavy pink lines behind and a strange green squiggle across it. The paired line of text read "Hrlp in dugestung".

"Player five clearly trying to write slogans for their own drawings," Damien observed, rolling his eyes as Terith's eyes twinkled knowingly. The wuff didn't seem to mind, wagging away, and happily adding his vote to the rogue player's shirt. It didn't really matter, as it still only achieved a 2-3 loss.

The final challenger was a grey cat and a black mouse with a blindfold hugging labeled "Impending Disaster". This got a laugh from almost everyone. Finally, the votes tallied and awarded the first round's climax to the challenger with a 4-1 split.

"Nicely assembled, Terith," Forest applauded, Humbug nodding at the shirt's message.

Terith smiled, hairless tail giving a pleased swish behind him. "It had to be made."

"Okay, so maybe pandering pays off *occasionally*," Humbug relented.

The second drawing and writing phases passed with similar concentration; the only addition to the auditory environment was a slight cracking noise from Forest. “Oof,” he grunted, “that was loud.”

“Regretting the overindulging yet?” Terith teasingly questioned.

The wuff stretched his back and bent his fingers, a couple of parts inside cracking with a slightly different but similar sound. “Mmm...nope! Can’t say I am,” he said, giving a pleased wiggle in his seat from the release of some exciting tension in his body and licking over his lips. He squeezed his gut for emphasis, hands denting into his burdened stomach and feeling the contents do their best to shift and settle in the cramped organ.

“‘Hurl-pim’ isn’t even trying now.” It was clear Humbug’s read was regarding the 0 that displayed for the fifth player for both the drawing and writing phases.

“Looks like they might’ve decided to give in,” Damien pointed out, the second round clearly missing a vote from the messily-named guest. “Can only lose like that so much before it’s hopeless, especially if you can’t see the shirts or results.”

“Game over,” Terith said with an amused grin.

The second round coaxed a few more chortles and jokes between the group, but the final gauntlet only confirmed the victor. Nobody could say no to the tribute to one of the rat’s best-selling works, and it just seemed to fit the mood. Who could say no to a cute pair just waiting for the inevitable to happen?

The late hour helped slow things down, and, after Humbug insisted on playing a round of Joke Boat, everyone agreed that they were definitely done with Jackbox games for the night. Despite the torment the rat had subjected them to, they were happy to see Humbug off with a wave.

Forest’s belly had managed to shrink just a little bit, helping him actually fit out the front door soon after. “Gosh, guys...thanks a lot for inviting us,” he mumbled, rubbing the scruff of his neck with a still slightly inebriated smile; as much as he ate, it wasn’t enough to fully offset how much of a lightweight he was with liters of ginger ale in him. “Sorry I don’t show up to more of these! But...it’s been amazing. You guys are the best.”

“We’re just glad you got a chance to join us,” Damien said, that fluffy limb’s sway behind him emphasizing the genuineness of his words.

"Might be seeing less of one of our regulars, so...all the more reason to join us for next time." The resident rat couldn't help but smirk at his own observation.

"Haha, well, we'll see! Have a good night!"

Forest waved as he walked away, settling into his car as Damien and Terith closed the door for whatever their pre-bedtime plans may have been. Slotting his key in, the wuff paused, considering as his hand hung a twist away from getting the engine running. "Mmph...I should...probably wait a little longer for all this to pump through," the wuff wisely noted.

He leaned back, reclining the seat as he patted his burbling belly, jiggling the sloshing mass and yawning. It would probably be another hour before he reached a level of sobriety once again conscionable for driving, but Forest didn't mind. He had one last bit of company to enjoy.

"Thanks, Maven," he mumbled, gulping down some drool the memory summoned. "Sorry I couldn't resist you, but you were *amazing* tonight. And you were so well-behaved for most of it, too! But hey...now we'll definitely get plenty of time to spend together, right?"

He closed his eyes, entirely focusing on listening to his guts work away on former pizza, ginger ale, and squirrel-cat, all those elements sinking deeper with every passing minute. Forest didn't need to waste battery to get the radio on; he already had the best soundtrack for a sobering wuff to relax to playing at full volume from within himself.