

On Tap

Part 1

This was a commission giveaway for my anniversary, the following story contains furry content. If you want a commission of your own then please check out my [commissions page](#)

“Holy shit!” The man in his mid-twenties muttered under his breath..

His girlfriend who was snuggled into his chest turned and looked at him, she saw her boyfriend looking at his phone with wide eyes.

“What is it Chris?” Casey said, he just handed the phone to her emotionless.

She started to read aloud.

“Dear Mr Matthews, we would like to congratulate you on winning the competition for an all you can drink tour of a distillery...” She trailed off, there was plenty more to read but she knew the small print didn’t matter right now.

“I won... I’ll get to take my drinks in to show them...” His voice was distant, like he was in shock.

“That’s great babe.”

“This is my chance...” He put his arm around Casey and held her tight.

Chris dropped out of college after not agreeing with academia, he never got on with school but was a hard worker. He met Casey at a party, and they hit it off. That was a few years ago and now they lived with each other. Casey was still studying medical science and Chris was working full time trying to keep a roof over their heads.

In his little spare time, he had been brewing kombucha.

He was fascinated by all the processes of making your own beer and even Casey would agree that Chris's brews have gotten much better as he has worked at it. The first batches were borderline dangerous but thankfully he had got it down to a fine art. Spare money he could scrounge from selling it to locals in a market would be used to fund more equipment for this passion project. Chris took immense pride in this side project he was running, often bringing the safer brews to work colleagues and family members

at parties. He loved the feedback that he got, and it just spurred him on to keep working on it.

He really did see this as his shot to become a made man with this tour. He spent the next few weeks perfecting his brews. He had a few IPAs too, but he was most proud of his newly created kombucha. He ordered a mushroom online after reading some great reviews about it and how it worked so well in the drink. He spent a small fortune on it and started to cultivate his own batch. After trying the kombucha he knew it was an instant winner. The fungus was quick to grow and tasted great so that amount of money was very worth it, even if he were to sell samples of the mushroom online himself.

The day of the tour Chris woke up early and left Casey in bed to have a lay in, he knew he was going to be more than a handful today with excitement. He had brewed a fresh batch of his Kombucha over the past few weeks as well as the rest of his drinks. He felt butterflies in his stomach as he was preparing everything. The noise he was making however did wake Casey up, not too long after he had woken up.

“Morning...” She said groggily. “Busy morning?”

“Morning!” Chris shouted back over the equipment’s whirring.

Casey winced. “Not so loud...”

Chris mouthed sorry.

She was always a bit grumpy in the morning, her messy hair and dishevelled look gave off a vibe of “Give me coffee now”. Chris, being a good boyfriend, made his way to the kettle and started to make her a coffee before guiding her to the front room to take a seat on the sofa.

“You just put your feet up babe; I’ll make your coffee.”

She grumbled in response.

Chris rushed back to the nearly boiled kettle; he heard his machinery making some strange sounds, so he got distracted and went over to look at what was going on. It took a few minutes.

“Don’t want to upset Casey, today of all days.” Chris said under himself before dashing back to the mug on the side and started to brew her coffee. He was in such a rush that he didn’t notice the rogue piece of mushroom that had fallen into her cup.

“I’m so sorry, the machine was playing up again.” Chris apologised, handing Casey her coffee.

“It’s okay, it’s a big day. I’ve come round a bit now, thank you.” Casey moved the cup to her nostril and inhaled the dark roast.

“Smells a bit funny today.” She commented.

“Maybe the milk’s turned?”

She shook her head, “I don’t know how to describe the smell...” She braved it and took a sip.

The kettle had cooled down enough during Chris’ distraction that the water was just hot enough to handle. Casey swallowed her morning ritual and made a strange face.

“Yeah, something is definitely wrong with this one... It’s fine, I’m just going to shower and get ready, and we can go. Sound good?”

Chris looked panicked.

“You can sort out the drinks, don’t worry, I’ll take my time in the shower.”

Chris leaned in and planted a big kiss on Casey’s cheek before rushing back to pack everything he needed.

“What is he like...” Casey said under her breath, chuckling.

Chris got everything together, he was dressed to impress and ready for the day. He heard grunting from the bathroom.

He raised his eyebrow and paused, waiting for the noise again.

“Gggrrr, fucking... UGH!”

Chris timidly knocked on the door. “Everything alright in there?”

“No!” Casey snapped.

“What’s wrong?”

There were a few thuds and then the door was yanked open.

Standing before me, Casey was struggling to get her jeans on, the button wouldn't meet over her belly that looked a bit bloated. She had a fairly average build, not really skinny or fat, her boobs were B cups, and she had a mild curve to her butt. Chris found her attractive, but he loved her for who she was more than her body. Casey was unlike anyone he had ever met, in her work placement and studies she was very mild mannered for the most part with a quiet fire burning under the surface, Chris had seen her take out her frustration on some poor retail worker before. What was odd about Casey to Chris though was how passionate she came across behind closed doors, she was affectionate beyond anything he thought she would be capable of, it was the reason why Chris knew he was onto a winner, especially when it came to the bedroom. The term "lady in the streets and freak in the sheets" was made with Casey in mind. She was so open and willing to be anything for Chris, if Chris gave an inkling of enjoying something, Casey would push it to see how far it went, it certainly made for some good nights and as their relationship blossomed he found her to enjoy teasing him more, especially in public.

"Look at this!" Casey slapped her bloated midsection. "I'm so bloated... Must be my time of the month or something... These jeans fit though!" She frustratedly pulled her jeans off and discarded them on the floor before picking out something else.

Her stomach was just looking a bit pudgier than normal but it was undeniable when she was trying to button up her jeans that there was no way they were going to close.

"Are you ready to go at least?"

Casey's words snapped him out of his daze, Chris nodded.

"What's that you've got there?" Casey's stern tone of frustration was slowly fading thanks to finding a pair of sweatpants that fit.

"My new Kombucha, you've not tried it yet... I made extra for you to try but if you don't want to now..."

"Baby, pass it here, I'd love to try." She was genuinely so supportive, and he was more than happy to let her have a try.

Popping the cork out of the unmarked bottle, Casey tilted her head back and filled her mouth with the kombucha.

Her eyes winced before she swallowed.

"Woah!" She gasped before letting out a few coughs, clearly not expecting the bitter taste to twist her taste buds. "It's bitter but holy shit this is amazing."

“Really?” Chris said, a big smile spread over his face as his heart swelled with pride. He was the only one to try it so far and it was very reassuring to get confirmation from someone else.

“Yeah! Wow, now I see why you’re so stoked to go on this tour. Once they try this they’re going to love it.” She jumped up and wrapped her arms around Chris’ neck and planted a big kiss on his lips.

Chris noted how her stomach was pressed against him, something that wasn’t really common for her, maybe after a big meal and over Christmas when she put on some weight, but she was usually free of all that by March. He enjoyed it sometimes; it was like some sort of guilty pleasure when she was at her peak weight for the year, but he also enjoyed it when she was fit and trim after exercising for a few months.

Casey broke off the kiss abruptly.

BOOOUUUURRP!

“Sorry... I guess it is very gassy.” They both laughed.

Chris and Casey made their way into the car and Chris drove over to the factory, spying a few times how Casey was rubbing her belly.

Must be something going on with her, she’s keeping it to herself not to take away from “my day” Chris thought to himself, he reached out and placed his hand on her free hand that was on her thigh.

“I love you.” He beamed.

“I love you too!” Casey cooed in response.

They arrived at the factory and saw a few other people there ready for their tour too. Chris gripped Casey’s hand and the handle to the bag he had brought to the tour tightly.

Sensing Chris’ nervousness, she whispered into his ear “You’ve got this babe.”

They walked to the greeter and were checked off the register before being let into the factory.

“Good morning!” An older gentleman greeted them and handed them their passes.

“Tony Richards!” Chris gasped.

“Oh, I see I have a fan.” He chuckled.

“You’re incredible, I’ve been following your work for years... You’re why I got into brewing in the first place!” Chris’ calm demeanour was sent off track with him fanboying over Tony.

“Wowee son, would I be right in guessing that you have something in your bag?” He chuckled.

“Yeah... I ugh... I guess you get this a lot...”

“Not really, the clanging of the bottles was a dead giveaway.” Tony chuckled again.

“Would you like me to try one? I’m feeling a bit parched.”

Chris pulled out a bottle and gave it to Tony. He had a similar reaction to Casey; he was floored by how good it tasted.

“You’ve got talent...” Tony was beaming, looking at Chris and back to the bottle.

Chris was frozen, Casey tried to rouse him from his frozen state, but he was entirely in shock.

“See you around kid.” Tony walked past them and to another person who was on the tour.

“Tony Richards said I’ve got talent.” He murmured in shock.

“I told you that it was good babe!” Casey kissed Chris on the cheek.

Chris stood there for a few seconds taking in the moment.

“Hey babe... We’re going to miss the tour...” She playfully pinched his side, making him jump a little.

“Welcome one and all, we will embark on the tour shortly but I wanted to make sure you all were prepared, after the tour there is a tasting station, please make sure you have arrangements to get yourselves home as we serve unlimited alcoholic drinks. We encourage you to try them all, so you get to know each unique flavour Mr Richards and his team have made here for you all today.”

He opened the large industrial door.

“Right this way!”

He ushered the group through the site. The tour was very enjoyable for a nerd like Chris, but Casey was looking forward to the end more than anything, even if she was still very bloated.

Halfway through the walk around a woman made a comment on how she shouldn't be here because of the baby. Casey was too shocked to say anything, or even tell Chris.

Finally, the end of the tour came round, and Chris hurried over to the taste area. There were plenty of benches to sit on and a few people were quick to sample some of the various drinks. Turning and expecting to find his girlfriend, Chris was a little surprised to see that she was nowhere to be found. He ducked off and found her tucked into a small gap between some machines, she was muttering under her breath.

“Shit... shit...”

Chris saw what was wrong immediately. Casey was looking bigger than normal. Her stomach was unable to be contained anymore, her shirt had ridden up slightly and her buttons were popped open. Casey was desperately trying to stuff herself back into her pants. Her hands desperately pawed at the fat pooch she now had.

There was no way that her stomach was going to fit in there... Chris' mind was wandering when eyeing up his girlfriend's sudden growth.

He was experiencing a growth of his own.

“Hey...” his voice was filled with a smoulder.

Casey jumped, clearly startled at first. She could see the look in his eyes. Chris was an open book with these things, when he liked something, it was very easy. She had used his inability to mask his desires against him many times. She once dyed her hair red because she noticed Chris stared longingly at a busty redhead at a bar.

Casey rubbed her soft stomach and noted how Chris' eyes were fixated on her fat stomach.

He likes this? She thought to herself before deciding to play up the situation for added effect.

Grunting louder and looking to and from Chris' face, she moaned. “I don't know... I just... I can't fit...”

Chris was fixated on her bloated form, clearly he was taken aback by it, but the bulge forming in his pants was a dead giveaway that he was enjoying what he was looking at.

She had him in her sights.

“What did you put in that drink... Look at me...” She moaned, rubbing her bigger belly. “It is so... *Big*... Feel it...” the words oozed out of her mouth and straight to Chris’ core.

He reached out a hand as requested and placed it on the surprisingly firm and warm orb, he could feel a churning under her flesh, bubbling almost.

“Excuse me, you can’t be back here, the tour’s over!” A security guard called.

“Sorry!” Chris turned around and started to cover for Casey. “My girlfriend had a bit of a problem, ya know... Lady issue...”

“Oh... Ummm... Toilets are that way...” The man in his mid-fifties blushed and pointed towards where the tour group had gone.

“Thank you, sorry again.”

Casey had already made a move when Chris was talking, Chris caught up to his almost waddling girlfriend.

“I actually don’t know what is going on...” She said a bit more bluntly.

“Maybe we should go...” Chris suggested, thinking with his head this time.

“No, we’ve done the tour, there is plenty of tasting to be done. I am sure I will be fine. Plus, the boring part is over, here is the part *I*’ve been waiting for.”