

Bloat Beer

by Holo

Salad grasped the chilled neck of the beer bottle in one dripping, peanut butter hand, and lifted the beer-filled bottle to his muzzle. His jaws parted, and the thick, dark brew passed over his tongue. He let it sit in his mouth, savoring the flavor of it before swallowing it down. Salad was impressed with the flavor and consistency of the new "Bloat Brew," a name it gained from how much the smooth drink fizzed up with carbonation after it was swallowed. The aftertaste was subtly sweet, and left his tongue tingling. He set the bottle down, leaving a smear of peanut butter on it as he smacked his lips to enjoy the flavorful hints that the first sip left behind. He could already feel the gaseous pressure building in his stomach, not dissimilar to how he felt after downing a can of soda. With a shrug, he dismissed the feeling and drank from the bottle again, this time taking a heavy gulp that made his throat rise and sink from the swallow.

As smooth and glassy as the drink was as it left the mouth of the bottle, he could feel it start to fizz as soon as it hit the back of his throat, bubbling up before it even hit his stomach. The taste of the beer was good enough to offset the bubbling sensation, and against his better judgement, he took another drink, nearly draining the bottle. The fizzy buildup had caused a bulge to form on the peanut butter dog's middle, rounding his slim shape. He ran a hand over his stomach, feeling it grow as his body flowed and shifted to contain the growing bubble of air. His other hand brought the bottle to his mouth, and he finished it off.

He set the glass bottle down with a clumsy clatter and got up from the couch, intending to prepare some food for dinner. He went into the kitchen, opened the fridge, and pulled out another two bottles of beer. He closed the fridge and gave the bottle an odd look, not having intended to grab them; but as he looked at the moisture beading on the bottles, he decided that another one couldn't hurt. He cracked the cap off with a bottle opener stuck to the fridge and lifted the mouth of the bottle to his muzzle. The beer poured in, cool and clean, with a rush of flavor that seemed better than the first bottle. He drank half of it before managing to pull the bottle away from his mouth, though his body and brain craved more. He resisted the impulse initially, but then chugged the last half and tossed the glass bottle in the recycling.

He made his way back to the couch, third beer in hand as his middle expanded from the dark brewed beer. Every step made his stomach bounce, shaking the contents and agitating the carbonation inside. His stomach grew in surges, an inch here, two inches there, pushing forward into a ball and sagging to the floor like a balloon filled with heavy air. He pressed one dripping hand into his flowing, stretching side, the two parts of his gooey body partially merging due to the gooey consistency of his body. Try as he might, he couldn't push a burp out of his body, and by the time he got to the doorway that separated the living room for the kitchen, his sides were brushing the frame of the doorway.

He did his best to try and lift his stomach with one hand as he waddled his way to the couch with his other hand full of another beer. He opened the top and took a seat, the cushions of the couch sinking from the increase to his weight and mass. As if unable to control himself, he guzzled the third beer bottle, draining it in seconds with a few powerful pumps of his throat. The extra bottle worth of the bloating brew brought his belly past his knees, leaving it wobbling

precariously over his calves, threatening to collapse over his legs should he get much bigger or heavier. He looked to the kitchen, still craving another beer, but the doorway looked much too small, and getting up again seemed like too much work. He lazily let the bottle fall from his hand, his mind hazy and clouded. He managed to turn the TV on, tuning in to the droning monotony of it, before the bloat and the beer lulled him to sleep.