

PB Porter
By Holo

Mutt had arrived at the second anniversary celebration of IMBIB, the custom beer brewery that they liked to frequent. The celebrations of the day included brewery tours, beer tasting, and discounted growler fill-ups, among other activities. The peanut butter dog was enjoying a glass of their favorite peanut butter porter when they were approached by the manager of the brewery.

Recognizing Mutt's continued and loyal patronage, they offered to let Mutt try a sample of their up and coming special project, which they were calling PB Porter 2.0. Mutt was eager for the opportunity to try a new beer before it hit market, and followed the owner through the double doors that led to the employee only area of the brewery, that was off limits even to the tour groups.

A tall, silver vat of beer sat front and center in the room, and the smell coming off of it was one of bitter hops mingling with the neutral sweetness of peanut butter. Mutt's tail began to wag at the smell alone. The manager let the dog take in the sight and sent for a while before ushering the dog around the vat to show off a smaller, but still sizeable container filled with a finished and chilled version of the product. A length of hose was attached to the nozzle and coiled around it.

The manager gestured to it, and without hesitation, Mutt grabbed the hose and stuck the end in his mouth. The key was turned, and a heavy flow of beer started to pour down the hose. It bulged out and filled Mutt's cheeks and throat, and the dog started gulping down the chilled brew.

First impressions were good. Drinking straight from the source meant the beer was as fresh as it would get, and the bitter overtones of the alcohol were complemented well by soft undertones of peanut butter. It was easy to swallow, and Mutt hugged it down until his stomach was bulging with booze and carbonation. A light intoxication swept over him, and he started to drip peanut butter from the underside of his stretching gut.

His belly expanded with ease, sloshing low from the weight of the beer until it hit the floor and splattered the concrete with peanut butter. He pressed his hands into it and pushed it down to make it slosh, agitating the bubbles and making the beer foam more. It spread forward along the ground, wobbling with every swallow as it stretched wide and rooted Mutt in place from the weight.

With a stomach of a few feet now, Mutt jumped, and his torso rolled forward so that he was laying on top of his belly instead of standing on the floor with it in front of him. He sank his arms and legs into that cool, sloshing mass and indulged, filling himself up with as much beer as he was allowed.

He rose up as his gut grew and tightened from a water bed to a water balloon, becoming more of a sphere in the process. He tried to keep still to keep from falling over, but the weight of his middle underneath him kept him right side up like an inflatable, punchable clown. The pressure in the hose steadily dropped as the tank was emptied, and eventually Mutt was sucking the last drops from the rubber hose as the tank ran dry. He spit out the hose and let a

lazy, intoxicated burp escape his maw as he settled onto his beer belly, now comfortably inebriated.

He hiccuped as the manager asked him what he thought, even though it was clear that Mutt had more than enjoyed it. He assured Mutt that it would be going into public release soon, and that they would be more than happy to hook the dog up with a lifetime supply of the stuff, as thanks for giving the first batch a try.