

Dance and Drink

By Angelus

Zeek was anxious about doing a belly dance show. It was something he had practiced in secret for a while, but after Gameena found out, she had pushed him to do a private show for his friends to help build his confidence. The minty green and grey kitsuragon had arranged everything for Zeek, and tonight was the night.

Zeek was hidden behind a stage curtain that had been put up at a bar that a certain friend of his had bought out for the night. The tall green and gold kitsuragon was in a purple outfit that hid little. His top barely covered his chest, and there was a heart cut into the middle of it, and his shorts were high cut, hardly covering any of his thighs.

Gameena assured the blushing belly dancer that it was going to be fine, and before he could get cold feet, she pulled back the curtain. The crowd was revealed, including several familiar faces. He recognized Bug, an alien associate of his, Marigold, a cattledog he often hung out with, and half hiding in the back of the room was Angelus, the ice cold arctic fox who was likely the one who bought out the bar.

The music started, and Zeek stood nervous for a moment before his body took over. His hips started to sway and swing, and his hands moved across his body, accentuating the movement of his hips and abdomen. He fell into the rhythm and his practiced instinct took over from there. He felt himself starting to relax as he fell into routine.

That, of course, was when Gameena made an announcement. "Alright everyone, I know we're all here to watch Zeek belly dance, but what's a belly dance with some belly right? Feel free to buy drinks from the bar for our performer tonight, let's fill him up! First round is on me so go tell the bartender what you want Zeek to have!"

"W-wait, what?" Zeek stammered at Gameena as he watched her walk off his dance floor. She just winked at him, and before he knew it, everyone had bought him at least one drink. A multitude of eager hands pushed drinks to his muzzle, and Zeek felt compelled to play along. He guzzled booze from bottles one after another while keeping up his dance, even as he felt his stomach fill with warm alcohol. He figured everyone would stop buying after a couple of drinks, but they kept coming, and he could feel his yellow belly starting to bulge over the waist of his dancer shorts.

Marigold had been formulating a plan since she heard about this little event, and she decided to step in before Zeek got too big for her to execute her plan. She grinned big and stepped onto the dance floor, her hooves clacking against the waxed wood with every step. "Hey, big guy!" she shouted, getting Zeek's attention as she laid a hand on his swollen side and leaned over his sloshing middle.

Zeek missed a step in his routine as Marigold pressed herself into his wobbling front. "Er, h-hey Mari, what are you doing?" he asked, blushing and anxious.

"Same as everyone!" she said as she wrapped her arms around Zeek, just under his arms. His stomach squished between them, burbling as the liquid inside was pushed around.

"You're supposed to b-buy the drinks at the b-bar!" Zeek stammered. He couldn't dance very well with her holding him like that. Marigold ignored him and pushed against him so he fell

into her arms and leaned back, like she was dipping her dance partner. Zeek yelped in surprise as he briefly felt like he was falling over. "Whoa!"

"Nah, this drink is on the house!" She let him go, and Zeek dropped the last few inches to the floor, landing on his back with his stomach sloshing down over his sides and pinning his thighs. She stepped over him, legs on either side of Zeek's head as she let her heavy udder hang down against his muzzle.

Zeek blushed bright and hot, but he knew exactly what the cattledog had in mind. He lifted his arms and placed his hands on her velvety udder, gently rubbing it before he guided one of her teats into his mouth.

Marigold squeezed her udder with her thighs, making milk gush into Zeek's mouth, forcing him to chug down her sweet, heavy cream. His already sloshing gut grew more with each gulp, expanding into an even bigger golden globe than it was before. He could feel himself getting milk drunk, on top of already being regular drunk, as he chugged down Marigold's familiar and delicious milk.

His ponderous stomach grew as her udder shrank and lightened. The watching crowd cheered him on with chants of "chug chug chug!" until he had drained Marigold completely. It was only then that she stepped off of him, and Zeek gasped to catch his breath. His face was still bright with blush as Marigold leaned down and offered him a hand, which he accepted, and she hoisted the bloated kitsuragon to his feet.

Zeek nearly fell forward as his stomach lurched, but Marigold steadied him against her and let him catch his footing. She gave the side of his belly a hearty slap to send it wobbling before she stepped away to let Zeek resume his dance.

Bug had been watching this exchange, and their excitement peaked as they realized that buying Zeek drinks wasn't the only way to fill him up. Bug had no Earth money, but they did have a way to fill up Zeek like Marigold did. Sort of. Their fluffy, orange antennae lit up as they stood up from their chair. Bug towered a good two feet over everyone else, with their antennae scraping the ceiling as they moved to the stage where a still flustered and filled Zeek was trying to get back into the motions of his dance.

He didn't get the chance, as Bug leaned over his stomach and gave Zeek a big grin. "It seems money is not required to fill you!" they observed with excitement. "I would like to make a contribution!"

"Wha? W-wait, I-!" Zeek was cut off as Bug leaned down and kissed him right then and there. For Bug, kissing wasn't a romantic gesture. Globes of sweet, thick honey poured out of their mouth from under their tongue, and they held that kiss and compelled Zeek to drink it. Zeek's rotund middle swelled ever greater, and Bug's own prodigious potbelly shrank as they fed Zeek more and more.

Zeek couldn't resist. This wasn't the first time he had tasted Bug's alien honey, and it was even easier to get hooked on than Marigold's milk. He grabbed onto Bug's face and returned that kiss eagerly, his hips and tail swaying with the music as he ballooned with heavy honey that weighed his stomach down. Zeek's legs slid apart as the weight became too much for him to stand upright, and he felt himself starting to lean forward as his gut reached for the ground.

That yellow belly was full of milk and honey mixed together with all booze and drinks everyone else had provided. It was hanging down to his knees and bloated wide to the sides. He only pulled away from Bug's kiss as his drunken fullness caused him to start hiccuping. Each one made his stomach bounce and slosh loud enough that everyone could hear it.

"Looking better!" Bug said with a grin before letting go of Zeek and returning to their seat in the crowd.

Zeek was standing there, swaying side to side in time with the music, but not really dancing per say, as he tried to get his bearings and measure his balance. His stomach swung from side to side, big enough now that it took a moment to catch up with his swaying. He was leaned forwards, with the weight of his stomach pulling him down. It was hard to support all the extra weight, and he could feel the stretch of his stomach more prominently on the overhang of that golden dome. Zeek was feeling dazed and hazy at this point, but he knew that his song and dance were almost over, and he'd be free to rest.

But it was not to be so!

"Someone has purchased a full keg for our performer this evening!" the bartender announced as a few helpers rolled the metal barrel out onto the dance floor. Zeek gulped as the big barrel was rolled up to his stomach, and as he looked out over the crowd he spied a sharp smile on Angelus' face.

Without a word, the keg was lifted up to Zeek's muzzle and pressed against it, and the weight of all that liquid pressing down into his mouth was too much to resist in his already woozy state. He chugged it down, gulp by gulp, bloating out his already distended gut with sweet drink.

His gut hung past his knees now, and was too heavy for him to keep standing. He slumped forward, laying on top of his stomach as he kept drinking. Every swallow lifted him up higher on his stomach, and he hiccupped every now and again as he drank, splashing a bit of booze over his muzzle.

Remarkably, or perhaps expectedly considering the audience, Zeek managed to polish off the keg entirely. The music finished just as it ran dry, and his audience applauded his hip-swaying, belly-swelling show. Zeek blushed brightly, delighted by the reception to his show. He tried to bow, but he was already laying on his stomach, so he only managed to slosh about on top of his waterbed belly.

Everyone got up from their chairs and rushed the stage to take a turn patting and pushing at Zeek's middle so they could enjoy the heavy sloshing of it for themselves. Gameena leaned down and gave the kitsuragon a kiss on the cheek as a reward as she groped a handful of his stretched gut. Zeek had to admit that she was right. He was a pretty good belly dancer after all!