

Belch Blowout
By Angelus

Every step Bolide took shook the Earth and shattered the ground beneath his talons. The mile-tall Mega-Charizard was more of a force of nature than a Pokemon. His burning wings made the air swelter, and his tail flattened the ground between the craters his footprints left behind. He was a volcano with legs, taller than mountains and indifferent to the destruction caused by his mere existence. No, the ponderously rotund Charizard had but one concern; finding a drink to quench his thirst. He followed the trail of a sickly-sweet scent to the edge of a city where a soda factory was cranking out hundreds of gallons of product a minute.

"Perfect~" Bolide's speaking voice boomed, shaking the sky and setting off car alarms through the city ahead of him. Temperatures were climbing into the triple digits as the wall of heat around his body swallowed the entire city, and his massive form blotted out the sun and replaced its glow with the blazing brilliance of his burning wings.

The soda facility before him was barely the size of a single talon, but a single gulp would be better than nothing. Bolide stooped down. His stomach pressed against the ground and crunched everything beneath it completely flat. Wind rushed through city streets as his huge body pushed a wall of hot air to the ground, and dry brush ignited from the heat of his wings.

His obsidian claws carved into the crust of the earth without effort and scooped the entire factory out of the ground, dragging the entire building, parking lot, and vehicle fleet up with it. His jaws opened, letting a metal-melting wave of heat escape as he tossed the entire factory into his mouth and swallowed it in a single gulp.

He felt a tingle of sugary fizz on his tongue before it vanished down his throat, never to be seen again. He didn't even feel it land in the volcanic cauldron of his gut, but he gave that rotund stomach a proud pat anyway. The diamond patterns on his stomach wobbled as his stomach sloshed, sounding like a tidal wave to smaller beings. "Hmm, not as much soda as I expected... Ah well. You won't mind if I help myself to the rest of the city to make it up to me, right~?" he asked no one in particular as he set his sights on steel and glass towers that were already cracking from his presence.

He took a step forward, then paused as he heard a rising, bubbling rumble from inside his stomach. He placed his claws on his middle and could feel the growing rumble, but while it was coming from inside his stomach, he could tell that it wasn't his own stomach making a racket. "Huh, what's going on in~"

A thundering "*BHUUURRRRPP!*" rattled Bolide's entire body from the depths of his gut, and his dozens of meters of body fat did little to muffle the belch that rammed his stomach walls and added notable width to the Charizard's orange gut. Bolide stumbled forward and stretched his tail backward to keep his balance from the internal impact. "What the *hurppp*?" Bolide belched out some of the gas that had ballooned out his gut mid-sentence and drummed his fingers along his middle. "What was in that factory, a Lugia? Hello?" He gave his stomach another shake.

"Ooohh, I'd know that booming voice anywhere!" The voice speaking from Bolide's stomach was familiar. It was loud enough that Bolide could make out what they were saying as their voice echoed in his swollen stomach and up his throat. "Y'know, I thought it was probably you when things started heating up... How've you been Bolide?"

"Milkbone?" Even muffled, the voice, manner of speech, and familiarity were unmistakable. "What're you doing in there?" Bolide asked. Milkbone was a typically sedentary Mightyena who only traveled to defend his World Eating Contest Champion title, and Bolide had made sure to check that his furred friend didn't have any contests on this continent today.

"Oh you know, I was just *BWHOOORRRRAAPP* taking a tasting tour of that soda facility you devoured!" That second belch that escaped Milkbone's jaws barely made him miss a word, but Bolide felt his guts lurch as a massive wave of pressure entered his stomach, stretching his stomach markings and making his weighty gut bounce against the earth.

Bolide could feel air pressure at the back of his throat and burped again to relieve some of the building gas. "Urrpp... Sorry about that bud, I can have a team get you out. Just uh, take it easy with the *bhuurpping* in there." Bolide could think of at least one or two people that could fetch Milkbone from his stomach relatively safely. Another rumble started to build inside of him, shaking his body and the ground beneath his feet. "Uuhh, MB?"

"I *am* holding them back! But I might've sort of 'tasted' most of the factory supply dry before you tossed me around and shook up all the soda. Plus it's like a furnace in here, and that's just making the air want to expand mo-*urrpp*- oh no. Brace yourself!"

"Hey, hang on, w-wait a second!"

Unfortunately for Bolide, there was no waiting. The third belch hit harder than the previous two and lasted longer to boot. His stomach trembled from the vibrations of the air within him, and he winced as his ribcage shook from the blast. His chest puffed out, and his long neck swelled at the base from the tremendous release of air inside of him. "Ulp, uhhrrppp! You're blowing me up out here!" he shouted as he tried to relieve some of the pressure intentionally now, belching tongues of flame into the air and managing to shrink his bloated figure little by little, though not by enough.

"The more I hold them back *buhuUUuRp* the stronger they get *uwAArrRP*!" Those belches were weaker than the big ones but were still enough to undo Bolide's attempts to deflate, with interest. Even as Milkbone loosed smaller burps to manage the pressure, a rumble grew in his gut, louder than any that came before.

"Then hold it back harder, or you're gonna blow me to smithereens!" Bolide roared.

"How am I supposed to do *ulp* that?" Milkbone managed to swallow the building explosion, but that only made his guts churn and roar with greater ferocity.

Bolide wracked his brain for a solution. He had to get Milkbone to surpass his own limits and hold back his belches no matter what... "Of course! Get into your Contest mindset! You always surpass your limits in a contest!"

"You want me to do that j-just like that? *Uhhrrppff*..."

Bolide clutched his gut as his skin groaned from the force of a single stifled belch. "You have to! Come on world champ! Show me what you're made of!"

"O-okay! I got this, I got this... *uhrrpp*..."

"We've been in contests together before, and you've never disappointed me, so don't start now!" Bolide roared.

The mental switch was flipped, and the rumbling stopped all of a sudden.

"Heh. Hehe! Come on, you think this is all I can handle? Please, I can hold back more hot air than even Groudon could put out! I'll show you just how capable I am." Milkbone barked with confidence befitting his status as a world champion.

Bolide sighed with relief as the stomach quakes stopped, along with the body-shaking burps. "Phew. Alright, someone should be here in just a few minutes, so we just have to relax until then, *bhuUUrrUPp...*"

"Wait a second. What was that? Didn't you say we were supposed to be holding back? Are you quitting on me already?" The ominous rumbling returned twice over.

"N-no, never! I just, uh-!"

"Maybe you need some practice huh? I could never abide YOU slacking off on me, Bolide!"

Bolide was losing his footing from how much he and the ground were shaking. "M-Milkbone? H-hey, buddy, you're supposed to be holding back so I don't blow open!" Bolide realized all too late that Milkbone's competitive side might actually be much worse to deal with than his casual persona. His eyes darted around for any sign of the coming assistance, and he started to sweat as anxiety turned to panic. "Just for a few minutes!"

"Oohh, just a few minutes? Then that's how little time you'll need to stay in one piece! Should be easy, right big guy~?" Deep inside Bolide's stomach, Milkbone opened his jaws and let a hurricane of wind explode from his jaws.

A sonic boom shook Bolide from the inside as the immense blast of air filled his body. His stomach distended at the front where the belch impacted before it rattled around to his sides and swelled up his chest and into his throat, bloating his neck. His eyes watered from pain as the titanic pressure caused something to pop inside his chest. He tried to let out some of the pressure with a burp of his own, but it sent a stinging pain lancing through his chest, and he realized one or more of his ribs had broken.

"Oh good, you survived the preliminary!" Milkbone's voice echoed louder as Bolide's thick layers of fat were stretched thin. "Ready for Round One?" The internal quaking of those impossibly powerful dog guts made Bolide's bright eyes flicker in his head, and his flames intensified in response to the pain that was now shooting through his bones. "Three! Two! One! *BGHUURRRRRPPP~!*"

Bolide had no defense against the onslaught. His body deformed to try and contain the gasses while staying in one piece. His auburn back stretched into a shallow round dome as his body tried to make use of all of the available space within him. The bloated arch of his back joined the orange blimp of his stomach, turning his entire torso into an oblong sphere that was squashed at the top and bottom. His arms were pushed out to his sides and filled from shoulder to wrist with belched-out air, and one by one his fingers straightened as air filled them with a series of pops!

The expansion was so swift that both of his shoulders dislocated from how rapidly his arms expanded, but he couldn't even roar in pain as he was desperately trying to lower the pressure in his body. Gouts of flame spat out from between his puffed-up cheeks, and his neck bulged with surges of pressure as he forced them out of his body despite the stinging pain of his shattered ribs and the prickling sensation across his tight skin.

The atmosphere heated up from the miles-long flamethrowers, causing rampant heat waves, and the composition of atmosphere gasses was trending towards dangerously high concentrations of super-heated carbon dioxide.

Unfortunately for Bolide, his attempts to keep himself together were an exercise in futility. For every ten thousand gallons of air he belched out, Milkbone replaced it tenfold with a casual

mid-sentence burp. His neck was expanding to such a width that it was blending with the rising swell of his chest and stomach, and flames could be seen glowing up the length of his neck through the thinning flesh. Steam howled out of his nostrils like an overfilled tea kettle set atop a flow of lava. The pressure was building in his neck as air tried to escape, putting such intense strain on Bolide's skull that it fractured with a *crack* that rang through his ears. It was just a hairline break, but it was enough to give the titanic Charizard what felt like the worst migraine he'd ever had.

"Are you falling apart after just one real *bhuurp*? I'm disappointed in you! I would have at least expected you to *hurRRrrpp* hold out until the planet was shaken apart. And you're not even TRYING to hold it in! Honestly, *urrRAAap*! I think you're out of practice. It's okay though, I know your little trick, so I know juuust how to get you back into shape!"

Bolide couldn't even mumble in protest. He could hardly catch his breath from the pressure of his guts inside of his torso, and a growing pressure daze was clouding his thoughts. Stretch marks opened all across his skin, burning a hot red where his stressed skin was pulled apart. They bloomed across his sides and along the underside of his gut, and sprouted their way up his neck, giving him a grand series of bright red stripes to match the black ones that covered his arms, legs, and tail.

"Well, if you survive Round 2 I might just have to give you a little credit." The quaking of Milkbone's bubbling stomach was so violent that the ground around Bolide was shaking apart, and the same went for all of the large 'Zard's bones and joints. They were popping apart from each other, if not fracturing outright from the continent-shaking intensity of the windup alone. "Well, here goes!" He opened as wide as he could.

The second belch was more than Bolide's body could take. Almost. Unfortunately for the almost godlike Charizard, his skin had more give than his guts, so when that massive bloat rocked his system, his insides burst like cheap balloons. His intestines bloated to capacity with air, twisting and tangling with each other as they fought for already limited space before the pressure they put on themselves caused them to rupture in segments like a balloon animal being burst one twisted-off section at a time. His stomach exploded next, spewing its contents into Bolide's chest cavity, Milkbone included. Pieces of his previous meals shot out like shrapnel and pierced his flesh, letting air hiss out through tiny tears in his skin that slowly tore wider and wider.

By this point, the gout of flames blasting from Bolide's mouth was so intense it was escaping the curve of the planet's gravity and shooting straight out into space where it vanished into the vacuum. Bodies of water had dried up from the immense heat wave, and plant life wilted before bursting into flames. Anything remaining that didn't perish to the heat succumbed to the now toxic atmosphere. Bolide's hollowed form was tremendous enough to count as a planet himself, a great orange gas giant rivaling the scorched rock he was standing on.

"Well, even if I don't do anything else, you're done for. I'll be merciful and finish you off~"

Milkbone's final belch was his grandest yet. Bolide barely withstood it for a second before his entire form exploded into a superheated fireball that vaporized everything within the same hemisphere. Smoking and charred chunks of his flesh and bone were scattered across the now barren landmasses and empty seabeds, with almost half of his mass flying out into space. The planet was blasted half to smithereens from the explosion, leaving massive globs of lava hundreds of miles across streaming into space.

Milkbone tumbled out of Bolide's blasted form and pinballed off of continental chunks before finding footing on a particularly large chunk that still retained a modicum of useable gravity. His fur was sticky with Bolide's digestive fluids, but it didn't seem to bother him aside from the way it matted down his fur. "Sheesh, *hurrrpp*. Hurry up already big guy."

The disparate parts of Bolide's body and viscera soon blazed, burning themselves into less than ash. In moments, the last one was gone, and Milkbone almost lept out of his skin as a titanic eye filled the sky and peered down at him. It was Bolide, of course.

"Milkbone?" His voice seemed to come from all directions. Bolide had regenerated into an even grander version of himself, as evidenced by the way he was able to hold what was left of the planet in one hand. He looked around the rubble and spied a familiar grey fatass. "Oh, there you are. Was that really necessary?"

"Of course! I mean, we're only just getting started, aren't we?" Milkbone wagged and grinned up at the giant eye that was giving him its full attention.

"We... are?"

"Of course! After all, even at this size, you're no match for me." To prove his point, Milkbone angled his muzzle up at Bolide... and belched.

What was left of the planet was shattered to stardust by the recoil alone. Bolide managed to stay in one piece, but before he could regain his bearings, he had already been thrown across the universe, and the belch still rattled in his ears. He only stopped flying through the void because he reached the springy limit of space for this universe and was caught by the rubbery weirdness that was the edge of the universe.

"Damn, alright alright, you've proved your... point..." Bolide trailed off. His ears had to be deceiving him... but no, he could feel it in his bones too. Milkbone was building up a belch bomb that he could feel from the opposite side of the universe. Stars, galaxies, entire superclusters were bursting into brilliant supernovas from the reality-ripping pressure of the build-up. Their destruction was reflected in his huge red eye, and he knew that he was next. He swallowed nervously. There was no way out of a training session with Milkbone. The only option was to pass his "class", and Bolide could only imagine what that entailed when the first lesson was already beyond planet-shattering.