

Breaking in the Briefs

By: IndigoRho

Carson took a look at the bit of beer still left in his glass and decided to simply chug it, tilting his head back and nearly losing his glasses in the process as he drank it dry. Midterms had been rough, and like many of his college peers he was eager to celebrate their end with as much booze as he could handle at one of the local bars. Even so, the human managed to stick out like a sore thumb amid the crowd that was predominantly anthro animals. For that reason he wasn't too surprised when a large saint bernard approached him at the bar.

"Hey dude, having fun!" the canine bellowed over the surrounding chatter. His breath already had hints of alcohol, so the full glass in his paw couldn't have been his first drink of the night. Dressed in a blue-and-white jersey matching their school colors and wearing a baseball cap with Greek letters on it, Carson assumed the saint bernard belonged to one of the frats.

"I'd certainly say so," Carson replied while waving his empty glass. "Just wrecking my wallet so I stop worrying about midterms for a few hours."

A broad smile came upon the saint bernard's face. "Well if you help me out with a little bet between my friends I could toss some cash your way. Nothing big just a simple drinking game."

In most situations Carson would've doubted the canine's honesty, but at that moment he was drunk and willing to risk entertaining some frat boys if it meant coming even on his tab. "Sure! What do you need me to do?"

"Just follow me and I'll fill ya in on the way to our booth," the saint bernard said before handing his drink to Carson. "And enjoy this as a down payment."

Carson abandoned his old glass at the bar and accepted the new one without question, immediately taking a long sip. He swore something felt slightly off about the taste, but quickly explained away the oddity as a brew he just wasn't familiar with. As the pair slowly made their way through the bar the saint bernard made no effort to actually explain the alleged bet, merely revealing his name as Shane and boasting about how great he was at chugging entire kegs of beer.

All the while Carson was drinking more and more of his strange free drink. His head was starting to spin some and his body tingled, and he just barely managed to drop his emptied glass on a table before he stumbled over. Shane caught him before he hit the ground, his perpetual smile now noticeably wider. He turned the limp human so he was facing a wall, out of sight and mind of the other bar patrons.

"I...I feel...weird..." Carson rambled, barely able to move.

"Trust me dude, it's gonna get a hell of a lot weirder," Shane laughed.

Carson soon understood exactly what the saint bernard meant. As he looked down in a daze he realized with considerable confusion that his legs were pinned together as if by glue, and nothing he did could separate them; his arms were suffering the same predicament. When Carson tried to ask Shane for help he discovered he couldn't move his mouth anymore, fear rapidly setting in as everything rapidly got worse and more bizarre. The human started to shrink, losing height but not much width, his body flattening out as well.

Not being in pain didn't ease Carson's fears as his body was warped in unnatural ways. The color of his clothing, skin, and hair slowly faded till they were bright white, while his body gained the texture of fabric. He wobbled in the air as he lost all rigidity, half his original height and essentially unrecognizable. Eventually the unlucky human shrunk and distorted until he finally *did* resemble something: underwear.

Shane laughed as he toyed with his brand new pair of white briefs, taking a moment to admire the image of Carson's face printed on the back. "Good you've got some give, looks like I chose well!"

The grin of the Carson on the underwear was far from the reality of his feelings. Shane twirled his prize in his paws as he arrived at the "booth" the rest of his canine frat brothers were at, which was

more of a side-room they'd laid claim to.

A husky raised his beer and cheered. "Sweet, Shane got the goods, now we can start taking the bets!"

"Alright dudes, our lucky volunteer tonight was a human, kind of average build," Shane said as he held out the transformed Carson for all to see. "Hurry up and write your guesses for how many kegs it'll take for me to burst out of him, I want to start chugging!"

Never in his life had Carson wanted to scream more. As the frat boys argued over their guesses and tossed crumpled bills into a pile Shane started to disrobe, tossing aside his jeans and regular briefs before easing into Carson. Even in his transformed state Carson could feel his fabric straining slightly as he wrapped around the saint bernard's ample butt, his printed face stretching out across both cheeks. Shane gave his rear a teasing slap and showed off his new look to the other drunk frat boys, who gave him plenty of sarcastic compliments.

Once the bets were all gathered and the money messily piled on the table, Carson's nightmare truly began. A handful of kegs lined the wall of the room, and Shane grabbed a hose from the first one and eagerly placed it in his mouth, a flick of his paw prompting the booze to flow freely. The beer gushed into his mouth and down his throat, the saint bernard's middle swelling almost immediately. His tail wagged as he drank, smacking Carson sporadically in the process. Every gulp smoothed out a few more creases in Shane's jersey as his belly ballooned outward, and towards the end of the first keg Carson was finally feeling himself getting stretched a little.

The first keg was drained with incredible haste, Shane letting out a triumphant belch and giving his rounder gut a playful shake. Carson hoped the dog would be too full to continue, that he'd merely have to endure the embarrassment of being worn around by a boozed-up frat boy rather than the terrible possibility of being ripped apart; unfortunately Shane wasted little time moving onto keg two. Living up to the casual gloating he'd indulged in earlier, the canine greedily guzzled every last drop of the second keg without slowing at all.

Shane's middle swelled rapidly to both the joy of the other frat boys and terror of Carson. The pair of underwear really started to feel the strain, waistband creaking as it stretched to handle the growing canine's gut. Meanwhile Shane's jersey wasn't fearing any better. Clinging tightly to Shane's belly, an unmistakable tearing sound struck fear in Carson until he realized it was the jersey's seams ripping and not his...yet.

With two kegs finished off Shane was looking incredibly bloated, a paw always resting underneath his middle to help with balance. He could feel Carson digging into his butt and thighs, which meant the bet was about to get exciting. "Wonder if you can handle a third?" the saint bernard chuckled and grabbed another hose.

For once some of the frat boys cheered on Carson, though only because they wanted him to survive intact until their guesses came true. As Shane filled with beer Carson struggled, his material pulled in all directions with no relief in sight. He could hear the ominous creaks building with every *glug*, wondering what he'd done to deserve such a terrible fate. Convinced the third keg would do him in, Carson was surprised to sense the flow of booze halt as it was drained like the others.

The excessive drinking was finally taking a toll on Shane, the saint bernard barely able to stay standing as he wrangled his wobbling ball belly. He was impressed with the human's resilience, but nonetheless wasn't about to fail his frat brothers by not ensuring a clear winner. With a little less enthusiasm than before he shoved another tube into his mouth and began to chug.

Almost immediately Carson knew the end was near. Only a couple gulps were all it took to make the first tear in his fabric, and every gulp after caused irreparable damage. The pair of overburdened underwear ripped in multiple spots, shredding straight off Shane's ass and falling to the floor in tatters. A mix of victorious shouts and frustrated sighs erupted from the frat boys as the winners divvied up their prize. Shane didn't bother finishing off the rest of the fourth keg, instead waddling a few steps over so he could see what'd happened to his undies.

Of course Carson was merely a pile of scrap now. One or two tears wouldn't have prevented him from recovering, but being shredded made turning back all but impossible; the transformation had been made permanent. Shane shrugged at the loss, not giving the human a second thought before joining his buddies in revelry, his destructive gut swaying back and forth. Carson had wanted to leave behind his worries about midterms, and in the end he'd succeeded a little too well...