

Drunken Mishaps Part I: Weight Limits

By: IndigoRho

Loud music and laughter shook the walls of the Rho Lambda Lambda fraternity as another one of their regular weekend parties raged. Students drank, danced, and complained about their classes and each other, most enjoying the short break from studying. For some, though, the break would be a bit more permanent. Rho Lambda Lambda—and the whole campus for that matter—was pred-friendly, and everyone at the party knew they had free reign to gorge on the other guests. They merely had to accept the consequences if their meal's friends decided to get revenge. Despite the rule, vore was still a somewhat niche interest in the region, and the number of squirming bellies at the party was rather small. Most meals were the result of drunken bets or dares, with quite a few surviving long enough for their inebriated preds to awkwardly throw them up in a bathroom or out back. The fraternity itself was also fairly strict about its members not eating each other, too, which reduced the number of intentional incidences greatly.

Of course, anything could happen at a party where the booze flowed like water, especially when certain furs treated it as such. Impossible to miss amongst the crowds was Jasu, a massive light-brown elephant belonging to the Rho Lambda Lambda fraternity. An expandex letterman jacket managed to cover the entirety of his blubbery belly, custom fitted to handle Jasu's tendency towards considerable expansion. Crowds swiftly parted along his path, both due to his size and the fact that many feared he'd drunkenly trip and flatten someone. Though Jasu's size was incredibly imposing, he was generally regarded as one of the friendliest members of the frat. And the drunkest.

Jasu was fond of liquor in all its forms, and took full advantage of everything the parties had to offer him. Everyone knew he'd end the night with a bloated gut sloshing about with beer. The elephant had started himself off with a couple six-packs, but was already tipsy enough to have moved straight to mini-kegs, which he carried in his huge gloved-hooves like most did beer cans. He chugged them the same, too. His belly bounced and jiggled as he made his way through the crowds with no particular destination in mind, simply going with the flow of things and barely paying attention to his surroundings. That was how he bumped into an oblivious blue jay.

The blue jay was fortunate enough to stumble into his friend, a thin tiger, but when he turned around to apologize he ended up staring at the elephant in awe. Or at least the elephant's gut. His admiration didn't go unnoticed, and Jasu grinned at the much smaller avian.

"Sorry little guy, the tank can be a bit unwieldy." Jasu laughed, his middle wobbling.

"N-no worries. The impact was, uh, really soft." The blue jay was doing a poor job of disguising his interest in the elephant.

Jasu gave his belly a couple hard slaps and belched loudly. "Safety padding is one of the many benefits of being in a fraternity with a minimum weight requirement! Not to mention all the free food."

"I admit I jumped at the chance to visit the frat after overhearing my buddies talk about it," the blue jay said. "I...uh, I didn't know if they'd been joking about the weight thing or not."

"Well I'd say you just got some first hand experience with living proof of it!" Jasu replied, before chugging more of his mini-keg. "Name's Jasu, by the way. I'd love giving you a tour of the place."

The blue jay blushed and remained silent for a moment. "T-that'd be awesome! And I'm Dominic." He extended a wing for a shake, but the massive elephant instead embraced him in a big, one-armed hug, causing Dominic's face to flush red even more.

"Great to meet ya dude! Just stick close to me and the crowd will part for us, another perk of the size," Jasu said with a grin, keeping an arm around Dominic.

Dominic looked over his shoulder to say goodbye to his friend Darren, but by then the tiger was already chatting it up with an overweight blue cheetah, obviously a Rho Lambda Lambda frat member. They could meet up again later. "Being, um, part of the frat seems to have a lot of benefits. I'm getting

bummed out that I couldn't join."

"Rho Lam's the best, honestly," Jasu said as he guided the blue jay, prioritizing booze over an informative tour. "You seem to appreciate the heavier side of life, why didn't you pledge?"

Dominic was flustered by his admiration of pudgy being so easily spotted. "I...uh, well, just look at me. I'd need to double in size just to make the weight requirement!"

"That's what the pledge period's for! Pretty much all the hopefuls have to fatten up a bit, heck, even I had to," Jasu let the drained mini-keg in his hoof drop to the floor with a loud *clunk*, before grabbing a couple more from an ice-filled tub nearby. "My bud Indi was about your size when we pledged together, and he blimped up with plenty of time to spare."

"Really? Though I'm sure that required eating, well, *larger* meals," Dominic said. "I've never actually eaten someone before."

"Eh, neither had Indi, and three was all it took. Though the glutton's gotten a taste for live meals since." Jasu let out a laugh that shook the pair. "Despite my looks, I'm more into temporary expansion. Air, water," he lifted his mini-keg, "booze."

Dominic breathed a quiet sigh of relief and accepted Jasu's embrace a little more easily. While he'd been genuinely excited to get closer to Jasu, there'd been a slight worry in the back of his mind that he'd merely been chosen as the cute elephant's next snack. "My friends are all into inflation, too. Also something I haven't tried out myself yet, though."

By now the two had reached a staircase. "I'd love to change that for ya," Jasu said, before wrapping his other arm around the blue jay and gently pressing him against the wall. Dominic blushed as he felt the elephant's sloshing gut practically flow over his chest, even moreso when Jasu leaned in for a long kiss. Once finished, Jasu carefully angled his trunk right into Dominic's mouth, then blew. The blue jay's cheeks puffed up and his eyes widened as a strong gust of air flew down his throat, swelling his middle ever-so-slightly. Jasu took a deep breath and blew again. While he'd seen his friends inflate often, Dominic hadn't been prepared for just how odd the sensation of being filled with air was. The slight pressure reminded him of eating a large meal, but he didn't feel any heavier. Of course for Dominic, the best part was how tight his shirt had become.

Jasu stopped after the first two puffs and stepped back, taking the time to admire Dominic's temporary pot belly. "Inflation's a good way to see how you'd look fatter, and I'd say the roundness suits ya," He said, giving Dominic's tum a playful prod. "Why don't we head up to my room and see how you'll look even bigger?"

Dominic simply smiled and nodded, following Jasu upwards as the elephant's weight strained every step. His own bloated belly bounced the whole way, and Dominic rested a talon atop it to enhance the feeling. A part of him had always wanted to get bigger, but shyness and embarrassment over his interest had left him too nervous to even inflate, let alone gain actual weight. Perhaps tonight would finally break him out of his shell. The second floor was relatively empty, aside from a few frat members chatting in the halls. Just like Jasu they were all obese, though not all were wearing the best-fitting clothes, and a couple sagging, squirming guts were painfully obvious. Jasu barely paid them any attention, waving his mini-keg at them while continuing to usher Dominic down a long hallway and into his room at the frat.

Jasu practically had to squeeze himself through the doorway, his wobbling middle having gotten even larger during the relatively brief journey, but once he was through Dominic was greeted by a fairly unsurprising sight. The room was messy—though not horribly so—with a pile of clothes surrounding an overfilled hamper and a garbage bag of crumpled up beer cans threatening to topple. Jasu's bed was merely a couple thick mattresses resting on the floor, the remains of a broken frame around them, while a cluttered desk was serviced by an oversized bean bag chair. Aside from a handful of posters, the main decoration in the room was a plethora of trophies, ranging from football to beer pong. Dominic couldn't help but be amused that the most prominently displayed ones all seemed related to drinking.

“Welcome!” Jasu declared louder than necessary while spreading his arm, nearly losing his balance in the process. “It’s not much, but it’s got more than enough room to give you a taste of being big.”

Dominic giggled. He realized the elephant was getting noticeably more tipsy, though still aggressively chugging beer. “It looks fine. Now how big are you planning to get me?”

“Bigger than me...no, bigger than two of me! You’ll be the biggest, cutest, biggest bird on campus. It’ll be a glimpse of your future.” Jasu motioned Dominic over, making out with him once more, all the while guiding him to a clear wall near the bed. “After tonight, you’ll never want to be small again.”

Dominic’s face flushed red and he ventured a playful squeeze of the elephant’s belly. “I’ll take your word on that. Just be careful.”

“I’ve done this a million times before, there’s no one safer to be inflated by than—*hic*—me,” Jasu replied.

As Dominic laughed Jasu snuck his trunk back into his mouth, though this time the blue jay eagerly awaited the gust that would follow. Jasu didn’t hold back, blowing as much air into Dominic in one go as he had before combined and swiftly exposing the blue jay’s beachball belly. He put as much distance between the two as he could, keeping Dominic at trunk’s length so he could admire his handiwork as the blue jay expanded. Dominic’s heart raced as he watched his middle grow, resting his talons on it and basking in the sensation of being big. Feeling his hide stretch undertalon during the next pump was simply incredible. In an instant the blue jay regretted the numerous times he’d turned down offers to inflate with his friends, the months of joy he had missed out on due to unwarranted fears. But amidst the regret he was, most of all, thankful to Jasu for granting him the experience.

Jasu lazily reached for a nearby minifridge in between blows, retrieving a six-pack of beer and immediately cracking into one. At this point he was drinking less for the taste or tipsiness and more for the bloating. The feeling of having a keg or two worth of anything sloshing in his gut was amazing, and inflating Dominic only made him want to get bigger, too. Concentrating on both inflating and drinking was difficult in his current state, though, until Jasu managed to make his pumps as natural as breathing, focusing mainly on the beer. Unfortunately, Dominic was too enthralled by his swelling form to realize his host was only vaguely paying attention.

After a few short pumps Dominic was already as wide around as Jasu was, though his middle was obviously far more taut and less squishy than the elephant’s natural bulk. He was eager to see how it felt to walk at that size, but a gentle tug on Jasu’s trunk just resulted in another powerful gust. Dominic didn’t think much of it, and tried tugging again to get the elephant’s attention, but again he was ignored, the blue jay’s belly swelling up against Jasu’s. After the last pump his limbs felt oddly stiff. He squirmed and mumbled Jasu’s name as loudly as he could, hoping to gain his attention and halt the inflation. The next gust bloated his back and limbs, making them nearly impossible to move. Jasu, meanwhile, was happily tossing back beer after beer while he watched the blue jay before him expand more and more. The frequency of the pumps increased.

Jasu’s drinking finally caught up to him. His new bird friend looked even cuter as a blimp, and in his inebriated state, Jasu couldn’t resist the urge to see him get as big as possible. He tossed a crumpled can to the ground wrapped his arms around the bloated blue jay, leaning into him and letting loose larger puffs than ever before. With a trunk filling his mouth and his limbs rigid, all Dominic could do was wobble in a panic as Jasu continued inflating him. Far too late did he notice the glazed over look in Jasu’s eyes, that he was much, much drunker than when they’d first met. He’d been so obsessed with the elephant’s gut and his own taste of inflation he’d completely missed the warning signs. Now all he could do was hope Jasu wasn’t too drunk to stop.

Dominic’s limbs slowly sunk into his body as it rounded out from the steady stream of air. Each strong puff increased the distance between Dominic and Jasu, but instead of stopping, Jasu began to lean into the blue jay even more so his trunk could still reach. The intense internal pressure from all the

air was bad on its own, and Jasu's incredible weight pressing into it only made things worse. Now Dominic's body creaked and groaned with every puff, his sides feeling almost painfully sensitive as they bulged out. Practically a sphere now, Dominic was angled against the wall, with Jasu seeming more and more likely to collapse atop him. Tears started welling in his eyes.

“Doing—*hic*—doing great dude,” Jasu said, blissfully unaware of Dominic's predicament. “Told ya you'd get big. I'd, I'd love to sponsor you as a late pledge, we'd have to fatten you up nice and quick but—oooof!”

Jasu finally lost his footing, bracing himself completely on Dominic's bloated form. Dominic knew in an instant he was done for, two large tears forming along his sides as Jasu fell into him. He fortunately didn't have much time to linger on the fact. Dozens of smaller ribs erupted across the blue jay's body, rapidly shredding him. Scraps of hide and a torrent of feathers were hurled all over the room by the air escaping Dominic's burst body, knocking over trophies and rattling the walls. Jasu stumbled through the exploding mess of his guest, bumping into the wall as a large swathe of Dominic's hide slid down his belly and onto the floor. The elephant was dazed by the unexpected popping, falling backwards onto his bed with a loud thud and promptly passing out.

The bursting did not go unnoticed. Shortly after Jasu collapsed the door to his room flew open, a tiger and blue cheetah hurrying in. Darren—the tiger—saw the blue feathers twirling around the room first, then caught a glimpse of a familiar beak wedged into the wall just feet away. His breathing became heavy but he didn't say a word, cautiously approaching the beak as his eyes began to water. He kept hoping that if he got closer it'd look fake, or turn out to be something entirely different, or just not be there at all. None happened. Dominic, the close friend he had been happily chatting with less than an hour ago, was now nothing more than a horrible scattering of feathers and hide confetti.

Indi—the blue cheetah—sighed. When he'd seen Jasu heading up to the second floor earlier he hadn't even considered the blue jay behind him was actually following him. Had he known, he would've checked in on the drunk elephant right away to ensure no accidents happened. While Jasu was one of the nicest guys Indi had ever met, his large friend tended to get dangerously careless once he became drunk. He'd eat people as a joke and forget to let them out, bump party guests into the paws of hungry stoned frat members, or sometimes inflate someone far beyond their capacity till they burst. Jasu never meant to do such things, he simply got carried away, and attempting to take booze away from a massive, buzzed elephant had proven to be an easy way to end up in his stomach.

Instead, Indi and the other members of the frat did their best to keep a safe distance from the big guy whenever he got really drunk, and keep friends or important guests clear of him to prevent accidents. They also went out of their way to guarantee Jasu was never truly aware of his own destructiveness. Hide scraps would be quietly disposed of and a belly full of digesting guest would be explained away as Jasu drunk ordering a ridiculous amount of take-out. Thankfully Jasu's memory never seemed to hold up well after a hangover, so the excuses were readily accepted. Unfortunately they had dropped the ball tonight, and though the blue jay hadn't been anyone of particular importance, he was obviously a friend of the tiger Indi had been flirting with just minutes before. Now the tiger was a potential liability, and Indi had to put friendship first.

While Darren mourned the loss of his friend, Indi crept up behind him, grabbing one of Jasu's many trophies and swinging it down hard. The tiger let out a brief yelp of pain before collapsing to the floor, motionless. At the very least Indi could make Darren's end mostly painless. He lifted the unconscious tiger off the ground and gave him a quick hug goodbye, before opening his maw wide and shoving Darren's head inside. Darren had a rather nice taste, and Indi couldn't help but purr a little as his mouth stretched over the tiger's shoulders and his neck bulged to accept his meal. Eating a limp prey was odd, almost unnatural, even for a pred like Indi who only occasionally indulged in live meals; he was too used to squirming and pleading. Indi was thankful he didn't have to hear Darren's lovely voice begging for mercy, though.

The blue cheetah's already blubbery belly ballooned out more and more as Darren was emptied

into his stomach, stretching his school hoodie but remaining contained. Just like Jasu, Indi preferred expandex clothing. Sure, it was more expensive, but so was replacing the cheaper torn stuff over and over. Indi's smooth middle bulged and distorted as it filled with tiger, and he cradled it while greedily gulping the last of him down. Taking his time to enjoy the meal would've risked the chance of Darren coming to or more witnesses wandering by to investigate the noise. Besides, Indi didn't think he could truly enjoy eating Darren in the same way he savored a planned meal.

After pulling Darren's sneakers and socks off Indi finally closed his jaws around the doomed tiger's paws, swallowing the rest of him down with a long, strong gulp. He tossed the unneeded items aside and thumped his gut hard, forcing a loud belch and purging his stomach of air to ensure Darren never woke again. By then a couple other frat members had arrived, having grown curious themselves. They took one good look at the feathery mess in the room and Indi's bulging gut and knew another accident had happened.

One of the pair, a fat rabbit wearing a green bandana, spoke up. "Need help with the clean-up?"

"Nah, Kyler. Jasu will be out cold till morning so we don't need to rush gathering up the blue jay, and I've got his tiger bud tucked away neatly," Indi said, patting his stuffed gut.

"A blue jay and tiger?" Kyler asked. "Damn, I think there was a third person with them tonight, a fat rabbit."

Indi rubbed his temple in frustration. "Alright. Kyler, find the rabbit and confirm he knew the two unlucky ones. No clue what the bird's name was, but the tiger was Darren." Indi glanced over at the blissfully unaware Jasu, who was loudly snoozing away. "I don't care how you deal with him, just deal with him."

Kyler motioned for his silent companion to follow and huffed down to the main floor. The blue jay's explosion had either gone unnoticed or ignored by the majority of the guests, who continued drinking, laughing, and dancing. While the frat house was crowded, Kyler hadn't seen many other rabbits that night, so tracking down his target wouldn't be too difficult. The great hall, rec room, and basement were all rabbit-free, and Kyler was beginning to worry the rabbit had left early. His last hope was the backyard, where a handful of revelers had braved the brisk weather to get away from the thunderous music. When he finally waddled onto the patio all he found were some fellow frat members, until a loud belch gained his attention.

Sitting at the base of an oversized keg was a very drunk rabbit, his belly round and bloated from chugging likely the entire keg on his own. Kyler smiled and approached the guest, hoping he was just sober enough to respond to his question. "Hey dude, you Darren's friend?"

The rabbit turned to Kyler with a content grin on his face, though his eyes wandered. "Darren? Yeah, stripes is my roomie! You know him?"

"Not really, he just wanted me to see if you were having a good time," Kyler said.

"Aww, Darren's the best man!" The rabbit belched again, satisfied. "Don't know what I'd do without him."

"Well fortunately you won't have to find out," Kyler muttered quietly under his breath.

He wasn't eager to waste the next couple days digesting the hefty rabbit, and working off all the fresh weight would be obnoxious. A trio of leftover helium tanks nearby gave him a better solution. Kyler retrieved the fullest one and brought it over to his fellow rabbit, unfurling its hose and putting on the most trusting smile he could.

"Ever mixed beer and helium before?" Kyler asked.

The rabbit appeared to think deeply on the question before answering. "I don't think so."

"You've got to try, the feeling's incredible! Cancels out the weight of the booze and makes your belly a sloshy drum." Kyler did his best to make it sound like the greatest experience in the world, and the rabbit fell for it.

"Sounds awesome, hook me up man!" The rabbit accepted the hose without a second thought, swallowing it down till it entered his stomach.

Kyler quickly turned the tank's nozzle to full blast, grinning as the rabbit's swollen belly began rapidly blimping up from helium. The rabbit watched his expansion with awe, happily tapping on his middle and giving it a few playful shakes. He was either unaware or unconcerned with how swift he was expanding. The frat members who had just been cheering on the rabbit's keg-draining skills were initially confused by Kyler's act, but once they noticed he'd removed his paw completely from the tank's nozzle they suspected what was happening. Kyler quietly mimicking an elephant trunk with his arm confirmed it. One headed over to the backdoor to block nosy guests from stumbling upon the scene, while the others started cheering the rabbit on to keep up the charade.

The rabbit—Logan—was utterly oblivious. He'd been nervous about coming to the frat party with Dominic and Darren at first, but the whole night was turning out to be a blast. Everyone was really friendly, no one had tried to eat him, and the sheer amount of free booze was ridiculous. Mixing in some delightful inflation was just the icing on the cake. He didn't realize his middle had ballooned so much he couldn't move anymore, or that his limbs were starting to bloat and grow stiff. All the nice frat guys were encouraging him and slapping his taut belly, filling the air with laughs and drumming. Logan let out a high-pitched laugh of joy and fell backwards, but his gut bobbed up and arched his back. Then he started to float.

The effects were subtle at first, as the rabbit's considerable flab and the booze in his belly weighed him down. Eventually, though, the helium started to win out. Logan lifted gently off the ground at about the same time his limbs started to become engulfed by his swelling body. Kyler and the other frat members surrounded their target and subtly kept him from floating away, wanting to delay his ascension until he was guaranteed to soar up high. With his mobility essentially gone, Logan finally became somewhat concerned about his situation, politely asking for someone to turn off the tank. Of course the frat members ignored him. He squirmed and wobbled as the pressure within him grew, the drumming on his middle increasing.

When his neck vanished and his head sunk into his spherical body the frat members let go, and Logan rapidly began to rise into the air. The rabbit was well-aware of the danger he was in now, but there was no way for him to grab a hold of anything and spitting out the hose proved impossible. With the trailing helium tank angling him down he watched in horror as the distance to the ground increased. He could see the frat members waving him goodbye, and the drunk rabbit desperately tried to understand what he had possibly done to deserve his horrible fate. Logan drifted higher and higher into the air, a lost balloon waiting to inevitably pop.

Back on the ground, Kyler gave a sigh of relief. He didn't feel great about dooming the rabbit to a high-altitude bursting, but he hadn't wanted to risk alerting other guests with a down-to-Earth popping. Besides, they wouldn't have to clean up any scraps this way. Kyler casually made his way back up to Jasu's room, grabbing a cold beer along the way to wind down. When he arrived, he found Indi slowly gathering up feathers and hide, hindered by his bulging belly. He couldn't help but laugh.

Indi turned and glared at Kyler, before continuing his work. "Is the problem dealt with?"

"Yep, the rabbit was definitely their friend. Now he's a weather balloon." Kyler took a sip of his beer.

"Damn, that's kind of harsh. Really should've just had someone eat him," Indi said, his own stomach gurgling as it went to work on Darren. As he'd hoped, the tiger had never woken.

Kyler shrugged. "They guy'd been chugging kegs, eating him would've been noisy and a huge hassle. Not all of us are willing to fatten up that much for the drunkephant."

"I guess you're right. Thanks for handling that, Kyler, you know I appreciate it," Indi said.

"Yeah, yeah, anytime. You owe me one, though," Kyler grinned, before heading out to enjoy the rest of the party.

Indi simply nodded and went back to cleaning up, while Jasu peacefully dozed away nearby.