

Stain and the Bloat Beer

By: IndigoRho

For probably the hundredth time, Stain looked up at the clock at work, as if time would have somehow passed quicker. Of course the dog wasn't so lucky. The liquor store had been oddly quiet for the last hour, and Stain wanted nothing more than to simply go home so he didn't die of boredom. He was almost beginning to wish a customer would show up so he'd have something—*anything*—to do.

Just then the front door slid opened, an answer to his risky prayer. Three people walked in—an elephant, a cheetah, and a koi dragon—their chatter filling the store immediately. They were dressed in a mix of purple-and-gold hoodies, letterman jackets, and caps, adorned with a trio of Greek letters. Stain recognized the colors of the local university, and guessed his customers were frat boys. Suddenly he missed the quiet boredom a minute earlier.

The frat boys didn't meander around the place as expected, instead heading right towards the counter Stain was behind. They were still talking, Stain realizing the rotund gray elephant was more than likely their leader.

“Uh, evening. Is there anything I can help you with tonight?” Stain asked.

“Yeah! We gotta big party tomorrow night and need bloat beer. You got it?” The elephant replied.

The cheetah—black furred with white spots—looked just as bored as Stain had been, and was the only one paying zero attention to the dog. “August, bro, there's no way they'll have any here, we should've just ordered it online like I *said*!”

“Jet you mumbled about it once,” the koi dragon said, laughing. “While cradling a gut full of beer and rambling on about how we should also order a dozen beach balls or something like that.”

“Pretty sure it was *two* dozen, Kai,” August added. “Though with this bloat beer everyone there'll be round as one so it works out!”

Stain had stood silent the entire time, each attempt to answer interrupted by the trio's teasing. As soon as he saw an opening he took it. “We've got one brand of the stuff; Pacific Swell, I think?” In reality the dog was very well aware of the brand name, having drunk his fair share of it. “How much do you need?”

“Huh, haven't had that before, but we'll take what we can get.” August wasn't very good at hiding his disappointment. “We need two—no, four kegs!”

Stain shouldn't have been surprised by the quantity, but sighed and nodded as he told the trio there was enough. He made his way to the backroom, carting out four kegs of Pacific Swell. It was a local brew, the labels showing the ocean and a nearly spherical orca grinning as he floated above the waves. From experience Stain knew you'd have to guzzle at least an entire keg of the beer to ever get *that* huge, though.

“Alright, I can ring you up then—”

“Wait wait wait, how do we know this stuff is actually good?” Jet, the cheetah, asked. “Last thing we need is for it to be flat or barely bloaty.”

“He's gotta point dude,” Kai told August. “Last party I went to the bloat beer didn't even fizz, so everyone ganged up on the host with a bike pump and—FWOOMP!” The koi dragon puffed his cheeks up and spread his arms out, mimicking a balloon.

“Oof, doubt the guys would stop at just that. Guess we'll have to test it out then!”

The frat boys looked at each other silently, then turned in unison towards Stain. All of a sudden the dog felt very small compared to the trio.

“W-We don't really allow customers to t-test the product before buying but I can assure you it'll make you swell—h-hey!”

Jet and Kai had flanked Stain, grabbing an arm each and easily holding the nervous dog in place. August lifted one of the kegs as if it were light as a pitcher of beer, swirling the attached hose in

a hoof.

“Don't think of it as testing the beer, think of it as us transferring it to a different, dog-shaped keg,” August chuckled. “Hope you're ready to get big, bro!”

Stain shook his head and clenched his mouth shut tight, but it didn't take long for the hose to get shoved past his defenses and down his throat. He whimpered faintly as August held the keg upside down, a torrent of bloat beer rushing through the hose and down his throat. As soon as the cold booze spilled into Stain's stomach he wiggled about, feeling his middle begin to swell soon after. His shirt grew tight, first clinging to his new pot belly and then riding up it.

The bubbles from the bloat beer tickled Stain's stomach, but he did his best to avoid fidgeting too wildly; excess movement would only cause the liquor to live up to its name. To Stain's dismay August seemed intent on emptying the entire keg into him at once. The elephant's gaze was locked on to the dog's growing gut, all three frat boys chanting “Chug! Chug! Chug!” in between laughter.

Stain himself didn't want to see how big he'd gotten, though he could certainly *feel* it. So much beer swirling into him, more than he'd ever had in a few days let alone a few minutes. He thought of how round just a couple bottles of the stuff had made him, and silently begged the keg to run dry sooner rather than later.

When the keg was finally drained, Stain was left sporting a comically large ball gut that he instinctively wanted to cradle in both paws. He was worried he'd topple right over otherwise. Of course he was about to get *even* bigger.

It started off as a playful jostle of Stain's belly by Jet. The bloat beer splashed and bubbled, Stain forced to let out a loud *buh-urrrrrrrrrrrp* that only wobbled him more. His belly began to balloon outward again, and fast. Kai joined in, shaking the blimping dog and provoking belch after belch.

“Please—*uorrrrrrrrrp*—stop! You're gonna—*braaaaap*—make me—*bworrrp*—huge!” Stain managed to plea. His gut had grown another foot wide already.

“Dude that's the point of bloat beer!” August said, gripping both sides of Stain's expanding gut and swaying it fiercely. “This stuff's looking pretty potent—half the hallways are gonna be blocked by blimps for sure!”

Jet drummed on Stain's middle, a burp following each slap. “Not to mention every door. Bet Kai will fill the hot tub like always!”

“That happened *once*!” Kai insisted, blushing as he shook Stain's belly in miss-aimed retaliation.

Stain's middle was now large enough that he doubted he'd have been able to get his arms around it had he not been restrained. The carbonation from the bloat beer was no longer content with just filling his gut, too. His arms and legs began to puff up slightly. With every belch his face seemed a little bit rounder, as if some air had been left behind.

Eventually Jet and Kai were satisfied Stain wouldn't be fleeing any time soon, and released their grip simultaneously.

Stain flailed his arms as he found himself standing on his own once again, losing balance. With a yelp and a bark he rolled onto his blimping belly, a light *urrrrrp* heralding his immobility. His inflation seemed to be slowing, but the sporadic creaks were concerning. The dog was flustered from being forced to chug an entire keg, and didn't look forward to how long it'd take to deflate himself. At least the frat boys should be satisfied enough with the results to leave him alone now.

Unfortunately for Stain, the trio had gotten caught up in the excitement and temporarily forgotten why they were turning him into a belching balloon. A second keg was raised, Stain's eyes widening as a fresh hose was shoved into his mouth. His protests were promptly ignored, then garbled by the flow of booze.

The splashing of beer echoed throughout Stain's cavernous stomach, as audible as the splashing once Kai and Jet began to rock the dog back and forth. Stain rose higher and higher upon his expanding middle, arms and legs swelling—even his paws getting puffy. His body was rapidly starting to resemble

a sphere, his neck a bloated cushion that his head sunk into.

Even when the hose was removed Stain continued to grow. Creaks were occasionally drowning out the splashing and bubbling, though nothing could quite match the thunderous burps the dog unleashed. The frat boys were particularly fond of forcing them out, pressing their paws hard into Stain's bloated sides frequently and laughing at the belching that ensued.

The store itself was not made with a blimp in mind, which quickly began to show. Stain winced as he felt himself pressing up against the counter, the cart, the kegs—everything that dared get in his path. A side pushed against a nearby aisle, nudging bottles of liquor into one another. He could feel the aisle wavering, his swelling bulk actually getting the better of it. On instinct he shut his eyes when he realized the aisle was seconds away from toppling over.

The sound of shattering bottles filled the store, a whole section of the aisle devastated by Stain. The frat boys were relatively unfazed by the destruction.

By the time Stain finally ceased growing he'd knocked over the register and brushed up against two walls and the ceiling, filling a corner of the store.

“Now *that* is some quality beer!” August said, thumping the hollow sides of the massive dog. “Can't believe we didn't hear about this stuff sooner.”

“It's gonna be flying off the shelves after we blimp up our whole party with it!” Jet snickered.

“Not if August just buys it all himself and fills the whole frat house,” Kai said, dodging a lazy swipe from the elephant.

“Alright bros, let's head out,” August said. “Still got a lot to do!”

Stain frowned as he watched the trio leave the store. “W-wait, can't you—*buhrrp*—at least deflate me!”

The frat boys stopped just outside, and for a second Stain thought they were going to who him some mercy. August hurried back in and stopped in front of Stain—only to grab the two remaining kegs and leave behind a wad of cash.

“Night bro, and thanks for the recommendation!”

Stain sighed, then burped. It was going to take a whole night of belching to regain his mobility...