

A Few Bottles of Heftweizen

By: IndigoRho

Reid wandered aimlessly down the aisles of the liquor store, squinting as he read dozens of labels. The slim, mint green tiger enjoyed hanging out with his friends, but being on beer duty was the worst. He rarely drank as he was admittedly a lightweight. He also didn't care much for beer in general, which meant relying entirely on the suggestions of friends when it was his turn to buy.

This time Reid had just been told to buy a "hefeweizen". What should have been simple had turned into an ordeal. On the verge of giving up and simply buying the first recognizable brand he saw, Reid's gaze finally settled on a case of exactly what he needed. Or at least that's what he thought. Had the tiger not been in such a rush he may have noticed the beer was actually labeled "heftweizen", a specialty brew with some rather significant side effects that gave it its name.

Lugging the case to the checkout up front was a struggle, and Reid barely noticed the rotund husky manning the register giving him an amused look while ringing him up.

"So," the husky said. "Got some big plans?"

"Oh, just a party. Not too many of us, though."

"Well you certainly picked well for it. From personal experience there's no brand better in the whole store." The husky gave his belly a pat, as if for emphasis, much to Reid's confusion.

After the odd experience at check out Reid was eager to get home. Carrying the beer to and from his car proved exhausting, and when he finally set it down on his table he practically collapsed into a nearby chair.

There was only an hour before the party, but Reid found himself craving a beer. Perhaps it was just because he was thirsty, or because he thought being tipsy would make the time pass quicker. Whatever the reason, Reid cracked open one of the beers and took a sip.

As expected, the taste didn't do much for Reid. It wasn't bad, wasn't good, just *was*. Despite his apathy he continued drinking, though, reluctant to leave his chair. A couple sips in Reid felt a relaxing warmth in his middle he promptly ignored. The tiger's flat stomach suddenly swelled and wobbled until he had gained a hint of a chubby belly.

The beer was deceptively strong. Normally Reid could have needed to drink a whole bottle to settle into a comfortable buzz, yet he was already drunk only half-way through the heftweizen. Drinking more only became easier, Reid oblivious to the fact that every sip was making him fatter. His ribs became less and less noticeable, love handles forming as he grew softer all over. His shirt and pants were getting tighter, but not to a concerning degree.

With the first bottle drained completely, Reid was inebriated enough to feel a second wouldn't hurt.

Sips turned into chugs. The growing tiger was mellowing out, forgetting both his worries *and* the fact his belly didn't normally stick out from beneath his shirt. Or that he even had a belly to begin with. It was a curiosity, his only response being to futilely try and pull down his shirt that no longer fit. Poor excuses drifted into his mind, accepted despite making no sense. *This shirt's old, it's just shrunk a bit. I'm sitting down awkwardly so it's bunched up. I'm not trying hard enough, but it doesn't really matter.*

After his second bottle, the once-lithe Reid had swelled from a hundred and fifty pounds to just over two hundred. The sharp angles of his face were gone, softened away. He had chubbier cheeks and the beginning of a second chin. Though not fat by any means the difference in weight was drastic considering just how thin he'd been just a few minutes before.

Fortunately the liquor ensured he didn't notice. Drunk and cheerful, Reid decided to move to a comfier location as he waited for his friends to arrive, carrying four more bottles along with him.

First steps were awkward as Reid adjusted to the new weight. The sensation of being heavier was shrugged off as exhaustion, his chubby belly jiggling slightly as he walked. Reid's shirt rode up

higher during the short trip, and his middle was mostly exposed by the time he plopped down in his recliner.

The TV was turned on, a bottle cap tossed off, and a deep gulp taken. Reid was drinking the beer like water, perpetually fattening up. His clothing was finally getting uncomfortable. Sleeves dug into fresh pudge as seams creaked, threads snapping apart. He lazily undid his pant button, his modest middle wobbling at the relief of pressure.

Soon Reid was undoubtedly plump.

“Huh, t-this stuff isn't—*buh-urrrrrrrrrrrp*—that bad,” Reid said with a grin. “Feeling nice and—*uorrrp*—nice and warm, great for chilly days. Bit heavy, though.”

Inevitably seams ripped apart, Reid's outfit unable to handle the much doughier tiger. Their destruction was met with relief as he reached two hundred and fifty pounds. From his paws to his thighs to his neck Reid had gotten chunkier, and the pounds were still piling on. He was all smiles, laughing at anything even remotely funny on TV and burping frequently. He'd also completely lost track of how much beer he'd drunk, which only led to him drinking more...and more...and more.

One paw always gripped a bottle while the other idly played with his soft gut. Reid didn't realize the permanency of his new source of amusement, that the fat he was squeezing and prodding was his own. Then again, if there had been anyone there to point it out to him he would have merely brushed it off as not being a big deal. He could just jog or swim a little and all those pounds would vanish just as fast as they appeared. Reality would have to wait till morning.

Reid's thick paw put down an empty beer and groped for another, but found only disappointment. He glanced over at the four bottles he'd blasted through, swearing he'd brought more. Oh well, a trip to the kitchen wouldn't be *that* bad.

Reid slid off the couch and stumbled—just as much do to the booze as his new heft. The tiger had doubled in size, barely recognizable compared to an hour earlier. There was a slight waddle to his walk, his belly bouncing gently with each step. His clothing still clung to him in tatters, though it'd likely only take one more bottle to finish it off.

Halfway to the kitchen, the doorbell got Reid's attention.

“Sweet, the—*bwoarrrrrrrp*—guys are here!”

Eager to introduce his friends to the great beer he'd found, Reid hurried to the front door. The tiger's big night had only just begun...