

(A/N: This is a request that I was asked to do by [rainbowriderv](#) A.K.A. [EmissaryOfRainbows](#))

Late nights were not uncommon in Doctor Maheswaran's line of work. However, they were still draining, even to someone as dedicated to a profession as her. The operation that she was currently performing on her patient required both hands, so she was unable to wipe the sweat dripping down her forehead. Priya's tired black pupils gave a quick glance at the quartz clock on the opposite side of the room, the short red arm pointing at the number '10' and the long red arm pointing at the number '12'.

"Ugh." The white-clad physician mentally groaned.

She had been working on this job for hours without even the slightest break for food or to use the restroom, her drive to make sure that her patient is patched up as much as possible forcing her to push through. Well, that and the hypothetical look on the person's face when they receive the bill for her work. That'll teach them to keep Priyanka away from her family... and for walking head first into traffic all because of them being distracted by their phone. Still, bags of fatigue had begun to sag below her eyes. She could feel her body's movements become more sluggish. Even her vision was starting to blur and distort.

It was clear that the reality of her workaholic nature, though noble in concept, had finally caught up with her. Should her performance lag any further, the risk of an accident occurring during the operation would increase, as would the likelihood of a lawsuit against the hospital.

That was the straw that broke the camel's back.

With a 'screw it' mentality, Priya halted her work for the first time in hours, her hands thanking her for the rest. Then she removed her mask, wiped the sweat from her brow, and trudged over to her left, stopping at a counter with a coffee machine. Now, she was not very familiar with the caffeinated beverage, believing it to be unhealthy in the long-term and on top of that just smelling off. Tea was much more appealing to her, but it was also dulling one's senses, which was counteractive to Priya's current predicament. Besides, her petition to replace all coffee in the hospital with tea was unanimously stricken down.

Grabbing a white styrofoam cup in her right hand and the coffee pot in the left hand, she poured the liquid into her cup, the fluid's hue matching her skin's dark tan complexion. The beverage's heat seeped through the styrofoam and into her palm. Steam rose from the top and wafted into her small pointed, making the mother of Connie cringe.

Clearly the smell had not improved since the last time she had been around coffee.

She blew on the coffee first to cool it off, then brought the cup to her lips and Priyanka took a small sip. The taste was more bearable than she presupposed, though her lack of experience with the beverage kept her from determining what exact flavor it was. Another sip was taken, this one larger and longer, and it lasted until the cup was drained. As soon as she finished, Priyanka's stomach rumbled beneath her pale blue shirt, signaling that it was far from full. Ordinarily, the stoic physician would push aside her body's physical needs for the sake of her work, but given that she was already taking a break anyway and her snack would help keep her performance from deteriorating further...

"Hmm." She shrugged. "Some more can't hurt."

With that rationalization, she repeated the coffee pouring and consumption process, Priya finding the taste more enjoyable with every cup, before the once full coffee pot had been emptied. While downing the remaining drink, she glanced at the clock again and her eyes widened in shock as it read '10:10'

"Damn it!" She swore mentally.

Then she quickened the pace in which she consumed her beverage to return to the patient. When the last drops of coffee fell past her lips, Priya put her cup back on the counter, put her mask back on, and returned to the patient. Already, the coffee's stimulating powers took effect, as when she went back to work, Doctor Maheswaran felt a

surge of energy. Her eyes widened, growing more alert to her surroundings. Her body's movements accelerated to what they were in their peak condition.

"This feels amazing!" Priyanka thought to herself. "Perhaps there's a benefit to coffee after all."

However, while she's correct in regard to her improved performance due to the lively drink, there were some caveats to come with the consumption of the caffeinated coffee that Priyanka would soon become familiar with.

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Priyanka had just finished the operation and instructed her patient to rest at the hospital for the night. The Doctor took off her white lab coat - breathing a sigh of relief when she saw that the sweat had not stained it - and hung it over her right arm. She was about to leave when she put her left hand on her stomach, which had swollen a decent amount to accommodate the influx of fluid, and winced in discomfort.

"*BBUURRPP!*"

Catching her by surprise was a one-second-long burp that echoed throughout the hallway. It carried the stench of digesting coffee as well as the remnants of her earlier breakfast of roti (flatbread), dosas (thin crepes made of lentils), idlis (steamed rice-dough pancakes), dip and chutney, and spiced potatoes. She immediately slapped both hands to her mouth as a heightened alertness made her turn to both sides of the hall with dilated pupils and blushing cheeks, and she sighed in relief at the sight of desolation.

"Excuse me." Priyanka apologized out of habit, though that isn't to say that such a breach in etiquette occurred regularly. "Good thing I'm alone. I can only imagine a scenario where my crass action occurred in public. My professional image would go right down the toilet. Oh God, what if Doug and Connie witnessed that?!"

She tugged on her dark brown shoulder-length hair for a moment before recomposing herself. "Get a grip, Priyanka!" She scolded herself. "That's the sleep deprivation talking. Just go home and get some rest. You'll have the entire weekend to spend with your family. You've earned it." The doc finished before another crude belch parted her lips like the Red Sea, this time having twice the length, volume, and potency.

"This is ridiculous. It must be the ***CCCOOOFFFFFEEEEEE!*"** She paused in response to burping out the last word in that sentence. "I need to go home now."

She speed walked through the hospital, emitting a plethora of belches of varying lengths, volume, and depth. The only thing consistent was the smell and the grotesque way they all sounded. Her feeling of nervousness must have increased, judging by how her arms were shaking with every step she took. Then she remembered one of the side effects of ingesting too much caffeine: the jitters.

"But anyone could get that from coffe-***EERRRPPPP!*"** Why d-did chronic belching h-have to be a symptom exclusive t-to me." Priyanka complained, then widened her eyes in realization. "Great, n-now I'm s-stut-***BBBEEEELLLLLCCCCCHHHHH!*"-tering."**

If she is ever offered the choice of coffee again, this experience would serve as a helpful reminder to avoid the dreaded beverage at all costs.

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Some time later, Priyanka had exited the hospital to find that her car was the only one in the parking lot. "Well, at least I-I know there weren't a-any witnesses," She smiled lightly before another pained apofany occurred. "Excepted f-for the security cameras." The doctor sulked before ripping another eructation involuntarily. "The security g-guards are going to h-have a riot when they s-see the tapes."

Pushing that thought out of her head, Priyanka made her way to her car, frantically fishing for her keys in her tan pants pockets during the walk. Upon opening the door and landing in the driver's seat, Pri slammed the door and

struggled to start the car as her agitation and shaking made putting her keys in the ignition slot needlessly complicated. As the vehicle's engine roared to life, Priyanka gave a roar of her own entirely unintentionally and laid her coat in the passenger's seat before pulling out of the lot and driving into the road.

"Hmph. I should h-have some sort of medication for this ailment. **BBBhhhHUuuRrPPrP!**" She muttered to herself before being cut off by an obscene oscillating eructation. "Something like tums or pepto-bismol, t-to help ease the pain." She searched a spare purse with her right hand while fighting the urge to take her left hand off the wheel in order to soothe her rumbling gut.

Fortunately, she came across a red light just as she had found a medicine. It was a new non-descript brand that was touted by its company as 'all the best parts of Tums and Bismuth subsalicylate without any of their side effects'.

The 'screw it' state of mind had manifested again in Pri's head, convincing her to pop the pills in her maw.

All of them.

With that container empty, Priyanka dropped it back in her bag and waited for the purported miracle drug to take effect. All of this happened while the light remained red.

"F-For once, I'm grateful for the wait." She thought.

A couple seconds later, the light turned green signifying the motion of the automobile, as well as the effects of the meds.

At first, she felt her blue-clad belly growl softly, before going completely silent. Several seconds passed and not a single sound was uttered. A few minutes more, and all was still quiet.

"Huh. My stomach doesn't feel like a tumultuous maelstrom anymore." The doc commented while placing her right hand on her still somewhat distended tummy, then blinked for a moment. "And I'm no longer stuttering. This actually wor-"

As if on cue, a moist, bubbly belch flung forth from Priyanka's face, without even the slightest hint or warning to her. It was her most impressive yet, filling the car's interior with the distinct stench of Pri's past meals from the last three days - and it was actually visible as a dark green haze, as if the temperature were 30°F. However, the heat actually increased due to the epic eructation, same for the humidity, as evident by how her long straightened hair began to loop around into curls and spaz out into frizs. The volume was also nothing to scoff at, as the booming burp jostled Priya's eardrums, threatening to make them burst into bloody paste. The windows rattled, and the windshield even cracked a little bit in the middle.

"Fantastic, I wonder how the insurance company would respond to a claim that the damage was caused by a burp." She snarked mentally in the midst of her crude chorus.

For seven tortuous seconds, the boisterous belch blared, sounding more akin to the noises that the Steven boy's pet lion would make when angry rather than anything a human could produce. Seven seconds too long, in her opinion. When the reverberating eructation ended, Priyanka wasted no time in rolling down the windows. However, her efforts to completely air out the car were thwarted as some of the stubborn stench continued to linger while the rest leaked out all four doors, free to pollute the outside world to Priya's utter apathy.

On the bright side, her stomach had receded considerably. In fact, her shirt masked her merely partially protruding paunch almost perfectly. It felt empty as far as Priyanka could tell too, going by how she wasn't orally expelling gas at all upon pressing her right hand into her belly. Out of sheer curiosity, she picked up the medicine container again and read the information on the back when she stopped at another red light. One of the line stated that it calmed down upset stomachs and reversed bloating by converting all material inside the abdomen into gas to be expelled.

"Well, they were right about the drawbacks. I don't remember Tums or Pepto-Bismol coming with that caveat."

Silence clung to the car like a blanket for the remainder of the trip home. Priyanka took no further chances with the medicinal drug, despite no current tangible evidence giving her any reason to doubt it, and kept her mouth clamped shut until she got to the Mahasharan residence. She took her work attire and purse and exited the motor vehicle, making a mental note to buy air fresheners early tomorrow for the car to eliminate or at least conceal the offending odor still fermenting within it.

Unlocking the door, Priyanka took off her dark red low-heeled shoes, hung up her coat on the new coat rack that the family got (Connie gave her the idea), sat her purse on the table, and went to her bedroom. She saw that her husband was already asleep, and he most definitely would've put their daughter to bed by now - she checked her watch and went wide-eyed when she saw that it read 'eleven o'clock'.

At last, her debacle had ended. Priyanka could rest, the gas had subsided, and most importantly, she would not be embarrassed in front of her fam-

Almost as if it were a parting gift, Priyanka's abdomen churned up a final burst of gas, this time it carrying a consistent bassy tone. Another cloud, now nigh-opaque and matching her skin in color, spewed past her quivering lips and swiftly spread throughout the entire room before invading the rest of the house through the open bedroom door. The belch ripped louder than any previous one, echoing throughout the house and outright shattering the windows. Such an ill-mannered display droned on for what seemed like an eternity for Priyanka, though 'thankfully' it had ceased after a staggering fourteen seconds.

Priyanka swerved to meet her husband's shocked face with her own. "Damn."

The two parents looked in the direction of the sound, and saw blanched when they saw their dear Connie in the door frame, hopelessly attempting to fan away the putid burp fumes that had made her eyes water.

Priyanka simply stared at her daughter, her mind trying to process what would happen next. All of the effort to keep from influencing Connie with such rude behavior had been in vain. Not to mention the inherent embarrassment that burping in front of someone would wrought. With a defeated sigh, Pri nodded and explained her predicament.

After the escapade had been recaped, an awkward silence befell the family for several seconds, until it was promptly broken by a giggle from the glasses-less girl. “It’s ok, Mom.”

“She’s right, Priyanka.” Doug agreed, putting on his glasses.

“But I just....” The Doctor struggled to put her thoughts into words.

“You said that it was an accident and we believe you,” Connie reaffirmed, walking through the now largely dissipated mist of stomach gas to comfort her mother. “It could have just been the coffee itself, or maybe your body just wasn't used to having it, but in any case, you were trying to at least be polite about burping.”

“Besides, belching is natural,” Doug chimed in, placing a calming left hand on her left shoulder. “Everyone does it.”

It took a few more seconds for Priyanka to register what was happening, but soon she wrapped her right arm around her child and put her left arm behind her spouse's head and pushed him in for a kiss. “Thank you. I'm lucky to have such an understanding family.”

“And if your worried about me learning any bad behavior from this, I've seen Amethyst belch much more powerfully, and I haven't learned how to do it.” Connie reaffirmed. “Though she had offered me lessons before.”

Priyanka only had one response to that. “Just another reason to distrust that purple Crystal Gem.”