

"C'mon, Jen. I look ridiculous. Let's just go home."

"Don't be so hard on yourself, Shin. You look great!" Jen responded cheerfully, yet Shinden didn't even need to turn his head to hear his girlfriend struggle to hold back a wave of laughter. Well, Shinden still couldn't help but to flick his glowing yellow eyes in her direction, and thus he was met with a bombardment of squeaky, high pitch giggling.

"For the love of..." The large wolf sighed, thumping his head against the passenger door.

Or, well, he would have, if it weren't for the large plastic cone strapped to his neck colliding with the car window instead, causing his head to bounce against it slightly.

Unsurprisingly, the comedic **thunk** didn't do much to stop Jen's laughter, the fellow wolf having to bring a paw to her muzzle just to stem the chortles. "I-I'm sorry, i-it's just, heehee...i-it's just-"

"Go on." Shinden raised a brow.

"Th-the cone-"

"What about the cone?"

More giggling ensued, leaving Shinden even more exasperated and embarrassed. Of course it was the cone. The stupid, plastic cone stuck around his neck, resting atop his shoulders and coming up to his snout, just barely allowing his angry, yellow eyes to see over it. Even then, his eyesight was still impacted, as the lower half of his vision was obscured in the semi-opaque plastic. Hell, it was the reason why he wasn't even allowed to drive, instead letting his girlfriend take him to the pup while adoringly teasing him while the sabertooth wolf sat cross-armed and growling like a grumpy toddler.

Stupid cone. And for what; just because he couldn't stop picking at the scar on his neck? It's not his fault stitches were incredibly itchy! The neck surgery left a large gash along the side of his neck, and of course the lupine couldn't help but to scratch at it at nearly all hours of the day; driving to and from work, idle at work, or even just watching tv. It became an issue when he nearly reopened the wound just from clawing at it while asleep!

And what did his doctor recommend to stop the itching? Not anti-itch cream or anything sensible like that, but an enormous plastic cone that made him look like a lampshade! Heck, Shinden would have preferred to be handcuffed instead of wearing this stupid thing around. "Just one week, until it was time to safely remove the stitches," the doctor had said, but Shinden was fairly certain that doctor was a dropout comedian, and this was all an elaborate prank. He was waiting for a camera man to jump into view with a host appearing with a microphone telling him he was about to appear on an MTV show.

Well, at least stewing in his own misery bought Jen enough time to recover from her giggle fit. The other wolf leaned in to gently rub her hand against her boyfriend's thigh, smiling warmly. "C'mon, Shin. You've been telling me how you couldn't wait to go out and get drinks with the boys again."

"Yeah, that was before Doctor Stupid confused me with a patient who was neutered," Shinden grumbled, tapping the cone.

"Psssh." Jen waved her paw. "Ok, so it looks a little silly. People go to bars looking a little silly all the time. What's the worst that can happen?"

Shinden raised a brow. "I end up humiliated to the point where I can never show my face around town again."

The other wolf scoffed, pushing off his thigh. "You're so dramatic! These are your *friends*, Shin! They'll poke fun at it, sure, but give it ten minutes and you'll all be laughing together. When's the last time anyone's stretched out a joke for longer than that anyways?"

Shinden opened his mouth to counter, only to instead frown and slowly shut up. Dammit, she had a point. It was hard to stay mad when he knew he was wrong. Yes, it'd be embarrassing for the first few minutes or so, but then the joke would stale and they'd wind up chatting about something else. Who knows, maybe with a few drinks in him, Shinden will start finding the situation fairly funny as well. Just as long as no one starts drunkenly trying to toss bottle caps into the cone.

He must have looked noticeably more relieved, as Jen's smile widened, the wolfess' paw brushing his shoulder. "Go have fun, hun. I'll pick you up in a few hours."

"Yeah... alright." Shinden smiled. "Thanks, Jen." Feeling more confident than he ever felt wearing an oversized cone, the sabertooth wolf popped open the door and hopped out-

thunk!

Well, he would have hopped out, if the stupid cone hadn't caught itself in the doorway. Well, at least Jen found it hilarious, given how loud she giggled behind him...

Shinden thought he felt nervous just sitting in his car, but actually standing before the bar made the wolf's heart sink into his stomach. If he'd gone to any other little pub off the side of the road, perhaps he wouldn't feel so nervous, but his friends *insisted* on meeting at the Yeast Cake brewery.

Like the name implied, the Yeast Cake brewery manufactured their own beer, and quite a lot of it too, seeing as the name of their brew was known globally. What made it particularly stand out, however, was their open bar, where patrons were allowed to dine and drink on quite literally the freshest homemade beer possible.

Of course, that meant that, despite the main room being quite large, it was almost always packed. And it meant Shinden would absolutely be humiliating himself in front of what would feel like half the entire freakin' town the moment he set foot inside! Stupid, stupid cone!

"Deep breaths," he sighed. Whatever, he didn't come here to be judged, right? He came just to hang out with his friends: A.B and Texan. The others probably won't even notice him come in, right? They have their own conversations and their own booze to focus on. The Yeast Cake was a respectable place too; no rowdiness was tolerated in the slightest. Yeah, he'll be fine!

Deep breath in, deep breath out. Shinden forced himself a smile (even if others wouldn't be able to see it thanks to the plastic) and opened the door, stepping in-

THUNK!

-Well, he *would* have stepped in if it weren't for a certain plastic object wedging him in the doorway! Stupid, stupid cone!

Grunting and growling, the frustrated wolf braced himself against the doorway, struggling to squeeze his way through. Couldn't the idiot doctor who made him wear this damn thing design a cone that was at least a little bit malleable? The scrapings of the wooden doorway told him he was making progress, and after what felt like an entire minute of tugging and wrestling, the wolf finally made it through, red faced and huffing.

But, with all of his effort dedicated to squeezing inside, Shinden did not realize the entire room had gone silent to observe him squeezing his way through. It was only for a moment, however, for as quickly as the building had gone silent, Shinden was met with an explosion of laughter that left his ears ringing.

As if his face wasn't red enough already. Talk about the worst case scenario. The humiliated wolf would have done a complete 180 and left if he didn't have to deal with another minute of struggling with the door. Instead, he chose his next best option, and walked straight towards the bar where he could get his hands on something strong and cheap. Surely enough booze could help quench the fiery rage he felt pounding away within him.

Until then, he'd have to endure the sneers and jeers of the bar's many patrons, most of which sprouted from a rather bottom-heavy otter sitting by the bar. "H-hey, Shinden! If I tug on your tail, will your face glow like a lamp?"

Shinden rolled his eyes. "I'm rolling my eyes, by the way." He explained, in case the otter couldn't see past the large cone. Sighing, he took a seat behind the plump mustelid. "It's nice to see you too, A.B."

A.B just snickered at that, his plump tail swaying behind him softly like a pendulum. "I was really worried when I heard you needed surgery for your neck last week. I thought something horrible happened, but, heheh, I guess you just sprained it from trying to lick your...your- pfffft!"

The otter couldn't even finish his joke without erupting into snorts and snickering, his chubby pink cheeks enough of a tell that he'd gotten a headstart into their drinking night. But, he heard another set of chuckles from right next to A.B. leaning forward, the coned wolf could see a smaller fox sitting beside the curvaceous otter, a paw to his muzzle.

Shinden's ears folded. "C'mon, Tex. You're gonna let him mock me like that?"

Conversely, Texan's ears shot up. "Hey, that's not fair! You two usually mock me cuz I'm always I'D checked when we come in. It's nice not being the butt of the joke for once." The little fox reached for his cup of soda, taking a big sip through a bendy straw.

Shinden huffed in response. "What about A.B, then? He's literally perfect for the butt of the joke; he's literally spilling around his stool!"

A.B snorted at that. "I dunno what you're talking about, Shin. The stools here are so hard and firm, so I took some stool softener to fix that," he snickered, wiggling his heavy hips around his creaking seat.

"That...that joke was terrible, A.B."

"Who cares what you think. You have a cone for a head!"

The wolf growled. "But I can't help the- *forget it!*" Gah, he was so mad, he wouldn't be surprised if others saw actual steam coming out from his cone head! It's not like he could explain how humiliating this was; A.B has already had one too many, and Texan's all too eager to have someone else to make fun of other than himself, as the little fox has already explained. And what did Jen say about his friends forgetting about the cone in only a few minutes?

Blinded by his own shimmering fury, the lupine didn't even notice that the bartender had been standing before him for a while now, a paw covering the tigress' muzzle in a piss poor attempt to hide her smirk. Shinden sighed. "Give me something cheap and strong. The whole bottle."

“R-right away,” the feline muttered behind her paw, briefly leaving before returning with a whole bottle of the Yeast Cake’s signature brew. Finally, something to numb the humiliation. The sabertooth wolf was all too happy to grab the bottle and bring it to his-

THUNK!

“Oh, come on!”

A.B and Texan’s laughter redoubled as Shinden attempted to drink from his bottle, instead clanging the lid of it against his plastic funnel and spilling several drops of it onto himself. Stupid, stupid cone! What’s worse, the wolf realized that with how big the funnel was, there was no way he could wrap his arms around it for him to drink from his bottle, at least not without spilling half of it onto himself. Dammit, how had he not thought this through!

As if he couldn’t get any more humiliated, the wolf had to turn and look at his short fox friend. “Hey, Tex...can I borrow one of your straws?”

Before Texan could respond, however, A.B had already snatched the bottle in his chubby mitts. “Don’t worry, Shin. I gotcha!”

“Wait, A.B, Don’t-!” But It was too late, as Shinden saw that bottle rise above the cone and thrust towards his face! To avoid making a mess, the wolf instinctively leaned forward to catch the end with his mouth, forcing him to drink...and drink...and drink...

“Mmmf!” He cried out, his eyes starting to water. He claws at the cone, then slammed his fist on the table, anything to get the tipsy otter to relent. Alas, A.B only lifted the bottle away after the wolf had guzzled down every last drop, causing him to let out a massive belch afterwards, huffing.

A.B, of course, looked quite pleased. “Nice one, Shin! See, that funnel o’ yours comes in handy!”

“S-shove it.” Shinden groaned, rubbing his head. That was... a lot. He felt the weight of all that beer in his stomach, a buzz already forming in his head. Sheesh, normally it took an hour or two of social drinking to feel something like that.

Seeing the headache forming, the otter’s little ears lowered slightly. “Heh, sorry Shin. I couldn’t help myself there. Tex, can he borrow a straw-”

“Naaaaw.” Shinden waved an arm, smirking. “I’m already feeling better. Do it again, until I forget I’m even wearing this stupid thing.”

A.B’s grin returned with full force. “Awright! Now you’re talkin’!”

Elsewhere, just beyond a set of double doors leading to the actual brewery itself, a young hawk was putting away an entire bottle similar to how Shinden drank his. Yes, it was taboo to drink on the job, but he'd more than earned his right today, dammit. Stuck working on a holiday weekend with no bonuses, he'd earned himself a treat! Besides, it's not like the avian couldn't handle a bit of alcohol in his system; that impressive beer belly of his was testament of that.

In any case, the hawk finished off that bottle as quickly as he'd done dozen others, a loud belch escaping his beak. With a flick of the wrist, the empty container soared through the air before landing expertly in the trash bin right behind him. A good trick he'd developed after years of working here; he *hated* sweeping up broken glass.

Almost as much as he hated filling up these boring-ass containers, the avian sighed as he held the hose. Why the Yeast Cake still used wooden barrels to hold their beer, he'll never know. Some say it's to make the beer taste more aged, or give it an oak-y aftertaste. The hawk definitely didn't notice any of that, and he had *plenty* of experience with beer. In his opinion, the Yeast Cake were just cheapskates. Seriously, the wooden planks on some of these vats were getting warped from how long they've been in use. It wouldn't take much for a leak to occur.

Whatever, as long as it wasn't on his shift, right?

The beer-bellied bird yawned. Filling beer vats was an easy job he could do with one hand and half inebriated, but damn was it boring. As strong as the hose was, it took quite some time to fill just one of these barrels; they were over twenty feet tall, for crying out loud! Merry freaking Christmas to himself, right? If only they'd put up a TV on one of the walls, or give him something to distract himself with.

Instead, the hawk had to climb a pushable ladder next to the keg he was filling to get his entertainment. The only window leading out of the storage room was near the ceiling, and it so happened to peer right into the bar room. Granted, that window was on the other side of the room, but the phrase hawk-eye vision didn't come from nothing. Even with his vision a tad bit blurred from his earlier bottle, the avian could still quite effortlessly peer into the next room, curiously looking for any folks who've had a few too many to fumble about and fall on their asses, like a Three Stooges skit.

But instead of seeing that, the avian found something much, much better. "Shiiiiieeeet! Is that wolf wearing a freaking cone on his head?!"

He was! The hawk erupted into laughter, safe in knowing he was in a soundproof room. What the actual hell?! A wolf was wearing a big-ass plastic cone around his neck and head, like

a dog out of surgery to prevent itself from nipping at its junk! He couldn't even drink on his own, needing his fatass otter friend to hold his beer into his mouth. Holy shit, and some dude behind him was eyeing the wolf from across the room, balling up a bunch of plastic into a ball, no doubt to try and toss it into the wolf's cone as though it were some big waste basket.

The avian couldn't stop laughing, his beer belly bouncing his shirt up and down. Oh, this was too good! Nevermind, he was glad he came into work today, this alone made up for it completely! The hawk actually had to reach up with a free claw to wipe a tear from his eye, just watching all the stupid shenanigans they were doing to this poor wolf. God damn, he wished he could fill up that cone with this hose of his, and stick a little toothpick into it and turn the wolf into the world's biggest martini!

He laughed, and laughed, and laughed until his stomach hurt...alas, in hindsight, he should have laughed a little less, for it completely overshadowed the sound of wood creaking and groaning.

The hawk only realized it was too late when he heard a particularly loud *chunkf*, followed by the telltale signs of liquid leaking out of the barrel.

"Shiet!"

He practically flew down the ladder, dropping the hose to rush over to the source of the sound. To his horror, a large chunk of wood had blown through, roughly half the size of his fist, with beer gushing out. Dammit, he was screwed if he didn't get this under control. Maybe he could salvage this situation yet; plug it up with his wing, snatch the missing chunk of wood off the ground with his talon, and shove it back in before anyone noticed. Yeah, he's got this!

Rapidly sobering up, the hawk reached out to fill the hole with his wing, but upon contact with the barrel, he was suddenly overwhelmed as the entire plank of wood exploded outward, sending a powerful torrent of fizzy beer straight at him! Gasping in shock, he stumbled back, only for his elbow to crash hard into the vat of beer behind him. That impact alone was enough to send tears into the avian's eyes, who yanked out his elbow to check for a bump. Or, he would have, if the impact hadn't ruptured the second vat, another powerful stream buffeting him from the other side.

Blinded, he staggered away from both beer vats, coughing and sputtering. His vision was blurry, having got quite a bit of it into his eyes, but when he wiped away enough of the suds to properly see, the avian saw something that made him wish he'd been blinded instead.

Leaks sprung up all over the second vat he bumped into, as though that one hard impact alone had triggered a chain effect. Speaking of, the stream of the first vat was pouring directly onto a third vat, with enough force to slowly but surely dislodge the valve!

Forget his job, the hawk himself was screwed if he didn't get out of here. And all of this happened because he was too busy laughing at the wolf in the other room! Stupid, stupid cone!

With a panicked yelp, the avian dove onto the fire alarm, yanking it without a moment's notice. First thing's first, he had to warn everyone in the building to evacuate!

Without warning, a noisy alarm blared throughout the entire building. Shinden himself felt himself jumping in his seat involuntarily, which was a poor choice, as he ended up spilling the rest of the beer A.B had been offering to him onto his chin.

The tingling fizz on his chin was the least of his concerns, however, as Shinden and the others looked around curiously. Was there a fire? A burglary? Did someone hurt themselves? All around him, the wolf could hear the confused and worried murmurs of the patrons around him which were, admittedly, better than the laughter he'd been hearing all night.

But now wasn't the time for that. Something was wrong! But what?

That question was answered soon enough, as the doors leading into the actual brewery suddenly opened up. Everyone turned to watch as an absolutely drenched hawk shoved open the doors, huffing and panting, with beer spewing out from around his ankles. "Everyone out, now!" He cried out, before hobbling towards the bar's exit.

Anyone looking towards those doors would understand why, as the incoming flood of beer spilling through the doorway was *nothing* compared to the literal tsunami approaching from the back!

Panicked yells filled the room as furs drunk and sober stumbled towards the doorway, away from what they could assume was a fizzy, drunken death! Of the trio sitting at the bar, Texan was the first one on his feet, grabbing his larger, drunker friends' tails and tugging on them. "C'mon guys, move! We gotta go!"

Shinden yelped and nearly fell back onto the poor fox, while A.B barely budged from his seat. Regardless, the fat otter still managed to find his way onto his feet first, grabbing Shinden's arm and tugging him off the stool.

Finally alert to the situation they were in, the drunk wolf "durf'd" and stumbled onto his feet. They were the last to leave, alas, but at least they had plenty of time before the tidal wave of beer hit them, right? Hopefully the walls of the building wouldn't burst from the sheer force, and they could sidestep the beer pouring out through the front door! As such, they ran straight through the doorway, with Shinden right on their heels-

"THUNK!"

Alas, Shinden was hindered by his one and only goal of arriving at the bar in the first place; to drink enough to forget he was wearing a cone in the first place!

Yelping, the wolf felt his legs run out without the rest of him, his plastic cone clotheslining him and sending him falling onto his back. Landing with a loud grunt, Shinden was helpless but to look on upside down as the wave of ale surged straight towards him. "Stupid, stupid col-HRRRRRK!!"

He drank.

He had no choice but to; it was that or drown! Due to his freaking cone, the beer couldn't even wash over him and outside, instead literally being funneled straight into his maw! The wolf's yellow eyes widened as he worked his throat to its limit, guzzling down literal gallons of the starchy liquid a second. Heck, the lupine soon realized he didn't even have to swallow; just keeping his maw open was enough to get all of that beer flowing into him.

And turn him into an impromptu keg.

His stomach surged forth, snapping off the buttons of his coat with the same force as a gunshot. The wolf's shirt fared no better, the lower hem's fabric tearing apart as though it were made of wrapping paper, while the upper half rose towards his chest, just to make room for that rising belly! Like a balloon, it inflated up and out, a big gray ball of fluff completely filling out the area of his lap, and then some. Creaking and groaning, the wolf could feel it pin down the rest of his body completely, smothering his chest and legs. His poor arms couldn't even reach out to rub and assuage the swollen mass of tummy, for they too were stuck spread out on either side of him, unable to move the literal gallons of beer stored inside of him. His legs were next, the sloshing, jiggling gut of his simply too heavy to move, and growing heavier with every second as it moved to brush against the tops of his feet, before engulfing them all together.

His coat had torn away, as did his shirt, Shinden now resembled a literal sphere with a head attached more than he did a wolf. With a muffled whimper, he laid helplessly as his stomach grew far higher than he was tall, swallowing up his chest and neck next. It may have even done the same to his head were it not for the doorway somehow holding it back, applying counter pressure to the beer tides buffeting the wall every second.

Unfortunately, this worked against Shinden's favor; with the doorway completely plugged by his stomach, all that beer now only had one place to go.

At this point, he couldn't even close his jaws if he wanted to, the tide of beer was simply too strong to contend with! With his head fully submerged, he was stuck drinking and drinking, eyes scrunched shut. Sure, the alcohol may have helped numbed the overwhelming fullness the wolf was likely to be feeling, but *goodness* it did not stop just how massive he felt!

Even with his entire body hidden beneath his own stomach, the wolf felt himself grow and grow. The entire building must have looked like it had chewed on a large wad of gum, and was blowing up a biiiiiig gray bubble. Not the best analogy to describe how he must have looked outside, but dammit, how was anyone supposed to think properly in this situation?!

Shinden could feel the bottom of his stomach brush along the smooth sidewalk, although soon it gave way to the asphalt of the street ahead. Judging by the large lumps he felt digging into his stomach, the wolf's gut was actually morphing around the cars parked out front at this point; but with a screech that even he could hear with his head submerged in beer, Shinden felt his stomach actually began *pushing* the parked cars away with his stomach! The top of his belly continued to crawl along the brewery, rising higher and higher along the building, ascending towards the roof. Even the interior of the bar itself started growing dimmer, as Shinden's stomach began spreading across the brewery's exterior, completely smothering the windows alongside the front. Hopefully none of the windows would rupture, that would be a *lot* of glass to pick out from his *lot* of belly.

Maybe he could get someone to clean it out for him? Shinden couldn't help but find himself grinning drunkenly, despite the situation. He was in soooo much trouble, getting to drink so much booze like this. He'd probably have to sell his house, heheh. How would they get all this beer out of him, he thought? Maybe get A.B onto a diving board and jump on his stomach? Yeah, that'd do it, that fatass ott makes cracks in the cement when he waddles. Hah, A.B was probably outside looking at Shinden with envy, right about now. The tubby otter uses potions to make himself larger, yet here he was gorging off of thousands of gallons of beer and putting the mustelid's size to shame! Oh, he was getting *drunk*! If he closed his eyes, he could pretend he was back in college drinking from a keg, hah.

Shinden found himself getting lost in the booze, getting lost within himself! How big he was growing suddenly became redundant as he just thought of all the times he'd been drinking. Somehow, he'd never ended up with a beer belly like that hawk from earlier. But now, he was getting a biiiiiig beer belly. He was a big beer belly blubbery boy. Bubbly blubbery boy. Blubbery bubbly boy, big on booze, going *buwamp* outside. Biiiiiig biig bubbly, blubbbly, bubbbbbb-

Bang!

The wolf's eyes shot wide open, feeling something firm into the edge of his stomach. Shit, did he just explode just now?! The shock was very real, enough to scare Shinden into a sudden state of semi-sobriety. No, clearly he wasn't the one that went bang, otherwise he probably wouldn't be conscious at this point.

No, something *massive* ran straight into his gut. At first he thought it was another car, but that couldn't be it; his stomach was literally crushing the cars parked outside at this point. No, comparing the size of the cars he was beneath to whatever crashed into him, it had to be a semi...

How freaking big was he?!?

He concentrated, and to his horror, discovered his stomach was actually brushing against the buildings on the opposite side of the road. Hell, the upper lip of his stomach was actually folding over the very same brewery he was stuck inside; he was bigger than the damn building! Part of his furry tum pressed into something large and narrow; a streetlight, no doubt, before completely tearing it out of the concrete.

Was he growing even faster?!

Panic began to ensue once again in the poor lupine's mind. How would he get back to work at the airbase if he couldn't even fit in the damn hanger? He was a blimp! A real Shindenburg! He was actually wedged in the street with his stomach alone, filled with enough beer to give the entire city hangovers ten times over! And it was getting worse with every second! Was there even a limit to how much beer was in this damn brewery? Would he be stuck drinking into the end times?

So panicked he was, Shinden didn't even notice he'd stopped drinking until he began wondering how he was hyperventilating in the first place.

Gasping for air, the soaked lupine licked his lips, realizing that for the first time in who knew how long, he wasn't submerged beneath a lake of beer. Finally, he was free; the building was pitched black, and even with his glowing yellow eyes he could barely make out just how much of a mess had been made inside the bar itself, but dammit at least the only beer left in the damn place were stray puddles on the ground. It was over, at last.

But why was he still growing?

It shouldn't be possible, but he could absolutely feel his body still rising. Without his ears filled with booze, the wolf could hear the building on the opposite end getting crunched beneath his rising bulk, his stomach warping around the semi truck, before crushing it entirely. What the heck...was even...happening...

His stomach was heavy, but his eyelids were even heavier. Shinden couldn't keep his eyes open for any longer, the sheer amount of alcohol pumped into him enough to force him into a coma. The last sober thought that entered his mind had something to do with yeast. Something about yeast rising in warm places...

"Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you: Our town's savior!"

Shinden awoke with a loud snort, the sound of cheering enough to bring him back into consciousness. "Wazzat?! Wut? Iz dem dat cernst ping?" He asked, quite clearly enunciating his quandary as to whether or not there was a concert happening outside.

He thought it was his terrible vision that prevented him from seeing past his cone; normally, it's supposed to be clear enough to see through, right? But upon closer inspection, the wolf realized that the cone *was* clear, and he couldn't see it because it was *himself* that was blocking his view right outside. Right, of course.

Shinden just wished he could scratch himself. His arms just felt too heavy and tired to move, it seems, yet the wolf was completely covered in ants, he felt. Oh well, he was too tired to deal with them now.

The hungover wolf was about to fall back asleep when one of the ants started approaching his head. Looking back up, he saw an older leopard fellow standing before him, somewhat swaddled within the wolf's pudgy cheek, lowering a gold medal around Shinden's ear. "Congratulations on your reward, young man! It's thanks to your heroic and selfless deed that you've saved this city! It's estimated that somewhere between 580,000 to 1,500,000 liters of beer were spilled from within the Yeast Cake, yet you've successfully contained it all within yourself! Granted, we've had to level a few buildings to make up Tell me, how do you feel?"

Shinden snorted. What kind of ridiculous question was that? "Iz awight, whoooo!" He hiccuped.

"Wonderful!" The leopard beamed. "By our scientists' rough estimations, it's believed you must have consumed at least three million calories as well! I hope you know a good dietician."

"Yer phaaaat!" Shinden stuck his tongue out, quite possibly the only part of his body he could move at this point.

"Amazing!" The leopard nodded. "Give it up for the city hero, everyone!"

More cheering could be heard, but Shinden's ears folded back. Sheesh, these guys were loud. Instead of shouting, he'd wish they'd help clean him of all the ants crawling along his body instead. They were getting really annoying, wiggling their way into his folds....

Shinden blinked. When did he have folds?

Another ant popped its head over the cone to look at him, this one belonging to a person Shinden did *not* want to see, ever again! "Hey, Shin!" The doctor called out, looking quite pleased. "It seems you no longer need that cone to protect your neck, since your neck is...MIA, to say the least."

"Shhhhtupid cone!"

“Yes, well,” the doctor nodded. “Unfortunately, I fear you may still need to wear it, as it’s the only thing preventing you from...smothering yourself. I hope you understand.”

“Nyuh!” Shinden flailed his tongue as though it were a deadly weapon.

It must have worked, for the doctor crawled away. Finally, he could go back to napping...Well, he would have, but two more ants decided to crawl towards his head, the wolf groaning as he saw his two friends’ faces poke out from above him now.

“Hey, Shin!” A.B exclaimed, wide-eyed and grinning. “You’re a hero now! How does it feel!”

“Sleepy...”

“I bet!” The otter snickered. “You’ve been asleep for like a week, dude. They had to tear down a bunch of buildings just to make room for you, even the freaking brewery! Entire helicopters were called just to roll you upright, like I’m talking an entire fleet, and even then it was a huge hassle. Were you sleeping through *ALL* of that?”

Shinden yawned.

This time Texan piqued up, the wolf able to see his vulpine friend’s tail flickering behind him. “Heh, you’re as wide as the entire block, Shin! Like, the whole street, it’s just *gone* beneath you. All anyone sees down there is just this huuuuuuge white and gray blob, hah. They’re even selling beer on your stomach now, to raise funds to rebuild the brewery. Ain’t that neat?”

“Shuuuuuuure.” Shinden yawned again. Seriously, he didn’t have a clue how all of this related to why no one was doing anything about all the ants climbing along his body. Couldn’t someone hose him down? He was too drunk to move, dammit! As if on queue, the buzzed lupine let out a noisy hic, feeling himself jiggle...

And jiggle...

And jiggle...

He blushed. Shit, he was gonna have to diet when he got home, huh?

A.B laughed from atop of him. “Hey, what’s crazy is that they said when the Yeast Cake reopens, you can have as much beer as you want, since you single handedly saved them from a huge lawsuit. I even brought you some, if you’d like.” The otter grinned, holding up a bottle. “Technically, they said you shouldn’t eat or drink anything until after you’ve lost a few thousand tons, but hey, a hero needs a proper reward, right?”

Shinden's ears perked up at the sight of the beer, a drunk grin spreading across his muzzle. "Hell yeah! Now isza parteh!"