

Belchy Borbday

By: Indi

It was just past noon when Schwarz finally woke up. The plump blue crow stretched and lazed in bed for a while longer. He deserved the rest, it was his birthday after all. Eventually, though, Schwarz decided to finally get up, if only to relax somewhere new. He put on a pair of shorts but didn't bother with anything else, letting his soft, feathered belly wobble free.

Schwarz made his way from his bedroom to the kitchen, opening the fridge to see what he could scrounge together for breakfast. Thankfully there was plenty of pizza left over from the night before.

"Thank you past me," Schwarz said as he grabbed a box. He was just about to close the door when a bottle of beer caught his eye. It was large, sporting a label with a roaring lion's head and bubbles all around it. Above it was the name "Lion's Roar Brew". No matter how hard he tried he couldn't remember where it'd come from. Schwarz shrugged and grabbed it as well. He was always looking for new beers to taste.

The pizza was tossed in the microwave and the mystery beer popped open. Schwarz took a swig. It was unexpectedly fizzy, almost like a carbonated drink, but the taste wasn't half bad. Satisfied, he took a few more drinks.

A muffled gurgling came from the crow's stomach, and abruptly he let out a modest *buh-urrrp*. His belly puffed up a little as he did, though the odd inflation went unnoticed by Schwarz. He was too busy being amused by his belch. A few seconds—and one more sip—later, Schwarz was once again burping, his middle growing rounder in turn.

"Huh, this—*uorrrp*—stuff's pretty—*braaaaap*—gassy," he chuckled, only to be interrupted by another burp. A wave of dizziness washed over him. Schwarz suddenly felt rather tipsy, though he'd barely gotten through half of the bottle. He was far more surprised by how much his belly had swelled, though.

Schwarz looked down at his middle and gave it a confused poke with a talon. It was taut and like a balloon. Not an unusual state for the inflation-loving crow to be in, but he still wasn't sure why it was happening at that very moment. It couldn't be from the excessive fizziness of the beer, could it?

As he prodded it further a belch was forced out, and Schwarz saw firsthand his belly blimp out after.

"Well that might—*bworrrp*—be a problem," Schwarz mused. "*Cawurrrrrrrrrrrrrp!*" He stumbled, giggling.

Not only was every burp puffing up Schwarz more, but they were making him drunker as well. And they were only becoming more frequent.

"Gotta—*urrrp*—deflate before I—*brrrrrrrrap*—hehe, before I—*uorrrrrrrrrrrrrp*—go *kaborrrrrrrrrp!*"

The string of consecutive burps caused the crow to rapidly balloon. His arms and legs swelled some, making them feel rigid and hard to move. His middle was like a giant blue beach ball and his cheeks were visibly rounder, too. Schwarz sported a goofy grin, blushing as he wobbled about, drunk. In the back of his mind he knew he shouldn't be inflating, but he wasn't sober enough to care.

"I'm my own—*buorrrrrrrp*—birthday balloon! More like, borbday balloon. Borbday belchloon. *Borbuorrrrrrrrrrrp!*" Schwarz was laughing and belching so much he almost toppled over.

The expanding borb's hide was creaking as it stretched, and so were the seams of his shorts. A particularly rumbling burp burst his belt right off. He cheered the distance the buckle achieved.

In the kitchen the microwave beeped, Schwarz's pizza reheated. All the inflation had made his stomach emptier than ever, and the crow immediately tried to head towards his food. Unfortunately for Schwarz, he wasn't in any condition to get anywhere fast.

The massive crow wobbled forwards, still belching up a storm. He grew rounder with every

