

A SWEET DEBACLE

The kingdom was no stranger to attacks, which was why it had an entire army of dragon knights to defend its castle walls and the city within those walls. The same was not quite true for every town or region beyond the castle. Which is why, to maintain peace and security, it often fell on those very same knights to protect those towns from whatever threats may lie in wait.

For decades, Otso was always first to volunteer his services to aide other towns in need of a helping hand. But there was one mission he undertook, roughly ten years ago, that he would never forget. It was a small, peaceful town well beyond the kingdom, known as the town of Rustam. There, the heavyset pinkish-red dragon-knight waited diligently. He had on an official tunic, signifying his rank within the kings army, and held himself with a degree of nobility.

A stark contrast from his partner and dear friend.

“Graaaah...it's friggin' boilin' tuh'day! Where the hell's dat smarmy-ass mage?!” Edgar groaned in his Southern drawl. The burly, brown-scaled dragon's scales were slightly softer, due to his younger age, with a few less visible scars he'd one day have a decade later. This was back when Edgar himself was still a knight, and still Otso's most valued companion-in-arms. Unfortunately, he was every bit as mature back then as he was by the present.

Which was to say, about as mature and patient as a six year old.

Otso sighed to himself and shook his head. “He's coming from a far away kingdom, my friend. Surely, we can afford him some leeway on punctuality.”

“Not when it's tit-meltin' hot out, we can't!” Edgar swiped back with an impatient growl.

Edgar stared at his partner with a dull look in his eyes. “...Thank you for that image, Edgar.”

Despite himself, Edgar grinned cheekily back at his rounder companion. "S'what ah'm here fer, Otsy!"

"Ngh, s-sorry for the delays, gentlemen. Rgh, cargo's a little bit harder to lug around than I expected," called out the voice of the mage both knights had been waiting on.

Edgar and Otso looked on to see a young, green-scaled dragon with long white hair and a heavy robe grunting and heaving while he hauled a giant sack across the dirt. His lack of upper body strength almost made Edgar snigger anew. Instead he walked over and yanked the sack out from the mage's hands, hoisting it up with one arm and no struggle at all.

"Ya good there, Slim?" Edgar joked then looked the sack over curiously.

The mage sighed heavily and nodded. Though his hood was up and concealing his face, the two could see him adjusting a pair of spectacles he had on underneath his hood.

It was taking Edgar every ounce of willpower in his being not to call the mage a giant nerd.

Otso wasn't quite as juvenile. He bowed his head respectfully towards the mage and stepped forth. "Pleasure to meet you. We both thank you for your assistance in this little 'monster debacle'. However, neither of us were fully informed on the plan. Just that a mage was going to be assisting us."

"Well, it's a very straightforward scheme. What your burly friend here is holding is a sizable amount of bait I've laced with just a sprinkling of magic," the mage elaborated.

"Oh, dat's what's in 'ere? Here ah thought ya just wanted me t'whack some monsters o'er the head with dis thang," Edgar joked, swinging the huge burlap sack around.

"P-Please be careful with that!" the mage shouted and rushed over to keep the bag from opening and spilling. Edgar held up his hand in a defensive manner while Otso rolled his eyes at his friend's childishness.

"The plan hinges on the monsters taking the bait. That can't happen if you spill it everywhere, yes? So please, I implore you both, do not open the bag under any circumstances," the mage explained.

"Yeah, yeah, don't get yer panties all twisted," Edgar grumbled.

Otso shot the brown-scaled dragon a dirty look then returned to a look of decorum when he approached the mage. "Once the monsters take the bait, what happens then?"

"The magic should knock them out long enough for the two of you to slay them, so--"

"-Welp, simple 'nuff! C'mon, Otsy! Let's mosey 'fore ah sweat t'death!" Edgar insisted impatiently. To the mage's dread, Edgar carelessly slung the sack over his shoulder and less than delicately marched off through the woods.

Both the mage and Otso watched on at the carelessness of the knight. Then Otso slowly turned to the mage and shot him an apologetic look. "...M-Maybe I'll carry the sack to the drop off location..."

"...That might be best," the mage muttered in a 'we're all doomed' sort of fashion.

Some time later, the two knights had eventually made their way over to the designated area that the monsters had been known to converge on before their attacks. The whole time, Edgar was bickering about the heat and Otso was groaning at the former's relentless complaining. After placing the sack down at a tarped spot where they were advised to place it, both knights hid out of sight and simply waited for the monsters to show themselves.

Unfortunately for them, there were still several hours left to spare before night time. On the one hand, that made it easier to spot the monsters if they did eventually show themselves. But on the other hand, it was still a scorchingly hot summer day and Edgar couldn't stand a second of it. "Graah, dat's it, ah can't take dis 'ere crap no more," Edgar grumbled. Otso warned him to keep quiet in case the monsters were nearby but the burlier of the two dragons waved his hand dismissively and proceeded to strip his tunic and undershirt off.

Without any upper garments, Edgar sighed and stretched out his arms as the warm sun baked over his now completely bare and beefy, brown-scaled torso. "Ahhh, there we go..."

"Now will you stop bickering?" Otso asked while keeping a vigilant eye on the sack they'd left out in the middle of the open deep within the woods.

Edgar grinned then nudged Otso's shoulder. "Ya oughta lose yer shirt too, Otsy. Yer gonna feel way better if ya do."

"No thank you, I'd rather maintain my dignity," Otso dismissed.

The younger, burlier dragon snickered at the response he got. "Ya sure it ain't cuz yer embarrassed 'bout dis?" He asked and teasingly gave Otso's fat stomach a couple of pats, making it jiggle beneath the thicker dragons tunic.

Otso blushed and swatted his partners' hand aside. "...H-Hardly..."

Again, Edgar snickered and held up his hands defensively. "Aight, just don' 'spect me t'help ya clean nothin' when yer tunic gets all dirty."

"You? Clean? That'd be a first," Otso grumbled but managed a grin when the muscular dragon flipped him off in response.

The two continued waiting behind some bushes with their swords at the ready. Edgar continued yakking it up with Otso occasionally either responding or telling the other dragon knight to keep his voice down as time rolled by with the two waiting on to strike. But the more time went on, the more frustrated and impatient Edgar seemed to get.

"'kay, what the hell, man?! We just s'posed t'wait 'round 'ere with our thumbs up our asses ferever'er what?!" Edgar grouched.

"It's called a 'trap', Edgar. These things occasionally take time," Otso insisted, but it wasn't enough to keep Edgar from stomping out of their hiding spot and approaching the sack.

"Uh-uh, in dis 'ere heat? Someone bungled the plannin', an' ah think dat mage is at the top'uh the list!" Edgar replied then grabbed the sack, which prompted Otso to hiss to himself and hop out in the open to approach his comrade.

"What on earth are you doing?" Otso mute-shouted, just in case any monsters did actually happen to be nearby.

"Ah think dat mage gave us bad bait, ah just wanna see what da hell dat skinny runt even gave us," Edgar explained while prying the sack open. His actions were interrupted when Otso snatched the sack from Edgar instead. "Ey! Whadduya think yer doin'?"

"Keeping you from botching the entire operation!" Otso replied firmly and held the large bag back from Edgar's reach. "That young mage insisted we do not open the bag because it would wear out the potency of the magic he doused the bait with. It doesn't do any good if you render it useless just because you're impatient."

"It don't do us no good if it's bad bait. Dat's what ah wanna check on!" Edgar spat back and tried to grab the sack.

"If you open it, then it will become bad bait, don't you get that?"

"Stop bein' such a wuss. Ain't like one peak's gonna make all the magic poof up in da air, dammit," Edgar rationalized and grabbed at the bag in Otso's grasp, prompting the two to get into a bit of a tug-o-war with one another. "Dammit, will ya just leggo already?!"

"You let go! By the gods, you're acting like such an impatient hatchling!" Otso growled while trying to yank the bag free from Edgar's tight grasp.

"An' yer actin' like a prissy teachers pet who ain't realized our 'teacher' in dis case couldn't even carry the damn bait without breakin' his back!" Edgar replied right back through clenched fangs, still trying to pull the bag free.

The two continued yanking the bag between one another like a war of contrition.

So it was inevitable when their yanking in opposite directions eventually caused the burlap bag to rip open and for the contents to go pouring out onto the ground.

“Oh great! You see?! Now look what you did!” Otso shouted angrily, tossing his half of the ripped burlap aside.

“What ah did?!” Edgar shot back, angrily marching up to Otso and poking the pinkish red dragon in his thick chest. “Listen 'ere, tubby! Dat wouldn't 'uh 'appened if ya didn't try'n-”

His chewing out of Otso was cut short when he actually saw what spilled out of the bag. Suddenly, that angry and confrontational look in his eyes vanished and instead, he looked as if he was in absolute awe. Otso blinked with confusion, but the second he turned to see what Edgar was gawking at, he too, went wide-eyed with bewilderment.

Littered on the ground was a proverbial pile of fresh sweets. Cakes, pies, pastries, cookies, all assortment of treats and well beyond were just piled on the tarp that the bag previously been laid upon. Dozens upon dozens of mouth-watering sweets were just laying there perfectly, with their heavenly sweet aroma filling the nostrils of both knights.

“Ooooooaagh...lookit dat...” Edgar groaned, literally drooling at the sight like a hungry dog.

“Hard not to,” Otso muttered. He had to wipe his own mouth at the sights and smells tantalizing him.

Gw00o00ooooorrrrgL!

Right on cue, both Otso and Edgar's stomachs growled with an intense hunger.

Edgar placed a hand against his firm, bare stomach and rubbed it hungrily while smacking his chops eagerly. Otso palmed his own belly and stroked it while it growled at now exposed desserts, demanding to be fed.

Without even thinking, both knights reached out to grab some of the sweets. But Otso shook his head and held out his hand to stop Edgar. “N-No, no. W-We...we can't...” Otso insisted, despite slurping his lips hungrily half a second later. “W-We're supposed to use this to lure out monsters in need of slaying, not gorge on these delicious, warm, delectable sweets ourselves...”

“Ya had me at delicious'n warm, Otsy,” Edgar replied and tried to grab some sweets again.

Yet again, Otso had to block him and shake his head, more for himself than for Edgar.

“They're laced with magic. W-We don't know if that magic is poisonous or not, so we can't-”

“-If it was poisonous, why would dat nerdy mage even need us t'slay any monsters? Wouldn't the poisonous magic do 'em in fer us?” Edgar replied bluntly.

Otso opened his mouth to retort, but found that he didn't actually have any sort of response. He had to admit, that was a good point. What's more, his thick stomach growled like a bear, likely scaring off a few woodland animals in the process. Placing a hand against his belly, Otso looked down at his gut then back at the sweets.

“...Oh, the hell with it,” Otso finally said. And then, the fatter of the two dragons practically jumped at the tarp and immediately shoved a handful of danishes right into his mouth. The dragon groaned blissfully as he chewed away, savoring the absolutely delicious flavors radiating from his delights.

“Ey, don't hog it all, dammit!” Edgar griped, but nonetheless plopped down and eagerly shoved half a pie right into his mighty jaws. The musclebound, brown-scaled dragon chomped down, where he chewed for a few seconds then gulped heartily. A thick bulge rippled down his throat and past his broad, beefy chest, which made the dragon slurp his lips contently and shove the rest of that pie into his mouth. “Omph! Mmm! Dun' taste no poison magic neither!” Edgar observed with his cheeks bulging and his mouth still full of pie. He once again swallowed hard and smacked his chops. He wasted no time digging in for more.

Otso would've rolled his eyes, but he was too busy savoring so many desserts all at once.

The thicker of the two dragons was shoving one handful of pastries after another right into his mouth. He was like a proverbial eating machine, just eagerly and damn near ravenously wolfing down mouthful after mouthful of sweet and savory baked goods that all practically melted in his mouth. Each mouthful he gulped down had enough pastries sliding down his immensely thick gullet to feed a good few dragons. His thick neck rippled as grapefruit-sized bulges slickly pushed out of his throat whenever he gulped his mouthful of dessert down. Otso would occasionally use his free hand to press his finger against the lump traveling down his neck, as if to guide it down past his gullet. And once it would vanish, he would smack his lips and dive right back in for more and more.

Both dragons continued to greedy stuff their faces without a care in the world. Some part of Otso wanted desperately not to fumble this plan of theirs, but between waiting to no avail and the sheer deliciousness of everything he was consuming, he simply couldn't help himself. Especially not the cakes. He grabbed an entire cake and chomped into it, shoving nearly half of the sizable dessert into his mouth and smearing his scaly lips with frosting while he chewed heartily and hummed pleasantly to himself.

Edgar, on the other hand, was too busy chomping down one pie after another. His own brown-scaled lips and cheeks were smeared with sugary fruit sauce that he'd occasionally either wipe away with his forearm or lick clean with his thick tongue. How everything could taste so unbelievably good was beyond him. Maybe this was the magic that the mage had fused with this utterly delectable bait. Whatever the case, these were some of the best pies the big hungry dragon had ever voraciously eaten.

Naturally, with both greedy dragons chowing down so relentlessly, it was only a matter of time before it started to make an impact. Since Edgar was both shirtless and the more musclebound of the two, the impact became clearer with him first. His firm, flat stomach began to press out the more he ate. At first, it was a noticeable bump in his gut pushing out. But then, the more he greedily chomped away at all the desserts he was getting his claws on, the more his brown-scaled belly expanded. Bit by bit, his gut grew bigger and rounder, gurgling from the sheer volume of sugary sweets he was consuming at such a record-breaking pace. He was getting so bloated, in fact, that his belly was beginning to press against the waist of his pants and pushing it down so his stomach could expand more freely.

For Otso, it was hard to tell at first. His stomach was naturally round, fat and jiggly. And it was contained beneath his tunic and undershirt. But the more Otso scarfed down, the more apparent his own bloat became. Otso's tunic was growing tighter and tighter around his midsection with every mouthful he swallowed down. His naturally chubby belly grew rounder and more visibly swollen the more he ate. It got so big, in fact, that his tunic could no longer contain it.

At first, Otso's bare, scaly belly only slightly visibly peaked out from beneath his ridden up tunic. However, as the binging progressed, more of Otso's shirt peaked higher and higher, eventually exposing his cavernous belly button and lifting up beyond that. And just like with Edgar, Otso's fat, heavy gut grew so large as he stuffed himself that his pants were weighed down by that scaly dome of his to give it more room to expand freely, which it most certainly did. His gut became far noisier to boot. It gurgled and churned like a witches cauldron bubbling away with a glowing brew.

The two gluttonous dragon knights just continued stuffing themselves without any regard for how full their bellies had become. They weren't sure if the mages magic was behind it or if they were just really enamored with the desserts, but they couldn't help but scarf down every bit of dessert in their wake. Edgar thumped his broad chest to belch heavily and make more room while Otso occasionally hiccuped from eating so fast, but while their pace did noticeably slow down, it was clear that there wasn't going to be a scrap of dessert left by the time they were done.

By the time the two finally finished, surprising no one, every single pastry and dessert had been completely packed away in their massively bloated bellies. Both dragons groaned contently as they sat on the ground and leaned back and cradled their dessert-filled stomachs. "Groooooaaah man, ah'm stuffed..." Edgar moaned as he ran his hands up and down his immensely swollen stomach. In perfect contrast to his broad, muscular and beefy body, Edgar's belly had rounded out by nearly three feet. It looked as if the dragon knight had swallowed a medicine ball.

"Urrrgh, **GHICIG** bof...you and me both, my- **GULPIG** mph, my friend..." Otso mumbled in between sharp hiccups that caused his giant belly to jiggle.

His tunic had ridden up to completely expose his massive dome, which prompted the fat dragon to save face and just strip his tunic and undershirt off, until he, like Edgar, was completely shirtless. As a result, Otso's belly spilled out, bloating by over four feet, which, relative to his size, wasn't as extreme as it would've been for a smaller creature. But it nonetheless made Otso's gut appear immensely fat, the way it spilled out past his pelvis and between his thighs, forcing him to spread them out so his gut could breathe. He groaned as he massaged his huge spare tire of a stomach and blushed a little.

"Urgh, oh dear, we really overdid it this time," Otso grumbled, stroking his big fat belly while it gurgled unpleasantly.

Edgar grimaced himself while his own immensely bloated stomach churned intensely enough to make his face sour. He gripped his gut tightly with both hands and sat forward, lurching somewhat. "Urrf, ah dunno what's goin' on...d'ya think it's dat there magic'er somethin'..." He muttered groggily.

Otso hiccuped again, which made his fat, ample stomach jostle heavily. He covered his mouth and groaned some more. "Mph, could be, but, I haven't the first clue what we can do about it beyond ride it out..."

Of course, Edgar's belly had other ideas...

GLOOOOORRRRRBL!!!

It gurgled loudly and intensely. So hard in fact, that despite his gut being much firmer on account of his muscle-mass, Edgar's stomach jostled somewhat. The muscular dragon lurched forward, looking like he was about to vomit. Otso winced nervously. He wasn't good around others being sick and the last thing he needed to see when his own belly was stuffed to the brim and giving him grief was seeing Edgar lose his lunch.

Thankfully that didn't happen. No, instead, Edgar pressed down on his belly and let loose with a huge, throat-rattling belch.

"BRRRUUUUUUU
UUUUUUOOOOO
OOORRRRAAA
AAAAAHPIIIIIIII!"

It rumbled out of Edgar's gaping maw for a few seconds straight and carried enough force to cause a few flicks of saliva to splatter out from past his rippling lips. Otso's eyes widened with mild surprise, but only mild. He'd binged with Edgar time and time again and was well aware of his friend's lack of table manners.

When it ended, Edgar groaned with relief and slumped back, giving his bloated belly a few pats of relief and satisfaction. “Gruuuuh, holy crap, that was...” Edgar stopped mid-sentence and thumped his broad chest to expel another deep belch, followed by a smaller afterburp.

“**BRRRAAAAAA UUUUURRHPIIIII**” **Guh...URPI** Mph, damn, man,
ah gotta tell ya, that feel good...”

Otso furrowed his brow at the crass display and utter lack of anything resembling shame from his friend.

He was about to scold the younger dragon for his appalling crudeness. However, before he could, his fat belly churned deeply, which caused the surface of his flabby gut to jostle and ripple. The chubby dragon groaned miserably at that. His gut gurgled far more intensely which caused his own face to sour yet again. He brought a fist to his mouth to muffle a deep burp, one that caused his cheeks to puff out and made the dragon blush a little. He felt a big one coming and, though he initially tried to suppress it, the pressure in his belly was so great that the more well-mannered dragon simply couldn't hold it on. So, instead, Otso slapped his hand down against his fat belly hard, which made it slosh heartily beneath his palm and dislodge a thunderous belch in the process.

"BWOOOOO
OOOORRU
UUURRRR-
HOOOOOO
OOOOOOO
ORRRRRLL
LUUUUUU
URHP!!!!!!!"

It was this massive, tonsil-rattling eructation that blasted out of Otso's maw with such force that it caused the ground beneath the two bloated dragons to quiver ever so slightly. The force behind it was so great that Otso's belly actually jostled from how intensely the pressure within him was erupting out of him all at once. It was like a gassy volcano as that burp surpassed Edgar's in both volume and length, roaring out of Otso's maw for several seconds straight.

When it ended, Otso moaned loudly with deep relief. He leaned back and gave his fat belly a couple hearty pats of satisfaction, making it jiggle and slosh with each pat. "Oooooohhh by the Gods, excuse me, but...my goodness, did I need that...whew..." His stomach rumbled again and caused Otso to recoil until a fist rose to his mouth to muffle a considerably heavy afterburp that rumbled in his puffed out cheeks for almost four seconds. Otso grunted when it ended and blew the stinking air out from the corner of his mouth.

In contrast, Edgar gripped his bloated gut tightly and threw his head back to freely let loose another uproarious belch, followed immediately by another one right after that. "Guh, oh man...**URR-HO O O O O O O R R R R U U U U U P I I I I** Oof, damn, all dat 'der sweet stuff's got me feelin' ga**AAA U U U U U R R R R P**...mph, gassy..." Edgar groaned, belching mid-sentence and thumping his chest a few times afterwards.

After muffling yet another large burp that rumbled quite audibly in Otso's mouth, the larger, fatter dragon grunted and palmed his fatty gut, unable to hold in a deep, guttural belch that rolled out of him for almost six seconds. He huffed when it finished and massaged his gurgling belly intensely while nodding in agreement. "Urgh, me too. I think..." Otso paused mid-sentence to let free another belch that rumbled in his closed mouth.

"H R R R R R R R R M P H I I I I" When it ended, Otso blew the gas aside and gave his gut a few pats, hiccuping afterwards from the pats. "...Mph, **CHICIG** Oof, I think the mage's magic might be doing this to us...**M R R R R R R R H P I I I** Uroh...think we'll just have to ride this o**OO O O O O O O O U U U U U U T I I I I** **O U R R R R H P I I I**" Otso tried to speak, but blushed when he very loudly belched out the word 'out' and let out another sharp afterburp.

Edgar snickered but it was short lived when his gut once again churned deeply. Just then, an idea formulated in the less mature dragons mind, which caused him to grin anew. "Say, Otsy. If we're gon' be burpin' our asses off til dis 'ere magic wears off, whadduya say we have ourselves a lil contest?"

"Hm? A contest?" Otso asked genuinely curiously.

“Yep! A good ol’ fashion **BUUUUUUUURRRRP**-in’ contest,” Edgar replied, burping out the word ‘burp’ mid-sentence in a way that Otso was convinced had to be 100% intentional.

The larger dragon rolled his eyes at Edgar’s crudeness. “You truly are a hatchling, you know that?”

“Awww, what’s wrong, tubby? Ya scared ah might school yer fatass?” Edgar taunted cockily. “Can’t say ah blame ya, really. Ya are dealin’ with the champ...”

Otso immediately cocked a brow. “Excuse you, literally, but last I checked, I belched far louder and longer than you did, and I wasn’t even trying!”

At that, Edgar’s cocky grin dipped and he growled. “W-Well, ah wadn’t tryin’ neither! If ah were, ah’d kick yer fatass all the way back t’the kingdom’n you know it!!”

Otso glared back at his bloated comrade. His belly gurgled and burbled intensely enough to jostle around again. He grimaced and palmed his gut in an effort to soothe it, but he knew the pressure was only intensifying. And he had to admit, every time he let loose freely, it did provide some much needed relief. So, he caved to his competitive nature. “...Here’s what I know,” Otso said. He then proceeded to press down on his chunky belly, which caused it to groan heavily and send a sizable amount of pressure rocketing up his throat. The fat dragon threw his head back and let it out in the form of a massive, ground-quivering belch.

**“BAAAAAAAAAU
UUUUUUURRRR-
HRRRUUUUUUU
UUUUUUHPIIIIIII!”**

That beastly burp of his roared out of him for a few seconds straight and carried enough force to send some strands of saliva flying out of his maw. When it ended, Otso panted and slumped forward a bit, huffing with relief and giving his ample gut a few jiggling pats of satisfaction.

Edgar scoffed dismissively. “Fah! Dat wadn’t nothin’! Check dis out!” Edgar insisted with a look of intense concentration on his face. He gripped his bloated yet tighter belly with both hands and kneaded into it deeply and firmly with his clawed fingers. It churned aggressively in response, but worked up an immense pressure pocket, one that actually caused a visible bulge to slither up Edgar’s throat and puff out his cheeks.

But then, a split second later, his mouth snapped open and his lips rippled as a titanic belch blasted out of him with enough force that a few rocks nearby rattled around.

“BWUUUUUU
UAAAAARR
RUUUUUUH-
EEEEEEERRR
RRROOOOOO
ORK!!!!!!!!!!!!”

That monster bellowed out of Edgar for a few seconds but was significantly louder than the one Otso had just let out. Even Otso raised his brow in surprise at its sheer force.

When it ended, Edgar gasped and leaned back against one hand to catch his breath. His heavy belly rose and fell with each labored breath, until he slapped his belly hard and let fly another huge belch that rumbled out of him a little longer than his last eructation, although not nearly as loudly as the first one. Several seconds ticked by, and when it passed, Edgar huffed, and he sucked in air to then immediately burp it right back out in a deep afterburp.

He fanned the air around his snout and huffed with relief and satisfaction. “Haaah, damn, ah was on a roll there...” Edgar groaned contently as he rubbed his belly contently. It burbled lowly in response and Edgar gulped down some more air to promptly belch back up. It wasn't nearly as long or as loud as anything else he'd let loose with, but it did sound really guttural and deep, like he was really pulling air in from the depths of his stomach to push up. He gasped when it ended and gave his gut a few pats while he exhaled with relief.

"Yeah, that wasn't too bad at all," Otso admitted. However, that smirk on his face suggested that he most certainly wasn't conceding. "But that wasn't nearly enough."

So saying, Otso grabbed either side of his bloated, doughy gut and began to give it a firm jiggling. The contents within his flabby stomach sloshed and jostled around intensely as the gut itself gurgled intensely. Otso's face tightened with discomfort. He could feel the pressure building in his belly which prompted it to gurgle ever more heavily.

*GWUUUU000000
00RRRRBL!!!*

But he held it in and continued jiggling his big belly around from his thick lovehandles while his contents just kept on sloshing and gurgling away. Edgar was uneasily. He was cocky, but he knew that Otso was not to be underestimated, no matter how much Edgar taunted him.

Unknown to either of the bloated, gassy dragons, however, not far from them, a horde of monsters had converged. These were semi-feral beasts, all of whom were grizzly and nasty-looking customers; the very monsters that magic-laced food was meant to subdue. Orcs, trolls and other beastlies. They snarled and growled while they marched through the woods, ready to commit their next horrible act of violence.

But their snarls and growls turned to sounds of confusion. The beasts could hear a very audible gurgling sound and, while not the sharpest of creatures, were nonetheless able to follow the source of the gastric sounds. From the woods, just out of sight, the monsters laid eyes on Otso and Edgar, both of whom looked immensely bloated, and still had smears of red fruit sauce stained across the tarp they sat on and slight smidges across their lips and claws.

To reiterate, these monsters were vicious, but they weren't smart creatures by any stretch of the imagination. They knew their type was keen on converging in this area, and had faced off against dragon knights before. And here, two dragon knights sat, bloated beyond comprehension, with red stains across the ground. What's more was just how utterly loud Otso's belly was churning away. It almost sounded like a monster was trapped inside of that big fat dragon belly, and it was thrashing away, as opposed to being jostled by the dragon himself.

Suddenly, these seemingly feral beasts all looked among one another, growling and hissing in an animalistic tongue that seemed to suggest they were communicating. And while nothing they growled could be even remotely described as any sort of language, the message was clear.

'...Did these dragons just eat our fellow monsters...?! Was that what all those sick noises we were hearing earlier were?!?'

And unfortunately for them, those fears were not quelled in the least when the festering gas within Otso's rattled gut reached its fever pitch. Nor when Otso gripped his fat stomach tightly with both hands and threw his head back to expel a colossal belch that easily dwarfed anything Edgar had let loose with that entire mid-afternoon, and rattled the floor itself!

"BLOOOO
OUUUURR
ROOORRR-
HRRRAAA
AAAAAA
UUUUURR
REEEEEEEE
EEEEEEEE
ELCHIIIIII!"

That beastly eructation exploded out of Otso's maw like a bomb had just gone off. A whopping ten straight seconds passed as that monstrously massive belch sent rumblings throughout the ground itself. Enough so that many of the monsters watching in horror actually stumbled onto their butts from its sheer aggression.

There was no other explanation that made sense for these dumb, vicious creatures. Nothing could make a dragon burp like that except a monster-sized meal. Panic raced through the hearts and minds of the savage beasts. Had the townsfolk hired these two gluttonous dragons to literally eat the monsters?! Were there other dragons waiting to eat them as well?!

They couldn't chance it. The terrified monsters suddenly sprinted as far away from the two dragons as they possibly could, and rushed for dear life away from the town, just in case any other hungry dragons lied in wait to make a meal out of any one of these monsters. Now, the sound of these heavy, ugly brutes fleeing made quite a ruckus. However, it was drowned out by that record-shattering burp Otso was still in the middle of letting out. He was even squeezing his belly as he burped to push as much of that monster out of him all at once as he could manage.

By the time it had *finally* come to an end, Otso gasped breathlessly and went cross-eyed until he flopped onto his back heavily. That caused his huge gut to wobble and slosh above him as he laid down and made Otso burp heavily from the sudden thud. "...Graaaaah...I think...haaah...I think my heart just stopped..."

Edgar was in absolute awe at Otso's talents. But he'd be damned if he'd ever admit it, so he just grumbled and looked away. "Ah, dat was alright..."

He experimentally pushed into his belly to see if he had any big ones left in him, but apart from a few low burps, it seemed as though the magic-induced gaseousness had worn off. So, he gulped down some more and burped it out on command. But the contest was done, even if he didn't admit defeat.

Otso wasn't even trying to top it. He just lazily half-sat up and half-laid down with one elbow supporting him against the ground. The fat dragon dug his finger into his belly button and pushed deeply into his navel with his index finger. It sank a great deal in, but also caused Otso let out a really deep belch in response.

**"OOOOOOOUUUUUUUUR
RRRHRRRUUUUUPIIIII!"**

Otso grunted when it rolled out of him, then pressed down into his belly button again, making his fist sink slightly into the pudgy surface of his immensely pudgy gut. Like clockwork, another deep burp erupted from Otso's jaws.

"BRREEEEUUUUURRRHPIIII!"

This one was weaker than the last one he let out, but still impressive all the same from a mere push. Otso pushed down into his navel one last time to work out one more low, but lengthy burp.

"BRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAAAAAAAAAAHHPIIII!"

Otso sighed when it ended, yanking his finger out of his belly button and causing his fat gut to wobble around until he held it in place to steady it.

Edgar snorted and shook his head. "Did'ja get it all out?" He asked, then reached over to give Otso's tubby belly a few pats, which made it jiggle around with each pat.

The fatter dragon hiccuped and cover his mouth. "**HICIG** Guh, I think so," he remarked, brushing Edgar's hand aside. Then, Otso suddenly felt an urge to yawn heartily and smack his chops.

Edgar did the same, yawning out loud like a lion and lazily smacking his chops and scratching at his thick sides afterwards. "Man, ah tell ya, Otsy...after a meal dat good? Ah could use a nap..." Otso groggily nodded in agreement and laid back down on the floor while Edgar did the same. It wasn't long before Otso was snoring heavily. Edgar grinned in a tired manner at that. "Yer right, guess we oughta call that there burpin' contest a draw, huh."

When he heard no retort, Edgar nodded contently and slumped back with an arm wrapped behind his head and the other draped atop his bulging belly. Before long, he too, was snoring like a motorboat.

As time went on, there was a rustling in the woods. Only, instead of a horde of dimwitted monsters to unwittingly trick into running off terrified, that mage from before had returned. He wanted to check and see how the trap was going. To his shock, all he found, instead of slain monsters, were two utterly engorged dragons snoring lazily and occasionally burping in their sleep. The mage's eyes bugged out so much that they nearly knocked his glasses off of his head from under his hood.

He watched on as those two immensely swollen bellies rose and fell as they slumbered. The sight of Otso's belly, in particular, made the mage's already weak knees wobble. Especially the way that fat, bloated belly sunk in and jiggled slightly whenever he exhaled. It took every fiber of will-power within the dragon mage not to rush over there and start rubbing those bellies then and there. Part of him was mad that they clearly didn't follow his instructions. But at the same time, this was around the time the monsters would've attacked the village again, and this time, everyone was safe. So whatever these two bloated knights did, it had to have worked. So, he marked it as a win, and went off to leave the two snoozing dragons to rest peacefully. It was funny though. For some reason, that young, bearded dragon mage suspected that wouldn't be the last time he saw those two knights. And if he had it his way, it damn sure wouldn't be the last time he saw them so utterly bloated either.

Oh, if only young Leo knew just how right he would one day be...

The End