

Belchy Prey

By: Indi

Tycho raised his full mug to his lips and steadily tilted it upward, chugging the beer within in long gulps. Some dribbled down the edge of the lion's muzzle, but for the most part he managed to drink it all.

He slammed the mug on the table and belched, grinning widely. "See! Told ya—*hic*—told ya I'm not a lightweight!"

Beside him his friend Lane tried not to laugh, the rotund owl instead nodding in approval. Though quite buzzed himself, he was still barely sober enough to know Tycho was completely and utterly drunk. Aside from his slight swaying and occasionally slurred speech, there was the obvious fact the fit lion was sporting a sloshing ball belly full of booze.

"I don't know, you haven't had *that* much to drink yet," Lane lied. "You've still got a couple untouched pitchers after all!" Pitchers Lane had pressured Tycho into buying. Getting the lion drunk was one of his favorite pastimes.

"I'll get *touorrrrp*—to them. *Braaaaaap*." Along with getting him drunk, the cheap beer had also made Tycho excessively belchy.

"Sure." Lane let out a small burp of his own, and his stomach growled after. It took a lot to sate the appetite of an owl of his size, and his lunch had been rather pitiful. Unfortunately he remembered the food at the tavern not being the least bit appetizing.

His gaze drifted towards Tycho and his round belly.

One of Lane's *other* pastimes happened to be eating people—though his friends insisted voracious gluttony didn't count as a hobby. Of course they tended to say that from within his stomach, so Lane felt there was a bias at play. Tycho had been on the menu often in the past as Lane happened to find him rather delicious. Sure it might seem rude to eat the lion during what was supposed to be the celebration of a recently successful mission, but it also would've been rude for his friend to let him go hungry.

Lane stood, his mind made up. "Why don't I help you finish the rest of that beer, buddy?" The owl snickered, picking up both pitchers.

Tycho looked up at him obliviously. He yelped when an unseen talon tilted his chair back, but was quickly muffled by one of the pitchers emptying into his open mouth. Too drunk to both struggle *and* drink, Tycho chose to drink. The pitcher was dry in seconds, but the second one took its place right after, the lion only getting out a quick belch in between. His belly swelled even more, growing slightly rounder by the time Lane's ploy was through.

The chair was let go, falling forwards and causing Tycho's gut to bounce. He let out a rumbling belch that rattled the pitchers and drew the attention of other tavern patrons. Thanks to the onslaught of beer Tycho was left in a daze, helpless.

Lane chuckled and gave his friend's belly a pat. "Such a shame you aren't this round all the time—course then I'd probably eat ya twice as often!"

"Wh-whaorrrrrrrp!"

"Alright Tycho, time to go into the drunk tank! Wouldn't do for a paladin like yourself to be seen stumbling back home~"

Lane gently pinned Tycho's arms to his sides, the lion not putting up a fight. Even when Tycho was looking right into the open beak and down Lane's gullet he didn't do much else but wiggle.

It took his face and mane being matted by saliva after the first couple gulps for Tycho to jolt a bit at all. He squirmed erratically, shaking his bloated belly. The beer within him sloshed and foamed, and he swelled visibly. Sliding down Lane's throat, the lion's cheeks puffed up and he burped again and again and again.

