

# HOMEBOUND

A Knight's duty was always to the will of the kingdom. Rain or shine, whatever the mission entailed, it was on the brotherhood to see it through to a tee. But honor-bound or not, every knight still had a home to go back to when the job was done, and lengthy missions abroad were enough to make even the most hardened of dragon knights as homesick as a hatchling.

One of the more esteemed, experienced dragon knights, knew this better than anyone.

Otso, the large, bulky and husky, brown-scaled dragon with dark red horns, a long dark red mane of hair, currently wearing a lighter brown tunic over black slacks and boots, wearily carried himself through the woods. Slung over his shoulder were his bags and his black armor, removed and tied together into a singular bunch, should he need to "suit up" for any reason. The big, well-versed dragon had spent more than his share of the journey longing for home, missing a certain lean, green dragon with every ounce of his sensitive heart.

The good news was that, being part of the Brotherhood, Otso had immediate access to the Royal Express, which would see him reach home much faster than he would if he kept traveling on foot. The bad news, on the other hand, was that getting to the express was still going to take him a while. The dragon figured that if he didn't stop for any breaks, he may be fortunate enough to reach it by the end of the night, but it was a risky bet. Not to mention the fact that Otso was well beyond spent already.

Wearily, the dragon knight dragged himself through the woods, not wanting to stop for any reason, not if it meant seeing his dearest Leo sooner. As Otso marched through the woods, a deep, hungry grumble bellowed from his rather plump stomach. Otso winced, grabbing his flabby belly firmly with one hand, causing his palm to sink a little into his tunic as he massaged his middle in an almost nurturing manner. "Mph, I know, I know...but we're almost there," Otso mumbled, petting his stomach in an effort to soothe it as he marched.

As he did, though, something caught his eye from the distance, emanating above the tall and mighty oaks all around him.

“...Smoke? Oh dear...” Otso remarked, gaze hardening with concern. After all, the smoke could've very easily been a forest fire, or worse, someone might be in peril and sending out a signal fire. Either way, help might be needed. So, honor-bound to aide any subjects in need, Otso, for as tired as he may have been, picked up the pace and charged towards the direction of the smoke in the distance.

The thickness of the trees made it difficult to see just where the smoke was coming from. All Otso could do was follow the general direction he thought it was and hope for an opening in the trees to see if he was going the right way or not. Knight with many years of experience under his thick belt or not, Otso always feared for the safety of those around him and was just inwardly praying that no one was hurt, especially if he wasn't headed in the right direction. His stomach growled hungrily in the middle of this, making Otso wince as he ran, but once more, he ignored his hunger, insisting that he would take care of it after the potential criss was averted.

However, his fears soon abated, for when he reached the source of that smoke, it wasn't from a forest fire, but rather, a campsite deep within the woods. There was an immensely large fire pit someone had dug up and used to roast, much to Otso's shock, a *massive* boar, one sitting on the spit and ready for consumption; its thigh already torn off and likely consumed. The mere sight of the gigantic, perfectly roasted carcass was enough to make the hungry dragon salivate. Yet again, Otso's belly roared at the mere sight of the thing, causing the dragon to absent mindedly rub his chubby gut with one hand as he licked his lips.

But he soon shook his thoughts of hunger aside. Instead, he looked around the campsite curiously. There was a large tent expertly set up with several bags inside, not unlike Otso's own bags. Just then, there was a crack of twigs and branches behind Otso.

“Omph, can ah help ya?” A voice inquired from behind; one that sounded like their mouth was currently full. In alert fashion, Otso promptly turned on his heel and grabbed the handle of his blade, but upon seeing who was behind, he never pulled his blade from its' sheath.

Standing before Otso was a big, burly dragon around Otso's exact height. He was a tall, black-scaled dragon with gray scales that traveled from his neck and downward. The black-scaled dragon had black spiky protrusions throughout his scales, from his long, sharp horns, chin spikes, shoulders and biceps. In contrast to Otso, he wore a very casual gray tanktop with darker gray slacks and a dark gray shirt that was tied up around his waist like a belt sash. In his hand was the drumstick previously belonging to that roasted boar which the larger, elder dragon was chomping into. He was a much rougher looking dragon than Otso, suggesting he was a fair bit older, but it was always hard to say, since dragons lived hundreds of years, so even dragons up to their mid-late fifties and well beyond didn't look old or elderly at all, they just had a rougher exterior than younger dragons did.

Immediately, Otso's eyes widened at the sight of the black dragon, and he stiffened up, standing straight before him both excited and intimidated at the same time. "S-Sir Roland! I-i-it's wonderful to see you again, sir!"

The black dragon, Roland, who was still chewing on his boar drumstick, raised a hardened, scaly brow in mild confusion. But as he looked Otso over, that expression quickly shifted into a look of pleasant surprise. "Orf, holy crarph! Ohf, one sec-" Roland insisted, holding up a clawed finger as he swallowed heartily, sending a sizable lump pushing down his thick, scaly throat and vanishing behind his broad, muscular chest. Sighing, Roland thumped his chest and grinned back at Otso, patting the dragon knight on the shoulder. "Otso! That you? Holy crap, s'been years since ah saw ya last! Damn, you've grown a lot since you was a recruit, haven'tcha!" Roland remarked with a familiarly deep southern accent.

Smiling happily, Otso nodded back but quickly maintained a nervously professional decorum. "Erm, y-yes, indeed I have, sir! Th-Thank you for noticing!"

"Feh, none'uh that 'sir' crap, boy! Ah ain't no sir no more, hell, ah was never one t'begin with," Roland remarked with a wink.

"M-My apologies, sir-er...M-Mister Roland sir...er...s-sorry..."

Roland just burst into a fit of laughter at how jittery and nervous Otso seemed to be around him. “BAHAHAH! Ah hell, s'been decades'n yer still as big a dang cinnamon bun as ya were back when you was young, huh!”

Otso blushed upon hearing that and scratched the back of his head bashfully. “...S-Some things simply cannot be helped, sir...”

Roland rolled his eyes in a good-natured fashion at Otso's inability to stop calling him sir. But it made sense. After all, many still regarded Roland as the bravest, most heroic knight in all of the kingdom, despite the fact that he had *long* since retired from that life. “Heh, s'pose not, huh. Though, ah can't help but wonder, when'd ya get such a hefty appetite, Otso? Last ah saw ya, ah don't quite recall you quite so well fed,” Roland asked teasingly, reaching over and giving Otso's belly a few playful pats, making it jiggle lightly beneath his palm and making Otso blush so intensely, one would think he just swallowed several ghost peppers all at once.

“...Y-Yes, w-well...umm...kighthood has a tendency to work up quite an appetite, s-sir...” Otso remarked in embarrassed, deeply flustered fashion.

Roland just grinned toothily and gave his own firm stomach a hefty smack. “Hah! Don't ah know it!” Then, Roland's eyes lit up. He nudged Otso in the arm and gestured for him to follow back over to the boar. “S'matter'uh fact, ah was just about t'help m'self t'some nice'n fat boar fer dinner! Why don'tcha join an ol' ex-knight'n tell me how life's been treatin' ya? Dun worry, ah hunted this sucker down none too long ago, gave me a real run fer my coin too, lemme tell ya...”

“Wha-I...I-I'd be...I'd be honored, sir! I-it...th-thank you so very much, I-” Otso was at a loss for words, which only earned him a hearty belly laugh from Roland. Not only did his former role model still recognize him and seem every bit the dragon knight he recalled from his youth, but that same icon was now inviting him to have dinner with him! The endearing dragon had to actually pinch himself to make sure this wasn't some fever dream.

Sadly, it wasn't long before he was blushing for different reasons...

**\*GWUUUOOOO  
OORRRGLE!!!\***

Otso's fat stomach rumbled loudly and impatiently, causing his eyes to go wide as tea plates while his cheeks burned as red as a cherry. Roland blinked and raised a brow at Otso's big belly while Otso himself wrapped his arm protectively around his middle and scratched the back of his thick neck sheepishly. "...H-Heh...I, umm...m-my apologies, sir..."

Roland simply snorted and nudged Otso in the arm. "Heh, oh yeah, yer definitely stayin' fer dinner, kid. Ah ain't lettin' you walk outta here on an empty stomach."

"...Y-Yes, sir..." Otso muttered softly, still blushing and inwardly cursing his own stomach for embarrassing him in front of his role model, despite Roland taking it all in strides.

So, Otso set his armor and supplies down by the tent, and sat himself down besides Roland at the fire spit, wherein Roland was still chowing down on his drumstick.

"By all means, help yerself, Otso! Wouldn't want that gut'uh yers t'start growlin' my way now!" Roland teased between bites.

Otso chuckled bashfully, still internally cursing himself for not eating earlier. Nonetheless, he grabbed himself a plate and cut a hefty amount of white meat. The two sat together before a crackling flame and ate heartily together. Roland tore through his drumstick in no time, eventually grabbing a plate of his own and cutting out as much meat as he could possibly fit onto his plate at once. Then, he voraciously demolished whatever meat was on his plate like it was the end of times. Otso tried his damndest to maintain some decorum, but he was simply too hungry and as such, pigged out right alongside his old idol.

“Omph! Ulp! Mph, so!” Roland mumbled between mouthfuls of meat. He paused and gulped heartily, making his thick throat squelch as the contents within his mouth pushed down his gullet. After it did, he smacked his chops and nudged Otso. “How's the brotherhood been treatin' ya, big guy?”

“Mph, quite well, sir,” Otso replied, chewing heartily. He held up a clawed finger and swallowed heartily, causing a sizable slab of meat to travel down his immensely thick throat and add to the growing mass in his belly. Sighing, he dabbed his mouth clean then smiled. “I'm always honored to protect and serve my kingdom, but the brotherhood has been good to me every step of the way. They've trained me to be a master combatant, and given me all the tools needed to continue keeping the places I love safe from wickedness. I've been honored to give back, especially in helping to train many of the young knights.”

“Heh, always was the altruistic sorta guy, wasn'tcha,” Roland teased, earning a bashful sort of smile from Otso who scratched the back of his thick neck, not unlike a young hatchling in that moment. “Hard not t'see yerself in all them young'ns, ain't it.”

“Indeed it is, sir,” Otso replied.

Once more, Roland rolled his eyes, more with amusement than anything else at Otso's inability to stop calling him 'sir'. Then, with a sly, cheeky grin, Roland nudged the chubbier of the two dragons. “Course, back when ah was still in my prime, lemme tell ya, the ladies couldn't get their hands off'uh me. Ohhh boy, they just wouldn't lemme be, y'know? Still don't, if ya catch my drift.”

Otso's blush intensified as he averted his gaze and smiled nervously.

Roland's big, toothy grin remained cheeky as ever. “So 'bout it, kiddo? Got yerself any lovely ladies in yer life yet?”

“...W-Well, I've met someone whom I love dearly, n-not quite a lady, h-heh, though with his hair, from behind, one may be forgiven for thinking...I...I should probably avoid finishing that sentence, shouldn't I...”

Roland guffawed with amusement, slapping his knee and shaking his head. "Hahah! Naw, probably don't tell the man'uh yer life that he's purdy like a lady, big fella."

"...G-Good call, sir," Otso muttered, scratching the back of his neck in a more bashful fashion. He chomped into an especially sizable slab of meat, as if to eat away his embarrassment. Otso maybe didn't chew enough because when he gulped it down, it was still mostly solid, sending an especially thick lump pushing uncomfortably down his throat. The big dragon grimaced, thumping his thick chest firmly a few times until the meat was worked down his gullet, clearing his windpipes.

Roland just patted Otso on the back with a good-natured grin. "Yer s'posed to chew that, ya know," Roland teased. "Ya good there, kid?"

Otso nodded about to reply, but apparently, swallowing down his food the way he did caused a bit of excess air to come gurgling up his throat. Grimacing again, Otso brought a fist to his mouth and muffled what sounded like a pretty big burp, one that reverberated in his puffed out cheeks for a few seconds. When it ended, Otso turned his head away from Roland and blew the gasses out of his mouth, then blushed as he rubbed the back of his head. "Mph, p-please excuse me, sir..."

Roland cocked a brow at the younger dragon's embarrassment, then grinned impishly. Setting his plate down for a moment, Roland rested a hand against his stomach and started gulping down some air, causing his belly to expand a little beneath his palm. Once he'd taken in enough air into his gut, he pressed into it firmly and threw his head back.

**"BWAAAAAUUU  
URRRRRROOOOOO  
UUURRRRRRRP!!!!!"**

Otso was taken aback when the elder dragon unleashed a large, throaty belch that sounded like it came from the very depths of Roland's stomach, which pushed out for a good few seconds straight. When it ended, Roland sighed with relief and gave his belly a hearty slap of satisfaction, rubbing it up and down shortly after as he shot Otso a rather smug grin. "Ahh, heh, ain't nothin' t'excuse when yer 'round me, boy. Y'hear?"

The younger dragon couldn't help but chuckle at that display, nodding back at Roland. "H-Heh, understood, sir. And may I just say, I can most *definitely* see where Edgar gets his talents from..."

Roland just snorts dismissively at that comment. "Feh! Are ya jokin' me?? That kid can't hold a candle t'the champ 'ere!" Roland declared, pointing his clawed thumb at his broad chest with a toothy grin. Then, shortly after doing so, Roland's grin softened to a more genuine grin. "So, how's my boy doin' these days anyhow? He gettin' along okay with the brotherhood too?"

"Oh, um, Edgar actually retired from knighthood years ago. I'll admit, brash as your son may be, there was no one in the land whom I trusted with my life more than him," Otso remarked, looking off almost fondly as he remembered his time with Edgar by his side. "We bickered almost every other minute..."

"Hah! That's my boy fer ya...the more things change, the more they stay the same, right?" Roland remarked with a knowing smirk.

Otso chuckled with amusement and nodded in agreement back at the elder dragon. "Indeed, sir. Even now, we're always going at it, but nonetheless, he's still one of my best friends and always will be..."

"Hotheaded dumbass though he may be, Ed's always been a good kid," Roland remarked fondly. "So what's he keep up to these days then?"

"Oh, he actually moved far away from our kingdom with his boyfriend-"

"-Lucian, right?" Roland inquired. Otso nodded but glanced back at Roland with surprise. The elder dragon just chuckled. "He don't tell me everythin', but ah write to him t'keep in touch. You was sayin'?"

“R-Right, well, after Edgar moved in with Lucian, far away from things, he's, well, he's found a new lease on things, I feel. For the first time in years, I think Edgar is actually trying to find out what it is that truly makes him happy and contented, and he's pursuing those goals with someone who...*despite his mountain of character flaws...*Edgar truly loves, and I know Lucian feels the same way about him,” Otso remarked. It was true that Otso missed having his friend around, either on missions or just back home. Things really weren't the same after Edgar left, since, for years, it had always been the three of them, Otso, Edgar and Leo. And though Edgar did visit when he could, it just wasn't the same.

Still, Otso knew that Edgar had to do what was best for him, and if that meant moving away to pursue his ambitions, then Otso and Leo were going to cheer him on every step of the way.

Roland simply sat there, nodding his head to every word Otso was saying. And when he finished, Roland just smiled softly and contently muttered under his breath, “...*Good fer you, son...*”

Shortly after, Otso cleared his throat and addressed Roland. “I-If I may ask, sir, h-how is it that you have kept correspondence with your son but didn't know about all of this?”

Roland snorted and gave Otso a knowing look. “C'mon, kid. Ya know Ed better than anyone. Ya have any idea how hard it is t'get that kid t'talk about his life'n his feelin's?”

Otso sighed and nodded. “...*Like pulling fangs...*”

Roland nodded and shook his head. “Hell, ah've been writin' to him as much as ah could, lettin' him know how ah'm doin'n constantly checkin' t'see how he's been. Half his response letters have been somethin' along the lines'uh...heh, well, see fer yerself.”

The elder dragon headed to his bag near the tent he'd set up and rummaged through it until he pulled out a piece of parchment with rather crude inking written atop it in big letters. He handed it to Otso who took the letter and examined it almost like a professor reviewing one of his students' exams.

“Dear Dad...stop sending so many dang letters seven explanation marks and what looks like an angry face doodle for some reason,” Otso read in an entirely neutral tone of voice. “...Love you. Edgar.” Otso blinked and handed Roland the letter. “...Your son always did have a way with words...”

“Amen t'that,” Roland replied with a good natured chuckle as he took the letter, carefully folded it up and placed it back into his bag. He then pulled a seat and took another hearty chomp of his meal. After gulping his mouthful down, Roland thumped his chest and sighed. “Guh, y'see, that's actually why ah'm here. After ah retired, ah headed back t'mine'n Ed's hometown 'cuz, well, y'know me, big city livin' just ain't my thing. No matter how old ah get, ah'll always be a country boy. And Ed, ah knew he was always gonna need his independence. But no matter how old he gets, he's still my son after all'n, honest, I was startin' t'miss the kid.”

“Omph, mph, so...” Otso paused then swallowed heartily himself and went on. “So, you're here to visit him then?” Otso inquired after taking another bite of his boar meat.

“Sure am. Sometimes, letters just ain't enough, 'specially with how terrible that boy's handwritin' is...” Roland responded. Otso snickered with amusement because even he knew from his own letters to Edgar that the burly, brash dragon's handwriting looked like chicken scratch half the time.

Then, a thought occurred that caused Otso's eyes to light up. “Say! Umm, I'm actually on my way to the royal expressway! Why don't you come with me? It should expedite your travel tenfold! You'd be at Edgar's and Lucian's home before you knew it!”

Roland chuckled, patting Otso on the shoulder. “Heh, miiiiighty kind'uh ya t'be thinkin' 'bout lil ol' me like that. But ah think ah'll pass on that one, kiddo. Y'see, ah ain't never been one t'shy away from a loooong journey. S'how ah keep my dashin' good looks, even at this age,” Roland explained with a mock-dashing grin, earning another chortle from Otso. “Nah, but seriously, ah'll pass on the offer. Ah know it'll take longer, but it'll make seein' my boy that much more worthwhile, an' it just ain't me t'be takin' no easy way out, no offense, uh'course.”

“None taken whatsoever, sir,” Otso said with a smile.

*That* was the role model he remembered from his days as a recruit.

Roland was never one for taking shortcuts, and always did his best to keep his recruits humble, often leading by example. Roland was the type of knight who would be first to aide in building a home for the homeless, and the last to leave until he was certain every single nail was hammered in place. He was very old fashioned like that, often working harder than needed, but never once complaining, and if he saw his recruits struggling, he'd be there to help them patiently and carefully every step of the way.

As Otso was lost in thought, a thought occurred to Roland. “Say, if ya have access t'the royal expressway, that must make ya pretty high up in the chain'uh command, right? What rank're you at, big guy?”

“O-Oh! Umm, w-well, believe it or not, I am actually in line to become his majesty's second hand dragon soon!” Otso declared with a hint of pride in his voice.

Roland whistled and gave the younger, heavier-set dragon a hearty pat on the back. “Ya don't say! Well, shoot, boy! Why didn'tcha say so??”

“Erm, h-heh, w-well, I didn't f-feel the need to, it might seem like bragging, so-”

“-Hell with that, congratulations!” Roland declared, clapping his hands with pride at the younger dragon. “Ever since you was a recruit, ah always knew you was gonna go places, Otso'n here ya are! Ah'm proud'uh ya, boy!”

Otso's brown-scaled cheeks turned a very notable shade of red upon hearing that. He bashfully scratched the back of his head and smiled down at the ground upon hearing the role model from his youth say he was proud of him. “...Th-Thank you very much, sir. I...th-that means a lot to me...”

Roland grinned toothily back at Otso and held up a claw. “Ya know that means we gotta celebrate, right?”

Before Otso could inquire as to just what Roland meant, the elder dragon once again headed over to his tent and rummaged through his bag. Eventually, Roland pulled out several sizable bottles of alcohol and tossed one Otso's way while Roland set the rest down on the dirt between the two dragons and popped the top off from his own bottle. Otso did the same, but upon sniffing the contents inside, his eyes widened as he jolted back slightly.

Roland laughed heartily. "Hahah! Yeah, this right 'ere's the hard stuff, kiddo. Ain't none'uh that groggy ale Edgar's constantly sippin', naw, this stuff'll add some scales to yer chest, lemme tell ya!"

Otso couldn't help but chuckle at Roland's remark. "Your son does fancy himself quite the heavy drinker, and maybe compared to some other dragons or Lucian, that might be true, buuuut..."

"...Kid's a lightweight compared t'us , ain't he?" Roland suggested with a knowing smirk.

A smirk returned in full by Otso who held up his glass and nodded back at his role model. "You said, Roland."

Roland's grin only widened some more at hearing Otso start to lighten up and get more comfortable around him. The elder dragon clanked his bottle against Otso's and held up his bottle. "Here's to a long'n prosperous career, Otso. May ya go far'n do more good fer this kingdom than ya ever imaged possible."

"I shall most certainly drink to that," Otso declared with a grin.

Then, the two dragons, in unison, dipped their heads back and proceeded to down their immensely alcoholic beverages. Otso's thick throat bobbed in and out with each hefty gulp he took in, all of which were slower than Roland's more rapid-fire gulps, but because they were considerably larger due to his heavier-set frame, they both downed their beverages at around the same pace. Neither one stopped for a breath at any point. They just chugged and chugged, downing enough alcohol in one fell swoop to turn the most hardened of dragons tipsy in twice that time. Within record-breaking times, Otso and Roland had downed their beverages and set their empty bottles aside.

Otso gasped breathlessly, wiping his maw clean with his forearm as he huffed to himself; throat burning mildly from how intense those alcohol levels were. “Whew, my goodness, y-you weren't kidding about how strong this brew is,” Otso remarked, genuinely surprised.

Roland burped loudly then sighed heartily, patting his stomach and letting out another burp then smacking his chops. “Ah told'ja, didn't ah? This stuff is fer real dragons.”

Otso nodded, then grimaced a moment later. A deep burbling emitted from his fat belly. The dragon grasped his stomach with one hand, feeling it gurgle intensely beneath his palm. He felt a gurgling of pressure bubbling up his gullet. But this time, rather than try and suppress it, Otso threw his head back and let out a burp so loud that a few nearby birds flew away from their nests...

**“BRRRAAAA  
AUUUUURR-  
HAAAAAAR  
RRROOOO  
ORRRRPIIIII!”**

It blasted out of Otso's maw for a few seconds longer than Roland's eructation and had some added heft to it, likely from the pressure of all that air brewing in his belly, bubbling away with the influx of alcohol. When it ended, Otso covered his mouth and blushed a little but managed to chuckle in spite of himself. "H-Heh, I didn't think it was going to be that big..."

Roland simply whistled again and patted Otso on the shoulder. "Well, yer just full'uh surprises, ain'tcha, kiddo."

"H-Heh, I have my moments..." Otso replied, earning a grin from Roland, who handed him another bottle, which Otso gratefully accepted.

The night continued on with both Otso and Roland stuffing their faces with more and more meat, courtesy of that giant boar that Roland had hunted earlier. The meat was so unbelievably tender, and went down even better with the alcohol provided by Roland. The two dragons gleefully stuffed their faces, taking big, greedy bites of meat that went down as fast as it was being torn off from the carcass and added to their respective plates. And in between one serving after another of boar-meat, both dragons continued chugging down their alcoholic beverages every so often to help wash everything down.

Everything was absolutely delicious, but the combination of both all of that boar meat and all of that especially heavy and strong alcohol was having a profound impact on their midsections. Roland was already a very muscle-bound dragon. Not nearly as beefy as his son, Edgar, but physically built to the point where not even the most hardened dragon would dare to ever challenge Roland to hand-to-hand combat. His stomach was firm and muscular, but the more he ate and drank, the more it started to round out, growing more and more bloated the more he consumed. To the point where his overshirt, which was wrapped around his waist like a sash, was starting to unravel itself, while his white tanktop grew tighter and tighter around the middle.

Otso, in contrast, was a muscular yet very chubby dragon. In fact, it was always something that made him seem extra cuddly and more adorable than he would've liked to seem, despite his status as a knight. So the impact wasn't as visible on his already big and fat gut. It sagged a bit more and pressed against his tunic, but seemed the same at a glance.

The more both dragons ate and drank, however, the more apparent that bloating became. Roland stuffed himself to the point where his normally firm and built stomach was pushing out by two feet. Granted, relative to his immensely tall draconian frame, that wasn't the worst thing in the world, but he had bloated enough to the point where his waist-shirt unraveled, falling onto the ground while a sliver of his gray scaled-belly was becoming visible from the bottom of his shirt.

After downing yet another serving of boar meat, Roland leaned back and let out a *massive* belch, followed by another, lengthier one right after that. When it ended, Roland groaned with relief, resting of his hands atop his bloated belly, tenderly rubbing his hands up and down that rounded, gurgling organ. "Oof...ohhh man, ah ain't had a boar this stinkin' good in ages..." Roland mused, patting his belly happily, causing the contents inside to slosh around due to both his digestive process and the sheer amount of alcohol he'd already consumed.

He popped the top off of another bottle of alcohol and downed a hefty amount of it. He took in some especially hearty glugs that could be heard rippling down his throat from a few feet away, but he wasn't downing the whole thing in one go the way he was at the start of his gorging. Pulling the bottle from his lips, Roland huffed to himself and set the bottle down. Roland burped pretty loudly afterwards but shook his head with a look of dissatisfaction. He opened his mouth and burped again, but it was weaker this time. Looking a little annoyed, he started patting the side of his belly with a look of concentration on his face until finally, he got the result he wanted.

"BRAAAAUU  
UUURRRRR  
UUUHHPIIIII!"

A big, throaty belch erupted from Roland's mouth, carrying on for only a few seconds but having so much heft behind it that you could practically feel the pressure behind it. Which, no doubt, brought some much needed relief to Roland's overstuffed gut. When it ended, Roland sighed with relief and slumped back.

“Graaaaah, *finally!* \*HIC!\* Guh, that one's been waitin' t'come out...” Roland groaned with relief, slapping his gut heavily as he sat back with a look of satisfaction on his face.

Otso, meanwhile, was getting so bloated that his fat belly had caused his belt to grow immensely strained against the waist of his pants and tunic. Said tunic was stretching out a great deal to try and just barely contain that growing mound of scaly flesh expanding beneath it as Otso gorged himself. The chubby dragon had to stop eating because his belly was getting so heavy that his belt was causing some unwanted constriction.

He grimaced and fumbled around with his belt as Roland, who was still tending to his own rounded middle, observed with amusement. “Heh, need a hand'er two there, kiddo?”

“N-No, no, I've got this under, mph, c-control,” Otso muttered, slurring his words somewhat. He almost resembled a child fumbling to tie his own shoes for the first time. The struggle, of course, came from trying to work around his big fat gut to undo his belt. All that rummaging was causing his belly to jiggle and slosh, especially from the pressure he was applying to it, pressing in just to give his fingers some room to navigate. Otso muffled a deep burp from his rummaging and grunted shortly after, but eventually, he undid his belt, causing it to snap open and as soon as he did, his belly surged outward, pushing his pants down and hiking up the bottom of his tunic a bit to expose a portion of his hefty underbelly.

Immediately, Otso groaned, slumping back a little himself as he felt immense relief in finally freeing his gut from its restrictions. Of course, in doing so, all that pressure building in the chubby dragons' belly promptly rocketed up from his gut all at once with that sudden jerk of motion. Otso's eyes widened as his cheeks puffed out for a moment. But then, a moment later, Otso gripped his big fat dome of a gut with both hands, squeezing into its fat and unleashed the mother of all burps...

"BEEEEELL  
LUNUNUNUN  
URRRRAAA  
AAAAAH-  
HOOOOO  
OORRRRR  
RRUNUNUN  
URRPIIIII!"

The fat dragon held his gut firmly with his clawed hands, kneading into it as he unleashed a devastatingly loud belch. It exploded out from his gaping jaws with such ferocity that one would swear a literal bomb had gone off within Otso's stomach from the sheer amount of pressure being released all at once. And it dragged on for so long that Roland didn't even bother keeping track of the seconds, but he knew it stretched on for at least ten seconds straight and not once did it ever peter out into something weaker. From start to finish, that was a giant, rumbling burp that scared the hell out of any animals within a quarter mile radius.

When it ended, Otso groaned breathlessly as he slumped backwards, needing to use one hand pressed against the soil just to keep himself sitting upright as his domed out stomach sloshed heavily. Normally, such a display would make his face redder than a tomato, but while he was still blushing somewhat, Otso was so drunk that he couldn't help but moan with sheer relief. Roland, in contrast, laughed heartily, hiccuping a few times in the process from the laughter contracting his own bloated, beer and meat-filled belly.

“Gahahahah-*\*HIC!\** Oof, by the Gods, boy! That was-*\*HICCURLP!\** guh, that was a sight t'behold!” Roland praised between his guffaws and hiccups.

Otso huffed, he was about to thank Roland for his praise, but his belly churned deeply like a cauldron full of especially potent witches brew. In fact, it churned and bubbled so aggressively that his fat scaly belly physically jostled around from its intensity. He could feel another burp coming up, and rather than try to suppress like he'd been doing when he was sober, Otso pressed into his fat gut firmly, then threw his head back to let it out freely.

**"BWAAAAAAAAAUUU  
UUURRRRRRUUUUU  
UUUUUUHHPIIIII!"**



Of course, Roland, who was still grinning widely, albeit drunkenly, gave the fat dragon a thumbs up of approval. "Heh, ah'll bet the-*\*HIC\**mph, whole danged forest heard *that* one, boy!"

Otso's flush intensified, but he nonetheless snickered drunkenly and waved his hand dismissively. "If they did, I hope they took that as a sign to bring more alcohol," Otso joked drunkenly, earning shared laughter between himself and the elder dragon.

The two sat there, resting up to catch their shared breaths, drunkenly chatting it up and occasionally hiccuping and burping due to how full both of them were getting. But eventually, they went back to their meal. Despite how packed their bellies had gotten, both dragons had a stomach capacity that simply couldn't be met. And Roland, being the elder of the two with far more experience in the woods, wasn't one to leave meat out in the open in the middle of the woods. It only invited trouble from more wild beasts, and while, normally, he wouldn't mind the extra meat, with how utterly bloated the two dragons were and were still to be? It wasn't a risk he was willing to take.

So, after a moment of much needed reprieve, both Otso and Roland resumed gorging themselves on what remained of the boar meat. The two were already pretty stuffed as is, but both were capable gluttons in their own rite. And given how drunk both Otso and Roland had become, it wasn't as if their better judgement was on full display at the moment anyway.

Both dragons just kept on stuffing their faces, perhaps a bit more slowly and maybe even a little groggy, but consistent and relentless all the same. With every bite they consumed and every thick squelch of their throat muscles as they gulped their meat down, little by little, their expansive bellies continued to swell out more and more. Roland's shirt had long since ridden up from how bloated he had become, revealing the entirety of his rounded, gray-scaled medicine ball of a belly. It pressed out easily by three and a half feet, churning deeply the more the elder dragon consumed, and was so round that he had to spread his thighs apart just to give his monstrously bloated belly some much needed breathing room. It gurgled up a storm but it was absolutely nothing compared to just how huge and how noisy Otso's boulder of a belly had become...



Otso's only response was a short but *massive* belch, one that blasted out of his mouth aggressively without warning. The fat dragon sighed with relief, patting his blubbery belly heavily, and dislodging another huge burp in the process, followed by another one right after that. His face flushed a little with embarrassment, but frankly, Otso was far too drunk and full to even bother excusing himself.

That only earned him a rather competitive grin from Roland. "Oh-hooo, *dem's fightin' words, boy...*"

There was a momentary look of concentration on Roland's face as he gripped his immensely bloated gut with both clawed hands. He gave his belly a hearty jostle, making it slosh intensely within his grasp. The action immediately made his face wrinkle with discomfort, like he was trying to hold in an incoming burp. But he managed to hold it in and continued jostling his belly around, causing the churning and gurgling to intensify tenfold from all the pressure being brewed from the jostling. Roland's already bloated stomach began to actually expand ever so slightly and grow just the slightest bit taut from the sheer volume of gas brewing in his gut all at once.

Otso watched, still feeling a bit gassy himself, blinking groggily. But as he watched, he couldn't help but feel a little worried. The sheer intensity of the gurgling bubbling from Roland's gut told him that this wasn't just going to be some ordinary dragon burp. Part of him wasn't sure if he should conceal his earholes or try and hit the deck, but he was far too bloated to do the latter, and too drunk to do the former. All he could do was watch as Roland's massive domed out belly quivered and shook as Roland maintained a fixed, near-militant focus, even in his drunken stupor.

Then, when he could take no more, Roland slapped his belly hard, causing it to ripple intensely beneath his palm as all the contents sloshed around heavily. And just then, in one fell swoop, all that pressure went rocketing up his gullet and through his throat, until it eventually reached Roland's mouth.

Roland promptly threw his head back with his jaws expelled as wide as could be, and out from the belly of the fabled hero of the kingdom was a belch to end all belches...

1 BRRRAA

AAAAA

AUUUUU

UUUUURR

RRRUUUU

UUUUUUU

UUUUUU-

MAAAA

AAOOO

OOOOO

ORRRRR-

BWOO

OOOU

UURRR-



It was a record-shatterer. There was no two ways about it. Otso could literally feel the ground quiver as that fifteen second long belch—yes, Otso actually counted, drunk as he was—erupted from Roland's jaws with such force that Otso's own belly was quivering in its wake. The volume was so intensely loud that Otso, who was flinching in its wake, was genuinely amazed that Roland hadn't ruptured his vocal cords getting that monster out of his belly. Roland's head lurched as several flecks of saliva sputtered out past his jaws in the wake of that beast. He pressed his belly firmer and firmer within his claws, ensuring he got every last bit of that pressure out in one fell swoop.

When it finally ended after what felt like a literal eternity, Roland gasped breathlessly and slumped back, heavily belly rising and falling as he desperately tried to refill his lungs with oxygen. Otso just sat there in dumbfounded silence for several seconds straight. And slowly, the younger, fatter dragon proceeded to applaud the elder ex-knight.

Roland simply smirked lazily and drunkenly and took about as much of a mock bow as his stupendously bloated gut would allow him to take. "Haaaah...stiiiiill got it," Roland muttered proudly to himself as he slapped his belly heavily and burped again.

"...Sir...in all the years that I've known your son, and in all the many burping contests he's managed to rope me into, I can safely say that, in six lifetimes, he will never be able to do what you just did...nor I or any other dragon born for the next hundred years," Otso muttered, genuinely awestruck.

Roland just smacked his chops and flashed Otso a wink. "Dun' worry 'bout it, kid. In a few decades, you'll get the hang of it before ya know it...might take a few more decades fer my boy though..."

Once again, the two dragons laughed, but eventually sighed as they resumed rubbing their immensely bloated midsections all over. Otso groaned to himself as his steadily ran up and down his plump, rounded belly, feeling up its rounded curves, grasping at his fatty underbelly and really feeling just how jam-packed the thing was. He couldn't help but sigh to himself.

Naturally, between the booze and the food, it wasn't long before the food comas kicked in. Roland was quick to suggest that Otso camp out with him for the night before the two would eventually go their separate ways by sunrise. And even though Otso wouldn't have refused, before he could even get a word in edgewise, Roland had pretty much passed out, not even bothering to go over to his tent. The elder dragon was flat on his back with his massive belly jutting out in the air as he snored heavily. It wasn't the sight Otso expected to see upon meeting his role model for the first time in decades, but it was a rather amusing sight all the same, and only reinforced how down to earth Roland truly was.

Otso was bloated beyond belief though. The fat dragon grabbed what he could of his flabby gut, feeling it slosh intensely within his grasp as he tried to push himself up to his feet and set up his own resting site besides Roland. He tried to put the fire out by kicking some dirt on it, but when he leaned over, his belly sloshed so heavily that Otso couldn't help but let out a huge burp right in the direction of the fire. Otso burped so hard that it actually blew out the roaring flame, embarrassingly enough.

When it ended, Otso covered his mouth and blushed. He nervously turned to Roland's direction, but mercifully, he was so out of it that the elder dragon was still snoring like a motorboat. Carefully, Otso cradled his belly and slowly wobbled over to the elder dragon. Slowly, he bent down and pulled the heavy, bloated black and gray-scaled ex-knight into his tent, causing Roland's belly to wobble a few times and dislodge a few low burps out of him in his sleep. Then, Otso put Roland's fur-covers over the dragon so he could slumber a little more comfortably.

Before long, Otso, who didn't bother setting up his tent, merely put out his sleeping wares and settled down into them, resting peacefully against the makeshift covers and draping a thick blanket over his waist, letting the cool forest air blow over his bare, massive belly as it slorshed and jutted up even more than Roland's did.

The night he shared with Roland wasn't how he expected this night to go, but Otso couldn't have been happier if he tried. Not only did he get to meet his idol from when he was young and see he was every bit the great and honorable dragon he always remembered, but he got to share in a really fun, much needed unwinding with the elder, after a rather long and gruelingly lonely mission.

He was excited to finally see his beloved Leo again after so long away from home, but more than that, he was excited for Edgar. After all these years, he knew for a fact that his best friend was going to be beyond thrilled to see his father again in the scaly flesh, and get to do some much needed bonding and catching up that letters and other correspondence simply couldn't replicate.

Though, a thought occurred to Otso that made him snicker before eventually passing out altogether.

...Gods save Edgar if he ever tried to get into a belching contest with his father, because that was one fight the cocky, headstrong brute would simply never, ever win...

*And Gods save Lucian's home if Edgar dared to try...*

**The End**