

Lazy days were becoming a common occurrence now that the younger generation of Pokemon Trainers were taking center stage. Raihan casually kicked back on the couch, texting away and browsing through the comments sections of his many, MANY streams. He was a good-hearted young man, but he'd be the first to admit that he lavished the praise he always got from his fans and just random viewers. Few knew the value of showmanship in Pokemon training and battles quite like Raihan did.

His hourly praise-bender was interrupted by the sound of a MASSIVE burp erupting aggressively from the kitchen. Raihan practically jumped out of his seat, his dark-skinned cheeks growing flush as he rushed to the source. He arrived just in time to see Piers in the middle of the kitchen, sighing with relief and giving his stomach a few hard pats.

Piers was dressed in his tanktop, and as his hand ran up and down his stomach, Raihan could see the slightest bump beneath his shirt, but he wasn't NEARLY as bloated as he usually was to get burps like that out. "...Erm, h-hey, Piers. You okay there?" Raihan asked, voice a bit shaky from being so riled up.

"Urgh," grumbled Piers as he rubbed his belly a little more firmly with a look of discomfort on his pale, sleep-deprived face. "Mph, *HuuUrrhoorp!* Guh, *urp*... m'sorry, mate. Gut started gettin' a lil grumbly after lunch'n I got a show in a few hours," Piers mumbled lazily, still massaging his gut as if to work more pressure up.

Raihan had known for a while that Piers' "could not give less of a damn" attitude wasn't just for the stage.

He slipped his pale, slender hand under his stylish tanktop up, revealing his skinny torso and his visibly puffed out stomach pooching out ever so slightly. Raihan's heart practically skipped a beat when he watched Piers' fingers press into the middle of his bare belly. Due to its bloated state, his fingers sank slightly into the surface of his middle, prompting it to gurgle deeply and audibly until Piers threw his head back and expelled a volatile, throaty belch, one that really seeped to rip out of Piers. And as soon as it ended, Piers slapped his belly, making it jiggle ever so slightly as another, lengthier burp erupted out of him.

Raihan bit his lower lip, and tugged at the spiky collar of his dragon hoodie and timidly asked, "...S-So, think ya got it all out...?"

Piers grunted and shook his head. He slumped down and gripped his knees. Once again, Raihan could hear his gullet gurgle idly as Piers gulped down some more air before burping it back up aggressively. Raihan could tell that the belch Piers just unleashed, being so throaty, probably hurt coming up.

How on earth could one meal make a person THIS gassy...?

Either way, Raihan tapped his fingers together almost timidly and suggested, “W-Well, if you want, I could help you get it outta your system so you won't be all burpy when you perform?”

Piers started hitting his chest firmly to clear his windpipes then grunted, staring back at Raihan with a brow raised. “Ye just wanna get me burpin' some more, don'tcha...” he mumbled, not in a teasing sort of way, but in a matter-of-fact sort of manner. The blush on Raihan's cheeks more or less gave the game away, but Piers simply shrugged and added, “Yeh, let's give it a shot...”

The young, gurgle-y singer kicked back on the side of their couch, still massaging his aching gut firmly with one hand. Raihan headed into the kitchen for a moment, then eventually plopped himself down next to Piers and handed him a ginger ale bottle. “Here, this usually helps me out whenever my stomach's givin' me grief,” Raihan offered.

“Won't this just make me even gassier?” Piers muttered skeptically as he held up the bottle.

“Yeah, but it'll work up the pressure in your stomach that's making you all burpy in the first place. S'like fighting fire with fire, and trust me, we dragon trainers know a thing or two about fire,” Raihan assured, flashing a fang-filled grin at that last remark.

Piers was still skeptical, but nonetheless shrugged. He unscrewed the cap then brought it to his lips and proceeded to start chugging his soda bottle down. Raihan watched with rapt focus as Piers' slender throat bobbed in and out rapidly with the rush of carbonated sugar water flowing down his gullet. Each glug he took was accompanied by a rather audible gulp emitting from his throat; his throat muscles squelching wetly with each swallow he took.

Almost as soon as Piers pulled the bottle away from his lips and swallowed down his current mouthful of soda, a MASSIVE, brassy belch exploded out of him. He gasped heavily when it ended, then grabbed his gut and unleashed another big, throaty belch, one that rolled out of his throat for a few seconds straight. After it rumbled to a close, he huffed to himself, patting his stomach a few times to settle it down, letting out a smaller burp in the process, followed by another weak one right after that.

“Guh, gut still feels grumbly,” mumbled Piers, looking back at the bottle.

“Keep chugging, I'll help you out,” Raihan assured him, nestling up against Piers' side and slipping his palm under Piers' tight-fitting shirt to start gingerly rubbing Piers' belly.

It definitely felt a bit warmer and puffier than usual beneath Raihan's fingertips. After all, this was far from the first time Raihan had needed to give Piers some belly rubs before. Nonetheless, Raihan's hand ran up and down that smooth, soft surface, kneading his fingers slightly into the surface of Piers' stomach.

Piers sighed pleasantly at the sensation, leaning back against the couch to make his slightly bloated stomach push out a little bit more. Then, he resumed chugging the ginger ale down. More and more, the fizzy beverage rushed down his throat, Piers being a bit of a chugging champ, more renown for how impressively he could down any alcoholic beverages than mere soda. Nonetheless, it helped him get a lot more down in a much faster rate.

All the while, as Piers chugged, Raihan continued kneading and massaging his belly. His fingers gripped into the surface of Piers' gut, pressing into it to stir up all the carbonation brewing within his belly along with whatever was causing all that gastric distress in the first place. It was getting so intense that Piers actually burped into his bottle as he chugged, the sound reverberating yet muffled by the plastic. And the instant he pulled the bottle away, a *massive* belch erupted from Piers' mouth, one that sounded like it came from the depths of Piers' stomach, leaving him huffing breathlessly when it came to a rumbling finish.

“There ya go!” Raihan praised his companion, patting Piers' belly in congratulations a few times. He could feel Piers' stomach jiggle ever so slightly beneath his palm with each oddly satisfying thump, and felt the soda slosh around inside of Piers' gut in the process. The blushing young man couldn't help but thump at Piers' belly again a little more firmly to be that much more self-indulgent.

**“BEEERRRUVUUUUUUUPH!!!”** Piers burped loudly again in response to the patting. He grunted when it ended and smacked his chest, expelling another deep belch in response.

“Does your stomach feel any better after that?” Raihan asked, cheeks dark and flush as he spoke in a notably flustered way.

Piers felt up his bare stomach with one hand in thought. It was still burbling and churning deeply beneath his palm, but it *did* feel like it had settled down a little bit. So, Piers nodded and mumbled, **“URPH!”** Yeh, I think so.”

“Great! Keep chugging then!” Raihan boasted a little TOO eagerly, which was not lost on Piers at all, judging by the way he stared blankly at his companion for a moment. But nonetheless, he brought the bottle to his lips and continued chugging more of the beverage down while Raihan continued to gingerly knead and massage Piers' soft stomach all over.

The more Piers chugged at such a rapid rate, the more Raihan could feel his belly beginning to swell up a little more, expanding from both the influx of soda and the excess of carbonation and quickly swallowed air all brewing and expanding within his gut. It bubbled deeply underneath his palms as he continued to gingerly stroke the soft, mildly sloshy surface.

There was so much gas in Piers' expanded belly that, like clockwork, the instant the bottle was pulled away from his lips, a huge, tonsil-rattling belch ripped out of his throat and left him panting when it ended. And before he could even catch his breath, another throaty burp rolled out of his mouth, causing a slight bit of drool to spew out past his lips. "Urrf...shit," Piers mumbled uncomfortably, then brought a fist to his mouth to muffle a BIG burp, one that puffed out his cheeks, and left him blowing the sterile air off to the side with a nauseated groan. "...Think I took too much of that shit down at once, mate..."

"Here, lemme help ya out," Raihan insisted. And before Piers could interject, Raihan pushed down firmly into Piers' rounded gut with both hands, making his palms sink slightly into that soft, pale belly.

**\*BLOOOOOOUUUUUURRGL!!!!\***

Suddenly, Piers' belly quivered intensely beneath Raihan's palms as it churned and bubbled so aggressively that, if it sounded like a smelting pot before, it was starting to sound like one on the fritz now. Piers suddenly lurched in his seat, eyes wider than Raihan had ever seen as his gullet lurched and he brought a hand around his mouth. For a brief moment, Raihan was scared that he pressed too hard and that Piers was about to violently puke everywhere.

But before he could apologize, however...

' 'BRRRA  
AAAAAAV  
VVVRRR-  
HOOOOOO  
OOORRRR  
RRVVVVV  
VPH!!!!'

Out from the maw of the punk-singer expelled the single loudest burp Raihan was all but certain he'd ever heard. It exploded past Piers' gaping maw and rippling lips for a good few seconds straight, causing a few strands of saliva to fly out of his mouth as that forceful eructation echoed throughout the entire apartment and likely well beyond. Raihan could actually FEEL Piers' belly deflate somewhat beneath his palms as all that gas came rushing out of him in the form of one GIANT burp.

By the time it ended, Piers was left practically dazed as he slumped back against the couch and moaned with sweet relief to himself.

“Grrraaaaaah...fuuuuuuck me, mate...that's loads better...” Piers mused in a near-drunken-sounding stupor. He idly rubbed his throat and muttered, “...Kinda hurt comin' up though...”

Raihan just sat there, hands still planted on Piers belly with this stunned, blaze-pink blush on his dark-skinned face.

“.....G-Good one...” he finally peeped.

“I know,” Piers replied lazily, smacking his lips and adding, “you can keep rubbin' if ye want, mate. Probably still got some more in there if ya wanna help me get those out too...”

Piers knew his friends interests all too well. He wasn't teasing about it or even flirtatious. It was all very cut and dry for the young rockstar.

Not that it mattered one way or the other for Raihan. Before Piers could even finish his sentence, those hands were already right back to work rubbing and kneading his belly. Piers rolled his eyes but nonetheless shrugged and chugged some more soda.

And though he was the one downing that fizzy beverage, it was clear as day who the thirsty one of the two was.