

Zhongli was always a tea drinker first and foremost. He wasn't especially fond of drinking alcoholic beverages, least of all to excess. It tended to make him lose his stringent self control and he would rather not make a fool of himself.

Unfortunate then that his lover, Childe, had a very uncanny ability to coax him into going against his better judgement from time to time. Such as a gathering with their allies and friends at the local tavern in Snezhnaya. After all, it was a time to celebrate, Zhongli wouldn't want to appear rude around his friends, or at least, that's how Childe managed to frame it.

Thus, one drink became two...became four...and eventually, *far* too many...

To make matters worse, with so much alcohol in him, that self-discipline of his went out the window, and made room for bar food. And because the people of Snezhnaya specialize in seafood, which just so happened to be dishes that Zhongli was *quite* partial to...well...let's just say that a "looser" Zhongli isn't one known for his moderation...

"Hehe, man, you really went all out tonight, didn'tcha," Childe teased when he eventually sat down next to Zhongli, who groaned almost as loudly as his overstuffed stomach did. His normally concave midsection was jutting out quite prominently, packed to the brim with seafood and alcohol.

The Geo Archon slumped back in his seat, huffing with flushed cheeks.

"...OoOoohh...so, this is what it is to be- ***HICCULP***-mph...mortal..." Zhongli said, a loud and sharp hiccup cutting him off mid-sentence and causing his bloated gut to bounce slightly as everything inside of him sloshed quite audibly.

"Yep! Drunk, dopy and gluttonous like the rest of us, ain't it great?" Childe said as he teasingly patted Zhongli's belly, making the older man hiccup loudly again. "Hehe, I mean, I know you have an appetite, but you REALLY packed it away," Childe mused as he felt up his boyfriend's weighty midsection, feeling just how heavy and full it was.

Zhongli was about to speak, but his overworked stomach gave a thick, sour-sounding burble, making him wince and cover his mouth. Moments later, an uncharacteristically thick belch rumbled in his mouth quite audibly, puffing out his cheeks as he just barely held it in. Another, even longer one followed suit, making him strain a little as he struggled to muffle the creeping eruptions.

He turned his head away from Childe and blew the gas off to the side then slurred out in an equally uncharacteristic manner, "...Urf...I'm so full..."

Another loud hiccup jerked Zhongli in place, making his belly jiggle in Childe's hands, before hiccupping sharply again, and again.

“Heh, lil heartburn there, old man?” Childe said teasingly as he gently rubbed Zhongli's churning stomach up and down.

Zhongli covered his mouth and tried to suppress his hiccups, making his torso jerk with each attempted suppression. The spasms made his stomach jolt and jostle beneath Childe's grasp. He eventually hiccuped so hard that he couldn't suppress it.

“**HIC!** Mph, goodness, I can't-**HULCK!** Guh...**HIC-CUUURRRP!!!**” Zhongli mumbled drunkenly, sharp hiccups cutting him off frequently until one especially strong hiccup turned into a rolling burp that he just couldn't hold in. He huffed heavily and glanced back at Childe with annoyance. “You-**HICCULP**-oof...mph, **HLP!** Guh...you did this...”

Childe snickered to himself. “Why, whatever do you mean?” he asked as his boyfriend continued to hiccup uncontrollably.

“You kept ins-**ILP**-guh...insisting that-**!!!**-mph, pardon...that I drink and-**HIC**-drink...and then once I did...**HLMP!**” Zhongli tried to speak but kept getting cut off by one sharp hiccup after another. One especially strong hiccup he tried to stifle hit him so hard, that he just stopped talking and let out a long burp that he couldn't even bothered to hold in that time, leaving him huffing, before another gaseous burp followed, but ended in a sharp, painful hiccup that left Zhongli rubbing his throat uncomfortably.

Childe was loving every second of this, perhaps a bit too much, given how much Zhongli was clearly not enjoying his drunk self.

“Hehe, here, one sec,” Childe interjected as he undid Zhongli's already straining vest and then unbuttoned his shirt from the bottom, exposing his pale, bare belly as it surged out slightly with a jostle and an audible sloshing from all the alcohol.

Even in his drunken state, Zhongli blushed a little at being exposed like that and then hiccuped loudly against his will, making his bare stomach suck in briefly before jolting out with another visible jiggle. Again, he tried to cover his mouth, but when another sharp hiccup hit especially hard, he couldn't help but let another rolling burp out, followed by a mercifully smaller 'hiccup'.

All the while, Childe could feel Zhongli's gut jiggle and ripple with each hiccup and burp he gave. So, to help 'clear things out' for his boyfriend, Childe groped Zhongli's belly just above his bellybutton, gripping his fingertips firmly against the softer, engorged flesh. Then, Childe rocked his hand up and down, lightly shaking Zhongli's belly around as all that alcohol inside of him sloshed around heavily along with the digesting seafood.

Zhongli grimaced as he felt his weighty stomach getting jiggled around. His face was getting a little redder, both from how drunk he was, but also the act of Childe groping and shaking his overstuffed gut around like that. There was something so oddly enthralling about the feeling. His gut gurgled heavily from a sudden influx of gas brewing from all the motion. Zhongli could feel the pressure within him intensifying.

Childe made sure not to shake Zhongli's stomach around too much and make him ill, but once he felt the gurgling reach a fever pitch, he proceeded then press down firmly against Zhongli's belly.

An incredibly thick gurgle rose up Zhongli's throat. He covered his mouth and clenched his eyes shut uncomfortably, but as the pressure rose and rose, it was just too great for him to hold back a second longer.

Sure enough, Zhongli's hand got blown back, and his maw lurched open, and once it did...?

**“BRRRRUUUUUH-
HHUUUUUUURRRRU
UUURRRRRRAA
AAAAAUUUUUUU
URRRRPH!!!!!!”**

An absolutely MONSTROUS belch blasted out of Zhongli's maw, echoing off of the walls and making Childe's ears ring as the fermented stench of ale and fish wafted in the air along with Zhongli's stomach gases. Childe pushed down on Zhongli's belly as he burped, ensuring all of that simmering gas would come rushing out with one deafening eructation. The absolute power behind Zhongli's eructation was so strong that his belly actually rippled the entire time he was burping.

When it finally ended, Zhongli's eyes rolled to the back of his head as he slumped back and moaned in abject relief, palming the side of his gluttoned gut in relieved satisfaction.

“Fahhh...hhaahhhh...oOOOoohhh that was remarkable...” Zhongli half-moaned and half-slurred as he slowly caressed his bloated belly in a satisfied manner.

“There, the ringing in my ears makes us even,” Childe joked as he gave Zhongli's belly a couple of playful pats and resumed gingerly rubbing Zhongli's belly in a slow, sensual motion.

He leaned closer to Zhongli's toned chest as the older, drunken man wrapped an arm around Childe and tugged him close while Childe hiked up more of Zhongli's unbuttoned shirt and rubbed over more of his pale, bulging belly.

“Better?” Childe asked as he continued caressing his boyfriend's engorged gut.

“Mm-hm, much better **UUURMMMPH!!**” Zhongli tried to say but unexpectedly burped the last word out, which he ended up stifling halfway into releasing, making his eyes widen and his cheeks puff out.

Feeling another pressure pocket hitch upwards, he lurched and held his hand over his mouth. Only, instead of holding it in like he usually did, he just turned his head, opened his maw, and let out this big, throaty belch. Almost immediately, he slapped his gloved hand against his jiggling belly and let out an even longer, raunchier burp right after that, followed by a comically dainty afterburp and a drunken moan of relief.

Childe just snickered and blushed a little himself.

“Hehe, s'cuse you.”

Needless to say, as Childe and Zhongli sat there together, cuddling while Childe rubbed Zhongli's belly, the younger man very decidedly realized that he definitely wouldn't mind seeing his boyfriend let loose a little more often.

And though Zhongli's decidedly more crass behavior would have been utterly appalling to him were he not so intoxicated, he'd be lying if he said he didn't find Childe's treatment even more intoxicating.

Zhongli gave one last hiccup and rested his eyes shut, relaxing into Childe's touch.

With any luck, next time he cuts loose like that (because knowing Childe, there would definitely be a “next time”), he could have a preemptive elixir to deal with hiccups in the future...