

Abigail “Misty” Briarton is the textbook example of 'Tom Boy'. She's vulgar, crass, excitable, can eat and drink anyone under the table, and canonically, lets out the biggest, throtiest belches a gal can let rip. Misty is downright proud of how utterly unladylike she is, emphasized by her Juggernog quote when she chugs the beverage down, lets out her longest, loudest burp yet, then moans out, “OooOoohhh...soooooo unladylike,” in a relieved and cocky tone. Being a Southern trucker gal, Misty is somebody who EXCELS at burping on command. On an empty stomach, she can swallow air and burp hard enough to feel it in the ground. She can burp the alphabet, belt out entire sentences, and can do rapid burps back-to-back.

Give her a beer and she'll chug it in record-breaking time. She'll lean back and chug heartily as her slender throat throbbing and out with each thick gulp she gives, before slamming her mug on the counter, gasping for breath, then shamelessly belching loud enough for the entire bar to go silent, before sighing with relief, and demanding another drink. Beer and soda in general make her really gassy, sometimes, forcing one heavy eruption after another, almost uncontrollably at points. But Misty will just freely let 'em rip because the concept of shame is foreign to her.

Misty also has a monstrous appetite to boot, and is one voracious meat-eater. Give her a thick and she'll greedily scarf it down and go for seconds and thirds. She'll stuff her craw with as much meat as she can cram into her mouth all at once, greedily munching away as she demolishes plate after plate. And when she's finished, she'll slump back in her seat and unzip her jeans just to give her bare, bulging belly some breathing room, then punctuate the end of her meal with a DEAFENING belch and a moan of satisfaction as she slowly rubs her big belly, smacking her lips and going on about how stuffed she is.

When she's stuffed to the brim like that, usually, if Marvin's around, the little nerd will take her some place private and tenderly rub her belly, kneading it while she groans in satisfaction. As he rubs away, all that pent up air from how fast she was eating gets coaxed up, and Misty will just freely throw her head back and let loose a HUGE burp, usually responding with an “oof!” or self-congratulations, before patting her belly with relief or smacking her ample chest and knocking loose a heavy afterburp.

Marvin into it though, and because Misty knows that, she makes it a point to burp as loudly and as frequently as she can around him. And on a full stomach, that comes easier since she gets really gassy in her overstuffed state. She'll do a lot of teasing, like muffle a BIG burp that balloons her cheeks and teasingly blow her gas in Marvin's face. Or she'll be as blunt as possible and let rip the biggest burp she can right in Marvin's face, which always fogs up his glasses something fierce. In contrast, if someone around Misty gets grossed out or annoyed and calls her out for being so gross, Misty will make it a point to belch even louder out of pure spite. If someone demand she excuse herself, Misty will gulp down some air and very loudly burp out the words...

**'EX-SSCUUUUUUSE...MMMEEEEEEEEEE-
EEEEUUUUUUURRRP!!!!!!!'**

On top of being utterly shameless, Misty herself just loves to burp. When she was young, she'd get into burping contests all time with other boys. And even now, any time she hears another person burp, she'll always make it a point to belch twice as loud just to show them who the true champ is.

Her reactions to a burp will vary.

A lot of times, if it's a small burp, she'll just let it loose and keep talking like nothing happened.

But if it's a BIG one, she'll moan with relief and SLAP her belly with shameless satisfaction and euphoria. She'll often rub her stomach, be it full or empty after a good burp, especially since she always wears a croptop, so it adds to the satisfaction of letting loose so much pressure all at once like that.

If it's really loud, she'll laugh and mock-apologize for giving their position away for about half a mile. (She's only half-joking too)

And if she feels a monster brewing, she'll slump forward, clutching at her thighs as she sucks in a big breath of air, then leans back, grabs her stomach and lets out a big, rumbling belch that will drag on for several seconds. Or, she'll gulp down enough air to get slightly bloated and order Marvin to press on her belly, and once he does, this HUGE wall-rattler just blasts out of her maw.

In short, she's a champ.