

School had really been kicking your non-mage ass this week. It wasn't even finals or midterms week, yet, somehow, every single class just felt like it was piling the workloads on at an alarmingly relentless rate. You managed, but you crunched so hard through the work that it left you with next to no free time to actually do anything for fun, or, more importantly, spend any time with your boyfriend.

Said boyfriend was nowhere to be found, even as you worked in his bedroom. Likely, he was bored by the fact that you were working all the time and went to find entertainment elsewhere. That, or squeeze the living daylights out of the nearest thing with a pulse...

...Chernabog help you if Floyd was ever alone with Grim...

You continued plowing through your homework, growing more and more frustrated by the minute. But then, out of nowhere, you were startled by a loud, crude sound that bellowed from the bedroom front door...

'HAAAAAAAUUUUUURRRR
UUUUUUUUURRRRRPH!!!!!!'

A large, guttural belch erupted so heavily and loudly that you nearly jumped out of your seat. As it rumbled on, it quickly became apparent who the source was, which promptly caused your cheeks to grow a shade or two redder. You immediately turned around and, sure enough, by the time the burp subsided, you saw Floyd Leech groaning contently to himself as he ran his hands up and down his...rather *impossibly* bloated stomach...

"Haaaaaaah...that felt *soooooo* goooooood..." Floyd moaned to himself as if you weren't even in the room. His round, pale belly, normally flat and firm, had bloated to the point where he looked like he had swallowed a medicine ball. It stretched out by nearly three feet, leaving Floyd's fine, mob-like buttoned shirt undone and his tight-fitting black slacks unzipped and hanging a little lower on account of how utterly bloated he was.

You gulped thinly and greeted him. Straight away, Floyd blinked and tilted his head back at you before grinning that almost dazed smile of his...

"Hiiiiiii, Shrimpyyyyy..." Floyd groaned out happily and groggily as he lumbered over to you. His massive belly bounced with each step, causing whatever he had consumed to slosh HEAVILY with each step the young merman-in-disguise took. The way his pale flesh rippled with each step was almost hypnotic. So too was every gastric gurgle and thick bubbling that erupted from that magnificently stuffed gut of his...

“Ohhhhhh, I’m soooooo fuuuuuuull...” Floyd simultaneously groaned and sang at the same time as he ran his hands up and down his hanging medicine ball of a stomach. It jostled in his hands as he ran them up and down his middle, then wobbled and sloshed heavily when he gave the side of his belly a few hearty pats for emphasis. Doing so caused a loud burp to bellow out from Floyd's maw, which left him grunting and thumping his chest when it ended.

Your face was so red, you might've given Riddle a run for his money. And of course, taking of that caused Floyd to start giggling with amusement.

“Heehee, you always have such a silly face when my tummy gets all big and bubbly, don'tcha!” He teased, wrapping his hands around his underbelly and heaving his belly up high, before releasing it and letting that fleshy orb bounce heavily down against his thighs and pelvis with a loud glorp and slorsh. Floyd promptly slapped his belly, making it ripple beneath his palm again and, in the process, worked up another HUGE burp, one that rattled his entire bedroom.

**“‘BRRRAAAAAAA
VVVVVVVURRRH-
HOOOOORRRRA
AAAAPH!!!!!!!!!’”**

That second monster of a burp roared out of Floyd's fang-filled maw for several nearly six seconds, causing several dribbles of saliva to fly out of Floyd's maw. It broke up for a half-second interval before Floyd squeezed his own belly and forced the rest out of his stomach in stronger fashion. The sheer force behind it was strong enough that you could feel your own bones reverberate slightly in its wake. You also picked up on the distinct smell of Floyd's lunch, as well as his stomach gasses...not exactly the most pleasant of smells, but then again, you weren't exactly a normal person, judging by how red your face had become...

You blushed profusely and barely peeped out an 'excuse you' to your boyfriend who sighed so heavily that his thick, drooling tongue hung out of his maw when that burp finally ended.

“Haaaaah...my tummy's suuuper bubbly after such a big, yummy lunch...” Floyd crooned as he ran his hands up and down his bulging belly in a satisfied manner. Then, he grinned a boyish grin back down at you before lumbering his way to his bed and plopping down against his mattress. You could hear the springs creek under the sheer weight Floyd added with that sizable fleshy boulder of his. “Does Shrimpy wanna play with my big, bubbly tummy...?”

...As if he even needed to ask...

In that moment, all the troubles of the week and the workload you still had to do didn't exist. You zipped over to the bed and knelt down directly before that monumental belly.

Floyd giggled even more and leaned back with his hands against the mattress, causing his globular gut to stick out even more.

“Heehee, Shrimpy's so funny when they're so eager...”

His giggling turned to groans of satisfaction when you placed your hands against that soft, round ball of pale, burbling flesh. Floyd's merman digestive system was so intense that the massive meal he had consumed was already well through being processed from its solid mass into more of a liquid as it churned around inside of him. As a result, his stomach was not only incredibly soft, but currently, a bit on the sloshy side, hence why your fingers and your palms actually sank into his flesh a little.

Gulping anxiously again, you eagerly proceeded to run your hands up Floyd's massive belly, then slowly ran them back down to his sides, where your hands proceeded to knead delicate circles. Floyd rumbled pleasantly as you fingers dug into his flesh and roamed every square inch of that vast, churning belly. Your gentle yet firm ministrations caused Floyd to arch his back a little bit more while your hands caressed his stretched out middle.

“Mmmmm, Shrimpy's so nice to me...” Floyd crooned before adding, “...So sweet...so sweet that I could just eat 'em up'n squeeze 'em in my tummy forever and ever and ever...”

You teasingly slapped Floyd's belly, making it jostle beneath your palm and causing the immensely bloated young merman to hiccup loudly.

Floyd giggled drunkenly and said, “Heeheeee...juuuuust kidding! Shrimpy's too much fun to wanna let only my tummy get to squeeze ya!”

He probably wasn't joking about that part either. And the thought of that, alone, was enough to make your bones ache.

You continued stroking Floyd's ample tummy, delicately running your fingers across the middle of his middle. As you did, you rested your head against his warm, churning belly, and listened to it break down his meal. The intense gurgling erupting from inside of Floyd's stomach sounded like something out of alchemic training classes. Usually, right before one of Ace's experiments exploded in his and Deuce's faces. It was such a relaxing sound, though, likely made even more relaxing due to how soft Floyd's tummy was. It almost felt like a smooth, warm and almost silky pillow.

You felt so invited and entranced by it that you started tracing your index finger up and down his middle, eventually tracing it all the way down to his shallow bellybutton. Floyd bit his lower lip and bucked his hips a little bit with pleasure at the sensation of you slowly, sensually tracing circles around the outer rim of his navel. You smirked when he started whining a little too eagerly, then decided to indulge him by easing your finger into his bellybutton. Floyd moaned a little louder as you pushed your finger deep into his navel and kneaded into it. He actually huffed a little in response to that sensation.

Although, you had apparently pushed a little too hard because the stomach gurgled deeply in response to your push into his bellybutton. And as a result, Floyd grimaced for a moment, before throwing his head back and expelling a deep, rumbling burp.

**'BWUUUUUURRRREEEEEH-
HAAAAUUUUURRPH!!!!'**

You bit your own lip as your cheeks grew heated with that gloriously deep eruption. It rumbled up so hard that some drool dribbled down Floyd's chin as he burped. When it ended, he huffed and wiped his mouth and chin clean with his forearm, smacking his lips contently.

"Haaah, s'cuuuuuse meeeee!" He all but sang before grinning down and lifting your head up by your chin with a single index finger. "Did Shrimpy like that?"

Was the sky blue?

Floyd giggled some more and gave the side of his belly a couple teasing pats, making it jostle heavily with each pat. "Well, then it's Shrimpy's lucky day!" He all but squealed before adding, "I still got looooootsa bubbles in my tummy for Shrimpy-shrimp to squeeze out! Eeeeeee!! How lucky for you, Shrimpy!"

You rolled your eyes, even though Floyd's childish yet borderline manic commentary wasn't really inaccurate. Chernabog knows you were every bit as eager to get this party started as Floyd was...

So, you yanked your finger out of Floyd's navel, causing the front of his gut to wobble and slosh idly. Then, you firmly planted your hands against the front of Floyd's belly and leaned your torso into it as you pressed down against his belly. Again, you heard a deep gurgle erupt from Floyd's belly as it sloshed and glorped in your hands, before that gurgling rose up Floyd's gullet. Like clockwork, Floyd threw his head back and released a loud and lengthy burp, one that only got longer as you pressed deeper and deeper into Floyd's belly.

You'd actually gotten it to rumble out of him for nearly eight straight seconds! By the time it ended, Floyd panted heavily and started giggling in more of a breathless sort of way.

“Haaaah...hhhhhaaaaaah...Shrimpy's real excited, aren't they...” Floyd mumbled as he tried to catch his breath.

Unfortunately for him, you kind of were a wee too excited because you pressed your palms deep into his belly again. And before poor Floyd could finish filling his lungs with air, more stomach gasses rushed out of him with violent force.

“AAAAAAA
AAHHHRRRO
OOOOOVVVVV
VRRPH!!!!!!”

Floyd's lips practically rippled as he released an utterly *titanic* belch, one that blasted out of his maw for only a few seconds, but was so loud that everyone within the halls of Octavinelle was certain to have heard it (and likely known the source).

After it ended, Floyd gasped heavily, causing his bloated tummy to rise and fall heavily with each labored breath he gave. He held up a finger for you to 'wait a moment' as he desperately tried to catch his breath properly this time. Once again, he found himself giggling, albeit in a weak and breathless sort of manner, then paused as a look of discomfort took him for a moment. His eyes narrowed, before he thumped his chest and expelled a short but loud afterburp, followed by a weaker one right after that. He blew off to the side after and huffed to himself.

“Grraaaahhhh...hhhaaah...I knew Shrimpy would wanna finally play after I stuffed myself, but jeez...” he mumbled, still giggling despite how winded he was.

Upon hearing that, you tilted your head and gently tapped on his giggling tummy over what he meant by that.

At that, Floyd pouted a little and scratched the back of his teal-colored hair in thought. “Well, Lil Shrimp's been so busy all week that they've barely seen me at all. All week, I just wanted to hug'n squeeze ya like my Shrimpy lil Teddy Shrimp, but you were so focused on all that boring homework'n studying that I couldn't pry ya away...”

You frowned a little when you saw a tinge of genuine sadness in Floyd's eyes as he spoke. It's true that you've been REALLY busy, but had you been neglecting the poor, crazed merman THAT much...?

It didn't take long before you quickly surmised that Floyd had overstuffed himself to the brim just so he could get you away from your books, if even just for a little while. He must've really missed you this week...

You smiled sympathetically and apologized to the young merman for being so busy. In truth, you may've been so intimidated by the workload that you almost overwhelmed yourself by that point. Time management really wasn't one of your strong suits, despite all the problems you'd helped solve with the student body thus far.

Floyd smiled back at you, beaming bright as the sun as he waved his hand dismissively and said, “Aww, it's okaaaay... 'cuz you're here now! Which means I get to play with my Lil Shrimp!”

You knew what was coming, and you still weren't ready...

Even in his immensely bloated state, Floyd wrapped his toned yet dense arms around you and heaved you up against his burbling middle to wrap you up tight in a loving bearhug. Floyd squeezed you nice and tight like a child would a teddy bear. Only, because of how bloated Floyd was, his massive belly actually cushioned the normally unbearable vice-like hug. Your body sank into his currently fat stomach and made it gurgle heavily.

GWUUUOOOOORRRBLE!!!

And in the process, an especially DEEP gurgling erupted from Floyd's belly, causing the young merman to blink with surprise. In his eagerness to finally give you a nice, big squeeze, he'd forgotten just how bloated he was when he started squeezing you. And as a result, a surge of gas rushed up his gullet and rocketed out of his throat as a truly COLOSSAL belch *exploded* from his jaws...

**'BRRUUUUUU
RRRAAAAH-
HAHAHAHA
OOOOOOOO
OOOORRRR-**

**BWOOOOOOVV
VURRRRAAA
AAAAAAA
PH!!!!!!!!!!**

This time, it was with absolutely no hyperbole when you said that the entire dormroom shook intensely in response to what had to be the single BIGGEST burp you'd ever heard uttered in the entire school. And that was saying something, given that Savanaclaw existed! It exploded out of Floyd's maw for a whopping ten seconds straight, only growing louder and more forceful with each passing second. You could actually feel the gas rushing out of Floyd's turbulent tummy, given how your body was pressed right up against it. And it went without saying that, given your proximity, your ears were gonna be ringing for a loooong time...

...And you were 100% okay with that...

After what felt like an eternity, that monstrous burp finally rumbled to a finish, leaving Floyd moaning heavily with sweet, blissful relief. He slumped forward, letting his tongue hang out as he gasped breathlessly with satisfaction.

"Haaaaaaaaahhhhh...ohhhh wow...didn't think my tummy was THAT bubbly...PHEW...!"

You simply remained in Floyd's arms, red as a tomato, as you managed to wriggle your arm free to gently pat Floyd's soft, pale cheek and congratulate him on breaking the sound barrier.

Floyd simply giggled and sang out, "*Thaaaaanks, Shrimpyyyyy!*"