

It had been a long but interesting day, and after all the excitement from the usual NR celebration, you and Deuce Spade decided to head back for the night to Ramshackle. You asked him if he had a good time and the blue-haired first year simply marveled at his "Birthday Boy" sash with a bit of adoration, not making it clear if he heard your question. It was enough to make you giggle a bit. Unlike Ace or...MOST students here really, Deuce really did appreciate things a little bit more, likely due to his slightly harsher upbringing...

When you cleared your throat, he blinked and looked back at you, smiling a tad sheepishly and scratching the back of his head. "O-Oh! Uh, s-sorry, Prefect. Yeah, I had a great time! The food was really good, everyone seemed to have a lot of fun, and for once, Riddle let us overindulge a bit without putting any collars on our necks!"

You laughed and shook your head, adding that Ace WAS probably trying Riddle's patience a bit with how much more he was packing away.

Deuce grumbled, saying, "Tch, I'll bet when that idiot saw all the pies, he forgot whose birthday it was..."

But you simply smirked and wrapped your arms around Deuce's, tugging him close and assuring him that you certainly didn't, and reminded him by pecking Deuce on his soft, tattooed cheek. Straight away, his eyes went wide as saucers and his cheeks went as red as Riddle's anytime he was enraged. The young flustered teen cleared his throat and managed a shaky smile back at you.

"...R-Right, w-w-well...s-same to you, Prefect...!" he said, trying to add some determination to his voice and failing miserably, which only made you laugh even more.

You eventually returned home sweet home to the haunted grounds of Ramshackle. Fortunately, big a doof as Ace was, he was at least thoughtful enough to take Grim for the night so the two could play video games together...or rather, so Grim could watch Ace play video games...lack of opposable thumbs and all. And the ghosts were off for their usual Wailing Capella Night, meaning you and Deuce had the haunted dorm all to yourself.

By the time you reached your dorm room, straight away, Deuce's nose picked up on a certain scent. He sniffed at the air and, immediately, found himself growing cautiously excited.

"...Waaaait a minute, that almost smells like..." Deuce eagerly turned to you, as you simply smirked and gave him a wink. The young man eagerly rushed inside of your dorm where, sure enough, atop your dining table, was a proverbial buffet of Trey's famous tarts, Deuce's (and everyone's) favorites. "...W-Wow, he really made all of this for me...?!"

You told Deuce he was half-right. It was all Trey's trademark recipe, only someone else did the cooking. Deuce blinked, steadily realizing who that "someone else" was, then turned to you in surprise.

"...Y-You made all of this...just for me?" Deuce asked in an almost adorably grateful tone of voice.

Once again, you said he was half right. After all, it was his special day and you wanted to give him a gift you knew he'd love, and judging from the size of the smile on his face, you'd given him just that.

Buuuuuuuuut you were also you, and you admitted, plain as day, that you ALSO wanted to see Deuce get his PROPER fill, emphasizing that point by putting your hand on Deuce's flat, concave stomach and gently rubbing your hand up and down against it.

Deuce bit his lower lip at the feeling but managed a soft smirk as he shook his head and playfully said, "You're incorrigible, you know that?"

You simply smirked and said that you'd apologize, buuuuut that would require being sorry.

Deuce snorted to himself and said, "...Well, I AM still a bit peckish. Suppose there's no reason to 'treat myself' a little bit, right? I mean, it IS my birthday..." So saying, Deuce very carefully removed his white blazer jacket and, of course, the red 'birthday boy' sash that came with it, setting them atop his chair, then sat himself down at the table. He rubbed his palms eagerly and grabbed a sizable tart before taking a hearty bite. You leaned in eagerly as you sat down yourself, curious how it tasted.

Deuce's face immediately brightened with adorable joy.

"...Holy cow! Prefect, this tastes...EXACTLY like Trey's tarts! That's amazing!" He declared before eagerly stuffing the rest of the tart in his mouth. The boy chewed heartily for several seconds with a smile so bright it almost felt "out of character" for Deuce, him trying to be as stoic as he always is and all. Good food DID always bring that less guarded side of him out, after all.

Finally, after savoring the flavor, Deuce dipped his head back and gulped heavily. He must've bitten off more than he could chew, because he gulped so hard you could hear his throat squelch oh-so-wetly as a rather sizable bulge protruded from Deuce's pale, slender throat. Your eyes fixated on the descending lump in Deuce's neck as it slowly slid down past his collarbone and squeezed behind his chest, leaving Deuce huffing a little breathlessly and licking his lips eagerly.

"Prefect, you...you outdid yourself! I can't believe you not only made Trey's tarts like perfect replicas...but made...s-so MANY...!" The 'many' part was the optimal word when Deuce grabbed a bunch and dove right back in eagerly for more. You could say, with no small amount of pride, that you had outdone yourself, because Deuce couldn't help but shove one tart after another right into his incredibly eager jaws.

Deuce chomped through a hearty amount of tarts, just one after the other, gulping heartily each time and smacking his lips anytime chocolate smeared over them. He only ever "lost himself" in gluttony when something was really good. Needless to say, that meant you had to be one helluva good baker to get him chowing down so eagerly.

Not surprising, you ARE pretty amazing at everything you do after all...

...

.....And you're TOTALLY not conceited about it either. *Nope.*

Deuce got down a good amount of tarts in a record amount of time, smiling the whole way from just how delicious your Trey-inspired tarts were. "Seriously, I can't get over how good this stuff is...!"

Oh please, your *oooooh-so-modest* ego could never be stroked enough.

“And the sheer AMOUNT of ‘em! That had to be such hard work for you!”

Admittedly, it WAS a good chunk of your morning, since you did intend to spend the afternoon with Deuce for his special day (thankful you knew a holding spell to keep the tarts as fresh as they were straight out of the oven before you arrived). But you also told Deuce that it was all worth it just to see that smile on his adorable face, emphasis on adorable.

That was enough to make Deuce blush again, but also brought on a deeply grateful smile which warmed your heart to see. Even more so when he gently grabbed your hand and said, “...You don’t know how much that means to me...truly...”

It was a really cute moment, made even funnier when Deuce realized how sappy he was getting (he couldn’t help it) and cleared his throat.

“R-Right! Well, since you took the effort to make all of this good stuff, least I can do is show you how much I appreciate it all, right?” Deuce declared in his more declarative tone of voice, but with a bit of a smirk at the end as he winked back at you.

He knew what you liked to see all too well, and while not the type to pig out the way...LITERALLY everyone else at the school did, Deuce had an appetite to spare, one that crept out every now and then. And since he started dating you, it was coming out a bit more frequently...largely because of your terrible, no-good influence that you were 1000% not sorry for.

Deuce resumed eagerly chowing down on the tarts. You watched him plow through a great deal of tarts in a rather shocking amount of time. His face was lighting up every time the sweets indulged his taste buds, but he was getting them all down a lot faster by taking more and more bites before gulping each one down.

As you watched Deuce eagerly shove tarts into his mouth, your eyes wandered down to Deuce’s stomach. Its normally concave and perfectly athletic frame had flattened out, looking like it was starting to push out a little against his black buttoned shirt. But the more Deuce chowed down, the more his stomach looked like it was getting a slightly rounded edge to it.

You leaned in, eagerly watching that belly slowly but steadily expand the more Deuce plowed through his sweet birthday present.

The more Deuce ate, the more his stomach pushed out, looking like he was actively sucking out his gut like people did whenever they wanted to appear fat. But the more Deuce ate, the more his belly looked as if it was starting to strain against his shirt. He was eating so much so fast that you could actually see hints of pale flesh between the buttons of his shirt. That's how bloated the first year youngster was getting.

After a few more minutes of overindulgence had passed, Deuce finally stopped to catch his breath. He slumped back in his chair and huffed breathlessly, running his hands up and down his bloated belly with a mildly strained yet notably contented look on his face. The sight of your bloated boyfriend contently rubbing his taut, rounded belly like that was enough to make you swoon ten times over. Especially the way Deuce had eaten enough to get his black dress shirt untucked from his pants and hiked up enough to expose a sliver of pale stomach flesh from the bottom of his raised shirt.

"...Whew, oh man...didn't think I ate that much," Deuce huffed as he looked down at his stomach and saw just how much it was sticking out. Then, Deuce burped loudly and unexpectedly, going wide-eyed and covering his mouth with embarrassment, immediately sputtering out, "...E-Excuse me...! Mph, think I ate too fast..."

While Deuce blushed with embarrassment, you blushed for a VERY different reason. He knew about your kinks, of course. After all, you were as subtle as a train wreck. But unlike Ace...and...again, MOST students at Night Raven, Deuce was a far more well mannered sort.

You just told Deuce he was excused, and assured him it was okay since the ghosts were gone for the night. So the only one who'd hear him was you. That and, it IS his birthday. No reason he can't just let loose and have fun without worrying too much, right?

Deuce grunted and cleared his throat, cheeks still a tad flush as he said, "...R-Right, well...y-you're not wrong. Still though, can't let myself get careless...that's Ace's job..."

You giggled and shook your head. It was hard to argue with that...

Then, you sat down next to Deuce and proceeded to unbutton his shirt for him. One button at a time, starting with that little pendant tie each student received as part of the ensemble, and steadily unbuttoning enough buttons to expose his athletic chest. Deuce blushed something fierce when you began to “undress” him, but really, it was just to keep from wrecking his new dress shirt. You knew how fond Deuce was of these sorts of gifts, wanting to treat them all with care, coming from a background where he didn’t really have much growing up, hence some of the...shall we say, less than savory company he kept as a youth to get by.

You really strained against the lower buttons, due to just how heavily Deuce’s stomach was pressing out against his shirt around that area. Because of how tight it was, you ended up having to press down against Deuce’s belly to give your fingers some room to work around the shirt buttons. Doing so disrupted some of the pressure in Deuce’s gut, forcing him to stifle a couple of incoming burps which rumbled pretty deeply in Deuce’s mouth. He blushed hard, knowing you heard those eruptions reverberate in his cheeks and subtly tried to blow the stomach gasses off to the side, but you could still pick up the faint hint of the sweet tarts on his breath. If you’d commented on that, you were pretty sure Deuce would’ve died with embarrassment, soooo you kept it to your kinky self.

Eventually, you undid the buttons to Deuce’s shirt, leaving his toned chest and bulging belly perfectly bare. You gulped thinly and rested your hand against his stomach, causing Deuce to blush anew. No wonder unbuttoning Deuce’s shirt was such an endeavor. His bulging stomach felt as tight as a rock, with next to no give whatsoever. You could feel it churn heavily beneath your palms and shuddered slightly to yourself.

Gingerly, you proceeded to run your hand up and down Deuce’s bare belly, causing the boy to croon pleasantly to himself, letting his arms dangle as it sides as he huffed breathlessly.

“...O-Oh...ohhhh man, that feels...s-so good...” Deuce muttered, flustered but unabashedly enjoying the sensation of having his stomach tended to. You tenderly stroked his belly, letting your fingertips very delicately glide up to the upper crest of his stomach, until they drifted downwards to his slightly more tender underbelly. That up and down movement continued for several cycles, relaxing Deuce and causing his stomach to burble almost pleasantly to the sensation.

Once you felt his body ease up on the tension, you grabbed a tart with your free hand and held it up to Deuce's mouth. He looked hesitant at eating more, but the massage his stomach was receiving combined with WHO was feeding him relaxed Deuce enough to coax him into opening his mouth wide so you could insert enough of the tart in there for him to take a bite. And once that deliciously sweet pastry reached his mouth, he couldn't help but take another bite, then another, and another after that.

You continued rubbing Deuce's belly in sensual, circular motions with one hand, all while feeding him with the other. Deuce was in a trance, unable to stop himself from consuming one tart after another, all while his belly grew steadily more and more bloated. In fact to keep from straining again like you did against his shirt, you preemptively unbuttoned and unzipped Deuce's new black dress pants. Predictably, Deuce's face turned red as a cherry feeling you fumble around with his pants, but it nonetheless provided much needed relief once his button was undone and his belly could freely expand without being constrained by his pants.

"OooooOOOOoohhhhaaaaahhhh..." Deuce moaned with euphoric delight, practically going cross-eyed once his stomach was no longer constrained. "...That's...that's soooooo much better..."

You simply gave his taut, rounded belly a couple of playful pats, shuddering at the satisfied thump your hand made against his belly. It was like slapping a really ripe and big watermelon. You also giggled when the thumping made Deuce hiccup loudly, and blush all over again.

Honestly, at this rate, he was giving Idia a run for his money on who in Night Raven was the most jittery when it came to physical contact.

Still, with that bit of liberation, you were free to continue feeding Deuce more and more tarts. And with his pants undone, you had more underbelly to caress. Deuce's lower stomach was especially delicate, and the way your fingertips just barely caressed the smooth, warm surface caused Deuce to groan with delight.

You felt Deuce's stomach expand bit by bit after every few tarts consumed. By the time you'd fed Deuce the last of the tarts, his belly had grown to the point where it was sticking out by nearly two feet. It gave him the impression of swallowing something resembling a really big watermelon whole.

Finally, after swallowing the very last tart you had made for him, Deuce slumped back in his chair, almost like he was dazed.

“...Urrrgh, I’m so full...” Deuce moaned, before letting out a **HUGE** burp that rumbled out of him with such force, you could actually feel the gas rushing out of Deuce’s reverberating stomach beneath your palm. It rolled on for a few seconds straight and would’ve garnered much attention from all the ghosts if they weren’t singing off-key somewhere around campus.

Your own face couldn’t be any redder at that point...

Finally, after rumbling out of Deuce for a few seconds straight, Deuce groaned breathlessly, blushing profusely but feeling way too relieved to excuse himself.

“...*Ohhhh Chernabog, I needed that...*” Deuce moaned, probably too relieved to worry about admitting such relief in front of you. Though, he caught on and blushed even harder before grumbling and muttering, “...Yeah, yeah, I know you liked that...”

Like you wouldn’t believe...which is why you kneaded into his bulging stomach to see if he had anymore pressure in need of release. Admittedly, it was hard to work with, given how Deuce’s stomach had next to no-give whatsoever on account of how tight and firm it was. So you started patting his stomach, really savoring the feeling of thumping that belly against your open palm and the utterly sensational sound it made.

It seemed to be doing something, since Deuce grimaced from the pats before releasing another raunchy burp behind his hand, one he couldn’t hold in, despite his best efforts. The eruption rumbled in a throaty fashion, and when it ended, Deuce palmed his chest and exhaled and said, “Gruuuh...okay, give my stomach a bit to settle please. Pretty sure if I do that again, something else is gonna come up...”

He was probably being dramatic.

Nonetheless, you patted his belly in a more teasing sort of way, once again savoring the thump. Deuce frowned at you and said, “My stomach isn’t a drum, you know...”



You raised your hand and asked him if he wanted to prove him wrong. He immediately cringed and retracted his statement, much to your amusement.

Eventually, the two of you found yourselves on the couch together, with Deuce relaxed against the edge of your couch, one arm gently draped against your back while you stroked his burbling stomach. You leaned your head against Deuce's belly, rubbing it all over while Deuce rested his eyes shut contently and hummed to himself.

You used both hands to caress that fleshy melon of a stomach in big, circular motions.

Deuce couldn't help but groan anew as he slumped back in his seat, making his pale, bulging belly stick out even more while you tended to it. Your fingers traced circles around his shallow bellybutton, making Deuce bite his lower lip with pleasure. Gently, your finger drifted into his navel, digging around a bit while Deuce shuddered at how good that felt.

"Nnnnf...pl-please don't stop..." Deuce rumbled in a pleased sort of manner, arching his back further. You obliged, pushing your finger further into his navel, and gingerly wiggling it around. The way Deuce bit his lip a little harder told you everything you needed to know about how that felt.

Then, your finger traced outward and you continued lovingly rubbing the dead center of his engorged middle.

As you rubbed, you leaned down to gently kiss Deuce's belly, right around his navel, even teasingly licking his bellybutton just to get the poor boy's face redder than Ace's hair.

You really were a tease sometimes...

Before Deuce could finish blushing intensely, you leaned up to him and planted your lips against his, kissing him unexpectedly and causing him to freeze like stone...until his brain rebooted and you found his tongue entering yours, leading to the two of you passionately kissing one another. You pulled away, unable to laugh softly when you saw how red Deuce's cheeks were, prompting you to caress said cheeks with your free hand, whilst still groping at Deuce's stomach with the other.

Once he'd gotten over his jitters, you locked lips again, now far more tenderly making out with each other. Your tongues explored one another's mouths while Deuce wrapped his hands behind your head to give you his full focus. In contrast, one hand was wrapped around the back of Deuce's head for the same effect while your other continued caressing his belly all over.

With how bloated Deuce was, it really was pretty damn hard to keep your hands free.

Once you finished making out, you pulled away and locked eyes. There was a shade of red in both yours and his cheeks, and a look of longing, fondness and tenderness.

It genuinely was a nice moment, which prompted to you to wish the lovable, pseudo-stoic dork a happy birthday.

“...Prefect, so long as I'm with you, I can't think of any way my birthday **COULD** be happier...”

Before things could get **TOO** corny, you immediately reminded him of that time Ace's pants dropped in the middle of track with Vargas.

Deuce immediately snorted with laughter.

“...PFFT! Okay, that was pretty great...buuuut being with you is still better...”

Spade was such a sap...

*...And you wouldn't have it any other way...*