

It was a very typical early Sunday afternoon within the Demon King's one bedroom "castle." A quiet start with Urushihara lazily clicking away at his computer while Ashiya let out a high-pitched, totally not panicked scream for dear life.

"Ashiya, calm down already!" Sadao Mao pleaded; the lord of all demons in his usual Demon King attire...a light blue t-shirt and lighter blue boxers...

"Calm down?! Our refrigeration unit broke!" Ashiya all but shrieked, looking as though he just stared into the abyss itself.

"It's probably just the motor itself, not the whole damn thing," Sadao insisted.

"Aaaalready lookin' for replacement motors," Urushihara lazily muttered, nibbling on a pocky stick like one would a toothpick.

"D-Do you have any idea how much they overcharge for installation?! We'll be on the streets in a week, forced to sell our bodies into servitude for scraps! And sire, you just KNOW the way these humans would take advantage of us at our most vulnerable, asking us to do demeaning, vulgar, LEWD things such as--"

Both Sadao and Urushihara had the most bored looks on their respective faces as Ashiya continued ranting like the end of the world was upon them all.

Mid-rant, Sadao quietly walked up to Ashiya and comically clamped his lips shut with his thumb and index finger, leaving the rest of Ashiya's residual rant muffled before he settled down.

"...Dude? It'll be fine," Sadao assured him, adding, "We're looking at two extra night shifts tops. I can do that standing on my head. Okay...?"

Ashiya frowned but nonetheless nodded. Sadao smiled and released his companions lips before going back to reading his magazine. "F-Forgive me, sire. I don't know what came over me."

"You're an uptight cheap-ass?" Urushihara lazily chimed in.

“Quiet, brat...” Ashiya sniped back with more than a little stink eye for the young, purple-haired demon. But then, as if to directly undercut himself, a horrid thought occurred. “...W-Wait, today’s Sunday...meaning that the refrigeration repair person won’t be arriving until tomorrow...”

“Yeah, everyone’s got Sunday off,” Sadao remarked, flipping the page to his magazine.

“...But that means...everything in the refrigeration unit will go a full twenty four hours without being refrigerated...a-and we just...r-restocked...!”

Suddenly, Sadao’s own face dipped.

“...Oh crap, you’re right. A full day’n all that food could spoil...” Sadao muttered.

“Whatever. If it spoils, it spoils. Not like we can’t just get more food later,” Urushihara remarked indifferently.

Ashiya stood firm and pointed dramatically at the youngest demon. “Young man, have you any idea how horrifically wasteful that is?! There are starving children all across the globe that would slaughter entire villages for a loaf of bread! It is only through the sheer benevolence of the demon king’s tireless work ethic that we are even fortunate enough to fill our bellies with whatever his excellencies modest salary can provide! And furthermore-”

“-Dude, I literally stopped listening when you said ‘young man’,“ Urushihara chimed in, barely paying attention.

“...Yeaaaah, ya kinda lost me around the loaf of bread part,” Sadao admitted, much to Ashiya’s dismay. “Still, I don’t want all that food goin’ to waste either. That was like a six of my last week’s paycheck. No way am I letting that be for nothing...”

“Then what do you propose, sire?” Ashiya asked as though the two were on a deadly mission together.

“Set the oven and microwave, Ashiya. We’re not letting all that stuff go to waste.”

Ashiya’s face fell as he steadily realized what his lord was implying. “...M-My lord, you aren’t proposing what I THINK you’re proposing, are you...? Th- That’s a LOT of food-”

“-And we’re three hungry demons who aren’t about to let it spoil. Think of it as having a lil at-home buffet or somethin’,” Sadao suggested.

“Pass. Half that stuff tastes like crap anyway,” Urushihara chimed in, before sputtering indignantly when Ashiya walked over, grabbed him by the back of his collar and started dragging him off.

“Come here, you. If his majesty insists we gorge ourselves, then that’s what we’re doing-”

“-What the crap, ***LEMME GO-***”

“-And there’s no way in hell’s glorious name am I picking up YOUR slack...now, quit whining and help me prep...”

“You’re such a jerk! What’d I ever do to you?!” Urushihara whined.

“You literally BLEW A HOLE IN MY CHEST, for one,” Ashiya was VERY keen to remind the younger demon.

“That was like, six months ago!” Urushihara interjected, not QUITE getting the gravity of the claim.

“Do you have any idea how lucky I was that his majesty had so much magic reserved to beat you and heal me?! Have you ANY idea how expensive it would’ve been to go to a hospital for an energy blast to the chest?! Even WITH insurance, the co-pay alone would’ve easily rendered us homeless before-”

...Clearly, Ashiya wasn’t getting the gravity of his own claim either...

But as the two bickered on and on, Sadao grinned and nodded to himself and nodded at the gameplan ahead of them.

This definitely wasn't how the young demon lord planned to spend his lazy Sunday afternoon. But while not being remotely as frugal as Ashiya, he WAS a tirelessly hard worker who didn't like seeing the money he worked so hard for wasted due to unforeseen circumstances. He thought about maybe inviting Emi, Suzano and Chi to see if they wanted to help join in, but once he considered the reason, he doubted anyone besides Chi would go for it. Besides, a little binge-eating among friends sounded like it could be a fun time.

Some time later, all three young demons were sitting on the ground together, huddled over Sadao's cheap little dining table. It was positively enveloped by noodles, several microwave dinners, rice and various other meals. The trio were rapidly gorging on their respective bowls, all filled with whatever they could get a hold of to clear the now empty fridge.

"Mph, not bad, right?" Sadao asked, his cheeks bulging with rice and teriyaki chicken which he promptly swallowed down to shovel more food right down his maw.

"A most excellent feast, sire!" Ashiya assured his master with a humble bow that did nothing to dignify talking with his mouth full.

Urushihara clenched his eyes shut and gulped heartily. His slender neck gave a thick squelch as a rather sizable lump sank down his throat and vanished behind his collarbone. The boy huffed to himself and said, "Eh, kinda plain...couldn't we get some chili paste or garlic sriracha?"

"Needless extravagance! The meal we have is more than sufficient in flavor as is!" Sniffed Ashiya haughtily.

"That's cuz you don't have any taste," Urushihara snarked blandly then continued guzzling down more of their excessive meal passively.

"You don't seem to mind, given how much you're practically inhaling," Ashiya retorted with a smirk, before adding, "...It also helps to chew your food from time to time..."

Urushihara rolled his eyes and gulped heavily, adding, “Hey, you guys said you wanted t’clear the fridge out. I’m just doing my part. Though...it’s not like we HAD to eat it all ourselves. I mean, couldn’t we have just given all this crap away?”

“Hmph, absolutely no appreciation for anything,” Ashiya tutted to himself like an insufferably judgemental aunt. “Money doesn’t grow on trees, you know!”

“...It’s MADE from trees,” Urushihara responded between chopstick-fulls of noodles.

“Oh please, you spend too much time in front of that computer screen,” Ashiya stated more than a tad dumbly, and lacking any sense of self-awareness...

Sadao started responding to Urushihara, but his mouth was so full that whatever he was saying was unintelligible.

“...Sire, please try swallowing your food first...” Ashiya insisted with a soft groan of mild disappointment that, half the times, his lord was no better than Urushihara in the manners department.

Sadao nodded and gulped heavily. A golfball-sized lump pressed down from his throat with a wet, notably audible ***GLURRK*** before he huffed to himself and said, “Haaah, anyway, what I was sayin’ was it doesn’t matter. You can’t give away perishables. If you donate food, it either has to be fresh or, ideally, canned. Otherwise, it goes bad. And it ain’t like someone less fortunate than we are has a place to store perishables.”

“See? His excellencies judgement is as masterful as his fry-cooking skills!” Ashiya chimed in, making Sadao squirm a little with embarrassment.

“...Huh, is that why grocery stores always toss out all their excess crap’n stuff that’s expired by a day or two?” Urushihara mused indifferently.

Ashiya froze in place, petrified. “...Grocery stores do...what now...?”

“Yeah, they toss out, like, hundreds’uh pounds worth’uh goods that they can’t store ‘cuz it’s past the sales date’n most people aren’t gonna buy ‘em. If ya ask me, they oughta give their excess away to people in need, but those greedy jerks are worried some dude who can’t even afford a house is gonna sue ‘em for giving ‘im potentially spoiled cake or somethin’. It’s really messed up,” Sadao admitted. “Is you ask me, grocery stores could solve all manner of hunger problems on the streets by putting people ahead of their bottom line. When I work my way to the top of this planet, that’ll be the FIRST thing to change...”

Urushihara shrugged with passive agreement and resumed eating away, with Sadao pounding away a larger quantity than the younger demon.

Ashiya, on the other hand, looked as if his soul was slowly evaporating from his body. A frugal demon like himself couldn’t comprehend that degree of waste in the same vein as a person unable to comprehend eternal nothingness...

He was stuck in place like that, sputtering in abject horror while Urushihara and Sadao continued greedily stuffing their faces, completely unfazed by Ashiya’s excessive melodramatics.

Said melodramatics would’ve continued for devil knows how long, but Ashiya was soon snapped back to reality by the sound of a large burp erupting from the table. Ashiya quickly turned to the source and frowned.

“Sire, honestly...”

“What? I gotta make room *somehow*, don’t I?” Sadao replied as if he were just stating a basic fact, then went back to gorging himself as if he’d done nothing wrong.

Ashiya opened his mouth to retort, but an even louder belch blared out from the other side of the table. He very quickly whipped his head towards the culprit and scowled. “*Manners*, Urushihara!”

“Ahhh, what is it humans say? Better out than in?” Urushihara sighed and patted his belly contently and shamelessly.

“First of all, that doesn’t make any sense. Food doesn’t come out of you unless you regurgitate it and NO one is ever happy when that happens,” Ashiya cringed, recalling his recent tummy troubles none too long ago. But then, he sharply added, “Secondly, MOST humans have the decency to say ‘excuse me’ if they expel internal gases like that, ESPECIALLY at the dinner table!”

Urushihara just gave Ashiya a bored look, then shrugged and smirked cheekily. “Eh, if you say so...” He then grabbed a can of soda, popped the top, then dipped his head back and proceeded to guzzle its contents down. His pale, slender throat bobbed in and out rapidly as the fizzy liquids flowed down his gullet at an impressive rate.

Ashiya raised a brow in confusion while Sadao glanced curiously himself, still eating because, bless his dark soul (not that one), he was a demon on a mission.

After draining the can of enough of its contents, Urushihara slammed the half empty can down onto the table and panted heavily for a few moments. Then, after a brief grimace of discomfort, the youngest demon grabbed his stomach and clenched it tightly.

“‘SS’CUUUUUUUUSE...MMMMMEEEEEEEEEE-

BLUUURRRRUUUR-
AAAAPH!!!!!!!”

Urushihara’s head lurched forward as he very loudly belched out the words ‘s’cuse me,’ before smacking his chest heartily and letting rip a deep and raunchy afterburp. He sighed heavily afterwards then smacked his lips contently as he gave Ashiya a cheeky grin.

“Ahhh, better?”

Sadao snickered and said, “Haha, that was pretty good, dude! Teach me how to do that sometime.”

Ashiya cringed and nearly banged his head on the table, but opted against it when he realized he'd just dip face-first into an extra hot bowl of reheated noodles.

The meal continued on, with all three demons stuffing their faces, Sadao especially. Ashiya hated to admit it, but he was having a good time wolfing down such a large quantity of food himself. Despite his often stiff demeanor, the young demon was quite ravenous, especially back in Ente Isla...though, in his case, it wasn't noodles he was wolfing down...and they didn't go down as quietly either...

...

.....*C'mon, it was a different time then...*

As time went on though, the impact of their relentless gorging was becoming more visibly apparent. Urushihara's lean, petite frame was contrasted when his normally concave stomach was steadily burgeoning outwards against his gray and purple t-shirt. The boy grimaced as he ate and massaged his belly tenderly. "Urf, man, this stuff got way heavier all'uh the sudden," he muttered, running his hand side to side across his lower tummy. The waist of his black shorts was starting to grow a bit more snug than he was comfortable with.

"Mph, well, we ARE eating quite a good amount of food in one sitting," Ashiya huffed a little groggily as he placed a hand against his own stomach. For all of Ashiya's huffing and raving about proper decorum at the dinner table, his own gluttony resulted in his lean stomach pressing outwards with a notably rounded edge to it. His tan slacks, like Urushihara's shorts, were beginning to grow uncomfortable around the waist.

Sadao leaned back and belched loudly. "Whew! Man, this stuff's pretty fillin'!" He sighed and gave his belly a proud pat. It was noticeably bigger than both Ashiya's and Urushihara's. For all their constant back and forth bickering during dinner, Sadao was the only one consistently eating the whole time. As a result, his usually flat stomach was bulging out by a solid foot, pressing the waistband of his boxers down to give his bloated belly more breathing room. He was bloated enough that his shirt was actually riding up and exposing a sliver of his tanned flesh. As Sadao sat back, rubbing his belly, he glanced back at his two subordinates and said, "Don't give up now, men. We still got plenty more to finish up. What's a lil food to us demons, am I right?"

“Of course, sire! I wouldn’t dare fail to assist you in properly disposing of all this food in the hopes of preventing it from going to waste!” Ashiya said with fiery determination in his eyes, undercut slightly by a thick gurgling emitting from his belly. Wincing, he massaged his stomach and added, “...I just...n-need to pace myself better is all...”

“Pfft, wuss,” Urushihara snarked per usual, before yelping when Ashiya grabbed him by the ear and yanked him close. “Gah! ‘Ey-OWOWOWOW!!! Watch the earrings, dude! C’mon! Earrings-Owww!!!” whined the purple-haired boy as he flailed helplessly in Ashiya’s grasp.

“...I will literally whip you by your long purple hair and fling you into oncoming traffic, you little brat...” warned Ashiya before eventually releasing Urushihara from his grasp.

The boy pouted and rubbed his ear tenderly. “...Ugh, *suck...*” he whined to himself. “Why’s he so mean all the damn time...?”

“Eh, hole in chest,” Sadao reminded Urushihara, whose shoulders slunk in defeat as he grumbled something petulantly under his breath.

Eventually, the trio resumed clearing out what was left on the table. Their pace was a little slower than before, given how full they were all getting. The trio of demons still managed to soldier on, determined to demolish every last scrap of food left at the table, especially Sadao, whose stomach was large enough that his shirt rode up enough to expose an inch or so skin above his bellybutton.

Both Urushihara and Ashiya were beginning to flag a lot more apparently. Their faces a bit sour the more they ate. Urushihara huffed heavily, chewing groggily with one hand while his other firmly massaged into his exposed bloat; his fingers digging into his bubbling flesh as he ate. After an especially thick swallow, Urushihara huffed heavily and breathlessly, then burped deeply. And as soon as it ended, he firmly thumped his heavy belly and caused another, throatier belch to rumble out of him for close to four seconds, leaving him panting heavily afterwards.

Ashiya ran his palm in firm, broad circles across his painfully full middle. It felt unbearably packed and as hard as a rock, a rather hefty one at that. The abused organ groaned heavily as the eldest demon ate, making him cringe even as he chewed.

After heftily gulping down his current mouthful, Ashiya huffed and cradled his aching gut with both hands. It noisily gurgled away like an overly packed washing machine struggling to circulate. He felt a burp creeping up his throat and tried desperately to hold it back, worried a little more than air was trying to come up his gullet.

If he ever found out which manufacturer was responsible for their faulty fridge motor, Ashiya had half a mind to break his “no eating humans” rule... though, he might hold off on breaking that rule when his stomach didn’t feel like it was on the verge of bursting open...

In contrast to the other two, Sadao was holding strong, even if he, too, was past his limit. He greedily inhaled whatever he could get his chopsticks on, looking more and more strained as he stuffed his face, beads of sweat forming on his brow all the while. The seemingly lanky, albeit bloated young demon-man ran his hand up and down his swollen beachball of a belly. He burped loudly and heavily to try and make as much room in his heavy gut as he could manage. “Ohhh man...” Sadao mumbled, caressing his smooth, rounded stomach while it gurgled heavily beneath his hand, making him belch again, long and loud, before huffing and trying to work his way through the litany of food still left uneaten. “...C’mon, guys, we’re... *urp*...almost there...”

But Urushihara’s only response was to lean back, drop his hands on his belly and let loose a HUGE burp, one that easily dwarfed what Sadao let out. He sighed heavily and groaned, patting his belly gently as it burbled noisily. “Urrgh, so full...” Urushihara moaned as he tenderly stroked his own sizable stomach. It was so packed with food that he looked as if he had swallowed a very large watermelon whole, which rode his shirt up and exposed his own pale stomach and shallow bellybutton in the process.

He lazily fumbled with the button to his shorts, eventually managing to undo and unzip them, causing his belly to expand outward freely with a thick sloshing erupting from within, which worked up another lengthy burp from the boy, one that crescendo’d into an exhausted moan.

“Ugh...I tap out...if I eat anymore...*Oruh-HOORUUURRRRP!!!*” He interrupted himself with another thick burp, thumping his gut and uttering a smaller burp. “Ugh...anyway...if I eat anymore, I’mma be as sick as Ashiya always gets...” Urushihara groaned, before groggily turning his head and adding, “...like right now...”

Ashiya was slumped over the table, trying and failing to mask how overstuffed he felt, groggily chewing at his current mouthful while cradling his aching stuffed belly with his free hand. It gurgled noisily enough to draw eyes from a very groggy Sadao and even groggier Urushihara.

“...I can still eat, your majesty...” Ashiya murmured, looking a little green in the gills as he spoke. “...I-I just...n-need to...” of course, he quickly covered his mouth before he could finish his sentence. At first, he was worried he was about to be sick. Fortunately, it just ended up being a surprisingly deep belch that Ashiya just narrowly managed to muffle behind his lips. His cheeks were promptly stained red as he muttered, “...Pardon me, sire...” before another thick burp rumbled in his cheeks, even puffing them out slightly and making him blush even harder. “.....*P-Pardon me again...*”

As if the forced eruptions barely being suppressed wasn't bad enough, poor Ashiya was also trying in vein to tug his shirt over his bowling ball sized stomach, which had grown so bloated that his long-sleeved shirt couldn't contain it anymore. The eldest of the three young demons continuously kept tugging his shirt down, but a sliver of flesh remained visible no matter what.

Sadao sighed wearily to himself. “...Alright, you guys sit this one out. The rest is up to me...” Sadao said with a bit of dramatic, albeit strained, flair at the end.

“...N-No, sire...i-if you try and eat the rest by yourself...y-you will most assuUUUUURRRP!!!” Ashiya blushed profusely when a deep burp finally crept its way past his lips.

Urushihara snickered lazily and said, “...You could just hang back for a bit'n let everything settle...”

“You're forgetting, you're dealing with the king of all demons. What's a little bellyache to me, right?” Sadao said with a semi-confident-mostly-strained smirk. But when he looked down at the food still left, however, he nearly whimpered...

“...Dude, did you just whimper...?”

...Okay, he totally whimpered...

Nonetheless, even as his immensely overstuffed belly gurgled angrily in protest, Sadao soldiered on. He forced himself to continue shoving more and more of what remained down his throat. His chewing was slow, and each thick, wet-sounding gulp he gave was deeply labored. Every time he swallowed something down, a thick, gaseous gurgle bubbled from the very depths of his overly abused stomach, as if to say 'you'll pay for this...'

...And boy, was Sadao paying in spades already...

He looked absolutely sickened to his very, very full stomach. Yet, it wasn't enough to stop him from plowing on through what remained atop the table. No matter how much his near-pregnant-looking belly roared in protest, Sadao endured, steadily munching away at everything he could sink his chopsticks into.

With every few bites forcefully swallowed down, Sadao's enormous stomach expanded outward just a little bit more. His shirt rode up around his belly further and further, now exposing the entirety of the immensely engorged organ in all its round, hefty glory. Needless to say, with how little his shirt contained, the young demon king was thankful to hell and back that his boxers were as sturdy as they were, especially with how immensely heavy his belly was growing, weighing his boxers down yet never overpowering them...

It took some serious doing, but slowly yet surely, Sadao managed to finish all that remained on the table with one final, especially thick and wet-sounding...

***G L L U U U U R R R O O O O L C K ! ! ! ***

A near orange-sized lump squeezed unbearably down his slender throat; throat muscles audibly rippling and squelching as it worked down that final, especially large mouthful of food. A stream of drool trickled down from the corner of Sadao's lips as he clenched his eyes shut and swallowed down. Both Ashiya and Urushihara's eyes wearily followed that immense lump until it finally and rather wetly squeezed past Sadao's defined collarbone. Once that last bit of food had joined the immense mass in his belly, Sadao gasped heavily and groaned while his giant belly bubbled like a chemical plant gone awry...

***G W W R R U U U U U U U O O O O O O O R R R R R G G I ! ! ! ! ! ***

Sadao's belly groaned so intensely that its surface physically rippled. Suddenly, Sadao's face went green as he grew visibly queasy.

"Urrrgh...ohh I dun' feel so good, guys..." Sadao mumbled groggily until his stomach hitched so tightly it jostled heavily over his lap. His hand rushed to his mouth, desperate to clamp it shut while another hand firmly grasped the side of his fleshy medicine ball of a belly.

"...S-Sire...?! A-Are you alright...?!" Ashiya asked with concern as he tried to inch his way over to his lord.

Urushihara squinted and inched away nervously. "Aw dude, you're not gonna blow chunks, are ya...? 'Cuz there IS a bathroom right there, y'know..."

...It...didn't help that Urushihara was essentially within the "blast radius" if Sadao did, in fact, lose his rather heavy, overbearing lunch...

But Sadao knew that if he dared to get up and jostle his belly with any sudden movements, that's exactly what would happen. Not that it seemed to matter with how intensely his gut groaned and how sickly the young demon became. Ashiya recognized that look from his own constant source of intestinal discomfort, and it was enough to make him wince and inch back nervously.

Sadao's face grew greener as he felt a rush of something rising up his throat and ballooning his cheeks out. With how violently his belly was gurgling away, all three demons were certain that they were about to have a horrible mess on their hands...

Sadao tried his damndest to hold back whatever was rocketing up his throat. But eventually, the pressure just grew too great, and he couldn't hold back any longer.

...Though, once his hand finally got blown back...?

''BAAAAAAAAAV
VVVVURRRRRRRRR
WVVVVURRRR-
HVVVVVVVVVVUR
RRRRROOOOOOO
ORRRRRRAAAAH-
HHHAAAAAAA
AAAAAHRRRO
OOOOOOOOOOOO
RRRRRRLLVVVV
URPH!!!!!!!!!!!!''

Sadao didn't violently throw up after all. Instead, his hand got blown back and his jaws gaped wide open as Sadao let out the single BIGGEST burp he had ever uttered in his entire life! It viciously exploded out of him with such demonic force behind it that the entire room seemed to quiver in its wake. Both Urushihara and Ashiya could actually feel the ground beneath them tremble in its wake. The monstrous force behind that even more monstrous eructation was so great that Sadao's belly rippled heavily like a waterbed with the vibration setting turned to overdrive.

It bellowed out of the young, bloated demon for a staggering ten straight seconds, never once growing any quieter, even rumbling to a forceful end that seemed to drag on before Sadao was left so winded, he flopped backwards. His mountainous belly sloshed and warbled heavily as it towered above him by a staggering three feet. Sadao was left groaning and dazed, with his eyes practically crossed in a cartoonish manner.

Both Urushihara and Ashiya were left stunned and wide-eyed at such an explosive expulsion. Urushihara rang out his ear with his pinky and finally said, "...Kay, that was a good one..."

Ashiya scooted besides his master and gently placed his hand atop Sadao's enormous belly, asking, "...S-Sire...? Are you alright...?"

The utterly overstuffed demons only response was another long burp and a breathless moan.

"...I'm okay l-lettin' food go to waste next time... *bluuuuurrrrrp*...uuuugh..."

"Hey, on the plus side, if there's ever an eating contest with cash prizes, we know who to send to make some extra scrap," Urushihara suggested.

Ashiya just shot him the most bored look that seemed to just scream "...really...?"

Urushihara shrugged. "Hey, some of these things have pretty big cash prizes..."

Ashiya's scowl lessened ever so slightly when he heard that. He glanced down at the still dazed and overstuffed Sadao and gingerly rubbed his bulbous belly in a coaxing sort of manner as he said, "...We COULD use the money, sire..."

All Sadao could do was groan in defeat.

"...Just... *hmmph*...ugh...lemme die in peace, would'ja...?*But also see if there's any that're open next week...*"

The Devil may have been a Part-Timer, but when it came to getting cash any way he could? That was a Full-Time hustle that never quit.

...Ohhh, the things a young devil did to ascend up the fast food ladder in the name of world conquest...