

“...Are you absolutely sure about this...?” Jack Howl asked, before scowling and adding, “...N-Not that I'm nervous or anything! I-I'm not! It's just...I've never actually done this sorta thing before...”

The way Jack said that last part, he almost looked ashamed. The young wolf-teen couldn't even meet your eyes when he said that, looking off to the side as he spoke. Which was understandable. The first time for everyone like Jack was always gonna be tricky. The two of you were in his bedroom, with Jack sitting on the edge of his bed, and you sitting directly besides him.

You knew tonight was going to be a night to remember. After all, it was far from YOUR first time. But Jack being who he was, well...he had apprehensions. Which were made even clearer when he looked back at you with a visibly uneasy look in his eyes.

“...I just...I really don't wanna hurt you, and...I mean, so much can go wrong. C-Can't we just stick with...y-y'know, erm...” He shifted uncomfortably before quietly muttering, “.....*f-foreplay*...?” like it was some forbidden word.

You gently rested your hand against Jack's firm, chiseled chest, shushing him softly as you assured him that you had absolute faith in him. That you knew he wouldn't hurt you, and that he'd do great. More than that, you assured him that he was going to enjoy this as well.

Chernabog knows you sure as madness were.

Jack looked back at you with this look of soft, unspoken gratitude.

To help get things ready, you slipped your hand under Jack's shirt and lifted it up, exposing his rock-hard abs which you then proceeded to caress all over. Jack looked away and huffed with a visible blush in his cheeks, but couldn't help but groan pleurably as you rubbed his firm, muscular stomach all over. Your delicate fingers traced over his every abdominal muscle, gripping them firmly and running your fingers up and down the center of his stomach.

As you rubbed Jack's belly, you told him to remember how good this was going to feel, and how satisfied Jack himself was going to be once you were finally inside of him. Jack shuddered when your hand started sensually caressing his lower belly, drifting your fingers just around his waistline. The wolf-teen's tanned cheeks went rosy as he huffed with pleasure at you fingering his shallow bellybutton.

You leaned down and gave Jack's stomach a kiss and a few hearty pats, shuddering at how good Jack's rock-hard belly felt getting slapped in your hands. Honestly, you COULD just sit there and enjoy the “foreplay” all night if you really wanted, as you had, well, countless nights together...

Then, you helped Jack out of his leather Savanaclaw vest, and stripped his sleeveless dorm shirt off, leaving the young demi-teen's upper body fully exposed. The sight of Jack's shirtless frame always made you sweat. He was physically toned without an ounce of bodyfat, sporting rock-hard, visible muscles that, far and ahead, exceeded Leona Kingscholar's body and most of the predators within Savanaclaw. But he wasn't a bodybuilder like Coach Vargas either. He was muscular without being excessively beefy...just the way you liked it...

Next, you did Jack's belt buckle and unzipped his pants, exposing his black boxers and leaving the young wolf's face even more flush than ever. But you helped ease his nerves by continuing to rub Jack's belly, getting him relaxed enough that his fluffy white tail started wagging heartily. You asked Jack if he was ready, lovingly stroking his firm midsection and occasionally patting it to savor the feel of his muscular gut and the deliciously satisfying sound it made every time you patted it.

Before Jack could reply, a LOUD grumble bellowed from the young wolf's stomach. Jack cringed somewhat and grabbed his abs firmly, before gingerly rubbing them up and down.

"...Tch, no time like the present, I guess..." Jack grumbled, adding, "...you got me all stirred up anyway..."

You simply grinned and asked Jack if he wanted you as is, or if you should strip down too. The very notion made Jack's eyes go wide and his face go red. "Wh-Wha...?! As is...! Y-You don't have to go naked or anything, jeez...!!" Jack sputtered and looked away, scratching his fluffy white-fur-like hair in an incredibly flustered manner.

You knew that already. You just wanted to get a rouse out of him one last time before the fun part.

Well, with that decided, you both crawled into the middle of the bed together.

Jack held you close, gently running his gloved hands across your arms in both a tender and protective manner.

"...Last chance, are you sure you wanna go through with this?" Jack asked, almost like he was asking himself more than he was asking you.

You responded by placing your hand against Jack's stomach. Your hand gingerly massaged his stone-like abs, kneading into every protruding stomach muscle you could feel up. Jack shuddered at the feeling, blushing a little when you traced your finger around his shallow bellybutton. You gave his firm belly a few equally firm pats and blushed at the intensely satisfying sound each pat made, and the firmness of Jack's abdomen in general.

Jack huffed and nodded back, uttering, "...Well, *in that case...*"

His grip on your arms tightened, but never felt aggressive in any way. He huffed to himself a few times, as if trying to work his nerves. You caressed his firm, athletic chest in a loving manner. When you felt his heartbeat accelerating intensely beneath your palm, you assured him that it was going to be okay and that you trusted the young wolf fully.

Jack looked up at you, admittedly, very visibly nervous. But your words of comfort seemed to provide him some degree of assurance. He managed a very small yet soft smile and nodded back.

With that little boost, Jack proceeded to open his jaws nice and wide...VERY wide in fact...

His warm breath pelted your face as you got a good look at his drooling, cavernous and fang-filled maw. You braced yourself, giving him the nod, and Jack proceeded to carefully force you, head first, into his jaws. Being a demi, Jack's capacity to extend his mouth open exceeded that of any humans, as did his stomach capacity.

Your head and shoulders were worked into his maw. You felt his tongue begin to lather your face and all across your body. He was lubricating your body to make it easier to work you down...but also getting a taste. The way he shuddered around your body told you that you certainly didn't taste half bad either.

Jack continued working more of your body down his powerful jaws. You could hear his jaw clicking and making a wet and rippling 'glurking' sound as more of your body filled in the space. He was very clearly taking his time, partially to enjoy your flavor, judging by the way he continued lapping up your torso as it filled in his mouth. But mostly because he had a maw full of fangs sharp enough to pulverize bones and, obviously, he wanted to ensure you were going down safe as could be...not that he CARED or anything, as you were certain he'd say if he didn't have a mouth full of...well, YOU...

Jack's inhuman anatomy stretched out further and further when your head and shoulders began to finally sink down his throat. His neck had to look obscene right now with how far your frame stretched it out. You grimaced slightly as his throat was a REALLY tight fit. The fleshy surface rippled and pulsated as he took in one hearty swallow after another; desperate to get you down into his stomach. You could feel Jack's hands grasp your lower body as he forced more of you down his gullet. Judging by the way the fleshy yet rubbery tube hitched, and the way you felt the body tense all around you, Jack was very likely having a hard time with actually forcing you down his gullet. If your hands weren't bound to the tube that was Jack's throat, you might have massaged the lining to help ease the young wolf a little bit.

Still, Jack was a fighter.

So, he continued bobbing his head out with your legs still dangling out of his saliva dribbling maw, gulping rapidly around your body all the while. You tried to wiggle your way further in, but the throat wouldn't budge. It would work you down into his stomach when it was good and ready. Each hefty, strained swallow made the tight-fitting confines around you ripple and squelch wetly. It was pulling you deeper and deeper down into the dank, humid mystery that was Jack Howl's stomach.

Your head **SQUEEZED** past the impossibly tight sphincter that connected the throat to the stomach. Soon, your head and shoulders had entered the dark bubbling thick that was Jack's belly. Your whole body began to steadily slide down, down, down now that the hard part had passed. It was with one final, especially wet...

***G L L L U U U U R O O O R R L K I I I I I I ***

...That you finally spilled down into Jack's stomach; your body bouncing heavily within the tight-fitting organ. You were curled up within Jack's stomach, feeling the stomach lining stretch all around you as it churned **INTENSELY** from your weight presence. Quickly, you shifted yourself into a sitting position, which only made the stomach gurgle that much heavier all around your body.

When you were able to finally sit in place, you sighed heavily and adjusted your posture to sit up as straight as you could. Everything around you was churning heavily. The stomach lining compressed around your body like vacuum sealed plastic, just considerably warmer, slimier and smellier. And yet, there was something so oddly alluring about being within Jack's belly.

Outside, you could hear Jack panting breathlessly, like he hadn't fully recovered his bearings from swallowing you whole yet. You asked your boyfriend if he was okay from gulping you down.

Jack didn't respond. He was still panting heavily. But then, you felt the stomach hitch all around your body and the gurgling emitting from the organ itself intensify tenfold.

A rush of stinking air flowed past you and up the esophagus. And with it, Jack let out, quite possibly, the single loudest burp you had **EVER** heard in your entire life...

'BWRV

VVVVVVV

OOORRR-

VVVVVVV

VRRRRR-

AAAAAA

AAAVV

VVRRR

RAAAA

AP!!!

That stomach-rippling eructation bellowed out of Jack enormously for a whopping ten straight seconds! It blared at such deafening volumes that you actually almost covered your ears (were it not for the slime on your hands). The sheer weight of having you in his stomach combined with all the air he swallowed along with your body resulted a true show-stopper of a belch. One you would be cataloguing in your memory for years to come as you blushed...

When it finally ended, you heard Jack pant breathlessly and slump forward, making your confines jut and wobble forward a little bit. “Ohhhh Chernabog...” you heard Jack mutter in a hoarse, utterly winded sort of way, before the stomach rumbled again.

Like clockwork, you heard Jack release another HEAVY-sounding burp, one so deep that it had to come the deepest pit of his stomach. Mercifully, it wasn't as long or as loud, but it still caused your confines to both quiver AND tighten from the release of air being deprived from your confinement.

Again, Jack sighed heavily and uncomfortably.

“Ugggh...I'm so *fuuuuuuuuuuuuull!!!!*” Jack's groaning was interrupted by him burping out the last word of his sentence. Which was swiftly followed by what felt like Jack slapping his belly as hard as he could, judging by that fierce thump you felt against your front. Which was followed immediately by more gas flowing past you and resulting in another short yet HUGE burp to bellow out from Jack's maw.

**“BRRRAAA
AAAAAAUVV
VVVVVVVVVV
VRRPH!!!!”**

His stomach was so unbearably heavy that Jack literally couldn't stop burping. Each one rumbled intensely all around you, making you blush more and more, but also depriving you of some much needed oxygen, smelly though it was. The poor guy may have been an apex predator, but he was NOT used to truly capitalizing on that fact.

After an especially deep burp, Jack panted breathlessly and, based on the way your confines shifted backwards, he had likely slumped back, finally finding something resembling relief from his gaseous outburst.

There was a drumming you felt against your torso. Jack was firmly patting his belly from outside and rubbing it up and down afterwards to an effort to settle all the churning you felt around you. When you reminded him that you needed air, you heard him curse to himself in mild panic, before swallowing enough air to keep you from getting lightheaded and losing consciousness.

“...S-Sorry about that, Prefect...but man, I couldn't help it...”

You smiled and gave the stomach lining in front of you a gentle pat. When you did, you felt Jack shudder all around you. Smirking, you did that again. The fleshy lining of the organ rippled ever so slightly beneath your palm and gave a pleased burble, which was shared by a pleased moan from the young wolf.

So, you started rubbing the front of the stomach lining in an effort to soothe your boyfriend. From the inside, his stomach felt silky and fleshy, discounting the discharge emitting from the organ itself. You heard him shudder while the stomach vibrated pleasantly.

“...Urrf...please don't stop, Prefect...” Jack moaned.

You grinned and continued stroking the stomach all around you. The gurgling continued while the stomach shifted further and further back, to the point where you had to adjust yourself completely to keep sitting up. Based on the shift, you surmised that Jack was now lying down on his bed, most likely, arms to his sides while his massive belly jutted over him like a fleshy mountain.

If you were outside, you would guess that Jack's fluffy tail was wagging so intensely it would be adorable.

Jack really was the best boy after all.

More time passed as you caressed the organ from within. Despite how dark it was, you felt the front of Jack's stomach lining grow infinitely warmer as blood rushed to that part of his belly. It formed what looked like a blush on the lining itself, which, as you knew, meant the wolf-teen was blushing something fierce at your treatment. You would've teased Jack about it, but he was waaaaay too full to have his usual stammer-fit.

...You'd save the teasing for after you were outside.

You took in your surroundings, listening to the organ burble all around you. As you described your confines to Jack, you felt him drum his fingers atop his bulbous belly.

“...Sounds really gross when you describe it like that,” Jack mused with what sounded like a frown, before adding, “...Doesn't that bother you...?”

It didn't. And you quickly explained why.

Beyond your fetish and your fantasy of being in his belly, Jack's stomach felt...oddly comforting to you. Being inside of him made you feel safe. Like his churning organ was a big, smelly sleeping bag you could curl into and just feel protected from all your troubles. It was literally as close to your boyfriend as you could ever get. And it made you feel special, knowing that you were the only person in the world Jack trusted enough to be his first live meal. You knew, without a shadow of a doubt that he would keep you safe, and that feeling resonated deeply within you.

...That, and you were kind of a freak who loved bellies so much that you constantly fantasized about being inside of them, and this little trip to the center of your boyfriend was a fantasy made reality.

Hey, you never denied having issues.

Jack chuckled softly with amusement. Then, you felt his hand trace across his stomach in a slow, almost affectionate sort of way.

“...Well, I'm just grateful that you have so much trust in me that you let me swallow you. Just as I'm every bit as grateful to have you in my life, Prefect...” Jack said warmly, again, not bothering to mask his affection at

all. “Prefect, I love youUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRP!!!!!!”

It was too freakin' perfect.

In the midst of all this beautifully sappy back and forth, Jack finally utters those three magic words, and he accidentally *burps* one of them out.

You felt the entire stomach heat up from the most embarrassed blush the wolf could have, and laughed heartily, blushing yourself as you assured the gassy wolf-demi that you loved him right back.

...Hey, with your kinks, that really was kind of the perfect way for Jack to express his affection. It was genuinely kind, silly, and riled you up at the same time. That basically summed up Jack in one gaseous nutshell really.