

Date nights with Sting Eucliffe were always a treat. No one knew how to have a good time quite like Sting. But in the same vein, no one knew how to push all your buttons the way he did either. So, when he suggested the two of you hit up a nearby buffet for the night and flashed you 'that' fang-filled smirk of his...? Well, you knew you were in for a night of perpetual "flustration..."

...And by the sun above, did Sting deliver.

You watched the young White Dragon Slayer pound his meal away like the very dragons he slayed. His appetite was almost like that of Salamander. Your eyes simply couldn't be prided off from watching your cocky boyfriend as he chowed down on every assortment of meat he could get his mitts on at the buffet.

It was doubtful that Sting was even THAT hungry to be stuffing himself the way he was. However, he also knew full well how much fonder you tended to be of guys who were, shall we say, a bit thicker in the middle. So, Eucliffe made it a point to stuff himself well past his limits, all to rile you up. And given how red your face was the entire time the two of you were at the buffet, it was a fair bet that he succeeded with flying colors.

All throughout his binging, you watched as those exposed, rock-hard abs of his started to thin out and expand. It was such a sight to behold. Sting's stomach started to steadily press out more and more as he relentlessly stuffed his face. There was an idle gurgling that accompanied the increasing bloat, but that intensified, making the churning grow heavier as his belly grew larger and rounder.

By the time Sting finally finished his binge-eating, there weren't any traces of those perfect abs of his left. His stomach had ballooned out by over two and a half feet, stretching his flesh out so much that he looked as if he had swallowed an entire watermelon whole somehow. And the cherry on top was that, to punctuate the completion of his meal, the immensely bloated Sting leaned back in his booth and let out a huge, rumbling belch. Every single pair of eyes in that buffet was immediately fixated on the unbelievably bloated mage as he let loose that glorious eructation that extended for a few seconds straight. No one's eyes were more transfixed than your own, especially when Sting slumped back with a satisfied sigh and shamelessly gave his taut belly a hearty slap of satisfaction. The sound of Sting's open palm slapping down on that big, wonderfully round belly of his was satisfying beyond words...

The two of you eventually reached your apartment where the immensely bloated Sting lumbered heavily over to the couch; one arm wrapped around you and the other cradling his immensely over-engorged belly. He hugged you right up against his amply gluttoned gut, causing your ear to be pressed right up against his warm, drum-tight flesh. Your heart was aflutter when you heard how heavily his stomach gurgled and burbled away from the inside. It sounded as if chemicals were being mixed within Sting's belly, given how noisily his gut blorped away.

Sting's innards were working WELL past overtime to digest everything he'd consumed at the buffet. And despite how tight it felt, with each step Sting took, you could feel and, more importantly, hear the digesting contents of his belly slosh heavily as he made his way over to the couch. As if you weren't enough of a blushing mess as is, when he flopped his butt down onto the edge, Sting let loose another big, rumbling burp that blasted forcefully out from those fine lips of his.

When it ended, Sting smacked his lips and once again smacked his ballooned out belly in satisfaction. “Grraaaahhhh, man... *I'm ssoooooo fffuuuuull...*” Sting groaned out, leaning back to make his bulbous belly spill out even more as he rubbed it in slow, showy circles.

Sting was such a monumental tease, oh, he knew EXACTLY what he was doing to you. Which was made even more evident when his eyes glanced back at yours and he flashed you a wink.

That sultry look he gave you made your spine tingle, and turned your knees into jelly on the spot. So too did that teasingly showy way he slowly ran his tongue across his fangs, really making a point to let you know how ravenous he truly was. You'd be annoyed if you weren't so unbelievably riled up right now...

But then, a very thick, unpleasantly acidic-sounding gurgle erupted from the depths of Sting's stomach. The blond mage winced for a split second there and gripped his gut a little more tightly. A flicker of concern spread across your face as you asked if the big kink tease was alright.

Sting's face looked strained, but he managed a cocky-enough smirk back at you and said, “Tch, you kiddin'? Never-” a wet, rumbling burp cut him off mid-sentence and left him grunting as he thumped his chest to clear his windpipes and meekly added, “...better.”

It wasn't exactly the most convincing of performances, but you took him at his word (for the moment, at least), then saddled down next to him on the couch. Taking his hand off of his gargantuan gut, you cuddled against Sting's beachball-sized belly and proceeded to run your hands all across it. As your hand glided across that smooth surface, instantly, you swoon at just how firm it is, even in its immensely bloated state.

Immediately, Sting moaned to himself as he seemed to melt slightly into the couch and huffed breathily. "Gruuooooaaahhh mmmmaaaaaaan, that's somethin' else..." he huffed, his eyelids closing halfway while you continued to gingerly rub his ample dome.

Now, obviously, you were fawning over the sheer size of Sting's belly, but you also couldn't help but marvel at how Sting's flesh actually felt under your fingertips. Sting's skin was stretched out, appealingly smooth to the touch as a result, without a trace of those perfect abs you also tended to fawn over. And yet, smooth as it was, his stomach felt like a flesh-covered boulder. There was barely any give to it, even as his digestive system works long and hard to break his heavy meal down. When you dug your fingers into his flesh, it barely pushed in at all; like trying to push into a tight drum.

And odds were good, Sting was well aware of your kink-riddled musings. Because he bucked his hips out and made his gargantuan gut bounce up ever so slightly with a hefty slosh accompanying the motion. He smirked back down at you and said, "Enjoyin' the show?"

You glared flustered daggers at the man and slapped his big, tight globular gut in response. It did absolutely nothing to make you less visibly flustered hearing the sound your hand made slapping that taut belly, or how good it felt against your open palm. And that hearty burp Sting let out from that slap certainly didn't help matters either.

Sting palmed his chest afterwards and snickered, saying, "Heh, juuust wanted t'make sure," like the kinkteasing jerk he was. Though, again, for all his teasing, when he looked away, you caught a glimmer of strain and discomfort on his face. This was punctuated by a really gnarly-sounding churning that erupted from the very depths of his expansive lower stomach. He winced a little more visibly and lightly stroked his undersides with one hand.

So, for as flustered as you were, you asked if the idiot was feeling okay.

“Tch, course I am,” Sting said dismissively.

It certainly didn't SEEM like he was feeling okay, especially when his considerable gut churned like a massive smelting pot. Frowning, you began to rub Sting's lower belly where you felt the gurgling grow most intense. It was enough to make his utterly bloated stomach vibrate beneath your palm. That certainly didn't sound pleasant, especially the way Sting tried his best to mask his cringing with the churning.

So, to aide in coaxing some of the tension out from Sting's overstuffed belly, you really kneaded into the sides of Sting's stomach. You clutched at his belly and pressed your fingertips as hard as you could into his flesh. But his gut was so unbearably heavy from his gorging at the buffet that even with you digging in as hard as you could, his flesh barely moved.

You noted how his stomach really did feel like he had swallowed a giant rock.

Sting gave a really deep burp behind his lips, one which reverberated loudly in his puffed out cheeks for a few seconds. When it ended, he subtly blew the fetid stomach gases off to the side and fanned the air around his nose. “Urgh, sure as hell FEELS like there's a giant rock in my gut...” he murmured, before glancing down at you, and, as if remembering to keep up the act, added, “...n-not that it's any big deal or anythin'! Gut's just heavier from stuffin' my face is all!”

You rolled your eyes but decided to throw your boyfriend a bone by trying something a little different. Knowing that his belly was aching immensely, you kneaded your fingers a little more firmly into the surface of that tight, gurgling mound of flesh. You didn't press down, you just kept applying pressure as you gingerly began to slow and firmly caress your palm across his underbelly.

“Nrf...ohh man, that's...whoa...” Sting could barely string together a thought. He moaned softly, almost going cross-eyed as you put some more elbow grease into your massage. You felt his warm breath pelt your blushing cheeks as he sighed heavily in response to your treatment of his tummy. It was still groaning hard enough that you could feel Sting's heavy, aching gut reverberate ever so slightly from the grumbles, but still, you ran your hands all across Sting's belly, keeping pressure applied to give a light kneading along with the massaging. It may have felt tight as a drum, but the pressure was starting to provide a little more give to his flesh, so it had to be working.

And judging by that almost loopy smile on Sting's near-cross-eyed face, the mage himself certainly wasn't minding the treatment one bit. Which was all the encouragement you needed to keep going. You spent a moment fondling his underbelly, cupping into its sides and pushing your palm into it, to see if you could lift Sting's stomach at all, to no avail from how utterly bloated and heavy it was. When that didn't work, your hands ascended up to Sting's sides. You saddled closer to Sting, using your open palms to knead small firm circles into either side of his bulbous belly, while your fingers continued digging into his flesh as best they could, given the tautness of the bloat.

“Gruuuooooohhhh mmmmmaaaan...you have no idea how amazing that feels,” Sting groaned. Granted, you were keen to remind him that was because you weren't a giant glutton the way he was. But of course, Sting snickered in response to your retort and shrugged lazily, muttering, “Maybe so, but'cha know you wouldn't have it aaaaaany other way...”

You slapped his belly in response, which made Sting hiccup and huff to himself. Of course, given your own infatuation, you couldn't help but slap his belly again. Gods, the sound it made, and the way its firm, perfectly rounded surface felt getting smacked by your palm was indescribably satisfying, in every single sense of the word. You could drum Sting's burgeoning gut all day if you weren't certain that might make him sicker than he was already feeling yet pretending otherwise.

So, you let your hand drift to the lower center of Sting's taut, domed out middle, just around his shallow bellybutton. You started to firmly yet tenderly knead into that part of his belly, using your thumb to push down right into his navel. Straight away, Sting moaned in euphoria, arching his back into that feeling to the point where you could even sense his toes curling in his boots with delight.

This was always the sweet spot for Sting, and that wasn't any less true when his stomach was as heavy and churning so noisily as it was right now. You could practically feel his belly burbling more intensely in response to your treatment of this particular spot. Oddly enough, it felt tense, almost as if there were was a knot or a bubble beneath that rock tight yet fleshy surface. So you continued kneading into that one spot, pressing into his bellybutton a little harder while your palm pressed down more firmly into the area just above his navel, to push out that tension you were feeling.

And in doing so, something had seemingly become unbound from within the depths of Sting's belly. The overtaxed organ suddenly gurgled heavily, causing Sting to wince as something bubbled up from his gullet. You saw a bulge visibly surge up Sting's throat, making it hitch as Sting himself lurched his head forward for a moment, hand covering his mouth.

Oh no, he wasn't about to throw up, was he...?

You winced nervously, worried you may have pressed down too hard, expecting the worst when Sting's cheeks puffed out and eventually blew his hand back as his mouth finally gaped open...

' 'AAAAAAA
AHHRRRRUUU
UUURROOOOO
AAAAAAHHH
UUUUUUUUUUUU
UUURP!!!!!!!' '

Instead...?

Sting let out an absolutely MONSTROUS burp, one so loud that it made your ears ring from being so close to the young, cocky mage as he let loose that powerful eructation for several seconds straight. It blasted out of Sting's maw so hard that not only did a few flecks of saliva fly past his parted lips, but you could actually feel his belly vibrating hard as it poured out of him. With your hands still firmly pressed up against his stretched out stomach, you could feel it reverberating from the sheer force of that expulsion.

When it finally ended, Sting gasped, practically breathless after such a devastatingly strong burp exited his system. But then he winced, feeling his gut groan heavily, as if there were more gas brewing. Sting immediately slapped his belly as hard as he could, letting out another HUGE burp, almost as loud as that last, beastly eructation, but nowhere near as long, as it pushed out of the mage's fang-filled maw for maybe three seconds straight.

After that one ended, Sting threw his head back and panted heavily as his big, tight, churning belly rose and fell with each weary breath he took. "Graaaaah...ugh, oh man..." Sting choked out in a hoarse manner, moments before yet another big, throaty burp exited his maw. It was as if that monster he let loose had uncorked all of the pressure that had been festering in Sting's belly after that all-you-can-eat dinner of his. And with such a massive pressure pocket released from his turbulent tummy, Sting found himself burping uncontrollably; just one forceful eructation after another.

...It was as if all your favorite holidays had come at once, given how utterly red your face was in that moment.

And to help out, you eventually pressed down against the lower center of Sting's belly, just around where his navel was, as hard as you could right in the middle of Sting's last burp, which, thanks to your help, he managed to stretch out for a full ten seconds. That HAD to be a new record.

When it finally ended, Sting slumped back and moaned heavily with an utterly euphoric sigh of absolute relief. "Graaaaaaahhhh...theeere we go...! Man..." Sting moaned out, smacking his lips contently as he gently ran his hand up and down his heavy balloon belly and added, "...WHEW! Ohh man, that feels waaaaaaay better..." Then he lazily, almost drunkenly looked down at you and grinned his cheeky grin, adding, "...Bet'cha enjoyed that, didn't ya..."

...The intense blush of your cheeks spoke louder than any denials you could ever try and string together in that moment.

Sting just snickered and said, "Don't worry, after all this digests, I'll have way more for ya...though...I gotta admit..." Sting rubbed his belly thoughtfully, then smirked toothily back at you. "After gettin' all that pressure outta my gut...I'm kinda feelin' hungry again..."

You weren't sure if that was just Sting's way of teasing you further, or if he legitimately wanted to eat more. But Eucliffe's teasing sometimes went so far, it veered into a parody of itself. As such, after staring at him blankly for a few seconds, you couldn't help bursting into laughter at the big, bloated idiot's antics.

Sting stared at you with confusion for a moment, but nonetheless snickered. You figured he was likely just messing around, and laughing with you at how stupid that comment was. That or your laughter was infectious enough to get him to join in. Either way, it felt nice laughing with your boyfriend. The fact that his laughter made the contents within his bulbous belly slosh heartily in your ears certainly didn't hurt either...

Eventually, though, Sting's laughter crescendoed into a big, hearty, lion-like yawn. He smacked his chops lazily afterwards and said, "Mph, man, I'm beat..."

You couldn't help but yawn alongside your bloated boyfriend, feeling kind of weary yourself. Sting leaned back as much as he could atop the couch and kept one of his muscular arms wrapped around your back so he could hold you close to his belly. He smirked down at you and planted a surprisingly gentle kiss to the top of your head, making you blush and earning one last tired snicker from the young man...before he was out like a light; the food coma finally kicking in now that the acidic gurgling had ceased.

Sting had a confident, contented look on his face as he slumbered. You smiled and rested your head against his big, sturdy gut, nuzzling it contently as you rested your ear against it. His overworked organ churned and bubbled more idly; a much more audibly pleasing, almost relaxing sound. You continued listening to that big, tight tummy pillow burbling away, feeling your own eyelids growing heavier and heavier. Until eventually, you too, were sound asleep, cuddled up against your boyfriend's amply stuffed belly. All in all, you couldn't ask for a better date night, even if you tried.