

You were in the middle of reading for an upcoming assignment when suddenly, a loud, abrasive sound completely threw you off guard...

**“BWUUUUUURRRR  
AAAAAAAARRRRO  
OOOOORRRRPH!!!!”**

It was a thick, rumbling belch that erupted intensely from the front door, as if your boyfriends way of greeting you. Say what you will, but there was no denying its effectiveness. After all, upon hearing it, you promptly clamped your book shut and jumped up from the couch just in time to see Floyd Leech sighing heavily with relief, to the point where his thick, inhuman tongue was sticking out of his fang-filled mouth.

“Haaaaaah, hoooo boy, did my tummy need that,” Floyd moaned, giving his belly a couple of hearty pats of satisfaction. You could see that his normally concave middle was pressing out noticeably by over a foot and a half against his buttoned shirt. Upon catching your gaze, he giggled and teasingly waved to get your attention. “Hiiiiiiii, Shrimy-Shrimp! Did'ja miss me??”

You joked that you clearly didn't miss him as much he missed sea food, since you could smell the literal shrimp scampi on his breath.

Floyd giggled hysterically then leaned down and close. “Heeheheh, well, what can I say? I looooooove my Little Shrimpies...” Floyd teased, breathing the word 'love' all over you to really hit your face with it. When you fanned the air around your nostrils, he giggled even more before wrapping an arm around you for a one armed hug and squeezing you right into his torso. “Mmmm, all the food was too good, but not as good as my FAVORITE Little Shrimp...”

The merman-in-disguise leaned down and licked the side of your face for emphasis. You peeped at his sign of affection while Floyd smacked his lips and beamed down at you.

“Mmmm-MM! See? Shrimpy's all nice'n sweet!” Floyd joked, squeezing you even tighter. However, in doing so, your torso pressed up tightly against his belly, squishing into its currently soft and bloated state to the point where you heard Floyd's gut slosh from the push. He grimaced for but a moment, before expelling another large, throaty belch right in your face.

**“BLAAAAAAAU  
UUUUURRRRRUUU  
UUUUUPH!!!!!!”**

The force of Floyd's burp caused your hair to blow back for a few seconds straight while the stench of his shrimp-filled meal wafted in the air. It wasn't the most pleasant of smells, yet it still made your cheeks burn bright red. One of these days, you'd need to see about any on-campus psychiatrists...

Until you did, however, Floyd just groaned with relief, once again breathing all over you in the process. “Graaaaaah...still tastes yummy in my tummy,” he purred, squeezing you lovingly in the process.

You sarcastically thanked him for sharing, patting Floyd's belly a few times and feeling his stomach jiggle behind his tight-fitting shirt with each pat. Floyd hiccuped adorably and giggled in response while hobbling over to his bedroom with you still in his grasp, nuzzling your face against his chest while his stomach groaned deeply from your body still being pressed up against it.

“Ya really should'a been there, Shrimpy. Baby Otter had the yummiest foods at his party,” Floyd insisted, smacking his lips fondly at the mere thought around the time you reached his bedroom, and he finally released you from his grasp.

You let out a little sigh since, loving boyfriend or not, Floyd's grip was like a vice. Then you insisted that you'd have loved to have been there, except you still had a bunch of homework to do and wanted to get it out of the way. Floyd pouted childishly as he stripped off his blazer and lazily tossed it halfway between the foot of his bed and the floor.

“Booooooriiiiiing, Shrimpy needs to get out and learn t'have more fun!” Floyd insisted.

At that, you smirked back at him and saddled up nice and close to the young merman-in-disguise. Steadily, you started to unbutton Floyd's shirt, bopping his lips with your finger before standing on your tiptoes (he WAS really tall in disguise after all) to kiss Floyd on the lips and insist that you knew exactly how to have fun. He was slightly taken back, going a bit red, but still grinned.

As you continued unbuttoning Floyd's shirt, your hand caressed his smooth, athletic chest. Your fingertips dug slightly into his chest, making Floyd bite his lower lip fondly with his fangs. Then, once his shirt was fully unbuttoned, exposing his currently bloated stomach, your palm ran across Floyd's bare belly, grasping into its soft, protruding sides and making Floyd croon.

You pushed Floyd backwards, making the eel-boy flop onto his bed suddenly as you climbed onto bed with him. Once you were on top of him, your hands rested against his bloated belly and ran all over it. Floyd moaned, leg twitching pleasantly as you slowly rubbed his smooth, pale belly. Your palms kneaded into its sides while you leaned in, listening to it burble and churn deeply, both in response to your ministrations and from the hearty meal Floyd had consumed.

“Ahhhhh, Lil Shrimp knows what they're doin' when it comes to my tummy, huh,” Floyd cooed, letting his inhumanly long and thick tongue lull out from the corner of his fang-filled maw, and letting his arms dangle at his sides.

You sure did, especially when it came to Floyd's belly.

As you ran your hands all across the watermelon-sized, fleshy mess, one hand drifted to Floyd's underbelly. To give yourself more room, you unbuttoned then unzipped his pants and pulled it down somewhat, both exposing a sliver of his eel-patterned boxers, but also exposing more of his belly. You then traced your fingers oh-so-delicately against his underbelly, pushing your finger into it slightly and making Floyd whine with delight.

You grinned at the response you got, and gently palmed at his underbelly, pushing your palm up and making Floyd's belly jiggle ever so slightly before giving the side of his belly a hearty slap. The surface of Floyd's stomach rippled ever so slightly while you savored that intensely satisfying THUMP your open palm made against his belly. It sounded and felt like slapping a fleshy watermelon, and an intensely ripe one at that.

The way Floyd arched his back in response to that made his stomach push out even more, as if inviting you to slap it again. And you were more than happy to do so, slapping his belly even harder, almost possessively as it jostled and made Floyd moan with satisfaction. He was a strange one, always liking everything just a little too rough, but you weren't one to complain...at least so long as you weren't on the receiving end of it. After all, your bones could only take so much pressure before snapping like twigs, which, to his credit, Floyd was at least SEMI-conscious of anytime he squeezed you like Kalim squeezed that little plushy parrot of his...

Of course, as you drummed against Floyd's soft and engorged gut, it emitted a deeply gaseous, acidic-sounding gurgle. And after an especially hearty slap...

' 'BRRREEEEEEEE  
EEEEVVVVVRRR-  
HOOOOOOOOOO  
ORRRPH!!!!!!' '

Floyd lurched his head up somewhat as he let out a MASSIVE burp, one that bellowed out of his gaping maw for a good few seconds straight and had enough force behind it to cause a few bits of saliva to fly out of his mouth. You could actually feel his soft, tender belly jostle slightly from the eruption itself. Suddenly, it was your turn to start biting your lower lip and going red in the face.

When it ended, Floyd panted breathlessly, but managed a weak giggle and said, "Hehahaha, still so bubbly...!" And as if back up his statement, a deep burbling erupted from Floyd's strained stomach, one so deep, you could feel it rumble beneath your fingertips.

This prompted you to press against his belly again, a bit more firmly. Like clockwork, Floyd lurched but unleashed another deep, throaty belch that rumbled out of him for a few seconds straight. And before he could even catch his breath, another burp rocketed up his throat and out of his maw for a few more seconds straight.

Floyd continued burping the more you pressed and pushed down against his churning belly; he was almost like your big, gassy squeak toy. An especially intense belch thundered out from Floyd's maw, carrying on for several seconds straight since you balled your hand into a fist and pushed your fist; knuckles first, deeper and deeper into Floyd's belly, extending that burp for as long as possible. It was so thunderous that every part of your body rattled along with it.

*Chernabog help you, that was a GOOD one he just let out...*

Floyd panted breathlessly, firmly running his hand across his burgeoning middle as he huffed a few times to himself. “Ha...hhhhhaaaaa...that felt soooooo goooooood...” he moaned breathlessly, still catching his breath.

You palmed his soft, jiggling gut and remarked that it sounded good too, earning a weak giggle from the teal-haired boy. That giggle turned to crooning when you resumed tenderly stroking your palm all across that beautifully bloated stomach of his. There was an audible rumbling from his chest as he rested his eyes shut and bit his lips with a sensual smile, almost like the eel-man was purring.

As you rubbed, you traced your finger around Floyd's bellybutton before gingerly inserting the tip of your finger into his navel and tracing it around inside. Again, he moaned with delight and arched his back a bit, causing his belly to jut out even more. You continued stroking the inside of his navel whilst fondling his soft underbelly, until you eventually rested your head against his warm, burbling middle.

There, you planted a kiss on the underside of Floyd's stomach and worked your way up to his bellybutton, kissing it a few times and grinning as Floyd hummed with pleasure, enough that he was grasping at the mattress beneath him. You continued gingerly kissing his belly whilst rubbing it firmly all over, working your way higher and higher up Floyd's rounded stomach. Until eventually, you worked your way up to his chest.

You kissed his smooth, toned chest, working your way up to his long, slender neck, where you planted a gentle yet firm bite between Floyd's neck and his shoulder. Floyd moaned a little louder in response. Given his strange nature, he was fond of more than a little roughness whenever showing signs of affection towards one another. But you weren't complaining... *juuust so long as he wasn't as rough with you and your much, much weaker frame...*

After a moment of this, you finally skipped the formalities, climbing up top of Floyd and locking lips with him. Floyd wrapped his strong arms around you and tightly embraced you as his thick tongue entered your mouth and took your breath away. Your eyes rolled to the back of your head as the two of you intensely made out with one another. His arms constricted around your back like a snake constricting a mouse, yet in that moment, it riled you up more than it did cause you any immediate pain... *though, you were pretty sure you'd be sore in an hour...but to hell with it, it was worth it...*

However, as you two made out, between the weight of your torso pressing into Floyd's belly and the way he tightened that pressure by holding you firmly against him, enough pressure was displaced that a large air bubble worked its way up Floyd's throat. You heard a rumble in his gullet just as Floyd pulled his mouth away from yours and went wide-eyed, when suddenly...

••HUUUU  
UUUUUUUR  
RRRRROO  
OOOOOOO  
ORRRRRRA  
DDDDDDA  
DDDRH!!  
!!!!!!••

Floyd let loose with a TRULY titanic belch, one that exploded out of his maw...RIGHT beside your ear. You, yourself, went wide-eyed as that monstrous burp bellowed from your fishy boyfriend for what had to be almost nine seconds straight. It was so powerful that, not only did it blow your hair back, but you could feel every part of your bodies that contacted and the bed itself quiver in its wake. His warm breath still reeked of shrimp as it wafted in your face full-force, but you were too stunned and flustered to even think straight by the time it ended.

After a comically dainty afterburp, Floyd groaned with intense relief, letting his tongue hang out of his maw like a satisfied dog as he said, "Groooooaahhh, ohhhh man..." But upon looking at your flustered state, he managed a strained snicker and added, "H-Heh... *excuuuuuuuuuse me...*" He even smacked his chops nonchalantly for emphasis.

Yep.

*You were definitely going to need therapy one of these days...*