

The Shirai Ryu compound was a place of rigorous training to be the ultimate ninja clan, duty-bound to protect Earthrealm. However, with all current threats to the realm quelled, for a brief period, there was peace. And none knew better how to enjoy that peace than Tomas. He was in bed, shirtless, cuddling up to his equally half-naked boyfriend; the young shapeshifting Zatteran known as 'Syzoth'. Syzoth had one arm folded behind his head casually while the other was draped rather lovingly around Tomas, pulling him close. Tomas, meanwhile, rested his head against Syzoth's toned yet perfectly smooth stomach, gingerly caressing Syzoth's subtle abs up and down.

"Mmmm, that feels nice," Syzoth purred, biting his lower lip as Tomas rubbed his belly.

"Yeah it does," Tomas replied, albeit for different reasons as he gingerly and gleefully felt up every inch of Syzoth's bare stomach, before tracing his finger around the young Zatteran's bellybutton, making Syzoth moan a little more pleurably.

Tomas adored Syzoth's belly and could never take his hands off of it, not that Syzoth minded. Few things ever felt as pleasurable for him as a belly rub. Though, the fact that he could tease Tomas so effortlessly for his obvious attractions never failed to amuse him either.

And the opportunity arrived right on schedule when Syzoth's stomach gave a rather loud, hungry-sounding rumble.

Tomas pulled back a bit and smirked back at his boyfriend. "Sounds like somebody's hungry," Tomas said teasingly, playfully patting Syzoth's stomach before rubbing his underbelly.

"Mmmm, indeed...and this morning...I'm hungry for something a touch...*smoky*..." Syzoth growled in a slightly predatory manner as he looked down at his boyfriend and ran his long, lizard-like tongue across his lips hungrily.

Tomas' blush turned blazing red when Syzoth lean down and licked Tomas' soft cheek with that reptilian tongue of his. "Are all Zatterans as big a tease as you are?"

"I don't know, do all Earthrealmers derive pleasure from being devoured by their boyfriends as you do?" Syzoth asked a bit cheekily without missing a beat.

"Touche'," Tomas conceded before getting up from the bed and grabbing his amulet to drape around his neck. Once he did, a green aura radiated from his body for a moment before seeping into his skin, making it smoke briefly.

Licking his lips at the sight, Syzoth stood up from the bed and sauntered up to Tomas, gently yet firmly grabbing him by the shoulders and teasingly saying, “Well, as you Earthrealmers say... 'bottom up'.”

Tomas smirked despite himself and was about to correct him, but stopped himself and just shook his head in amusement.

With that, Syzoth's jaw unhinged to inhuman proportions, and he very quickly shoved his boyfriend head first right into his eager maw. Tomas rested his eyes shut as he felt Syzoth's long, slimy tongue lather his bare upper body. He shuddered when he felt Tomas' tongue slowly run across his own bare stomach while his boyfriend rumbled pleasantly at the taste.

Very quickly, more and more of Tomas was guzzled down; Syzoth effortlessly pushing Tomas' body down his gullet, which, on the outside, stretched his throat out like it was elastic. Syzoth gripped Tomas' sides and continued shoving more and more of his boyfriend's body down his throat, gulping him down rapidly. As Tomas' body descended past Syzoth's toned chest and began to enter his stomach, his equally toned midsection began to quickly expand. Syzoth moaned, clutching his swelling belly as he released his grip from Tomas and dipped his head back, letting gravity assist with the rest.

He clenched his eyes shut and slurped Tomas' feet up then gave one last incredibly wet swallow, making his throat stretch out even further before Tomas descended completely within Syzoth's now *massive* belly. That once smooth yet toned stomach had ballooned out by well over three feet, sagging down over Syzoth's thighs. When his boyfriend had been swallowed down, Syzoth gasped breathlessly, saliva spewing from his maw in an almost animalistic fashion as he did so.

“Graaahhhhh...hhhhaaaaahhhh...” Syzoth groaned out breathlessly as he ran his hands up and down his enormous gut. It swayed and jostled with his every movement; stretched out in an equally inhuman manner as it gurgled heavily.

“Ohhhhh, Tomas, you tasted soooooUUURRP...!!” Syzoth started to say before unexpectedly burping mid-sentence. He clenched his eyes shut as he felt an enormous pocket of pressure welling in his chest. Taking a deep breath, Syzoth gripped his belly tightly and expelled a huge, wall-rattling belch, one that blasted out of his maw with enough ferocity to spew more saliva and caused his gut to ripple subtly in its wake. When it ended, Syzoth groaned with relief, before hitting his toned chest firmly and knocking loose a thick afterburp.

“...Excuse you...” Tomas muttered in a clearly flustered voice.

Syzoth simply caressed his gargantuan gut and moaned. “Ooof...goodness, you always taste so *wonderful*...”

The young Zatteran sat down on his curvy rump and spread his thighs out as his giant belly spilled out freely with subtle bulges protruding from its overly engorged surface, courtesy of Tomas getting comfortable. As he rubbed, Syzoth's long, thick, scaly tail suddenly emerged from his human form, coiling itself around Syzoth's globular gut while the young ninja slumped back with both hands rested against the mattress.

“Mmm, I almost wish all of my prey had a talisman like this...a meal is soooo much more satisfying when it squirms in my belly...” Syzoth muttered as his tail gave his ballooned out belly a teasing squeeze. The squeeze dislodged more pressure, prompting Syzoth to throw his head back and let loose another tremendous belch that morphed into a satisfied sigh at the end. Syzoth smirked then gave his boyfriend-filled belly a couple of resounding pats, making his gut jostle with each pat he gave it.

“You're doing that on purpose,” Tomas replied, still obviously flustered both by having been wolfed down, and from the sound of Syzoth's rather hearty and alluring eruptions.

Syzoth gave a hissing little snicker which made his belly bounce a little as he did so. Then he traced circles around his upper stomach where he could feel Tomas' hand pushing up against it beneath the surface and said, “Sss-sss-sss, I simply can't help it, my dear, tasty friend...you're just so...ssssooooo filling...” As if to punctuate his point, his tail coiled around his belly and gave it another squeeze, making Syzoth immediately lurch with a long, throaty burp that he pushed out for a good few seconds straight. Then he slapped the side of his belly firmly and knocked loose a shorter but much louder burp right after that. “Mmmm, I love your smoky flavor...” Syzoth teased after his latest eructation, smacking his lips contently, using his tail to jostle his gut from beneath it, hoisting it up and teasingly shaking Tomas around before it vanished once again.

Back in his fully (emphasis on *full*) human form, Syzoth leaned against his giant gut, squeezing it against the bed as he applied some of his own bodyweight to it. Biting his lower lip, the young shapeshifting ninja began to grind his massive gut against the bed while Tomas got smothered within his slimy, organic confines. The grinding caused the organ to burble and churn rather aggressively around Tomas, whose relic protected him from the reptile's impossibly volatile stomach acids. The acids bubbled and groaned ever more aggressively the more Syzoth continued grinding his belly around, until eventually, it created a tremendous pressure pocket. One that rushed up and caused Tomas' confines to rattle like a mini-quake was erupting.

That was because, outside, that pressure pocket rose up Syzoth's throat and eventually resulted in him lurching his maw open and unleashing another ferocious belch, one that caused his great big belly to rattle and jostle from the sheer force, shaking his boyfriend around inside.

As soon as it ended, Syzoth smacked the side of his massive gut and forced out another big, raunchy belch, one that rumbled out of him hard until it morphed into a moan of relief with his tongue hanging from his maw. When he was able to catch his breath, Syzoth licked his lips and did his cute little hissing snicker again before muttering, “Sss-sss-ss, I can taste your natural heat intensifying each time I do that, you know. I didn't realize how much fun it was riling you humans up.”

Tomas blushed furiously at that comment, no doubt, realizing he was already blushing pretty hard listening to his shapeshifting boyfriend let loose those glorious eruptions. But for as sweet as Syzoth was at his core, he had a habit of rubbing it in whenever Tomas got a little too riled up, much like he was right now.

As if to prove his point, Syzoth started pushing down on his belly, until it eventually worked up another gloriously lengthy belch that once again petered out into a moan of satisfaction at the end.

So, to get back at him, Tomas smirked and said, “Y'know, you joke that you enjoy my smoky flavor...how about we dial that flavor up a tad?”

Syzoth tilted his head and cocked a brow upon hearing that. “Intensify your flavor? How do you...” Syzoth trailed off when it dawned on him what Tomas meant. Suddenly that cockier smirk on his face faded and a look of mild dread formed as he simply muttered, “...oh.”

Suddenly, Syzoth's belly emitted an intensely aggressive gurgle, intense enough that the gurgling made his gut ripple from its force. The gurgling grew worse as his stomach started to shift and churn, growing noticeably smaller and smaller but still retaining an immense and shifting bloat in Syzoth's stomach. The Zaterran groaned as he held his smaller but significantly bloated belly, clutching at it tightly with both hands.

Feeling a rush of pressure, Syzoth muffled an incredibly thick belch behind his fist, one that made his cheeks puff out far more than usual. When he blew the gas aside, a plum of smoke spewed from his maw. When the gurgling grew worse, Syzoth simply couldn't hold it in and just let out a large, forceful belch that caused more smoke to erupt from his maw. The bubbling in his belly grew worse and worse, making Syzoth go green for a moment as he held his hand over his mouth in a slightly more nauseous fashion.

He felt an absolute monster brewing as the shifting smoke unsettled his belly worse than ever. Syzoth clenched his eyes shut as his cheeks once again puffed out. Suddenly, his stomach started shifting again, and with no other recourse, Syzoth's hands both clamped down hard on his belly, as his maw finally gaped open. And as soon as it did...?

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AAAAAPH!

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Out from the belly of the beast exploded the loudest, longest, most nauseatingly THUNDEROUS belch that Syzoth had ever unleashed. It raged out of his maw with enough force to rattle the bed and the walls around him. His belly shrank and shrank as smoke just spewed endlessly from his maw, expelling smoke and stomach gasses uncontrollably for well over ten straight seconds.

As Syzoth continued releasing that impossibly long and volatile belch, more and more smoke spewed from his maw and gathered before him. Until finally, after just shy of thirteen seconds straight, that record-shattering eructation came to a sharp close, leaving Syzoth panting and gasping breathlessly.

The smoke he'd burped out continued lingering in front of him before Tomas emerged from the smoke, patting down his still-smoking bare torso, and smirked down at the weary Syzoth.

“Faaahhh...hah...that...whew...that was...that was dirty...” Syzoth gasped out as Tomas grinned and helped Syzoth stand up straight.

“Hey, you wanted to rile me up, and that...DEFINITELY riled me up,” Tomas admitted, cheeks red as a cherry before smirking again and adding, “but at least now we're even. He leaned down and patted Syzoth's bare belly teasingly for emphasis. As he did, he noticed that Syzoth's stomach had shrunken down to its near-flat and toned state, but to Tomas' delight, it still had a slight and subtly curved bloat to it. “Mmm, guess I didn't get all the smoke out,” Tomas mused as he slowly ran his hand up and down Syzoth's slightly distended stomach.

Syzoth was still catching his breath, but he couldn't help but rumble pleasantly at the tender treatment his stomach was receiving. Of course, if the opportunity presented itself, he simply couldn't help himself. So, rather than let Tomas continue rubbing away, Syzoth grabbed Tomas' wrist and pushed it down, forcing Tomas to press down firmly on Syzoth's belly.

And as soon as he did, Syzoth lurched and let out one last especially harsh belch, burping the last of the residual smoke in his gut...right in Tomas' face.

When it ended, Syzoth panted in relief, then blew the residual smoke and gas back at a very, VERY red-cheeked Tomas, and managed a cheeky, albeit strained grin.

“*Now* we're even,” Syzoth retorted victoriously.

And judging by how downright flustered and frozen Tomas was after that, his little 'rile up' game had ended with a truly *flawless victory*...