

It all started innocuous enough. After school, both teens had hit up their favorite ramen joint downtown. Junpei, the laid back slacker of the two, was plowing through his bowls at the usual breakneck, crude pace he'd always eaten. However, once the empty bowls finished stacking up, to his genuine shock, the pile of bowls set before quiet, mild mannered Makoto, had dwarfed Junpei's...and by a lot.

Now, Junpei had a bit of a reputation. He had one of the biggest appetites most students had ever bared witness to. But more than that, he was also wildly competitive. So, seeing his friend consume even more food than him, and by such an insane degree, triggered that competitive edge within him. At first, he chalked it up to Makoto just being really, REALLY hungry that day...or maybe he, himself, wasn't. Flukes happen, after all.

...But then, it happened again.

And again...

...And again...

It may have seemed absurd, but Junpei couldn't accept that anyone could out-eat him. Least of all the lanky, blue-haired teen he'd become quite acquainted with.

Needless to say, Junpei had a title to protect, which is precisely why, on one fated Friday night, both boys found themselves at an 'All-You-Can-Eat' BBQ place. Their table was positively piled with food. All sorts of various noodle bowls, beef strips, chicken, fried tempura, tonkotsu, spicy miso, anything one could think of, had been piled on in advance and laid atop the various trays now adorned atop their table. It was enough to draw more than a few glances and murmurs of confusion, which certainly caught Makoto's attention.

Junpei, on the other hand, had his focus squarely on his blue-haired competition...

“Are you absolutely certain you wanna go through with this?” Makoto asked, not so much out of uncertainty, but rather, the scene that was inevitably going to be made.

Junpei grinned cockily and said, “Aww, ya ain't chickenin' out on me, are ya?? Afraid yer gonna eat my dust?”

Makoto's uncertain expression turned into a soft but confident grin as he replied with, “Well, I'm certainly I'll be eating SOMETHING...but I just don't want to embarrass you too much...”

Junpei snorted. “Pfft, save the trash talk for somebody less hungry, punk...”

The darker-skinned teen cockily tugged onto his cap and bared his sharp teeth with a hungry, wolfish grin. Makoto returned his gaze with an equally confident grin across his own, far more boyish face. Both teens were silent as they gazed into each others eyes, staring one another down.

Until the proverbial gun went off.

And within the blink of an eye, the two athletic teens were off.

Junpei used his chopsticks to greedily shovel as much meat and rice into his mouth all at once. He chewed voraciously, scarfing and slurping heartily while his cheeks bulged out amusingly with a hefty amount of food all at once. Those sharper teeth of his helped to pulverize his current conquest until he could dip his head back and swallow heartily with ease. A thick, sizable lump bulged out from his slender, athletic throat, before vanishing down behind his prominent collarbone with a wet squelch. He smacked his lips and very eagerly stuffed his face some more.

Makoto wasn't quite as boorish with the way he ate. He was taking smaller bites and chewing far more quietly. However, while he was taking in far less food into his maw at once than Junpei, he was also able to swallow it down much faster, which allowed him to move at a quicker pace. Whereas Junpei's pace was slower, but far heartier and more gluttonous with the proportions he downed all at once.

Which was the pace both teens raced with the more their little eating contest progressed. Makoto continued taking in smaller proportions, but getting through them a lot faster, not having to take more time to chew and scarf down so heartily before he could dare to swallow anything down. Junpei, of course, continued to greedily and noisily shovel as much food right into his craw as he could manage before heartily gulping his sizable proportions down in a rather admittedly piggish kind of manner.

Then again, table manners were hardly ever something Junpei concerned himself with, even at the best of times...

A point driven home when Junpei swallowed an especially thick, almost choking amount of food at once. It took genuine effort for him to swallow its contents down his strained gullet, and when that golfball-sized lump finally did squeeze behind his athletic chest, Junpei winced and hit his chest a few times to clear his windpipes. When that didn't work, he grabbed himself a glass of soda from the pitcher they had at the table, and quickly guzzled its contents down. Junpei chugged so hard that his prominent Adam's Apple bobbed in and out rapidly with each thick, audible gulp that erupted from his throat.

In twenty seconds flat, Junpei drained his cup of its contents, slamming the empty glass onto the table with a hearty sigh. But along with all of that soda washing down into his stomach at once came a great deal of carbonation. It bubbled audibly in Junpei's belly until a gurgle rose up his throat half a second later. Junpei winced, then shamelessly let rip a loud, rumbling belch. It cut through the air and drew several eyes and disgusted mutters from other patrons, which made Makoto shift a little with embarrassment as he shared an apologetic glance at the other patrons.

Junpei, on the other hand, just smacked his lips shamelessly and grinned. "Ahhh, damn, that was a GOOD one!" He exclaimed rather proudly.

"It's a good thing this place is all-you-can-eat, or else we'd be asked to leave for an outburst like that," Makoto remarked after swallowing a sizable portion of food at once and huffing softly. Oddly, there was a subtle blush on his face.

Not noticing Makoto's cheeks, Junpei just grinned cockily and said, "You're just jealous 'cuz ya can't top the king, dude. No shame in admitting it."

Makoto simply rolled his eyes and resumed getting through the proverbial pile of food still before him. Though, before he did, he appeared visibly strained for a moment, until he put a hand over his mouth for a second. A small noise Junpei couldn't quite make out sounded off from inside of Makoto's mouth, making his cheeks stick out just ever so slightly. Then, with a lighter huff, Makoto was back to gorging himself.

Junpei followed immediately after that.

As the two teens continued to competitive gorge themselves on whatever they could get their hands or chopsticks on, Junpei's eyes momentarily caught a glimpse of Makoto's stomach. That usually flat, concave midsection was beginning to press out tightly against Makoto's buttoned up shirt. It was very subtle, but Junpei could very easily see the curvature of Makoto's stomach getting filled up and pushing outward.

Both boys tore their way through the food laid before them, with Makoto going smaller but steadier with his proportions and Junpei resembling a chipmunk with how much he crammed into his mouth all at once. A good ways in, Makoto swallowed an especially thick amount of food in one go, causing a sizable lump to protrude down his neck. Oddly, as Junpei stuffed his face, his eyes momentarily glanced at Makoto's neck, watching that bulge slide steadily down his throat until an audible gulp pushed it all the way down. Junpei shifted a bit but quickly went back at it.

Makoto, meanwhile, poured himself a cup of soda as well to help wash down such an ample amount in one go. He brought the beverage to his delicate lips and began to drink it down.

The fizzy liquids flowed down his throat, making his Adam's Apple throb and pulsate as the soda drained from the cup. Makoto pulled the cup away and huffed softly after downing a third of it, then he went back to drinking some more; evidently more thirsty than he thought. Surprisingly, while he didn't outright chug his cup down the way Junpei did, Makoto nonetheless downed every last drop of the fizzy drink in the cup. It took longer and had him pause to catch his breath, but the end result, like his binge-eating, was much the same as Junpei's.

Makoto set the cup down onto the table and sighed as he wiped his lips clean. He was about to resume eating, but winced uncomfortably as the carbonation bubbled heavily inside of him. Holding his stomach with one hand, Makoto gently rubbed his belly to try and settle it down. Unfortunately, that did nothing to prevent the shockingly large belch that rumbled forth from Makoto's lips unexpectedly.

The blue-haired boy went wide-eyed and promptly covered his mouth with embarrassment, not even needing to see all the eyes now on him, murmuring to themselves. As if that wasn't bad enough, another one was steadily rising up his throat. Fortunately, Makoto stopped it in time by bringing a fist to his mouth and muffling the next burp behind his lips, causing his cheeks to puff out as the carbonation-induced gas rumbled in his mouth heavily. Blushing furiously, he chuckled sheepishly and muttered a tiny, "...*E-Excuse me...s-sorry about that, everyone...*"

Amidst his embarrassment, Junpei snorted with amusement. "Pfft, THAT'S the best ya got? That was a 5 outta 10 at best, dude!" Junpei noted cheekily, before grinning cockily and adding, "Now, lemme show ya what a REAL burp sounds like."

Junpei had a look of concentration on his face. Without even consuming any more soda, he steadily gulped down some air, causing an audible burble to erupt from his gullet. There was the mildest look of strain on his face as his stomach filled with an excess of oxygen, causing him to lower one hand to his belly and rub it up and down for a moment as air filled him up. He held up a finger in a 'wait a moment' fashion after he finished taking in air, as if to let it 'brew' in his gut for a moment.

Then, Junpei thumped his athletic chest firmly with his fist, and let out a HUGE belch, one that blasted out of him so hard that a tiny bit of drool dribbled out of his mouth in the process. Several onlookers murmured with disgust and shock to themselves while Makoto shrank in his seat, once again flashing them apologetic looks for his friends' outburst.

When it ended, Junpei cockily smacked his lips, gave his gut a couple of hearty pats, then said, "Ahh, now THAT'S..." he trailed off and burped again, "-ugh, afterburp, anyway, THAT'S how ya do it!"

“...Duly noted, sensei...” Makoto said in a soft, sarcastic kind of tone. Though, again, his cheeks seemed to redden after that. Was he embarrassed? Or was it something else? Whatever it was, he continued eating 'til it passed.

*Pfft, he's toast*, Junpei thought confidently to himself, despite Makoto showing no signs of slowing down once the boy got back into his rhythm.

The two were steadily downing more and more food, with it seeming to be either one's game. For some reason though, as they ate, it took Junpei a little longer to pry his eyes off of Makoto's midsection than usual. He couldn't quite put his finger on why...

While chewing heartily on yet another ample mouthful of food, Junpei inspected his own stomach with his free hand. To his surprise, as he ran a hand gently down the side of his belly, he could feel a distinctly rounded edge to his normally flat and toned gut, and how taut it felt to the touch. It was definitely getting heavier from his own binge-eating. Not that he was perturbed or concerned at all. He had room to spare, *definitely* more than Makoto, and intended to prove that through this contest.

As the contest continued, that bump in their shirts continued to slowly grow just a bit more prominently. Both boys were starting to get a little more visibly bloated the more they packed away like that. Junpei's belly felt heavier, and definitely tighter, especially from how constrictive his own up school shirt began to feel against his gut, despite being untucked.

As Junpei rubbed his stomach tenderly with one hand, he could feel the extent of the damage done. It had to be sticking out by at least a foot at this point. He could still keep going, but he had noticed his pace was starting to slow down a little the longer this eating contest carried on.

What caught Junpei's eyes, however, was Makoto's belly...

The organ was pressing out by well over a foot and a half, notably bigger than Junpei's, and actually began to untuck Makoto's shirt from his tight pants. It looked so damn *heavy*, stretching out Makoto's uniform shirt the way it did. In fact, it was stretching out and clinging against his midsection so tightly that Junpei could even see a very clear outline of Makoto's bellybutton.

Once again, Makoto winced, then held a hand against his mouth for a moment. Another barely audible noise erupted from inside of Makoto's mouth, but now, it happened a few times in a row; at least three times one right after the other. It was when it happened the fourth time that Junpei finally deduced that Makoto had been burping in his mouth this whole time. Because that fourth one actually ended up lasting for a few seconds and grew loud enough that Junpei could hear the distinct sound of gas rumbling rather audibly behind Makoto's lips, desperate to come out.

That last one stained Makoto's cheeks red as he turned his head and subtly blew the gas off to the side. Even though he was embarrassed by his earlier outburst, no doubt, the blue-haired teen was working to make more room in his belly...

Junpei scoffed. He wasn't nearly as subtle, as evident when he sloppily slurped down yet another bowl of Udon. Broth dribbled down his chin, staining his petite little goatee and dripped onto his chest. He noisily slurped the rest of the noodles down all in one go, causing a very sizable lump to press down his throat, one so big he even pushed his index finger against it as it slowly slid down his gullet, as if guiding it downward manually. Junpei's throat muscles had to work overtime, with audible, wet squelching sounds erupting from his throat as he worked it down.

When it finally did force its way down Junpei's throat, the cap-wearing boy gasped heavily as he set the empty bowl down onto a growing pile of empty bowls. But along with swallowing all that warm broth and all those slick, silky noodles, Junpei swallowed a lot of extra air in the process. Wincing uncomfortably, Junpei smacked his athletic chest firmly with his fist, and let rip a deep, hefty-sounding belch, one that came from the very depths of his stomach from how deep it truly sounded.

Junpei closed his eyes and sighed heavily, relieved beyond words to get that pressure out of his gut and utterly disregarding the many stares from irate or disgusted patrons. "Whew! Oh man..." Junpei moaned as he slumped back in his chair and patted his belly in relief before adding, "...*deeeefinitely* made some more room with *that* one..." A short yet thick afterburp exited his mouth after he said that, leaving him grinning contently.

"...G-Good one," Makoto said quietly and stuffed more food into his mouth, eager to distract himself for some reason.

It was a good thing he made so much extra room, because Junpei was definitely going to need it. Junpei continued gorging himself on whatever he could, but his pace had become sluggish. Each mouthful he swallowed felt labored, and was taking much longer to actually slide down his overworked gullet. After swallowing an especially hearty mouthful, he would stop and huff to himself, tenderly rubbing the side of his ever-expanding gut. He felt so unbearably heavy.

And once again, when his eyes fell on Makoto's belly, his stomach grew aflutter, and this time, not for being overstuffed. Makoto's pace had slowed down, but he was still going fairly steady, still able to get each and every mouthful he consumed down without any of the strain Junpei was suffering. As a result of pounding away so much food in such a record amount of time, the boy's usually lean stomach was now fully glugged out, becoming this big, round ball of flesh.

Not only had Makoto's shirt been untucked but due to just how sizable his stomach had grown, it was now beginning to hike up, and grow unbearably tight just trying to restrain that monumental girth behind each of his shirt buttons. If Junpei didn't know any better, he would swear that those buttons were starting to quiver ever so slightly. Man, Makoto's gut was looking really heavy now...

Even still, Makoto was soldiering on.

The blue-haired teen continued to force more rice and meat down his gullet, chewing steadily while maintaining those smaller proportions so as not to overwork himself. He would swallow heartily enough that Junpei could hear the boys' slender throat squelching wetly while a lump pulsated down Makoto's throat and vanished behind his lean, smooth chest. And with a soft huff, he was right back to consuming more and more of his dish, until eventually liberating it of all its contents.

All the while, the more Makoto managed to swallow down, the more that bulbous beachball of a belly he was rocking continued to swell outward. He was getting so bloated that Makoto had to actually scoot back to prevent his bulging belly from pushing into the table. It was downright shocking just how much this kid could pack away in one sitting the way he was. Yet again, Junpei's face grew red for reasons that were hard to fully explain to himself.

Even as the sight of Makoto getting so bloated seemed to be 'doing thing' for Junpei, it was steadily dawning on the cap-wearing teenager that all those other times the two ate out weren't a fluke at all...

...Makoto was simply a bottomless pit...

Though, bottomless or not, Makoto was still human, and in the middle of his gorging, a deep gurgle erupted from his overstuffed midsection, causing the immensely bloated teen winced with discomfort. Putting one hand on his heavily weighted ball of a belly, Makoto's other hand covered his mouth as he muffled an incredibly thick-sounding belch in his mouth, one that caused his cheeks to puff out for a moment. Then another, even bigger and longer one followed, rumbling heavily in Makoto's closed mouth, desperately trying to erupt past his lips. The look on Makoto's face suggested that he could barely hold those in. But, to his relief, he managed.

Makoto sighed wearily afterwards, a tiny afterburp popping up his throat and out of his mouth freely, making the boy blush and cover his mouth with embarrassment. But then, he was just right back to eating even more, determined to finish what remained in front of him.

Junpei, on the other hand?

“...Urrrrgh, oh man...” he groaned as he slumped back a bit, rubbing his aching full stomach. His own buttoned up uniform shirt was always untucked, but it was clinging tightly to his immensely rounded belly, and hiking up enough to risk exposing a sliver of his bare, dark-skinned flesh. The overworked organ gurgled heavily, as if tapping out on Junpei's behalf. A long, sickly burp exited Junpei's mouth, leaving him huffing breathlessly as he used both hands to massage his aching belly. “...Mrff...c-can't...eat...a-anymoooooOOORRRRUUURRRPH!!!!” Junpei mumbled before loudly burping out the end of his sentence for a few seconds, until it left him gasping and groaning some more.

...Yeah, he was definitely past his limits.

Unable to eat another bite, Junpei groaned in defeat as he massaged his aching belly, then glanced over, only to grow demoralized when he saw Makoto STILL eating...!

By now, Makoto's belly was so bloated that it not hiked up his shirt and exposed a fair sliver of his pale lower stomach, but the buttons were just barely holding the shirt together, revealing more skin in between each button. It looked as if the buttons were now digging into Makoto's flesh, that's how tight they were getting, and how badly they struggled to contain the overwhelming weight of his monumental belly. Even with how visibly full Makoto was, he still managed to continue packing it away.

Junpei watched with disbelief as his friend continued to steadily consume the rest of the food laid before him; the empty plates and bowls stacking up higher and higher. And the more he steadily wolfed down, the tighter those buttons grew. Indeed, they were definitely quivering; just barely managing to contain the monumental girth Makoto was packing on.

The sight of that spherical, heavy-looking dome just barely contained by that struggling buttoned up shirt had Junpei swallowing thinly...

Until, at long last, Makoto finally reached the end of his belly-busting meal. The boy groaned over his last mouthful, cheeks stuffed with food as he chewed for an extended period of time. Clearly even he was overstuffed beyond his limits. Still, as Makoto dipped his head back, he swallowed heartily, and managed to send that final, hefty mouthful down his gullet.

Junpei watched, eyes utterly fixated on the sight of that sizable lump pushing out of Makoto's neck and oh so slowly sliding down that slender throat of his. He squirmed a little anxiously when Makoto pressed his index finger against that lump bulging from his neck and pushed into it, much like how Junpei had earlier. Only, the way Makoto did it, there was something oddly...enticing about it. Junpei couldn't describe it, but it just hit differently...

Especially that little sliver of drool from the corner of Makoto's lips, signifying just how groggy and full he was as he labored to push that last mouthful down. But with a single, hearty-sounding...

**\*G L L L U U U U U U U O O L L K ! ! ! \***

...The deed was done.

Makoto managed to swallow down the last remnant of food, and win the eating contest.

“...D-Done...” Makoto huffed breathlessly, too full to even talk.

Junpei groaned, both from being stuffed beyond any comfortable degree, but also from his bruised ego at losing the contest. But his disappointment soon gave way to bewilderment when, out of nowhere...

**\*POP!\***

...A single button finally popped clean off from Makoto's shirt. It flew just overhead, narrowly missing Junpei's head. He turned back, and immediately felt his face grow heated. The button that was concealed over Makoto's bellybutton region just snapped clean off, and had fully exposed Makoto's navel in all of its shallow yet still relatively deep enough glory.

The released button caused Makoto's belly to surge forward, compressing against the shirt even further and applying even more added weight and pressure to his buttons. Too much pressure, in fact, because suddenly, the button beneath the area that just popped, gave way, popping off as well. And with it, came another jostle to Makoto's belly, loosening the shirts grip and causing it to surge forward, and push so much weight down that the button above the bellybutton region popped as well.

Junpei's eyes widened at the sight of seeing more of Makoto's taut, globular gut on full display in all its' utterly hefty glory. And the party was just getting started. The other buttons quivered, struggling beyond their limit to withhold such a hefty, overstuffed stomach. But eventually, the bottom button and the buttons from the upper middle area of the stomach just all snapped off, and with that restraint completely gone, Makoto's belly spilled outward, flopping onto his lap with a thick slorsh and an incredibly noisy gurgle.

A gurgle which sent a sizable amount of gas rushing up Makoto's throat. The blue-haired teens' eyes widened as he covered his mouth, feeling the pressure building and summering. But try as he might, Makoto couldn't hold it in...

“BWRRRAAA  
AAAAAAA  
HUUUUURRRR-  
HOORRAAAA  
AAAAARRRRUUU  
URRRRRUAARH-  
AAAAAAA  
AAPH!!!!!!!!!!”

Junpei's eyes went wide as Makoto unleashed an absolutely MONSTROUS belch, louder and longer than any eructation Junpei had ever heard, dwarfing anything he, himself, had let out by a *comical* degree! It raged out of the usually mild-mannered boy for a staggering seven seconds, blaring out so hard that some drool shot out of Makoto's maw. In fact, Junpei could actually see Makoto's now-bare belly quivering in the wake of that monster.

“...Dude...” was all Junpei could say, in abject awe as Makoto slumped back in his seat, huffing breathlessly as his bulbous belly rose and fell with each labored breath he gave.

He huffed and puffed when it finished, desperately filling his lungs with air again as one hand gingerly rested against his huge, spherical stomach.

Relief was utterly plastered across his face as he went cross-eyed and moaned aloud in a way that was genuinely surprising for Junpei to see...and such a shockingly attractive sight at that...

But that relief and euphoria was short lived as the boy slowly and steadily looked around upon noticing the deafening silence. Immediately, he shrank in his seat when he saw all eyes on him, utterly dumbfounded. Makoto blushed and chuckled sheepishly.

“...Ehhh...h-heh...s-sorry about that...”

Deciding now was the time to leave, the two boys paid for their meal, and left the largest tip either of them had ever given...which probably didn't make up for their disruptions, but the waiter certainly didn't seem to mind.

The two boys eventually headed back to their dorm, leaning against one another for support as they made their way back home. Junpei cradled his bulging gut with one hand, using his other arm to lean into Makoto for support. The latter had to use one hand to cradle his massive belly while the other grappled his pants. At some point when his buttons were popping, it so happened that his pants button suddenly popped off as well, and the last thing Makoto wanted was for his pants to fall off on their way home.

As the two boys walked on, Junpei's eyes were utterly fixated on Makoto's belly. Though it was stuffed solid as a rock, there was a notable bounce to the organ with each lumbering step the two teens took onward back home. Junpei could actually hear everything inside of Makoto's immensely glugged out belly sloshing heavily away, causing it to gurgle and churn a bit more noisily. The sight of that ample organ swaying before his very eyes almost made him weak in the knees, though he hoped Makoto didn't catch wind of his infatuation.

And naturally, with so much motion to such an overworked, turbulent organ, a great deal of pressure was getting circulated around as a result. Junpei could hear the gas rumbling inside of Makoto's mouth as the blue-haired teenager found himself stifling a series of burps all trying to creep their way up his throat. Each one had a notable rumble within Makoto's cheeks, suggesting they were getting a bit more heavy and, thus, harder to hold in.

Not that such an issue occurred with Junpei. The cap-wearing teen was burping shamelessly the entire way home, hitting his chest to knock loose any gas dislodged from all the walking they were doing. Junpei's belly was desperate to find whatever relief it could. Sometimes, Makoto truly wished he could be as openly and unapologetically crass as his companion.

Eventually, the two teens made it back home. Junpei kicked the door shut behind him with his foot, and immediately released a lengthy belch that left him groaning and patting his gut. “Ahhh, home sweet home...” he groaned.

He promptly helped lug the far more heavily bloated Makoto down onto the couch, where everything churning away inside of Makoto's gut sloshed as richly and noisily as a giant vat of syrup. After lazily kicking his shoes and socks off, Makoto sank into his seat, causing his belly to spill outward more onto his lap. Junpei's dark cheeks grew a shade darker at the sight and sound, but he pushed those aside to flop down onto the couch besides Makoto...

...Only to be left stunned when Makoto tilted his head back and released a GIGANTIC belch of his own, one that wasn't as long as Junpei's but dwarfed his in volume and force by a comical degree. It blasted out past Makoto's rippling lips so hard that not only did some drool fly out of the boys gaping maw but Junpei could feel the couch springs rattle beneath him in its wake.

When it ended, Makoto moaned euphorically, tongue hanging rather lewdly from his mouth as he said, "Gruuuooooohhhh GOD, that was one waiting for-EEEEVER to come out..." He slapped his boulder of a belly heavily with relief, dislodging a sizable afterburp in the process that left him huffing to himself.

Junpei was left dumbstruck.

"...Dude, since when could'ja burp like THAT?!"

Makoto glanced back at his companion and smirked a little slyly as he said, "I've always been able to do that. I just don't like doing it in public and drawing so much attention to myself around strangers, it's...kind of embarrassing. In private or around friends though? What's the harm?"

Junpei scoffed and shook his head, muttering, "Great, one MORE thing you're better at me at than just eatin'..."

"Oh please, I'm stuffed to the brim. If you were this full, you'd be kicking my butt right now," Makoto insisted, running his hands across the sides of his belly for emphasis. "There's only one king here and I'm looking at him."

Despite himself, Junpei managed a small smirk as he said, "...Thanks, dude." Once again, Junpei's eyes fell onto Makoto's belly, listening to it churn and gurgle away intensely. The sound of it kicking into overdrive trying to digest all that food made Junpei squirm a bit anxiously while his cheeks darkened.

This time, Makoto decided not to play as coy...

"Sooooo, I'm guessing you really like what you see here, huh," Makoto said teasingly as he rubbed circles across his vastly engorged midsection.

Junpei's eyes bugged out of his head as he sharply turned to Makoto and sputtered out a "Wh-WHAT...?!"

Makoto snickered and shook his head. “You don't have to pretend, Junpei. I mean, no offense, but you aren't exactly subtle, especially the way you kept trying to steal glances at my belly whenever you got a chance. It's okay, I really don't mind at all, in fact, I kind of...”

Before he could finish teasing his friend, a thick, painful-sounding gurgle erupted from Makoto's belly. The boy grimaced and gripped at his hefty sides.

“Oof...mkay...I DEFINITELY overdid it back there, ooh man...” Makoto groaned as he tenderly massaged his immensely bulbous middle with both hands.

Junpei bit his lower lip in thought, even while massaging his own aching gut. Then, the cap-wearing teen scooted close to Makoto and, rather unexpectedly, placed his hand against Makoto's belly. Makoto froze in place, as did Junpei as he just took a moment to feel that expansive ball of flesh. It was as tight as a drum; skin taut and stretched thinner than Junpei had ever seen or felt before. He blushed as he felt the organ churn intensely beneath his fingertips.

Then, steadily, Junpei's hand started to very slowly rub little circles across the center of Makoto's belly. The blue haired boy shuddered, slumping back in his seat and groaning a little as Junpei's hand worked to caress that massive dome and unease the knots he could feel in Makoto's stomach muscles.

“...H-How's that feel, man?” Junpei asked hesitantly, his usually cocky and casual demeanor giving way to a more flustered and quiet tone of voice.

Makoto just groaned with his eyes rested shut and muttered, “...Ohhh man...keep going, that's...that's so good...” He had all but forgotten about his earlier teasing, far too lost in the moment, it seemed.

With that greenlight, Junpei placed his second hand against Makoto's belly, and began to rub broader, gentle circles across more of that swollen expanse. Junpei's hands ran down Makoto's sides, forcing his now completely unbuttoned shirt apart as his fingers kneaded into either side of Makoto's swollen hip, eventually, circling back to his lower stomach. One hand gingerly stroked Makoto's underbelly from side to side while his other hand used the open palm to rub smaller circles into Makoto's much tighter upper stomach.

Makoto leaned back the more this immensely pleasurable sensation continued. His stomach muscles were starting to unknot from that oh-so-relaxing stimulation at Junpei's hands. Makoto's head rolled back while his bare toes curled into the carpet with euphoria.

Junpei savored the feeling as well.

Makoto's belly may have been as hard as a rock and as heavy as a boulder, but his flesh felt so unbelievably smooth. The way he could feel small tremors from the intense gurgling beneath his fingertips as he caressed away...

God, Makoto was so damn big...so unbelievably heavy and bloated...

He was hotter than any young man had any right to be...

And the way he sat there on that couch, so fat and with his pants unzipped. If Makoto's belly weren't so massive, his boxer-briefs would be completely visible. But his gut was so heavy and overfed that it spilled out onto his lap, concealing his pelvic area from sight. And that only turned Junpei on even more.

The mere thought that this incredibly inflated stomach could get even bigger excited Junpei something fierce.

As he continued to gingerly stroke that perfectly round balloon belly, Junpei glanced down at Makoto's bellybutton. It was thinned out from how heavy Makoto's stomach had become, slightly more shallow than usual, but still a perfect innie...

Drawn to the sight, Junpei's index finger rather delicately traced over the outer rim of Makoto's navel. His skin around his bellybutton was extra sensitive, so when he felt Junpei's fingertip drawing circles around it, Makoto arched his back and moaned a little more audibly, making his stomach stick out more and stretching his navel out ever so slightly. Junpei teased Makoto's navel even further, just running that small circle around it; his finger all but ghosting Makoto's flesh as it just barely drifted over it.

Until finally, Junpei stuck his finger inside of Makoto's navel and pushed into it. The moan that steadily exited past Makoto's lips was nothing short of erotic...rather overtly so, in fact...

And upon seeing how flushed Makoto's cheeks were, it dawned on Junpei that Makoto was really into this...

Encouraged by that, Junpei continued to finger Makoto's navel, kneading his fingertip inside of it, pushing a little deeper as Makoto moaned in a more sexually explicit kind of manner. Makoto was reveling in the pleasurable treatment his navel was receiving, while Junpei continued to knead away, indulging in his own kinks in the process.

Though, Junpei may have pushed a little too deeply into Makoto's bellybutton because when he really pushed into it, there was a thick, gaseous gurgle that erupted from the organ. Makoto winced, then muffled a thick burp behind his lips, causing his cheeks to puff out while the gas rumbled in his mouth.

Makoto blew the gas aside and excused himself, tapping his chest a few times and letting out a smaller burp. As he did, Junpei slid his finger out of the boys navel and rested the side of his head against Makoto's belly. With his ear right up against the churning organ, Junpei's cheeks grew deeply heated as he could hear, very clearly, Makoto's incredibly overburdened gut burbling away intensely.

“Ohh yeah, still a looooootta gas in the tank, dude,” Junpei commented. “Here, sit up on the couch all the way for me, will ya?”

Raising a brow, Makoto nonetheless did as he instructed. With a heave and a hearty grunt, Makoto pushed his heavy frame up and sat his legs up on the couch so he was directly facing Junpei and resting his back against the arm of the couch. Junpei scooted closer, until his own bloated but notably smaller stomach nearly brushed up against Makoto's much larger and rounder one.

Then, Junpei's hands once again grabbed at either side of Makoto's belly, and much more firmly began to knead into it. His fingers dug into that tight flesh, pushing into the sides of Makoto's gut as he tried to work the excess air upwards. He found an especially tense portion against the upper side of Makoto's belly and pushed his palm down firmly against it.

Once again, there was a light burble that rose up Makoto's gullet. Then, half a second later, the heavily bloated boy let rip a thick, gut-rumbling belch, far too hefty to hold in. It even caused a light bit of drool to dribble from his lip. Makoto grunted and wiped his mouth with a light blush. “Mph, still a lot in there,” Makoto remarked, lightly stroking the side of his hefty belly.

Junpei nodded and groped at the sides of Makoto's belly, pushing into them from both sides. A MASSIVE belch tore its way out of Makoto's mouth, rumbling out of him for a good few seconds before leaving him panting.

But Makoto barely had time to catch his breath when Junpei's hand roamed over to the center of Makoto's gut and pressed down firmly. A long, throaty burp erupted out of Makoto's mouth, lasting just over five or so seconds before it left him panting breathlessly and heavily.

Junpei blushed at the sight of that big, beautiful dome rising and falling with Makoto's labored breathing, but laughed, clearly impressed by the crude display he let loose. “Haha, *damn*, dude! And I thought I was gassy!” Junpei joked, moments before turning his head and grimacing before erupting with a thick burp of his own. “**BRRUUUUUUUPH!!!** Guh.. *uuooooorrrUUpH!*”

Oof...afterburp,” Junpei mumbled, patting his own bulging belly a few times, and once again not noticing the way Makoto's cheeks burned bright after that display of crudeness. Despite the way he was tending to Makoto's immensely overstuffed belly, Junpei's own gut was still quite overworked and turbulent.

Not that it mattered, since Junpei was fixated on tending to Makoto's instead. Junpei continued to dig his fingers into Makoto's firm flesh. He continued to work more pressure up from Makoto's stomach. A couple of fierce burps erupted out of the blue-haired boy, back to back. When the last one petered out, Junpei started firmly patting the side of Makoto's belly, eventually thumping his ample gut hard enough to make the boy release a rather forceful belch, one that was short but came out so strong that it caused Makoto's throat to almost sting a little.

Makoto slumped back, huffing and exhaling heavily as he caught his breath, holding up a finger in a 'wait a moment' fashion for Junpei. “*Hah...haaah*, okay, I think that's...wait...” Makoto started to say, but his voice trailed off. With a look of focus, he tried to gulp down some air. His face grew strained as more oxygen filled his round, grumbling gut up. Junpei could feel Makoto's belly expanding ever so slightly beneath his palms as a result.

When he'd taken enough air, Makoto tried to burp, but a rather weak, strained one pushed out of him. Grimacing, Makoto opened his mouth and thumped his chest a few times, but still, nothing.

“Rgh, think it's- **\*HIC!**-guh, stuck,” Makoto complained as he sat up and stroked his swelled out, burbling belly. “Ohhhh jeez, there's a BIG one in there, I can feel it...”

“Here, let a pro help ya out there,” Junpei insisted, removing Makoto's hands from his plumped middle.

He cupped Makoto's heavy Buddha belly with both hands, gripped into its sides firmly, and tried to shake it as best he could. Makoto's gut was massive but as time had gone on, a lot of what he had eaten was beginning to digest. As a result, Junpei was able to actually jiggle that massive, fleshy orb ever so slightly, causing an intensely thick sloshing to erupt from Makoto's immensely heavy dome.

All that jostling and shaking made Makoto lurch, covering his mouth and going wide-eyed as he felt a hitch in his throat. For a second, Makoto was worried that he was about to puke from all of Junpei's rough shaking about. Fearful, he tried to hold back the rush of warmth rocketing up his throat. Try as he might, though, there was simply no holding it back.

So, despite his best efforts, Makoto simply couldn't hold it in any longer, and with one last heave and hitch, Makoto's hand got blown back as his maw lurched open. Only, instead of violently throwing up, Makoto let out the single loudest, longest, most utterly volatile BELCH that the boy had ever unleashed in his entire, young life...!

Even Junpei's eyes went wide with shock at that utterly colossal eructation. It raged out of Makoto's maw with such explosive force that he could feel the springs of the mattress beneath them reverberate in the wake of that grizzly roar. On top of that, it exploded out of the boys' maw for an unheard of eleven seconds straight!

"...Holy crap, dude..." was all Junpei could mutter as that monumental expulsion finally rattled to a strong, forceful finish.

Makoto hiccuped and moaned, slumping back against the arm of the couch as his bulbous belly bounced subtly from the motion. His heavy, labored breathing caused his monumental mound of flesh to rise and fall heavily, gurgling away in a much more subtle manner while he groaned, nearly going cross-eyed. "OoooOOOooooohhhh my god, that's...sooooo much better..." Makoto mumbled in a near-dazed state.

"I'll bet. That had to be a record-smasher, man!" Junpei praised as he shook up Makoto's tummy some more and added, "Let's see if ya got any more t'work out, yeah?"

Even after a beastly eructation like that, Junpei's continued shaking to Makoto's belly caused the bloated pretty boy to let rip a thick belch, followed immediately by another, longer one, and another, louder, heftier and lengthier one after that...

**"BRRRAAAAAPH!!!!"**

**"BWRUUUUUOORRUUURRAAAAP!!!!"**

**"HUUUUUUOORRRRAA  
AAARRRUUURRPH!!!!!!"**

All that gorging really DID do a number on Makoto's innards from the sound of things. No matter how fierce they came rushing out, no matter how relieving they sounded and seemed to feel, Makoto was just burping nonstop from all of Junpei's jostling. Junpei couldn't describe it, but just seeing his friend so big and full, shamelessly letting loose one ear-rattling belch after another, sitting back in such a near hedonistic state just...

...It was stirring something in Junpei that he didn't realize he was feeling. It wasn't just infatuation and attraction... *it was pure lust...*

After an especially satisfying belch left Makoto, the boy slumped back and sighed loudly, almost uncharacteristically boorishly, in fact.

“Hhhhhaaaah...hhhhhhrraaaaahhhh...” Makoto moaned out breathlessly as his pregnant-looking dome rose and fell heavily. “...Okay, I think that's...whew...think that's all of it for now...”

“Heh, ya sure?” Junpei joked, teasingly patting Makoto's belly for emphasis.

“Nope,” Makoto joked back breathlessly, causing the two teens to laugh a bit until eventually setting down.

When they did, Junpei scooted closer and closer to Makoto, and once again, more gingerly started to caress his belly. As he leaned closer though, his own bare, bloated stomach brushed up against Makoto's much larger one. The darker-skinned teen pulled back and blushed a little as he scratched the back of his neck and said, “Ah, crap, h-heh, my bad, dude...”

But, to his surprise, once Makoto had caught his breath proper, he pushed himself up into a sitting position, and placed his hand on Junpei's belly. The capped teen swallowed thinly while Makoto's delicate fingertips gingerly ran up and down his curved out belly. Makoto's free hand lifted up more of Junpei's shirt, steadily unbuttoning more and more of it until it opened up all the way, leaving Junpei completely bare-chested. Junpei's cheeks darkened while Makoto freely caressed the entire impressively bloated expanse of Junpei's belly. From the tightest portions between his chest and upper stomach, sliding all the way down to his underbelly and teasing the rim of Junpei's exposed boxers.

“How's that feel?” Makoto asked in a low, almost seductive sounding voice.

Junpie shuddered, breathing shakily but basking in that oh-so-relaxing treatment. Makoto smirked, taking that as a sign to continue paying it forward, as it were.

“I know you've got a thing for this...but I have to admit, Junpei...I can definitely see the appeal,” Makoto teased, patting Junpei's belly and enjoying the rather satisfying thumping sound his ripe watermelon-sized gut felt with each pat Makoto gave. The last pat was especially firm though, dislodging a pressure pocket that wormed its way up Junpei's throat until the boy turned his head and released a thick belch behind his hand.

Yet again, Makoto's own cheeks grew flush. And because his hands were still resting against Junpei's distended midsection, he was a little more daring. He pushed his thumb firmly into the side of Junpie's belly, kneading very firmly into the taut, glutted organ.

This time, however, Junpei wasn't quite as oblivious...

“Yo, are you tryin' t'make me burp, dude?” Junpei asked with a brow raised.

Now, it was Makoto's turn to get a little noticeably flustered. Though, rather than shy away, he simply nodded back and said, “Y'know, before my stomach started gurgling away, I was actually about to say something about that...”

“Oh yeaah, after ya caught me sneakin' a peak at your gut, you said somethin' along the lines of, 'ya don't me lookin', that'cha actually kinda...' then your gut started goin' off on ya,” Junpei explained, reaching down to teasingly wobble Makoto's belly a little, making it slosh heartily.

Makoto hiccuped from the jostling and cleared his throat. “R-Right, well, what I was going to say was that, I don't mind because I was kind of 'enjoying the show', as they say, from you as well...not so much from watching your belly get bigger and bigger. Granted, it does look good on you,” Makoto explained as he stroked Junpei's smaller but impressive bloat up and down. “...But, umm...m-more one of the, erm, n-noisier byproducts of you eating so much...”

Junpei blinked for a moment until it clicked what Makoto was talking about. “What, ya mean how I was burpin' so much? THAT was turnin' you on...?”

Makoto blushed a little more intensely and nodded, muttering, “...It's kind of always turned me on. I can't quite explain why. Something about the way it sounds, how relieved and satisfied you always look, just...gets my blood pumping...”

“Yeah, but you burp WAY louder than I do! Look at how much you were lettin' loose just now,” Junpei said in an almost surprised tone.

“Well, I AM very, very, VERY full, after all,” Makoto noted, thumping the side of his medicine ball of a stomach, then adding, “Besides, no one's as talented as you are. The way you always let them rip on command, the way you can burp out entire sentences...”

Junpei smirked a little slyly. He could see Makoto's cheeks getting more and more flush the more he spoke, as if he was getting deeply aroused the more he thought about the subject.

“Heh, well...in THAT case...” Junpei started to say, before subtly gulping down some air. His throat bobbed a little while his gullet made a light gurgle. He grabbed Makoto's hand and guided it towards the upper center of his stomach where Makoto could feel it both growing tighter while also inflating more from the excess of air. Once he'd taken in as much air as he could, Junpei pushed Makoto's palm against an especially tense part of his belly.

Half a second later, Junpei threw his head back and released a thundering belch, one that blasted out past his lips so hard that some drool dribbled from his maw. It lasted a little under three seconds but had power to spare. When it ended, Junpei huffed and wiped his chin clean, managing a cocky smirk back at Makoto.

“Didja like that?”

Makoto, whose face was comically red, nodded hastily.

“Wanna hear more?”

Makoto nodded even faster, which made Junpei laugh at how overly eager the immensely bloated boy was.

Happy to indulge Makoto regardless, Junpei took in a few big gulps of air. This time, when he'd taken in enough, Makoto very eagerly pressed on Junpei's belly, squeezing into it with both hands. Like clockwork, Junpei's head dipped back and another sonorous, brassy belch erupted out of him.

Junpei huffed, then took a single gulp of air which he immediately burped back out as a short, sharp eruption. Then he did that again, and again, much longer the third time. Makoto watched Junpei just effortlessly releases a series of short, quick rapidfire burps, back to back. After letting several out, he huffed to catch his breath, held up a finger, and smacked his chest to let out a really rumbly belch that stretched to over four seconds.

“Gruuuh...heh, that was from all the air I kept takin' in that didn't come all the way out,” Junpei explained, drumming his chest a few times and letting out a much daintier afterburp which he turned his head after blew aside.

But Makoto wrapped his fingers around Junpei's lightly bearded chin and directed Junpei's head so they were facing each other again. “...Don't turn your head away,” Makoto insisted in a quiet, tentative sort of voice.

Junpei blinked, and laughed heartily. “Gahahahaha!! Daaaaamn, dude, you're, like, REALLY horny for this stuff, ain'tcha!”

Makoto blushed even more and bit his lower lip, unable to do little else but shrug.

Junpei's fingers brushed up against Makoto's vast, overstuffed stomach and hummed to himself, muttering, “...Well, with how much you indulged me...? Only fair, right?” He grinned cheekily and added, “...Just don't bitch if it smells like fried onions or somethin', deal?” Makoto very quickly and eagerly nodded, earning a snort of amusement from Junpei.

So, Junpei once again started taking more and more air. This time, when he'd swallowed to his limit, he huffed, and kept swallowing even more air. Doing so caused his face to grow strained as his belly felt tight enough to bursting, gurgling noisily in protest to the excess of oxygen.

Then, once he'd taken in as much as he could, Junpei let it sit. He looked physically uncomfortable, but when Makoto tried to push, Junpei held up his finger to halt him. All that air just festered in his strained, heavy stomach, making it churn aggressively. Until eventually, Junpei guided Makoto's palm just over his bellybutton. And with the greenlight given, Makoto pushed down against it...

And immediately, Junpei lurched forward and unleashed an utterly TITANIC belch...right in Makoto's face. That devastatingly loud eructation blasted Makoto in the face so hard that his bangs got blown back to actually reveal both eyes, wide in aroused awe. His hand pressed down firmer against Junpei's bellybutton, pushing deeper against Junpei's tight gut to make that deafening burp last even longer. It ultimately stretched out for a staggering ten seconds straight; some saliva even pelted Makoto's blazing red cheeks from the sheer force of that monster...!

By the time it rumbled to a sharp finish, Junpei was left huffing breathlessly, slumped forward, panting as his tongue hung out of his maw almost lewdly. Even in his weary, exhausted state, he managed a grin back at the awestruck Makoto when he saw just how utterly smitten the boy was. "Don't s'pose I hafta ask if ya dug THAT one, huh..." Junpei started to say, before inhaling a deep drag of air, causing a strange sucking sound to erupt from his throat, until he forced it back out in Makoto's face yet again with a loud, raunchy...

**“...MMMAAAAKOOOOTOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO  
OOORRRRUVUURRRPH!!!!!!”**

...Makoto was positively petrified, his entire body grew tense as a statue with utter arousal as Junpei proceeded to burp Makoto's name. Once again, he let that gaseous expulsion loose in Makoto's face, and dragged out the end so long that it just devolved into a thick, guttural belch at the end.

In fact, when that one ended, there was still so much extra air left in his belly from that deep inhale, that Junpei clapped the side of his belly with one hand and let rip a really raunchy, rumbly afterburp behind his fist that dragged on for a few seconds straight. Makoto could practically feel the gas rumbling heavily within Junpei's cheeks, barely able to be held back behind his lips and fist. It was such a turn on for the already comically aroused Makoto...

The cherry on top...?

Junpei leaned forward, pulled his fist back and breezily blew his fetid stomach gasses he caught behind his lips all over Makoto's face, letting him take it all in. Then Junpei cockily smacked his lips and grinned back at Makoto.

"...That...might have one of the hottest things I've ever experienced in my entire life..." Makoto marveled in quiet, kink-riddled awe.

Junpei just grinned slyly, resting his hand against Makoto's smooth, athletic chest, and teasingly pushing him back against the arm of the couch while he crawled over to Makoto. "What can I say? It's the least I can do after the show ya gave me..." Junpei teased while slowly rubbing a circle across Makoto's vast belly. "Though, I'm kinda surprised my burps turn ya on so much when you can let rip some real monsters yourself..."

For emphasis, he cupped Makoto's underbelly in his hands and jiggled Makoto's mountainous belly in his palms. That big, fleshy waterballoon sloshed heartily and gurgled noisily, until Makoto threw his head back and let rip a huge burp. Makoto huffed heavily, hitting his chest a few times and dislodging a couple of smaller burps before glancing back at Junpei. "...Oof, excuse me," he muttered, rubbing his chest softly.

"See? How come that ain't drivin' ya wild?" Junpei asked with a snicker of amusement.

"It's hard to explain, I guess," Makoto remarked, rubbing the back of his neck. "I've recorded myself practicing a few times, and that's...kind of a turn-on, but it's not the same. I mean, do you become aroused looking at your own belly in the mirror or stuffing yourself?"

"Kiiiiinda...?" Junpei admitted honestly, rubbing his much tauter bloat with one hand. "I dunno, seein' myself get stuffed to the brim, feelin' my gut so heavy'n on the verge'uh burstin' has this weird 'hurts so good' kinda feelin' to it. Which definitely turns me on a lil bit, but nowhere near as much as seein' you like this..."

They were so close that Junpei's bloated belly squished lightly against Makoto's much larger, far more stuffed gut.

"Seriously, you're somethin' else, dude...the way ya straight up owned in that contest, lookin' at'cha now...all big'n full," Junpei all but purred, clapping his hands against the sides of Makoto's hefty lower stomach almost possessively. The massive mound of flesh jiggled more visibly now that more of the contents within his gut had digested.

As his fingers danced around that much softer, almost doughier flesh, Junpei leaned down and slowly slurped his tongue across Makoto's bellybutton, making the boy whine with pleasure as he clutched at the couch's cushions beneath them. That turned to more overtly aroused moaning when Junpei's tongue pushed into Makoto's stretched out, shallowed navel. Makoto arched his back against the arm of the couch, causing his rotund middle to stick up more, lifting Junpei's head up in the process.

“Nnngh...ohhh god, that's amazing...” Makoto barely managed to groan out while Junpei continued to tongue his navel, pushing deeper and practically kneading Makoto's bellybutton with it.

While continuing his treatment, Junpei got more handsy, groping at more of Makoto's belly and swooning at how his hands could actually grab a bit more of a handful of temporary belly fat now that Makoto's post-meal digestion was intensifying. He slurped his tongue free and started to gingerly kiss Makoto's belly, moving up from his navel and steadily higher, fondling more of that big, sloshy sphere in the process. Junpei possessively slapped the side of Makoto's belly then immediately shuddered at the way the organ rippled all around him.

Not to mention all the noise erupting from Makoto's belly, between that hearty slosh which sounded like thick syrup being shaken around, and the intense burbling from the digestion itself. And the inevitably big, throaty belch that erupted out of Makoto's maw in the process.

Junpei continued to rub all over Makoto's burbling belly, kneading his fingers into that soft, supple flesh, and teasing Makoto's incredibly soft, smooth underbelly. All while continuing to plant longing kisses across the surface of that churning orb.

The two teens eventually locked eyes with one another, both with the same look of longing and lust in their respective gaze...

Junpei pushed himself up while Makoto leaned down as best he could so they could begin to lock lips with one another. As they did, however, Junpei's still tight, heavy belly pushed into Makoto's much thicker and rounder one. At first, neither teen paid it much mind, but eventually, Junpei's distended gut pushed too firmly against Makoto's. And by the time both boys were just within range to kiss one another, there was a thick, incredibly gaseous gurgle that bellowed from both of their bellies at the exact same time.

Both Makoto and Junpei winced as they felt an intense rush of pressure bubbling up their gullets and rising up their throats. Suddenly, their cheeks both puffed out, and before they could stop it...?

' 'BWRRUUU  
OOOOOOOOOR  
RRRUUUUUUR  
RRRAAAA  
AAAAAUUU  
UURRRRAAA  
APH!!!!!!!' '

Both Makoto and Junpei, in perfect unison, let out a pair of GIANT, eardrum-battering belches...RIGHT in each others faces...

Their explosive expulsions of stomach gas pelted each other so intensely that Junpei once again blew Makoto's hair back, while Makoto actually blew Junpei's cap right off his head. That shared burp lasted a good five or so seconds, pelting each others cheeks with hints of saliva and filling the air with the stench of their shared stomach gasses.

When it ended, roughly around the same time, both boys panted heavily, blinking with surprise before just staring at one another, as if in shock...

...Then, as if their shared lust was in perfect sync, the two began to wildly make out with one another, stunned but absolutely driven wild...

With how handsy both boys got with one another and their expansive girth, it was only a matter of very short-lived time before making out became something much, MUCH more...shall we say, *exciting*...

*Sufficed to say, this was one eating contest where everybody was a winner...*