

Heavy Duty Lovin'

When one has their life turned upside down and changed forever, they have two choices. Either they can crumble under the weight of it all and let it cripple them for life. Or they can embrace what they have become, and take life by the reigns.

Grace Balin chose the latter, and she never looked back ever since. Of course, it wasn't always that way for her. As Grace Balin, all she could ever do was sit on the sidelines and watch as the city she loved was ravaged by crime and corruption that she was powerless to do anything about. As the all powerful metahuman sea monster known as 'Orca', however, she wasn't quite so powerless. Quite the opposite, in fact. Orca had power, strength, mobility, abilities she'd never once imagined she was even capable of possessing, and she had steadily been taking a proverbial and literal bite out of crime ever since.

The literal bite was a byproduct of being transformed against her will into a giant mutant whale woman, and with that mutation, came a relentless appetite. With the exception of her reptilian boyfriend, no one could pack it away the way Orca could. It came with the territory of being a literal mutant whale after all, and whales aren't exactly known for being light eaters. That wouldn't be a problem for Orca, except for the fact that wolfing down so many mob bosses, drug dealers, murderers and enough junk food to make a southern fast food joint close its doors, took its toll.

And in that very moment, from within the warehouse they called 'home', Orca was examining the toll with her own inverted eyes. The monstrous, muscle-bound whale woman stood well over nine feet in height, dressed in nothing but two piece swimwear.

She was standing in front of an old, dusty dress-room mirror; the kind one would see behind the stage of an old theater. In this case, a very old theater. Orca's inhumanly large body meant the mirror didn't reflect the entirety of her body, but it didn't matter because it reflected the part she was focused on the most.

Her thick stomach.

Orca's belly was smooth, white and silky like the rest of her lightly blubber-laden flesh. But more than that, it was pushing out rather noticeably with an equally noticeable rounded edge to it. The whale woman frowned, resting her hands atop her gut and feeling it up, running her hands up and down her middle to examine it. She stepped to profile to see for herself just how much her stomach pushed out. Much to her dread, it pushed out by a good foot, pushing her lower swimwear down slightly due the weight of her middle. Self-consciously, she sucked in her stomach, causing her thick abs to emerge just slightly, revealing that she still had some rather rock solid muscle beneath the blubber. But the instant she stopped sucking in her gut, it practically surged out.

She grabbed her thick love handles and shook her belly around and worse yet, it jiggled a good deal from the jostling around. The aquatic metahuman hadn't even eaten anything. She was running on an empty stomach, but even on empty, that stomach was thick, round and jiggly...

"...Oh God, I'm a whale...*literally* **and** *metaphorically*..." Orca mused with complete dread in her voice.

Just then, a rough, gruff, growly and crude sort of voice called out to her from afar. "Yo, babe! Ya up fer burgers or should we go huntin' again?"

Right now, the only thing Orca wanted was a damn treadmill. “Waylon, could you come in here, please?” Orca asked.

It wasn't long before in lumbered another massive metahuman, this one of the scaly variety. One look and immediately, he would be instantly recognized and feared as the dreaded 'Killer Croc'. Croc was around Orca's height, rocking a very similar albeit much scaliier body frame, with a burly, mildly scarred up, muscle-bound physique and an even more notable paunch than his girlfriend. Unlike her, he had taped up wrists, ankles, and sported dark bluish black cargo pants.

Croc strode on in and knocked on the empty doorframe. “Ya rang?”

Orca nodded then turned back to him with a mildly anxious look on her face. “Waylon, am I...looking a little...*heavier*...?”

“Heavier? I dunno, we don't have any scales'n 'sides, if either of us stepped on one, I'm pretty sure they'd shatter 'cuz-”

“...No, not-” Orca paused and sighed to herself then begrudgingly rested both her hands atop her belly and gave it a light jostle to draw Croc's attention.

“Ohhhhh, ya mean are ya *gettin'* fatter? Well, yeah, course ya are! We eat tons'n tons'uh food, not t'mention all those douchebags we wolf down,” Croc replied without missing a beat that a normal, smarter person might have used to either put more tact into their choice of words...or lied through their fangs. Because the icy daggers Orca glared back at Croc upon hearing his answer could pierce through titanium steel.

Fortunately(?) for him, she didn't chew him out for being so insensitive. She simply stormed off, leaving a very confused crocodile man in the process. Jason seriously needed to teach the big guy a thing or two about tact.

Until then, however, Croc followed after her, raising a claw. "What's the problem, babe?"

"You mean besides the fact that I'm a big fat whale and you're an insensitive ass? Nothing! Everything's peachy!" Orca snapped back angrily.

Croc blinked a few times. Neither of those things genuinely registered as bad things to the metahuman, just, well, matters of fact. Croc scratched his spiky chin in confusion until something clicked. "Wait, are ya nervous 'bout puttin' on weight?"

"Someone give 'Boyfriend of the Year' a prize," Orca replied sarcastically, still peeved. Her annoyance wasn't lessened when Croc laughed heartily with amusement.

Croc lumbered over to her, still chortling to himself. "Babe, what's wrong with havin' a lil extra meat on yer bones? We're maneatin' metahumans, remember?"

"That's not the point, you idiot," Orca sniped back, then deflated somewhat. "Look, I was never a girly girl even before the experiment. But I at least had, well, some kind of femininity to remind myself that I was still me. Now, I've mutated so much that I don't even have that anymore..."

"What, like...t'remind yerself who ya really are? Babe, yer Grace fuckin' Balin, ain't no mutation ever gonna change that," Croc responded just as quick as before.

This time, the reaction he got wasn't so hostile, but rather, one of skepticism.

“...I'm flattered by your little nickname for me, really, but...that's not who I see when I look in the mirror.”

“Maybe not, but it's who I see every time I see ya readin' some boring-ass book instead'uh killin' demons with a giant shotgun until I remember I forgot t'charge my controller. It's who I see when ya use that giant brain'uh yers t'help me'n the kid come up with some kickass plan t'take down an entire building full'uh mobsters without breakin' a sweat. Or when ya go out in the open sea'n start researchin' marine life'n all that stuff. Grace, ya may not look like you no more, but I learned a long time ago, it's who ya are inside that matters most. An' no freaky-deaky experiments can take Grace Balin away from ya.”

Orca had to admit, she was...rather taken back. Sure, Croc's choice of words was...perhaps not the most refined or articulate. But the point he got across was shockingly both apt and genuinely sweet to hear.

At first, she was at a loss for words. But then, the whale woman scratched the back of her thick, silky neck, and managed a small, grateful smile back at Croc. “...You...raise a few good points there...”

Croc just flashed her a fang-filled grin. “Ey, I might not be as booksmart as you, but'cha don't gotta be a genius t'see the obvious, babe.”

“Suppose not,” Orca conceded. “...Sorry, I didn't mean to blow up at you like that.”

“Don't be, I dunno why you'd even be against havin' a bit'uh extra meat on yer bones in the first place, babe. I think it makes ya even hotter.”

Orca could swear she heard a record stop. Maybe it was in her head.

“...*Come again...*?”

Croc grinned, strolling up to his hulking whale of a girlfriend and wrapped his burly, scaly arms around her sides until his hands were draped around her plump stomach. He tugged her backside close to his chest and tenderly stroked Orca's belly with his clawed fingers. “I'm serious. Ya ever seen half the ladies in this town? They're all skin'n bone. Ain't no real curves to 'em. Plus, a lil extra weight means ya ain't afraid t'chow down like all the other girlies in Gotham,” Croc commented while gingerly rubbing Orca's stomach and lightly kneading his claws into that thin but notable layer of blubber.

Despite her apprehension and confusion, Orca practically melted in Croc's touch, leaning against his torso and groaning pleurably. Her larger stomach was extra tender, and Croc's treatment felt that much more euphoric. It was very easy to see why Croc was always putty in her silky, clawed hands whenever she was rubbing his belly.

Croc grinned, leaning his head closer to Orca's broad shoulder while his index claw traced around her deep belly button, eliciting a small moan from the whale woman. “Far as I'm concerned? Ain't *nothin'* in this world sexier than a lady with an appetite...”

“...Ooooooh...forever the wordsmith, Waylon,” Orca crooned, but was clearly too entranced for her dry sarcasm to truly shine.

Just then, a rather deep, hungry gurgle bellowed from that silky, rubbery belly, causing Orca's eyes to flash open and for her cheeks to darken somewhat with a mild blush of embarrassment.

“...Wh-what was that about burgers...?” Orca asked in a mildly sheepish tone.

Croc merely grinned at his girlfriend and gave her stomach a couple of assuring pats, then unwrapped himself around from her. Then, he led Orca into the main section of the warehouse they had made into their makeshift living quarters. Some time later, what could only be described as a party-sized amount of fast food had been delivered over to the warehouse without issue. These delivery-based apps had become a godsend for Croc and Orca, getting whatever meals they wanted delivered right to their doorstep without ever needing to face the drivers; saved him quite a bit of hassle.

Dozens upon dozens of bags of burgers were then carried over into the warehouse and set down atop a cheap little coffee table Croc had found on the street and had since set in front of an old couch that was just left in the place. Everything within the warehouse was makeshift, yet the metahumans made it work. Their third accomplice had his own various hideouts since, after all, unlike them, he was human and had a much easier time blending into society.

Not that either Croc or Orca minded the privacy.

“Heh, well, babe? Just dig on in whenever ya-”

Croc's words were cut short when Orca grabbed a bag, ripped a jumbo burger out from its foil wrapper and wasted no time scarfing down the large burger in a matter of seconds. She practically shoved the entire thing into her mouth in a single bite, chewing heavily and ravenously, making quick work of it due to her fangs. Then, with a single, hearty gulp, her thick throat throbbed as the chewed up burger slid down her gullet. She smacked her rubbery chops and promptly tore another burger out of its wrapper and did the same.

Croc just watched his girlfriend ravage her meal, and grinned toothily. “Now that's what I'm talkin' about,” Croc praised, grabbing a burger of his own and following suit. His fangs were sharper than Orca's, so he was able to demolish his burger quicker than her, but his body was slightly smaller than hers, so she subsequently had more room to pack it away. Not that Killer Croc was any slouch in the gluttony. Several mobsters and crooks would attest to that if Croc hadn't swallowed them whole and digested each and every last one of them.

The two simply sat there on their couch, eagerly wolfing down one jumbo burger after another, as if they were finger foods and not heavy, grease-laden meals that could put an ordinary human beings into a food coma then and there. It was like the two giant beasts were literal eating machines, just plowing through the burgers like nothing, with scarcely a moment to pause or catch their breath. They just kept on eating and eating and eating some more.

And the affect of scarfing down so many giant burgers in such a short period of time was already becoming quickly visible to boot.

Croc's thick, pudgy paunch was pressing out by an extra foot, giving it a much more rounded edge to it as his stomach pressed against the waist of his pants more and more. The reptile didn't mind, of course. To him, being that bloated was nothing at all.

Orca's larger frame gave her own thick, mildly blubber-laden belly some extra room, which meant it wasn't quite as bloated as Croc's stomach was. But it was getting noticeably bigger the more burgers she packed away. Like Croc, it took on a more rounded shape the more she ate, idly gurgling as her powerful stomach accepted the flood of fast food filling her up faster than she could count.

The meal went on as the two continued just eating nonstop. There were so many burgers left to demolish and at the rate the two were going, no signs that there'd be a single scrap of junk food left by the time they were done. And of course, the more both creatures packed away, the more bloated they steadily became.

Some ways into their relentless gorging, Croc smacked his chops a few times. "Mph, I'mma go get somethin' t'wash all this stuff down. Ya want anythin'?"

Orca paused, holding up a finger while she swallowed an especially hefty mouthful that was once two burgers. An especially large bulge squelched its way audibly down her thick, silky throat, forming a baseball-sized lump that eventually squeezed behind her ample chest. When it pushed past her collarbone, Orca huffed mildly and licked her lips clean. "Just the usual," she replied.

Croc nodded and pushed himself up to his feet and lumbered over to the fridge they had in the back. He was bloated enough to the point that his belly was now jiggling with each step he took. The contents inside could be heard sloshing deeply as he walked.

Eventually, Croc returned with a few 40 oz bottles of beer in one arm and a few 2L bottles of sparkling lemon-lime water in the other. Even before her mutation, sparkling water was always Grace's favorite drink; all the crispness of soda without all the sugar or empty calories. Though, at this point, the latter stopped mattering to the mutated Orca. He set everything down atop the coffee table and lazily plopped down onto the couch again, making his belly bounce slightly from the sudden drop.

“Thank you, Waylon,” Orca said politely, grabbing a bottle and setting it aside for later consumption.

Croc just flashed her a wink, then used his thumb-claw to pop the top off of his beer bottle. Then, the bloated reptile brought the bottle to his lips, dipped his head back and chugged his alcoholic beverage down like it was Mardi Gras. His thick, scaly throat bobbed in and out with each deep gulp he took.

Croc's larger frame allowed him to down a considerably larger quantity of beer in one go than an average-sized human male, causing his 40 oz to drain much quicker. On top of that, Croc just had a really high tolerance for alcohol, especially when his stomach wasn't empty. Part of it was his metahuman digestive system, but mostly, it was the result of growing up in Louisiana. It could never be understated that, in Cajun Country, alcohol tolerance was just in their blood. And in under a minute flat, 40 ounces of beer had filled Croc's bloated, scaly belly up, swishing and gurgling along with several pounds worth of burgers consumed already.

Pulling the empty bottle away from his lips, Croc carelessly chucked it across the warehouse, causing it to shatter on impact.

Orca rolled her eyes while she ate.

“You love doing that way too much,” Orca mumbled, after swallowing yet another burger down.

Croc responded by thumping his broad chest and letting loose with a big, rumbling belch.

**“HOOOOUUUUUU
URRRUUUHP!!!”**

It rumbled out of the reptile for a few seconds straight, carrying significant behind it, as if it came from the very depths of Croc's stomach.

“Excuse you,” Orca said simply, but the tone of her voice suggested she wasn't at all bothered by Croc's crude display.

Croc just snickered with amusement then went right back to stuffing his face alongside his blubbery girlfriend. They continued pigging out, plowing through their burgers in record shattering pace. Croc's stomach continued squeezing against his pants due to the button and zipper the bigger it grew, a problem Orca's extra stretch-y swimwear didn't possess. But he powered on through, stuffing his craw like the scaly garbage disposal Jason had often referred him to. With every few burgers consumed, that button seemed to strain that much further due to how much heavier Croc's soft, scaly belly was beginning to grow for it. A more forward thinking creature might undo their button by now. Sadly, a forward thinking creature, Waylon Jones was not.

So, instead, Croc ate and ate, ignoring the warning signs while his gut felt a distinct constriction forming around his underbelly as a result. After all, he didn't want to start flagging around his girlfriend. Whale or not, Croc had a reputation to keep up, after all. But Orca was far too focused on filling her own bigger and rounder belly up to pay Croc's ego much mind. Even with his sharper fangs, Orca's larger body allowed her to pack away a larger amount of burgers than Croc had, and as a result, her stomach was growing bigger than his by a fairly noticeable margin.

After finishing several more bags worth of burgers, Orca unscrewed the bottle to her own fizzy beverage. She brought the bottle to her lips and dipped her head back. Once upon a time, Grace Balin was much better at pacing herself when drinking her carbonated beverages. As a mutant whale woman, on the other hand...?

GLUULG!

GLLOOOUULLLP!!

GUUUOOOLLCK!!!

She was chugging that entire 2L bottle like a frat bro taking a series of shots. Her thick, rubbery throat bobbed and rippled with each, especially thick gulp she took, allowing mineral water to flow down her gullet and fill her swollen belly up. Orca was chugging so hard that the bottle itself was crinkling in her grasp. She tenderly rubbed her round belly with her free hand, feeling the carbonated water flow down her gullet while her innards burbled intensely from the influx of carbonation. Within record times, Orca had sucked her bottle bone dry, crinkling it flat in the process. And the instant she tossed the bottle aside, the bubbling in her belly reached its fever pitch and Orca proceeded to let loose with a truly wall-rattling belch...

"BWO
OOUUUU
URRRRRR
UUURR
RRAAA
AHPIIIII!"

That utterly beastly eructation exploded out of Orca's throat with such force that her rubbery lips actually rippled as a few flicks of saliva splattered out of her maw. The sheer power behind that burp was so strong that her big round stomach jostled aggressively in its wake. Croc whistled at that monster, undeniably impressed by its sheer ferocity. "Daaaamn, babe. That was intense!"

When it ended, Orca huffed with relief and slumped back into the couch, and palmed her ample chest. "Mph, well, excuse me..." Orca said, clearly unapologetic, when another deep burp erupted from her throat. **"BRRUUUUUHHPIII!"**

Croc just grinned in return. "How very ladylike," he said teasingly.

"BOOOORRRUUUUHHPIII!"

Orca's only response was another big, meaty belch. When it ended, she slapped her huge, blubbery belly, making it ripple intensely beneath her palm as the contents within sloshed heartily. She let out a little puff of an exhale after, signifying the relief for getting all that gas out at once. Downing so much mineral water at once tended to do that. For a brief moment, Orca simply laid there, running her hand up and down her big, almost pregnant-looking belly as it gurgled up a storm and pressed out from beyond her thick torso by a few feet. Her hands slowly and steadily ran up all the way down to her very tender and soft underbelly. The whole while, Orca crooned to herself.

The gluttony eventually resumed, and both sides maintained their voraciousness, only getting fuller and fuller with each passing burger.

Croc was getting so bloated that his pants button started quivering aggressively from the sheer weight of his big dome of a gut pressing against it. The poor thing never stood a chance...

POP!

...It eventually popped clean off, flying across the room. And the instant it did, Croc's scaly boulder of a belly surged outwards. It sloshed intensely between his spread out thighs, bubbling away like a vat of chemicals and making Croc groan with relief the instant it shot out and bounced down heavily against his lap the way it did.

It also dislodged a sizable pressure pocket which gurgled its way up Croc's scaly throat, causing an actual lump to visibly rise up from his gullet and puff out his cheeks until it manifested in a huge, roaring belch. Croc threw his head back and unleashed that mighty eructation loudly and proudly for several seconds straight. When it rumbled to a finish, Croc slapped his gut and burped again, about as loud and guttural but not nearly as long, and then let out a soft, airy burp right after. He then sighed with immense relief and slumped back in his own seat. "Gruuuuh...hooooly crap, did I need that..." Croc moaned. Whether he was talking about his pants button giving the ghost or letting out that record-breaker was anyone's guess.

It gave Croc his much needed second wind, allowing him to polish off several more burgers without the tightness his gut had against it moments prior. Both brutes were dead set on downing whatever jumbo burgers remained, despite their more than apparent fullness on both sides, more so on Croc's than Orca's. But that didn't stop the big scaly brute from living up to his notoriously gluttonous reputation.

In the heat of his feeding frenzy, Croc shoved two burgers into his jaws at once and spent several seconds chewing voraciously. He sloppily snarfed and nomphed, the sounds coming from his mouth were wet and crude. But he dipped his head back and swallowed as hard as he could with a resounding gulp.

***G L L U U U U U U U U L L C K ! ***

Relative to his frame, a baseball-sized bulge squelched down his thick, scaly throat. The reptile winced, baring his fangs and drooling slightly from the corners of his mouth while his clawed index finger pressed firmly against the lump, feeling it travel down his throat and almost pushing into it to help guide it down. It slowly spilled down until it squeezed tightly down past Croc's collarbone and behind his broad, scaly and mildly scarred up chest. The instant it spilled into his heavy belly, Croc gasped breathlessly and followed that up immediately with a massive belch.

"BLOOOOOO
ORRRRRRUU
UUUUHPIII!"

It was this big, hefty eructation with real force behind it, judging by how hard and aggressively it rumbled out of Croc's throat. So much so, in fact, that when it ended, Croc panted breathlessly and rubbed his throat tenderly. "Guh, oh man, that one kinda hurt comin' up..." Croc grumbled, still massaging his neck.

"BRRRAA
AAAAUU
UUUUUU
URRP!!!!!"

Croc's grumbles were interrupted when a much louder and longer belch erupted from the whale woman next to him. Caught off guard, Croc turned to Orca as she gripped her big fat gut and pushed that monstrous burp out as long as she could. When it ended, Orca sighed under her breath and daintily covered her mouth. "Sorry, it slipped out," she said with a smirk back at Croc.

Croc cocked a brow but then grinned wickedly. “That sounds like a challenge to me...”

Orca simply smiled and shook her head. “Waylon, I promise you, it won't be a challenge at all.”

Oh, it was so on...

Not one to be called out and take it lightly like that, Croc held a look of intense concentration on his face. He gulped down some air and firmly kneaded his big, burger-filled belly up with his claws. Croc's belly burbled intensely in response, sounding like a washing machine with a full load. He could feel a big one brewing, but held it in and kept on kneading as firmly as he could until his belly could hold it back no longer. Once he reached that point, Croc slapped the side of his round, jiggling dome of a gut and unleashed a titanic belch that easily dwarfed anything he'd let out up to that point.

**“BEEELL
UUUURR
OOORR-”**

That beastly roar exploded out of Croc's maw for a near ten seconds straight, rattling the couch the two sat on and echoing all throughout the warehouse. Croc gripped his gut even tighter mid-way, ensuring at no point it just tapered out, but instead, rumbled to a strong, guttural and loud finish. When it ended, Croc slumped back, looking genuinely winded as he huffed breathlessly, causing his massive belly to rise and fall with each labored breath.

“Guuuh, now that’s how ya-**BWORRPI AAAHHRRRUUUUUUUHPIIIII**
Gooooah man...**URPI** Mph, now that’s how ya do it...” Croc boasted breathlessly yet proudly, giving his fat, jiggling boulder of a belly a slap of satisfaction and burping deeply as a result.

Orca whistled, genuinely impressed as she reached over and gave Croc's belly a couple of congratulatory pats, making the scaly beast hiccup from the pats. "That's very nice, Waylon. Genuinely impressive," Orca conceded in a half-sincere, half-patronizing tone which did not fill Croc with comfort.

Nor should it have, because a moment later, Orca gripped her enormously blubbery belly with both hands tightly. Then, she started to firmly shake and jostle that massive ball of black and white blubber in her hands. Orca's belly was so utterly stuffed that when the contents inside started sloshing around, it genuinely sounded as if Orca's massive blubbery dome was full of an impossibly thick syrup. It burbled and churned even more intensely than Croc's own stomach, leaving the reptile dreading what was coming when it reached its zenith and Orca slapped both hands atop her massive belly...

**"BRRREEE
EEUUU
UUUARR-**

HIUUU

UUUUUU

URRRR

RAAAA

APIIIIII"

From the belly of the aquatic beast expelled an eructation unlike no other. It dwarfed that warehouse rattler Croc unleashed in length, volume and sheer power. Forget the couch, Croc was absolutely certain that the ground itself was quivering in its wake. And the debris spewing from the foundation of the warehouse didn't undercut that theory either. It was such an impossibly loud burp that even Killer Croc, the quote unquote 'Undisputed Burping Champ of Gotham City', found himself flinching and almost needing to plug his ears just to keep from going deaf!

After what felt like an eternity, but was, in actuality, a showstopping twelve straight seconds, Orca sighed heavily with relief and gave her giant belly a resounding slap of satisfaction and dear, sweet relief. "Ohhh, now that's why they call me the 'Queen of the Deep'... **BWUUUURRRRAAAAAAAHP!!!!** Mph, heh, excuse me." Orca boasted, belching deeply mid-sentence and palming her ample chest shortly after.

Croc just growled under his breath and shoved a burger in his face to eat the pain of defeat away. The bloated reptile was many things, but a good sport in the face of defeat was not now or ever one of them. Fortunately, it was something Orca was used to and honestly amused by more than anything else. It was the biggest reason she always gave her crude boyfriend a hard time, just to see him grumble petulantly in defeat.

Still, with that colossal burp out of her gut, Orca had more room to pack away burgers, and that's exactly what she did, thus ending their impromptu burping contest that she totally dominated in. Not that she cared or anything like that. Her schooling Croc in such a juvenile and crude manner wasn't a source of pride. It was just something she could do quite easily. That's all.

Still, more room or not, they had enough burgers in their bellies to feed an entire convoy of people. The sheer physical mass all that junk food took up was bound to catch up with them eventually. Needless to say, catch up, it did indeed. Croc had long since used up his second wind and was growing sluggish with his eating, each burger taking longer to chew up before the next big, labored gulp to swallow it all down. And due to how much more turbulent his belly was by default, when he was overstuffed, he was never certain what he gulped down would stay down.

Orca was having a little bit of an easier time, simply because her whale anatomy allowed her to process larger quantities of food easier than Croc. Whales simply processed blubber better than crocodile men. That was a scientific fact(?).

However, her own gorging had caused her stomach to become incredibly reactive. Orca's massive belly was burbling intensely and audibly to the point where even Croc could hear his girlfriend's stomach gurgling away over the sound of him chewing away and his own bubbling gut. She was about to shove another burger into her jaws but had to put the burger down when her guts grumbling reached its apex. The whale woman grabbed her immensely fat belly with one hand, feeling her fingers and her palms sink into that thick, gurgling layer of blubber. Then, she brought a fist to her mouth and just barely muffled a rather raucous belch, one that reverberated loudly in her puffed out cheeks. As soon as it ended, another lengthier burp erupted in her mouth, rumbling audibly for a good few seconds straight.

The look of discomfort on Orca's face intensified as she felt another one bubbling up her throat. She gripped her fat gut even more tightly and belched yet again, muffling it at first until it rolled loudly out from the corner of her mouth, unable to be held in.

Part of her was a little embarrassed by this. While Grace herself was never exactly a prude, she did at least have better manners than that as a human being. But right now, Orca just needed to get the gas out of her belly as best she could. And there was a lot built up in her enormous stomach after so many burgers combined with mineral water carbonation. Her stomach had to make whatever room it could and releasing excess air taking up space was her only course of action. So, Orca had to sit out eating so she could push all of these rumbling burps out of her churning belly.

Between Croc's groggy, overstuffed state and Orca's constant burping, it seemed like the two may have reached their limits. However, after some time passed, they eventually pushed past those limits and continued downing what remained. It took a lot of doing, but eventually, both creatures had polished off every single burger laid before them, and were both left sprawled on the couch as ridiculously engorged messes.

Croc's belly was rounded out by nearly four feet easily. Relative to his giant frame, it made him look as if he had swallowed a Killer Croc-sized beachball. His normally pudgy belly was stretched out to the point where the soft scales across his stomach were thinned out. It burbled intensely as the beast struggled to even breathe properly with how heavily his stomach weighed against his lungs. He couldn't even burp properly at this point. He tried, hoping it would relieve some of the pressure in his aching belly, but all he managed was a really low, wet-sounding belch that sloppily rolled out of his maw and made him lurch when it ended.

He huffed wearily, covering his mouth with one hand and tenderly stroking his boulder of a gut with the other. "Ooooooohhhh...so... ***HIC*** ...f-full..." Croc groaned, hiccuping loudly mid-sentence.

In contrast to Croc, Orca's more blubbery frame made it much easier for the whale woman to unleash another giant belch while she rested both hands atop her aching full stomach. Orca's stomach was surging out by well over four feet, making it look as if she had swallowed a beanbag chair whole, given how bottom-heavy her belly had become.

"Hrroooooaaah man...you're telling me, I feel like a beached whale..." Orca mumbled with no hint of self-awareness at the joke she inadvertently made.

But as she sat there on that couch stroking her blubbery globe of a gut, she looked over as much of it as she could and couldn't help but smirk somewhat.

"...Mmmm, y'know something, Waylon? You're right...I do look good with a bit of a belly on me, don't I..."

In spite of his own miserably overstuffed state, Croc scooted closer and closer to Orca, causing his own scaly boulder of a belly to press against hers. Orca winced slightly, but that ceased when Croc rested his hands atop that giant silky ball of blubber. Orca was so utterly stuffed that Croc's hands sank visibly into the surface of her thick, soft and sloshing belly. As he tenderly stroked that perfectly spherical ball of silky, blubber-laden flesh, there was a look of infatuation on Croc's face, making him grin as a result. "Yer the sexiest beached whale I've ever laid my eyes on, babe..." Croc mused, not realizing how utterly weird a sentence that was.

Orca would have commented, but she was too busy moaning with delight at the feeling of Croc's rough, scaly fingers firmly kneading into her extra delicate and even more extra blubbery belly. It truly was a sensation like no other.

Croc's hands expertly kneaded into Orca's stomach like an impossibly thick ball of dough, pressing his claws deep into that flesh and only sinking into the blubber. There was so much more belly to navigate around than there was before they started eating, but Croc still managed to work his way to Orca's undersides and stroke them soothingly from left to right. Orca crooned, arching her back to make her enormous stomach spill out even more, which Croc took advantage of. He planted his palm right against the center of Orca's belly, right around her immensely deep belly button and rubbed small, firm circles around the center of her gut.

Orca practically melted in Croc's hands, leaning against him and groaning with utter contentment at the sensation. Especially when Croc once again stuck his finger into her immensely deep navel and wiggled it around inside, nice and deep. The motion caused her entire belly to lightly jostle with Croc's wiggling, much to Orca's sheer delight.

When Croc pulled his finger out of her belly button, Orca's entire belly wobbled heavily in response to the sudden action, prompting Croc to slap his hand down onto Orca's belly to keep it still. That caused it to slosh intensely beneath his palm, but also forced Orca to throw her head back and expel an enormous belch for the umpteenth time that night. She grunted when it ended and cleared her throat.

Croc grinned, jostling Orca's gut to get her attention. "Say, babe, whadduya say we hit the sack? I can't be the only one gettin' a lil riled up right now, right?"

In response to the jostling, Orca belched deeply into her fist and then thumped her chest a few times. "Oh yeah, let's 'do it' when I'm a big fat burping mess. That's super hot, right?" Orca droned sarcastically.

"Hell yeah it is," Croc growled back without an ounce of sarcasm in his voice.

To which, Orca simply stared at him dumbfounded. "...First of all, we're so bloated that we probably couldn't even get off the damn couch. Secondly, and more importantly? You're an idiot."

"Very true," Croc conceded with what almost sounded like genuine pride in his voice. "Yer point?"

Orca simply rolled her eyes and slumped back in Croc's grasp. "Just shut up and keep rubbing..."

And Croc was, surprisingly, more than happy to comply, rather eagerly running his hands all across Orca's blubbery belly with a laser focus in his smitten gaze. As Orca sat there, savoring the sensual feeling of having her belly tended to, she couldn't help but notice something. Croc was always into her, but the attention he always gave her belly made it clear that he was just a little bit more into her.

Her stomach was definitely going to be a lot larger once it had properly digested all of these burgers. And who knows, if she continued helping herself to a few more calorically dense mobsters, Croc might just have a lot more belly to tend to. And between the nice shape her body took and all the attention and pampering Croc gave her, she had to admit, she could definitely get used to this...

Hey, no one said fighting crime meant fighting good food, right?

The End