

Monster Cops,

Monster Appetites

Being a cop on the beat was never easy. Being a Monster Cop was even less easy. Especially when targets veered on the equally monstrous side of the spectrum. Monster cops dealt with all manner of criminals, all of varying species and ability. Which was why all cops were paired with a monster that best complemented their abilities.

For example, one such monster, a copper-brown scaled officer with light blue horns and claws, while formidable, wasn't the strongest or largest cop on the force. Granted, he was far from small or weak, by any means. But compared to some of his fellow officers, he was a bit on the smaller side. However, he more than made up the difference with with electric abilities. His horns acted as conductors, which radiated throughout the officers entire body and allowing him to emit high voltage shocks to any perp he encounters.

To many, he was known as 'The Sassy Stun-Gun.' But to the rest, he was simply 'Lucas.' The electric monster was manning the grill in his backyard, casually chewing on some bubble gum, while wearing jeans and a casual T-Shirt. His horns pulsed idly with sparks of electricity as he blew a sizable bubble from his pink gum, periodically checking his cellphone. He kept on blowing and blowing while the gum bubble expanded up to a foot, eyes never leaving his screen, even as he flipped some truly sizable cuts of steak.

Then, just as he heard the doorbell ring, the bubble popped, splattering his face with gum. Lucas stood in silence, blinking dully to himself. Fortunately, due to the scales across his face, prying the gum loose was a breeze. He merely reinserted it back into his mouth, resumed chewing then headed into his house to let his eagerly awaited guest in.

Lucas opened his front door and grinned eagerly back at the brute on the other side of the door. "Well, guess the stereotypes about turtles being slow are true after all," Lucas joked.

The other monster merely grunted, then lumbered inside.

This brute was a monster very similar to Lucas, but a different subspecies of monster. His scales were a desaturated green color, which got darker and *much* harder around his backside than his much softer scales around his front, and only a single, short yet thick horn that protruded from the center of his forehead. He was considerably larger, and much more muscular. The scaly monster had a considerably harsher-looking expression, with red irises, and thick, tusk-like fangs protruding from his lower jaw. He also wore sweatpants and a worn out old sleeveless tanktop. Even with the shirt though, it did nothing to mask the considerable paunch the turtle-based monster sported, complementing the rest of his otherwise muscular physique.

That paunch in question was exactly where Lucas' eyes immediately gravitated towards the instant his friend was in his house. "Sorry I'm late, man. Catchin' that last perp was a really pain in the ass," Lucas' partner responded, voice deep, gruff and grumpy sounding.

Lucas just smiled, having to stretch out his neck and stand on his clawed tip-talons just to kiss the brute across his hardened cheek. The larger monster merely grunted with acknowledgement to the kiss. "S'all good, Brocky boy. You're here'n that's aaaaaall that matters."

The larger turtle-based monster, Brock, nodded dismissively, but then sniffed the air. His harsh facial expression softened somewhat and his thick, salivating tongue promptly ran across his lips. "Shit, that smells *good*, Luke..." Brock remarked. Almost immediately, right on cue, a deep, hungry-sounding rumble bellowed from Brock's thick midsection, catching Lucas a bit off guard.

GWUUUOORRRGLE!

Brock's stomach roared like a lion, making the turtle-monster grimace and grip his gut protectively with one hand. "Rgh, dammit..."

Lucas blinked with surprise and glanced at Brock's belly. "Dude, did'ja skip lunch *again...?*" Lucas asked, though his cheeks were turning a shade pink at the grumbling sound rumbling from the larger monster cops' gut.

"Tch, told'ja I was busy tryin' to deal with the last perp," Brock grumbled, rubbing his stomach in an effort to shut it up. "He was a slippery lil pain in the ass..."

Lucas held up a clawed finger to halt Brock's rubbing then swept Brock's hand aside from his thick abdomen. In its place, Lucas slipped his own hand under Brock's tanktop and proceeded to gingerly stroke Brock's grumbling belly. By doing so, Lucas' actions hiked up the bottom of Brock's shirt, exposing his bare, green-scaled belly and shallow belly button. It also exposed how Brock's stomach naturally pressed out, indicating that the large, burly monster had quite a paunch on him, due to years of overeating. And judging by the way Lucas' gaze was entirely transfixed on that paunch, or how his claws eagerly stroked and kneaded it all over, the smaller cop didn't mind one iota.

Brock sighed contently in response to the treatment, just standing there, head rolling back while Lucas caressed his grumbling midsection. His claws firmly grasped into the softer scaled surface, slowly, soothingly kneading it in slow, circular motions. It was enough to elicit a small moan from the larger, grumpy monster while Lucas leaned the side of his head against Brock's belly, listening in as it rumbled impatiently.

"Ohhh yeah, you definitely should'a snacked more," Lucas teased, tapping his index claw against the center of Brock's gut a few times. "Why didn't you just eat the perp himself?"

Brock just grunted and shook his head with an annoyed scowl. "Ah, it was just some punk. I wasn't 'bout 'tuh lock the kid up fer good over strong-arm robbery where nobody got hurt. Rule 101, man...lockup's reserved fer evil motherfuckers, not small fries. I ain't like that jagoff Zeke, who packs away anyone fer lookin' at 'im funny..."

"Naaaaw, you just pound their face in," Lucas teased, palming Brock's belly button and rubbing his open palm over it in small circles.

"Hmph, least they take a hint after that," Brock dismissed.

"S'too bad you big guys don't got special powers like a certain, dashing officer of the law I could name," Lucas remarked, brushing his claws against his chest nonchalantly. "Bein' the livin' stun gun gives me options."

"Like zappin' yer meals so they can't squirm around too much, mister lightweight?" Brock teased, reaching down and poking Lucas' own stomach.

"Some like their meals squirmy, I prefer them nice'n easy. Sue me," Lucas said with a shrug. Then, after a while, he pulled his hand free from Brock's belly, leaving it still hiked up enough to expose the larger turtle monsters' navel. "Anywhoover, I'm still mannin' the grill. Wanna help?"

"Tch, man, I ain't so sure I wanna be 'round food when I'm friggin' starvin' like this," Brock grumbled some more.

"Naaaaaw, you'll be fine, c'mon," Lucas insisted as he headed out to his backyard, blowing another bubble from his gum in the process. Brock shrugged to himself and headed out with his partner.

The two stood outside, with Lucas manning the grill. Already, there were several pyrex bowls full to the brim with meats, all rich, well seasoned, and cooked to medium-rare perfection. Brock had a beer in his hands, steadily taking some hearty swigs here and there to keep himself distracted. Granted, it was ill advised to be drinking on an empty stomach, but Brock was a big fella, and far from a lightweight. So he didn't care. Anything to distract him from his rumbling belly.

All the while, as Lucas grilled the rest of the steaks, he could hear a deep, impatient grumbling bellow quite loudly from Brock's middle. The larger, turtle-based monster grimaced as he drank. He glared down at his gut with annoyance, firmly rubbing his belly with his free hand to try and shut it up. But all the while, as Lucas grilled the rest of the goods, Brock's stomach would not let up, growling and grumbling the whole time.

Lucas got so distracted that he let a few of his steaks cook to a full on medium-well; a sin for any true master of the grills. "Urgh, sorry, man. I'm freakin' dyin' here," Brock growled. He looked over the food Lucas has grilled up so far and licked his scaly lips idly. His belly rumbled aggressively all the while, as if egging him on. It was taking every ounce of self-restraint Brock had not to just up and devour every single scrap of food Lucas had grilled up already, and even the raw goods.

But, he managed. Instead, Brock distracted himself with more beer, dipping his head back and taking another hearty swig from his bottle. His thick throat bobbed in and out with each hearty glug he took; throat open enough to take in especially big gulps, causing more beer to go flowing down his gullet at once.

"Well, y'know what they say, dude," Lucas teased, blowing another bubble with his gum. "Anticipation helps the hunger grow fonder, if ya know what I mean..."

"Pfft, kinky lil pervert," Brock growled, rolling his eyes.

Lucas just grinned back...til his gum-bubble once again popped and splattered across his maw, leaving him blinking blankly with pink gum splatter across his face.

While Lucas pried the gum loose, Brock's belly emitted a deeper growl than usual..

GRRUUUUUUUUOOOORRRRRBLE!

Brock grimaced, lurching forward somewhat, free hand firmly grasping the dead center of his empty belly. "Rgh, dammit, mph, this is why havin' to be the good guy sucks sometimes, man..."

"Well, if it's any consolation, that kindness'n hunger'll be payin' off veeeeery soon, big boy," Lucas teased, once again tossing his gum back into his mouth. Then, he smirked, and reached for a foil covered plate. "Course, if you're really that hungry, I did prepare a couple of snacks for ya in case"

Brock immediately snatched the plate from Lucas' hand. The big burly cop eagerly tore the foil right off the plate and was about to ravenously dig into whatever was underneath. Then, he stopped dead in his tracks and had the upmost deadpanned look on his face when he saw what was waiting for him.

"...Boiled...cabbage..." he muttered blankly.

Lucas giggled to himself, clearly amused by his own antics. "Whaaaaat? It's a great source of fiber for all growing turtles, ain't it?"

Brock just glanced back at his partner with a cold, lifeless stare. But then, his stomach roared aggressively, making him lurch again. So, despite himself, Brock just grabbed one of the steamed. "Tch, fuckin' wise guy," Brock growled, then opened his maw and shoved an entire cabbage into his gaping mouth. He spent several seconds just chewing heartily, cheeks bulging out as he chewed with the grumpiest look on his face, as if annoyed that he was even bothering with this noise.

Then, he dipped his head back and gulped heartily. A thick, sizable lump bulged out of Brock's thick neck. His eyes screwed shut as he took a clawed finger to that protrusion and pressed into it. It was as if he were pushing the bulge down his throat as he gulped again. Then, it eventually vanished past his broad, muscular chest, and plopped down into that deep paunch of his. He let out a little huff to himself and shook his head. "...Urgh, tastes blander than the gum yer chewin' by this point, I'm sure," Brock growled, nonetheless tossing another cabbage into his mouth, doing the same as he did with the first.

Even after downing a few grilled cabbages whole, Brock still hungered, evident by the loud rumbling his angry belly. Normally, he didn't go this long without eating something heavy...or meaty. "Tch, is the meat ready yet or what?" Brock grumbled.

Lucas snorted with amusement. "Heh, someone's hangry," Lucas teased, blowing a sizable bubble with his gum.

"...Just freakin' starvin' here, man," Brock growled, firmly rubbing his rumbling stomach and downing more beer to try and distract himself from the hunger. Lucas snickered as he manned the grill and managed to deflate the bubble before it could pop again.

"Well, good thing for you, I work fast," Lucas teased, tapping Brock's stomach with a clawed finger just as the last of the steaks had been grilled to perfection and laid onto a platter.

"Fuckin' ***finally***," Brock practically barked, rushing over to the plastic table everything had been laid on and carrying as many platters of meat as he could into his big, burly arms. Lucas snickered to himself, grabbing the remaining platters and spitting out his gum in a nearby bin. But not before blowing one last bubble, which once again expanded to the point of bursting, though fortunately, this time, not all over his face. Then together, both monster cops headed back inside, laying everything out atop the table. Lucas headed to the fridge and brought out an ice cold 24-pack of beers for him and his partner, setting it on the table besides the proverbial banquet Lucas had cooked up for the two of them.

Of course, Lucas knew who was going to be getting the lions share of the meats. In fact, he was counting on-no, hoping for it.

Brock leaned in, taking a hearty whiff of the various meats his smaller partner had grilled up.

All the while, his stomach was rumbling as if demanding he get with the gorging. But Brock took all the scents in and salivated something fierce as he ran his long, thick tongue across his maw. "Ohh man, Luke...yer somethin' else, ya know that?"

"Why yes, yes I do," Lucas said none too humbly, leaning back and brushing his blue claws across his chest, causing them to pulsate with mild electric current.

Then, to Brock's surprise, Lucas proceeded to take his shirt off and toss it carelessly aside. Lucas has a fairly toned, copper-colored chest, with lighter brown-scales across his abdomen and pectorals, which connected to his throat and jaw. Surprisingly, however, for a monster considerably smaller than Brock, Lucas sported something of a paunch himself. His shirt covered it up well enough, but fully exposed, one could see that Lucas' bare belly pushed out a little in a mildly rounded sort of fashion. Needless to say, while not quite as intense as his partners, Lucas had something of an appetite which he tended to overindulge quite frequently as well. This was the byproduct.

"...Dude, what're ya doin'...?" Brock asked with a quizzical sort of look, one brow raised in confusion.

"Eh, I don't wanna mess my shirt up by stretchin' it out," Lucas answered, pulling a platter towards himself. Then, he fixed Brock with a sort of look and smirked. "Given how much more we both know you're gonna eat, you might wanna do the same, my man."

Brock rolled his eyes. "Y'just wanna see me shirtless, don'tcha, ya lil pervert..."

"Yep," Lucas responded with a teasing sort of wink. He wasn't even remotely shy or discreet about his attractions, least of all when it came to his big, burly boyfriend.

Brock scoffed, but nonetheless tugged his raggedy tanktop off, exposing the entirety of his torso to Lucas. Predictably, Brock's body was considerably more muscular than Lucas'. Brock's backside had darker, much harder looking scales than his front, but shirtless, one could see his broad, muscular chest, and a considerable scar across his left pectoral. It was an indicator that once upon a time, the burly monster cop had taken a bullet to the chest on the job. Though, fortunately, Brock's body was far too beefy and his scales too thick for it to do any serious damage.

...Of course, Lucas' eyes were immediately zeroed in on that thick, considerable belly Brock sported. It was a combination of a paunch and a muscle-gut, given that it was taut and firm to the touch like the rest of Brock, but still protruding with a considerable roundness to it. Brock was fully aware of Lucas' gawking and smirked with amusement to himself. "Heh, hope yer ready fer a show, sparky..."

"...Y'know me, dude," Lucas waved his hand innocently, copper-scaled cheeks turning a shade pink.

Brock would've teased his friend further, but the fact was that he was starving, which was emphasized by his belly emitting one last aggressive growl...

G.WOOOORRRGLE!!!

The rumbling was so intense that Brock's thick, normally taut middle actually shook a little in response to the rumbling. That's how deep and aggressive it was. Brock grimaced, gripping his belly firmly with a sneer. "Rgh, alright, fuck it, I'm diggin' in," Brock decided, too hungry to even think straight anymore.

And like a rabid beast, Brock grabbed a couple of hearty steaks and shoved them into his salivating maw. His thick fangs and mighty jaw were strong enough to tear the meat into chunks within a matter of seconds. Brock rumbled pleasantly at the flavors, but was too damn hungry to savor a bite. Instead, he dipped his head back and gulped heartily. A sizable bulge protruded from his thick, scaly neck, like the size of a baseball. Then, it slowly but steadily pushed down, down, down his throat with Brock's index claw pushing into it all the while, as if guiding it down his gullet.

Lucas watched, positively mesmerized by the sight. And Brock wasn't oblivious to this either. After the meat finally pushed past his broad chest, Brock sighed wearily in a mildly exaggerated fashion. "Guuuh, oh man, that's some good shit right there," Brock growled, running his thick tongue across his scaly maw with anticipation. Then, he proceeded to shove even more steaks into his greedy jaws, chomping and scarfing away like the big, scaly glutton he was.

The electric monster dabbed his forehead with his napkin. "Mercy me! I do believe I have the vapors!"

"Omph! Ulp! Mph! Ya don't even have sweat glands," Brock interjected with his mouth still full of beef. Then, he swallowed hard, sending another baseball-sized bulge down his thick neck, and proceeded to scarf down more beef.

"Dude, it's a figure of speech," Lucas said jokingly, rolling his eyes.

"It's a figure'uh you bein' a smartass."

"Better to be a smartass than a dumbass," Lucas responded, teasingly.

Brock just glared back at Lucas with this deadpanned look on his grumpy face. "...Don't make me eat you."

"And don't *you* tease *me* with a good time, big boy," Lucas retorted with a flirtatious wink back at Brock.

Brock mere snorted indignantly. "Hmph, kinky lil fucker," Brock growled, then resumed stuffing his craw with as much meat as he could fit into those thick, mighty jaws of his.

Lucas grinned almost victoriously.

Somehow, he could always turn a phrase and come out on top when it came to his big, grouchy boyfriend. And though Brock would never admit it, he kinda loved that about Lucas. It was next to impossible to leave him speechless most times, even at his most flustered, he could still manage to rile Brock up in one form or another. *Never stopped Brock from trying, nonetheless...*

Of course, even as Lucas watched Brock stuff his face, he too, was rather ravenously devouring the meat set before him. Lucas' jaws weren't nearly as strong as Brock's, but he was still able to down any slab of beef in times that would intimidate any ordinary creature. His copper-colored cheeks bulged a bit comically as he chewed rather heartily, then dipped his head back and swallowed hard.

***G L L L O O O O O O L P ! ***

A thick, hearty gulp caused Lucas' throat to ripple and squelch deeply around his mouthful of meat. Given he was considerably smaller than Brock, it caused a much larger bulge to protrude from Lucas' much more slender neck than Brock's.

Lucas grimaced, thumping his bare chest firmly with his fist, causing a few electric pulsations to discharge from his blue claws with each thump. But eventually, he worked the mouthful down and sighed heartily. "Gruuuuahhh, ohhh man, it is with no small amount of pride that I must declare these some of the finest cuts of beef I've grilled yet!" Lucas declared boastfully after catching his breath.

Brock snorted dismissively. "Dude, ya say that so goddamn much that it's lost all meanin'."

"That's because it's true every single time I say it, shell-for-brains," Lucas replied in an all-too-chipper tone of voice.

Brock just rolled his eyes and continued stuffing his face. Dismissive though he was, the fact that Brock couldn't stop shoveling one or two cuts of beef down his throat all at once was all the testament Lucas needed that his was the finest grilling in the district. That or Brock was just a giant glutton who will literally eat anything and has on several occasions.

...Lucas chose to believe the former nonetheless.

The electric monster knew just how ravenous his boyfriend's appetite tended to be. So when he grilled, he made it a point to grill up as many steaks and various other meats as he could. It would take quite a bit of meat to truly fill Brock up. And of course, that was always Lucas' objective whenever cooking for his boyfriend. After all, Brock was never truly satisfied with a meal unless it left him stuffed to the brim. And needless to say, Lucas was more than happy to oblige in that regard.

It wasn't long into lunch that the near relentless gorging Brock indulged in was starting to have an impact on his already thick stomach. That paunch of Brock's steadily expanded outwards, pressing out by about an additional foot with more of a rounded edge to it. Due to Brock's sheer hulking size, an extra foot was nothing, but at the rate Brock was stuffing his face, his stomach was only going to get bigger and rounder.

Even as Lucas munched away at his fine meats, his eyes never left Brock's sight. He watched the burly, larger monster grab a thick rack of beef shank by the bone and chomp into the meat like a savage beast. Brock ripped a good few pounds of meat right off the bone, dipped his head back and chewed heartily. The juices from the meat dripped from the corners of his sharp maw as he chewed heartily. Then, Brock chomped again, chewing some more before swallowing hard.

G.L.U.U.U.U.L.C.K!!!

Brock gulped down his meat, the sound quite loud and rich as his throat squelched audibly enough for Lucas to hear it across the table. Lucas' eyes were transfixed on Brock's neck, watching as an even thicker bulge protruded from his throat than his usual gulping did; he must have swallowed more down at once than normal. The smaller monster cop's cheeks burned, watching that lump slowly push down his burly monster man's throat, and pressing intensely against Brock's collarbone, until finally, squeezing past it once Brock thumped his chest firmly with his fist, and eventually plopping into Brock's already filled gut.

After his windpipes cleared, Brock sighed heartily and palmed his chest firmly. "*Gruuuh*, oh man," Brock rumbled, clearing his throat and smacking his chops.

He reached from the 24-pack and grabbed himself a bottle of beer. Brock's thumb-claw popped the cap clean off, and the brute brought the bottle up to his lips and to help wash down the meat, proceeded to chug down the contents of his beer bottle. Lucas' eyes never left Brock's throat, watching and swooning as the big monster's green-scaled throat rippled rapidly, bobbing in and out as it took in one hearty swig after another, draining the beer down as if it were literally being poured out all at once with no stops in between. One thing Lucas learned years ago back before he and Brock even started dating was that for as much as Brock could eat, he could drink just as much to boot. It was practically suicide trying to ever challenge Brock in any sort of eating or drinking contest, because Brock could pack away enough to put ten monsters to shame all at once.

In under thirty seconds flat, Brock had drained his beer bottle down in one go, completely contrasting the casual drinking he and Lucas were doing outside when the smaller monster was still grilling. Slamming the bottle down onto the table, Brock exhaled heartily, causing his beer-laden breath to waft over to Lucas' side of the table. "Ahhh, that's the stuff," Brock sighed contently.

Lucas laughed and fanned the air around his nostrils.

But not once did he take his eyes off of Brock. He knew his boyfriend down-pat, and every single time Brock slugged down any sort of beverage like that, something else followed.

Sure as the sky was blue, Lucas' prediction came to fruition when he heard a sudden gurgle erupt from Brock's tubby belly. Just then, Brock grimaced for a moment, but promptly grabbed his belly with one hand; claws digging in firmly, then proceeded to let out a big, rumbling belch from the very depths of his stomach.

**"BLUUUUURRRR
OOORRRRUURH-
HUUUURRRR
OOORRRP!!!"**

Lucas' heart practically skipped a beat. He felt the table rumble beneath him as that large expulsion of gases bellowed from Brock's gaping maw for six seconds straight. It was deep, bassy, and rumbled forcefully, only getting deeper and louder when it picked up half-way in. Lucas could see, Brock was pressing into his belly extra firmly to work it all out in one impressive eructation.

When it ended, Brock grunted with a dissatisfied look on his face. He gave his belly a couple of resounding pats, still sporting a slight grimace. Until with one final, extra firm pat, Brock let out another deep burp, this one not nearly as loud, but extra guttural and rumble-y as it rolled out of Brock's maw for a few seconds straight. After it rumbled to a close, Brock rested his eyes shut and hummed to himself. "Mph, man, did I need that..."

The whole area stank of beer and partially digested meats festering within Brock's belly, and even after all that, it *still* made Lucas weak in the knees. "...Scuse you," Lucas muttered, now, a bit more flustered than usual. But he wasn't exactly shy or embarrassed by it, he just didn't want to give Brock the satisfaction.

Brock, meanwhile, ran his tongue across his maw, and cracked his eyelids open, glancing back at Lucas and flashing him a smug smirk and equally smug wink.

"Heh, *plenty* more where that came from, pal," Brock teased, rubbing his bare, slightly bloated belly with his clawed hand all over. His rough palm ran up and down the rounded edge to his protruding midsection. Lucas just watched, eager to replace Brock's hand with his own, and feeling that much more flustered as a result.

"...It's not fair," Lucas grumbled. "No one as grumpy as you has any right to be such a fuckin' efficient kink-tease. You're s'posed to suck at it..."

"Heh, hey, blame yer videos, man. They're pretty damn good tutorials...even if I'm just a lil bit better at it than you are," Brock replied, grinning smugly when Lucas just flipped him the bird, accompanied by a few sparks of electricity that erupted from Lucas' blue, clawed finger. "Ah, be real, ya love it'n ya know it, Sparky."

"...Doesn't mean I won't bitch and moan about it like a sassy bitch," Lucas conceded.

"Somethin' tells me ya won't be doin' either or once we're finished," Brock rumbled, digging his index claw into his belly button and wiggling it around. Judging by how much redder Lucas' face got by that action, Brock was probably speaking the truth.

The two resumed stuffing their faces, Brock especially. He continued ravenously scarfing down one or two slabs of meat all at once at a time, sometimes, even going as far as swallowing the slabs whole. Lucas, in contrast, chewed more vigorously with each hearty mouthful he took in. Like Brock, he was more than capable of swallowing his meat whole. After all, some hearty, fat steaks were far from the biggest things he'd ever swallowed whole. But nonetheless, he liked savoring meat that he knew wouldn't thrash around in his stomach, especially meat grilled to perfection by his own claws.

Lucas continued packing away his meal, occasionally downing some of his beer, while watching as Brock stuffed his face at a near-unmatched pace. And all the while, the more Brock ate, the larger his already big belly got. It steadily pushed out more and more, naturally pushing the waistband of Brock's sweatpants down, further exposing more and more of his increasingly more prominent abdomen. In between all the steaks, Brock would occasionally grab another beer and proceed to down it in record-breaking times. After downing his latest bottle, Brock grabbed his bloated, beer and steak-filled gut and unleashed a gnarly, throat-rattling belch. It blasted out of Brock's sharp maw for about five seconds straight; far from his longest, but it was incredibly deep and bass-filled.

When it ended, Brock grunted and huffed at the same time, a bit winded from the look of things. Then he pressed into his belly again and let out another short but deep burp, and another, slightly longer one almost immediately after. Brock sighed with relief soon afterwards, giving his rotund midsection a couple of proud, firm pats of satisfaction. He hiccuped deeply right after, causing Brock's rounded stomach to jostle a bit from how much fuller it was getting.

"...Dude, you're gonna be the death'uh me at this rate..." Lucas muttered, a bit more notably flustered than usual.

Brock just contently ran his tongue across his maw and smacked his chops right after. "Well, don't die *now*, man. I ain't gonna have enough room fer both the steaks and yer body," Brock replied in a joking manner.

"You dick," Lucas snarked, flicking the top of his beer bottle at Brock's forehead. Of course, it just bounced right off due to Brock's deeply hardened scales...and, funnily enough, it bounced right back at Lucas' down forehead, making the smaller monster yelp and rub his forehead tenderly.

Brock's grin couldn't be any smugger if he tried. "That's me," he said simply and proudly. Then resumed chowing down. Lucas grumbled some more, downing more of his own beer to soothe his bruised pride...and forehead. Then, like his partner, Lucas resumed his own meat gorging and beer guzzling.

Despite being significantly smaller than Brock, Lucas' own appetite was on full display. He had already packed away quite a few hearty slabs of meat, and guzzled a good few beers by this point. His own notable paunch had expanded considerably since the start of lunch, pressing out by at least two plus feet and constricting against the button of his pants.

On top of that, Lucas' belly was burbling up quite a storm, gurgling like a beaker full of volatile chemicals, set on a high burner. Though, the churning Lucas' stomach was causing had been drowned out by the proverbial chemical plant that was Brock's belly, which burbled and bubbled loud enough to be heard all the way across from the table and beyond. Brock's digestive system didn't mess around, despite him being a turtle-based monster. As a result, much of what he had already eaten was well on its way to digestion, giving the big-bellied brute more room to stuff his craw, whereas Lucas' digestive system was notably slower, hence why he was beginning to feel more full than Brock was.

After chowing down on a good deal of meat, Lucas slouched back in his seat, groaning, both hands rested atop his taut, bloated gut, rubbing away and catching his breath. Brock had just swallowed down a whole slab of meat big enough to comfortably feed a regular person, then smirked back at Lucas. "Heh, don't tell me yer tappin' out already, Sparky..."

Lucas opened his mouth to respond. The only thing that exited his maw was a deep, lengthy burp, one that extended for a solid seven seconds straight, and getting a bit more rumbly by the end. When it ended, Lucas sighed heartily, giving his belly a resounding pat. "Urgh, oh man, I'm...**BWOOOORRRRAAAAP!!!!** Guh, I'm getting there, dude..." Lucas responded, interrupting himself with a deep, guttural belch. His face soured for a moment.

Lucas sat upright and started thumping his chest firmly with his fist until he succeeded in dislodging a sizable pressure pocket that had been festering in his belly.

**"HUUUUUUR
RRRAAAAP!!!!"**

Lucas threw his head back and expelled a *huge* burp, one that wasn't more than a few seconds straight, but incredibly loud and hefty-sounding, as if there was a considerable amount of pressure behind it. As soon as it ended, there was an immediate look of relief on Lucas' face. He immediately slouched back in his seat, moaning contently, having finally gotten that pressure pocket out of his system.

"Guuuuh, theeere it is..." Lucas cooed in a satisfied manner.

Brock merely snorted and shook his head. "Pfft, y'call that a burp?" Brock asked in a clearly less than impressed manner.

Lucas lazily glanced back at Brock and held up his claws in a 'by all means' sort of way. Now, Lucas knew he could never, ever beat Brock in a burping contest. He was pretty sure no monster in the world ever could...unless they were a colossus, and even that wasn't a guarantee. But that never stopped him from egging Brock on, simply because it meant Brock always...*always* had to show Lucas up. And naturally, Lucas was always more than eager for Brock to demonstrate his skills.

Brock proceeded to grip his large, immensely meat-filled belly into his clawed hands and kneaded into it firmly. His belly was getting so filled up that his fingers were starting to sink a bit into his thick, more notably doughy middle. As Brock kneaded and pressed into his belly, it churned and bubbled intensely in response; something within being unsettled by Brock's actions. Brock grimaced for a moment, but eventually, pressed firmly enough to dislodge the pressure he'd unsettled, which gurgled its way up his gullet and out of his maw in the form of a truly deafening belch from the very depths of Brock's stomach.

‘BEEEEEEEL
LUNUNUN
UNUNURRR
RUNUNH-

UUUUURRR
RRROOOOR
RRRRRAA
AAAPIIIIII!"

Brock lurched forward, mouth gaping wide open as the colossal belch exploded from his maw for well over ten seconds straight. It blasted from his belly with enough force that Lucas actually felt the table rattle a little in its wake. Lucas could even see Brock's own belly jostling from the sheer power of that monster erupting out of him with such record-shattering force.

"...Yeah, that ain't half bad," Lucas finally conceded, his copper cheeks red as a tomato beneath his scales.

Brock just exhaled breathlessly when it ended, slouching back contently on his chair, patting his belly heartily with satisfaction. The contents within Brock's gut sloshed and burbled deeply in response to the pat, due to how much of it had already been broken down. "And that's...**BLUUUURRRP**...how ya do it..."

"...Happy to be proven wrong," Lucas conceded, thankful that neither he nor Brock had any sweat glands, else he'd be sweating bullets.

"Oh, trust me, man. I know," Brock teased with a smirk and a wink.

Brock was relentless. Despite how bloated he was, the big, burly monster continued packing it away like no one's business. Lucas was utterly beholden to the sight of that big, bloated, green-scaled stomach continuing to press out little by little the more Brock stuffed his craw. It was getting so damn big that Brock had to actually scoot his chair back a little just to keep his belly from pressing up against the table.

Lucas' belly, meanwhile, had eventually rounded out by well over three plus feet. Given Lucas' size, it wasn't too extreme. Rather, it looked like the smaller monster had swallowed a basketball relative to his size. As opposed to Brock, who would look damn near pregnant were it not for how much sloshier his belly was starting to get from his digestive system kicking into overtime. The electric monster continued eating his fill, despite his immense fullness. As he ate, Lucas occasionally stopped to catch his breath, knead and massage his aching stomach, or let out some really good burps to clear up as much space in his gut as he could manage. But despite these processes, Lucas could only pack away so much before he started to feel a bit too full for comfort.

Eventually, Lucas pulled his seat back and groaned, setting his fork and knife down, then resting both hands atop his achingly full stomach. "Grruuuurghh, ***HIC-COURLP!*** Mph, ohhh fuck, dude," Lucas huffed breathlessly to himself. His clawed fingers slowly ran up and down his churning gut, thumbs kneading and pressing into the sides of his ballooned-out midsection.

Lucas' pants button quivered aggressively. The sheer weight of Lucas' overly-full stomach pressing up against the waist of his pants was proving to be too much for the fabric. His underbelly appeared deeply constricted as a result.

Brock leaned in over to pull what was left of Lucas' lunch over to his side, since he knew the smaller monster cop wasn't going to need it. As he did, he looked down at Lucas and smirked at his pants. "Heh, heads up, ya electric featherweight, think yer pants're 'bout tuh-

Before Brock could even finish his sentence, Lucas' pants button gave the ghost. The button popped right off of Lucas' waistband like the champagne cork, and ricocheted right off of Brock's forehead, bouncing back onto the table. Lucas' belly, now liberated from his pants, unzipped his pants in the process, and surged out like water breaching a dam. The sudden jolt had also dislodged a sizable pressure pocket that had been building in Lucas' belly as well.

Subsequently, Lucas felt a rush of pressure brewing up his gullet, causing a grapefruit-sized bulge to rise up Lucas' throat and puff out his cheeks. Lucas' eyes widened as he felt the desperate need to let loose, but before he could, he quickly reached into his pocket and flipped out his phone, setting his camera to record and pointing it in his face just in time as Lucas' maw blasted open in the form of a thunderous belch..

**"HUURRUH-OOUURRR-
BLLAAA**

AAAAUUU

UUUUUUU

URREEE

ELLPIIIII!"

Lucas let out a huge, raucous belch directly into his camera, one that exploded from his maw so forcefully that he almost blew the phone out of his hand. It rumbled out of the smaller monster for several seconds straight, far from his longest, but by far, his loudest burp yet. Even Brock looked somewhat mildly impressed by the display, but only somewhat mildly, seeing as how he could top that without even really trying.

"Better?" Brock asked when it finally ended.

Still recording himself, Lucas practically went cross-eyed as he slumped back in his seat, moaning blissfully. "Ohhh man, much **BETTUUUUUUURRRRUUPII!**" Lucas replied, going wide-eyed and still recording himself as he unexpectedly burped out the last part out of his sentence. He grunted and pointed his camera down at his belly, which he slapped heartily after his response, causing it to jostle beneath his palm and slosh thickly, since the contents of his meal weren't nearly as liquefied as they were for Brock. "Phew, guh man, I'm *stuffed*..." Lucas groaned, only half exaggerating. He slowly orbited his phone all across his bloated basketball of a belly, letting the camera pick up on every thick, gastric burble that erupted from within. His free hand rested gingerly atop it, slowly running all across every square inch of that gut, digging his claws into his thick, scaly flesh.

Lucas dug his index claw into his belly button, wiggling it around and moaning euphorically to himself. His camera zoomed into his navel to give his soon-to-be audience a closer look as he played around. Brock watched and snorted to himself. "Man, y'know the chief is still pissed that'cha make these fetish vids, don'tcha?"

Still groaning pleasantly to himself, Lucas eventually took his claw out of his belly button and waved his free hand dismissively. "Hey, it ain't against the rulebook, right?"

"Nah, technically, it ain't," Brock conceded.

"Then, unless someone rewrites or updates the rules, how I make us some spare cash is my business, not Chief Has-A-Secret-Kink. How else did he find my videos?" Lucas asked, more amused than anything else.

"...Dude, the chief havin' a kink is somethin' I don't need to be thinkin' about," Brock groaned, his face appearing a bit nauseous and greener than usual at the mental image. "Ugh, still, he says that if yer gonna keep at it, least don't show our faces."

Lucas mock-pouted in response to Brock's comment. "Aww, but then I couldn't do this." He then brought the camera to his face and smirked. "Ey, Chiefy! Dunno if you're a subscriber or not, but just in case ya are'n don't wanna admit it? This one's all for you, sir!" Lucas said, then proceeded to take a few deep gulps of air, causing a mild gurgle to emit from his throat. Then Lucas lurched his head forward and let out another big, rank burp right into his camera. When it ended, Lucas carelessly smacked his chops, grinned slyly at the camera and flashed the lens a smug little wink.

"Hmph, kinky lil electric gremlin," Brock mused, both amused yet indifferent at the same time. He continued stuffing himself while Lucas spent the next few minutes burping into his camera for his subscribers. All the while, as Brock ate and ate, his already sizable, heavy stomach continued to only get larger and heavier. Lucas eventually finished up his latest video and turned his attention back to Brock, and the sheer size of his nearly boulder-sized belly caused his copper-colored cheeks to burn anew.

Brock continued stuffing his craw for a while, growing more and more bloated the more he ate and drank. In contrast to Lucas, who was growing sluggish towards the end of his own gorging, Brock showed zero signs of slowing down. He only paused periodically to grab a bottle of beer and slug it down in record times. Without fail, every time Brock chugged a beer down, he'd slam the bottle onto the table along with the other empty bottles, grab his increasingly larger belly with his free hand, throw his head back and let out a couple of really deep, hefty and large belches, sometimes, two or three in a row. They tended to be really bassy and forceful-sounding, as if coming from the very depths of his ever-expanding belly. Then, he'd go right back to gorging himself on more and more of the spread laid out by Lucas.

And naturally, the more the empty plates, platters and empty beer bottles piled up, the larger and noisier Brock's belly became. Somehow, Brock just kept on chowing and chugging down everything he could get his claws on, messily and greedily scarfing it all down with no end in sight. Brock was positively *huge* at this point...!

The big, bulky monster's gut had to be expanded by almost *five* feet. Even after scooting his chair back, Brock's gut was still pressing into the table. It was so big that it forced Brock to spread his thick thighs apart just to give his beanbag chair of a belly some breathing room.

And with how much Brock was packing away all at once, his rapid digestive system caused Brock's belly to churn and gurgle up a storm. Even from across the table, Lucas could hear his boyfriend's massive stomach gurgling away. It almost reminded Lucas of his high school Chemistry days nearly two decades ago.

Though, the sounds of Chem 101 never left Lucas nearly as flustered and smitten as the sounds churning and gurgling away from his hulking boyfriend's burbly boulder of a belly. Now, because Brock was so physically huge, a belly bloated out by five feet didn't turn the beast into a blob or a belly with arms and legs. Even Lucas wouldn't find that attractive so much as he would completely impractical.

Brock was large, tall and bulky. Given that, it looked more like the green, scaly monster was pregnant and long overdue at any minute.

Although, in Brock's case, the only baby within his belly was a burbling food baby, saturating in digestive liquids and way too much beer..

Eventually, Brock polished off every single scrap of food left remaining, be it his or Lucas' unfinished meats. He pulled his chair back further and slouched back in his seat lazily, massive gut jostling from the slightest motions. Brock groaned wearily and rested both his clawed hands atop his giant scaly dome and exhaled breathlessly. "...Urrgh, fuck, man, I'm stuffed..." Brock huffed.

His hands slowly ran up and down as much of his giant belly as he could get a hold of. It churned like a cement mixer set on its highest, fastest setting. Then, the gurgling and churning intensified, causing Brock's belly to quiver in response. Brock had an uncomfortable look on his face and brought a fist to his mouth. Lucas' eyes immediately went wide as he scrambled to grab his phone, knowing exactly what that look on Brock's face meant.

"O-Oh! Shit! J-Just hold it a sec, big guy!" Lucas insisted, scrambling to grab his cellphone while Brock's cheeks puffed out. Fortunately, Lucas managed to compose his excitement to grab his phone and set it to record Brock. "Alright, dude, let'er-"

BWAA
AAAAARRR
RUUUUUO
OOORR-

OOOOO

UUUUU

RRRRR

AAAAA

OOOR-



Brock punctuated the completion of his meal by letting out quite possibly the single loudest, longest belch that Lucas had ever heard exploding out of his boyfriend before. And considering how long the two had known each other and been dating, that was saying quite a lot! The explosive eruption bellowed from Brock's maw with such force that several plates were rattled almost right off the table. It went on for so long that Lucas would have to check the timeline just to keep count since he was far too frazzled to keep count in his head. Several flicks of saliva flew from Brock's maw along with the stench of his innards rumbling out of him.

He could actually feel the table and ground quivering in its mighty wake. Of course, Lucas didn't care one bit. He utterly beholden to that gargantuan burp coming from the depths of that gargantuan belly from his equally gargantuan boyfriend. By the time that monster finally rumbled to an end, Brock's eyes rolled to the back of his head. He slumped back in his seat, heavy, massive belly warbling and sloshing like mad in the process.

"Gruuuarrgh, fffffuuuuuck, that felt good..." Brock groaned aloud, leaning back and giving his belly a hearty slap of satisfaction and much needed relief. The contents of Brock's stomach were digested to the point where it all had de-coagulated into a thick, rich slurry, one that sloshed around heavily within Brock's stomach like the thickest vat of syrup money could possibly buy. So much so, in fact, that Brock's belly swayed and warbled with the slightest motions.

And lucky for Lucas, he captured every single bit of that on his phone. He eventually got up from his seat and knelt down besides Brock, marveling at the sheer beauty that was his massive, spherical, scaly boulder of a gut. "...Holy shit on a stick," Lucas mused, having to stop recording just so he could get his hands on Brock's belly.

Unable to hold back, Lucas practically hugged Brock's belly, grasping at its thick, fat form with both his clawed hands, which both seemed to sink into Brock's doughy pudge. Brock snickered with amusement, arching his back a little to make his already rotund dome spill out a little bit more, pressing up against Lucas. Then, Brock crooned pleasantly when Lucas proceeded to quite eagerly run his hands all across Brock's vast belly. His clawed fingers traced all across the soft-scaled surface, grabbing at as much of the thick doughy middle as he could and kneading into it eagerly; affectionately.

"...D-Dude, I...I am at a loss for words," Lucas sputtered, unable to even find the most basic sass he was used to dishing out, no matter how flustered he tended to get.

"Don't worry, ya only know seventeen of 'em anyway, they'll come back t'ya," Brock said in a joking manner. Then, he smirked down at Lucas and nudged him slightly with his fist. "Like what'cha see?"

"Is my face crimson right now?" Lucas asked, already knowing the answer.

"Heh, not as red as it's gonna be in a sec," Brock responded with a low, almost husky-sounding growl.

Then, to prove his point, Brock grabbed the back of Lucas' head, careful to avoid his horns, lest they emit any electric discharge and zap his hand. Then, he carefully pressed Lucas' face right against Brock's vast, soft, overly sloshy belly. Lucas had to do his best not to yelp with surprise by this action, or by the sounds of Brock's belly gurgling and churning like a chemical plant right up against Lucas' face. Lucas practically went limp against Brock's belly then and there, not due to lack of oxygen, but because the sheer amount of kink-teasing Brock was doing had reached critical mass ages ago. And at this point, anything else was just overkill.

Brock just let Lucas take it all in for a few moments. Then, a few electric pulsations discharged from Lucas' horns. Brock snickered with amusement. Lucas' horns were a dead giveaway sometimes. So, he pulled Lucas' face free from his belly, and predictably, saw that Lucas' face was actually almost glowing from how beat red it had become.

"Toldja," Brock said with a smug grin on his face. "Heh, c'mon, man. Whadduya say we head t'yer bedroom fer a bit?"

"...You had me at 'heh,'" Lucas said, pulling back and standing up on his own two feet. He blinked, then he shrugged. "...Not my best joke, but, my brain's kinda fried right now, so sue me..."

Brock rolled his eyes, but was having a bit of trouble getting up from his seat, on account of just how utterly bloated he was. Lucas wasn't nearly as big as Brock, but he was still larger than the average bipedal creature, and still stronger than one too. So, using that monster strength, Lucas leaned down and helped ease Brock up from his seat, causing his immensely bloated middle to jostle and bounce around in the process.

Lucas being Lucas, he used the act as an opportunity to get a nice, good hold of that thick, fat abdomen pressing considerably from Brock's torso. Brock, of course, was fully aware of this. So once he and Lucas were up to their feet, Brock intentionally stumbled against Lucas, forcing the smaller monsters back against the wall. This gave Brock the opportunity to lean up against him, pressing his considerably huge stomach right up against Lucas, pinning Lucas against against the wall as he loomed down over him, grinning earhole to earhole as Lucas squirmed about helplessly and blushing like mad.

"...You are way too much, y'know that?" Lucas asked. His squirming caused Brock's belly to warble and jiggle around as it remained firmly pressed up against Lucas, keeping him pinned between a hard place and a very, very soft and sloshy place.

Brock just smirked and nodded his head down at Lucas. He didn't say a word, but rather, he just kept Lucas pressed up against the wall and watched him squirm. "Heh, with as much as ya squirm on the outside, I can only imagine how ya'd hold up on the inside'uh this thing," Brock growled in a mock-predatory fashion. He gave the side of his belly a couple of resounding pats for emphasis. Each pat made his gut jiggle and jostle around Lucas' torso, as well as making his belly slosh like crazy around Lucas on top of that.

Just to tease Lucas further, Brock arched his back and started grinding his massive belly up against Lucas, pressing and rolling Lucas around against a giant mound of scaly flesh and blubber. If Lucas possessed nostrils, they'd be bleeding profusely from the sheer volume of blood rushing to his face in this moment. In truth, Brock didn't trust that he could even safely eat Lucas for pleasure since those horns and electric current pulsating through Lucas' body would've made that insanely difficult and unpleasant. But Brock knew what sort of things Lucas was into, and every so often, got off on teasing Lucas something fierce, asserting predatory dominance over his sassy little boyfriend, and indulging all Lucas' voracious fantasies as best he could.

Even if Lucas was loving every second of this, he still kept squirming around like crazy against Brock's jiggling belly. All that squirming was causing Brock's gut to slosh and bounce around. And eventually, all that rummaging against his gut dislodged a sizable pressure pocket. This resulted in Brock lurching forward and letting out a huge, aggressively deep and bassy belch right in Lucas' face. It blasted with enough force to blow Lucas back somewhat, spraying flicks of saliva across Lucas' burning cheeks, and pelted him with the stench of Brock's stomach gases all at once.

When it ended, Brock lazily smacked his chops with satisfaction and grinned down at Lucas. "Yer welcome fer that..."

"...You big, fat tease..." Lucas growled, unable to really say much else since he was already beyond the moon at this rate. Brock laughed heartily, causing his big belly to bounce around Lucas. But then, eventually, Brock decided to be merciful and take a few steps back, liberating Lucas from his blubbery containment and causing Brock's belly to bounce back into place.

With some help, Lucas leaned up against Brock, and the two made their way back home. Both monsters cradling Brock's gargantuan sloshing tank of a stomach while Lucas kept one arm wrapped around his own notably bloated belly as well. Brock's belly, in spite of having three hands wrapped around it, still bounced heavily with each lumbering step the overly bloated monster took.

Eventually, the two made their way to Lucas' bedroom, where Lucas helped to ease Brock down onto the mattress, before Brock lazily plopped backwards. His massive belly jutted out skyward as a result, swaying and warbling idly in the process. "Ahh, that's the stuff," Brock groaned to himself.

Lucas proceeded to whip out his phone again, and pointed it towards Brock's vast, burbling scaly dome. He did another orbital as he stood against Brock atop the rather sizable bed, and captured every square inch of that big, beautiful belly of Brock's. Lucas went under to get a shot of that vast underbelly, over and profile to see how Brock's gut jutted out in contrast with the rest of his husky but muscular frame. And of course, Lucas pointed his camera right up against Brock's shallow-yet-deep looking belly button. Naturally, Lucas inserted his glowing, blue claw into Brock's navel and wiggled it around, capturing every detail with his phone while Brock moaned pleasantly in response to the treatment his belly button was getting.

"Dude, your belly sounds like a freakin' smelting pot right now," Lucas observed. He yanked his finger from Brock's belly button, causing his entire gut to wobble and jostle like crazy.

Then, Lucas, who was still recording every bit of this with one arm, used his free hand to grab Brock's heavy underbelly, getting a solid grip on doughy flab from his middle, and giving it a good heave. Brock's belly jostled and sloshed immensely in response. Then, Lucas heaved again, causing Brock's belly to do the same thing, jiggling for several seconds long after the heaving stopped. But then, Lucas started really jostling that fat massive gut of Brock's, causing the contents within to once again start sloshing about as if someone was stirring a thick slurry within a big, rubbery container.

Brock crooned pleasantly at the treatment, folding his big, burly arms behind his head and sighing contently. Something about being incredibly full and having his belly tended to so relentlessly by Lucas never failed to make the grumpy brute surprisingly docile after a while.

"Mmmm, damn, that feels nice." Brock practically purred, eyelids half-closed as he savored the treatment his belly was receiving. He didn't care one iota that Lucas was taking these more intimate moments and filming every bit of it, since he knew these videos would get tons of hits, which meant tons of donations as well.

Lucas set the phone down for a moment, stopping the video he was recording. And then, Lucas once again resumed rubbing that big round, green-scaled boulder all over again. He used both hands to really knead and caress away. His clawed fingers slowly ran up and down that ample mound of thick, yet soft and doughy flesh. His thumbs pressed into the surface, kneading into the sides of Brock's belly like one would when kneading cooking dough.

It wasn't even fair at this rate. Lucas honestly couldn't take his hands off of Brock's belly if he tried. It left him positively spellbound, unable to do little else but continue rubbing and kneading away, his palm all the way across the very top of Brock's belly to the much softer, tenderer underbelly.

But then, an idea formed for Lucas. Experimentally, Lucas took both his palms and pressed them firmly against the side of Brock's belly. His palms sank a good deal into his doughy, fat middle. However, it also caused Brock's belly to gurgle deeply, and then, a moment later, a deep, rolling belch erupted from Brock's maw. Brock grunted, palming his chest a few times. But then, Lucas pushed into Brock's belly again, resulting on an even louder, more forceful burp to blast out of Brock's maw for a few seconds straight.

"Oh-hoooo, looooootsa pressure in the tank, huh, big guy?!" Lucas teased, patting Brock's belly firmly a few times and causing the larger brute to hiccup in response.

Brock merely rolled his eyes, knowing exactly where this was going. "Yeah, yeah, go ahead," Brock grumbled indifferently.

Lucas grinned widely and whipped out his phone again. He pointed the camera back at himself and started to record. "What's goin' on, gang? Stun-Gun 'ere with his big burly partner, Brocky-boy'n as you can see, lunch has treated me quite nicely," Lucas teased, pointing the camera to his bloated midsection and giving it a few hefty slaps, causing it to jostle beneath his palm. "Mph, but not nearly as nicely as it's treated my big boy here." Then, Lucas pointed the camera back at Brock's mountainous belly and gave it a hefty slap, causing it to wobble like a big ball of gelatin. "But all that food in Brocky's tum-tum sure has a nasty habit of building a whole lotta pressure in there, huh."

He pressed the camera against Brock's belly, letting the audience-to-be hear it gurgling a storm. Then, Lucas pulled back just in time to catch Brock say, "...Dude, did'ja really just say 'tum-tum?'"

Lucas paused, still maintaining a charismatic smirk on his face. "...Anyway," he said, completely ignoring the question. "Whadduya say we help my boy out here?" Then, Lucas pointed the camera back at Brock's belly, just as he pressed his palm firmly and deeply into Brock's middle. His palm once again sank a great deal into the doughy, scaly flesh. But it was also successful in working out a gnarly, roaring belch from Brock's maw.

**"BLUUUUURRR
RAAAAAA^{OO}
OOORRRP!!!!"**

It was far from the biggest burp Brock had let out since lunch began, but it was still loud enough to make the camera rumble. And the instant it ended, Lucas pushed into Brock's belly yet again, working up an even larger belch in the process.

**"EEEEEEHRRR
RAAAAAAA
OOORRRP!!!!"**

BARBARA

EEEEEE

UUUUU

UUUUU

UARRA

MUMU

UUUU

UUOO

OAAA

AAUA-

U U U U R R R

R R R R R R L L

L O O O O O

O O R R R R R

R R A A A A

A P I I I I I I I I I I I I

It shouldn't have been physically possible. But somehow, some way, Brock unleashed a colossal, record-shattering belch that managed to somehow be both even longer, louder, and more furious in its sheer, destructive force than the monster he'd let out once he'd finished eating. It carried such force that Lucas was actually blown back, and if his grip against Brock's belly weren't so tight, he'd have flown backwards off the bed like a slapstick routine out of the fifties.

The sheer power behind that belch was so great that the whole room quivered in its wake, rattling the windows so hard that it was a miracle that none of them shattered, let alone so much as cracked. Lucas didn't bother counting, but he was certain it was well over twenty seconds long. He could actually feel all that pressure evacuating from Brock's bulbous belly the more he pushed down to get it all out.

Once that beastly belch had finally rumbled to a close, Brock slumped back lifelessly in bed, arms dangling to his side as he desperately tried to catch his breath, big belly bouncing and warbling as it rose and fell with each labored breath he took. "Hoooooly fuck, I...oh man..." Brock choked out, unable to say much else as he panted, tongue lulling out of the corner of his maw like an exhausted dog.

"...You said it," Lucas said, equally stunned.

"...I...I think I just...I'm pretty sure I just shattered a record...and my fuckin' ribs..."

".....Worth it."

Some time passed, several minutes required for Brock to catch his breath. But eventually, Lucas got up, stopped the recording and decided he'd had more than enough footage for the day to see a pretty penny or two from his subscribers. He eventually settled up in bed, resting against Brock's massive belly, using it as both a very comfortable yet noisy pillow and a sort of mattress in and of itself.

As thanks for such a glorious show, Lucas resumed rubbing Brock's belly all over while Brock, who had eventually caught his breath and settled down, once again eased back and savored the treatment Lucas provided. He kept one arm wrapped around Lucas, hugging him against Brock's belly while his other arm remained wrapped behind his head in relaxation.

"...Enjoyin' yerself.?" Brock asked, rumbling pleasantly once more.

"Probably not as much as you are, dude," Lucas replied. Though, in truth, that was pretty debatable, given how much Lucas was enjoying the sights, sounds and sensation of feeling up Brock's massive dome. "Heh, I oughta feed you like this more often. You're a way more mellow turtle when you're well-fed."

"Ah, I'm plenty mellow," Brock replied dismissively. "Ain't my fault the job's full'uh assholes'n scumbags'n not nearly enough lunch breaks..."

"Well, that's what the perps're for," Lucas teased, giving Brock's belly a couple of ample pats, making Brock hiccup loudly in response.

"Not all of 'em, man," Brock remarked. "I ain't like you. I don't just gobble up whatever scumbags I come across just 'cuz I'm hungry. They gotta be really shitty punks fer me t'do that."

"Pfft, friggin' softy," Lucas teased as he continued running his palm in slow, sensual circles all across that vast, burbling dome.

"Keep it up'n I'll make a snack outta you, punk," Brock growled, pressing Lucas further against his belly. "Mph, y'know I'mma fully digest everythin' in like an hour anyway, so be careful..."

"Just don't eat me before you set the cam to record. We could make some serious bank appeasing the vore market."

Brock just rolled his eyes yet again. "...Dude, I dunno who needs more help. You or the weirdos who watch all our shit."

"Who needs help when we're rolling in belly-porn cash??"

Brock opened his mouth to reply, then paused, and closed it eventually.

"...Well, technically, servin' up kink-fuel still falls under 'protect'n serve,' don't it??"

Lucas grinned, nuzzling Brock's belly affectionately. "Bingo, big boy..."

"...Just don't ever say fuckin' tum-tum' again, man..."

The End