

# ONE TOO MANY

Bullets and fists flying were common place within Gotham City. This was a city notorious for high end crime after all. But usually, it wasn't all happening at once without bat-shaped nuisances getting in the way of crime lords. And right now, one particular criminal may have wished there was a bat hanging around after all. They might've saved him from what was coming next.

Deep within the bowels of a warehouse turned into a war zone, arms dealer, Frank Biddle, was cowering behind his desk with a shotgun at hand. The man looked to be in his fifties, sporting grayish black hair, some chin stubble, and a raincoat over his buttoned up black dress clothes. He listened as a huge firefight erupted between his men and what sounded like a lone gunman. And along with the gunman, was another, far more beastly presence, tearing the place up and pummeling the daylights out of Biddle's goons. He had hoped to ride the fight out, but was quickly realizing that his men were losing, and decided he only had one option left.

Use the battle as a distraction long enough to try and escape.

So, Biddle inched his way to the door and took a peak outside. Indeed, bullet riddled bodies of his men laid all around the warehouse floor and with a heavy smash, his right hand guy went flying across the warehouse like he was hit by a train. Biddle had clearly made some very bad choices if these were the enemies he had to now contend with.

Nonetheless, the man crept his way out of his office and tried to sneak his way outside, sticking to his many wooden cargo crates as cover while keeping his shotgun at hand. Biddle just needed his men to last long enough distracting the attackers so he could get outside. That was it.

He moved from crate to crate, with freedom that much closer to his grasp each time he moved closer and closer to the exit. There might've been hope for him to escape after all. Unfortunately, one of the two attackers had a very keen sense of smell, and despite being hidden? Biddle wasn't cloaked enough to hide what came next.

# **\*CRASH!!\***

“Poor” Frank Biddle cried out in both shock and pain when a giant fist punched right through the wooden container he was hiding behind. It smashed into pieces, revealing dozens of heavy duty weapons but the sheer impact of the punch launched the gunrunner flying several feet backwards and dropping his shotgun in the process. Biddle rolled backwards violently against the ground with a groan of pain, then desperately crawled for his weapon.

Only to find a pair of handguns pointed right against the back of his head.

“I wouldn't do that if I were you, Frankie-boy,” called out a cocky young man's voice from behind a ballistic mask. “She's already pretty irritated as is.”

With the gunman holding Biddle at bay, the 'she' in question stomped over him and made the man go white with terror.

Towering over him at over nine feet of solid, metahuman muscle, was the dreaded mutant criminal known as 'Orca'. Once marine biologist, Dr. Grace Balin, Orca was this giant humanoid whale with a burly, bodybuilder's frame with a thin layer of blubber to soften her appearance, especially around her midsection. It was noticeably thicker and fatter than the rest of her body, sticking out like a slightly pudgy paunch that jiggled along with her thick thighs when she stepped closer and closer to Biddle.

The whale woman growled down at the man who held his arms up in defeat at his larger assailant.

“...Alright, you win...” Biddle conceded, inching back in fear. “...Just, don't...do anything hasty, yeah?”

“Hasty?” called out the gunman, who quickly stepped before Orca and revealed himself to be none other than the infamous rogue gunman, the Red Hood, who pointed his guns out at all the wreckage and bodies around them. “Dude, I think we're well past 'hasty' at this point.”

The Hood had a brown jacket over his armored vest and gun-n-ammo-laced cargo pants. Of course, his most notable feature being the red ballistic mask that concealed his entire face, with two harsh, glowing white eyes made to intimidate his foes. The Red Hood knelt down before Biddle and casually poked him in the forehead a few times lightly with the caliber of his gun, which made Biddle flinch each time he did.

“Y’know, sellin’ these things to crooks at a bargain’s bad enough, Frankie-boy. But kids? Who does that?” Red Hood asked in a casual yet notably appalled sort of way.

“Hey, that wasn’t my idea. Their bosses came to me, and I supplied. If it wasn’t me, it would’ve been someone else. These mob bosses, guys, th-they’re gonna find ways to put guns in their hands somehow, right? I’m not the one tellin’ ‘em to take up arms, so-”

“-So you thought you’d play middle man anyway if it meant making a profit?” Snarled Orca in her deep, inhuman voice as she stomped before the cowering weapons dealer. “Not your plan, so not your problem?”

Biddle had nothing after Orca said that.

“...I have money, y’know. Millions. Way more than I got stored in my safe in the office. You two let me live? And you’ll never have to work another day of your lives,” Biddle finally pleaded with no other choices left.

Red Hood whistled beneath his mask while Orca’s expression remained unchanged.

“Millions, huh? Hey, that could buy me plenty’uh burgers’n booze, not gonna lie,” Red Hood conceded as he hummed to himself. But then, to Biddle’s dread, the Red Hood just shrugged dismissively. “Then again, why wouldn’t we wanna work when our work is just so much fun? I mean, would you wanna retire from a job ya loved doin’ so much when you’re in your prime?”

Just then, a hungry, audible grumbling erupted from Orca’s thick stomach, as if to further punctuate the Red Hood’s point further.

Red Hood chuckled and gently patted Orca's stomach a few times, making it jiggle slightly with each pat. "And as you can see, my friend here *kinda* worked up an appetite moppin' the floor with your crew."

Orca dismissively brushed the Red Hood's gloved hand aside and stomped over to Biddle. In a last-ditched attempt, he dove over to grab his shotgun, but Orca kicked him square in the ribs, launching him back into another crate of guns. He wheezed and gasped like the wind had been knocked out of him while Orca made her way over to him.

All Red Hood could do was shake his head. "C'mon, man. That was embarrassing..."

But Orca didn't care one way or the other. She just snatched the gun-runner up with one arm and yanked him high off the ground like a sack of garbage.

Even in his battered state, Biddle couldn't help but try and weasel his way out. "Can't we just talk about-MPH!?!?"

He didn't even get a chance to finish his sentence before Orca ran her thick, slimy tongue across his face. Biddle spat in disgust while Orca smacked her lips with delight.

"Mmm, you may be a miserable piece of filth, but you taste *delicious*," Orca rumbled with a vicious grin. When Orca's stomach rumbled again, she shoved Biddle face first against it, forcing his torso to sink into her layer of whale blubber. She let her stomach continue growling and grumbling into Biddle's ear while she forced him against it with no way to pry himself loose. "You should know, I wasn't always this thick. But what can I say? Worthless parasites like you just pack on the pounds..." Orca sneered, grinding Biddle's face against her belly while he squirmed pathetically.

Red Hood simply watched with amusement. "And you say Croc's a ham..."

Orca would've responded to that comment, but when her stomach let out an especially impatient-sounding growl, she decided that it was time to stop playing around with her food...

After prying Biddle off and hiking him back up, Orca opened her jaws nice and wide. Without so much as another peep, she licked her lips and promptly shoved Biddle, head first, right into her maw. He cried out and thrashed in vein while Orca greedily and rather forcefully shoved more and more of the man down her gullet. She greedily slurped up his body, seeming more eager to get him down her throat than she was to savor her meal like usual.

It wasn't long before Orca's thick muscular neck was bulging out obscenely with the form of her prey thrashing in vein as the tight-fitting, rippling throat constricted all around him. She groaned as she gulped, drooling off from the corners of her mouth as she brought her hand up to her protruding neck and felt the form of her prey slipping beneath her palm. He was already halfway down her throat as she gulped heavily again and again. More and more of Biddle's violently kicking legs vanished from outside of Orca's jaws while more of his frame squeezed past her gullet and began to enter her stomach.

Red Hood continued to watch the scene unfold. "Ahhh, nature...*so gross, yet, so beautiful.*"

Orca rolled her eyes at her partner's comments and continued working her prey down with relentless greed. The giant whale woman's free hand grasped at her thick, blubbery belly, which was starting to grow more visibly bloated as Biddle's upper body descended downwards. She let gravity carry Biddle most of the way down, feeling up the beachball-sized bulge in her neck with her clawed fingertips. Orca pressed down into her neck like she was forcing her prey down by hand. When enough of his body was loosened, she dipped her head back, clenched her eyes shut and swallowed hard.

**\*GLOORRRRLUUUULCK!!!\***

With that final, wet, rippling gulp, Biddle's body squeezed past Orca's thick yet tight throat. That massive bulge in Orca's throat squeezed past her ample chest and instantly caused her thick stomach to swell up by over four feet. It bounced heavily over her thick thighs as the miserable gun dealer plopped unceremoniously into her fat, churning stomach with a thick, audible slosh.

Orca gasped heavily, causing some thick drool dribbled down from the corners of her maw as she dropped her meaty palms down onto her fat, jiggling belly. Then, the whale woman proceeded to let out a giant, wall-rattling belch.

**"BEEEEEEELLU  
UUUUURRRR  
RAAAAAAH-  
HUUUUUUUUU  
URRRRHPIIIII!"**

It exploded out of her jaws for several seconds straight with such force that it caused streams of saliva to fly out of her maw while the rubbery corners of her mouth rippled. The power behind that eructation made the surface of her bloated, blubbery belly ripple heavily in response. Red Hood whistled under his mask and gave a thumbs up to the bloated whale woman. "Not bad, dude. Solid seven outta ten easy."

When it ended, Orca lurched forward and sighed heavily, letting her thick, drooling tongue hang out of her maw in a rather unladylike fashion while she groaned. "Gruooooahh man," Orca moaned, giving her belly a few hard, jiggling pats and letting out a smaller burp in the process. She wiped her maw clean with her beefy forearm then slumped back to cradle her utterly engorged gut, which rippled ever so slightly from the struggling Biddle was doing from within. "Haven't had a meal that good in ages..."

"Heh, dunno if good's quite the word I'd use, but you do you," Red Hood said with a shrug.

Orca was about to retort when a sharp kick caused a small yet quite visible bulge to stretch out from her lower stomach until it snapped back into place and caused the surface of her belly to jostle. Another blow caused Orca to wince and clamp her palm down over the bulge, snapping it back in place again, which dislodged another pressure pocket.

**"BWUUUUUOOR  
RRAAAAARCH!!!!"**

Another heavy belch rolled out of Orca's maw, not as long as her last one but still impressively loud and guttural. Orca huffed after it finished rumbling out of her, but winced with discomfort. She leaned back and slapped her fat belly hard, making it slosh heavily beneath her palm while Orca muffled another big, meaty burp from behind her fist, which reverberated loudly in her clamped up maw.

"Fuuh...heh, think he's more of a fighter in here than he ever was outside," Orca teased with a wicked grin, cradling her heavy gray underbelly and jostling her rounded stomach about with her prey trapped inside.

Biddle cried out as he tumbled face first into the stomach wall, causing a sizable bump to protrude from the surface of Orca's stomach. One would have to look real close to make out the faintest hint of an imprint sticking out of Orca's belly. His shouts of protest were muffled by a thick layer of bellyfat right in his face and the thick sound of Orca's stomach churning heavily all around him. Orca pushed her thick index finger into that bump, sending the man back into place which caused Orca's whole, rounded belly to wobble from his tumble, and caused her to hiccup loudly. Orca covered her mouth after that and gently palmed her ample chest to huff

"Heh, think you enjoy taking these dickheads down even more than /do, and that's sayin' somethin', Gracie," Red Hood commented in an un-judgmental way as he waltzed over and gave that blubbery dome a teasing pat.

Orca hiccuped again from the pat and brushed Red Hood's hand aside with an annoyed huff. "Hands off the merchandise, kid. Besides, it's not exactly rocket science. Devouring prey is always going to be more satisfying than shooting them dead."

"Clearly, someone's never played video games," Red Hood snorted dismissively and twirled his duel pistols in his fingers as an emphasis.

"And clearly, you aren't around whenever Waylon's trying to push those stupid things on me," Orca grumbled whilst stroking her ample, writhing stomach in satisfaction. "A bullet's too quick for these monsters anyway." It burbled deeply while Biddle struggled inside of her.

Once more, he could be heard shouting from inside of Orca's bulging stomach, pleading pitifully to be spared. And of course, his voice was muffled behind a thick layer of blubber and the churning of the stomach around him. It wasn't long before Biddle resumed thrashing at the stomach walls around him, which caused Orca's belly to jerk around and slosh heavily with each blow to the stomach walls.

Orca winced with just mild discomfort, gripping at her blubbery dome tightly with both hands to try and restrain her prey. An especially strong kick caused her to belch loudly and aggressively for a few seconds straight. Red Hood holstered his weapons and held up a finger. "You good there, Slim?"

"Mph, just peachy," Orca sneered with a wicked grin. "Just need to teach someone a little lesson..."

Orca carefully eased herself down to one knee, still gripping her fat belly with one hand and trying to hold it in place so Biddle's thrashing wouldn't make her lose balance. After managing to stay on one knee, she leveled out by getting down on both knees. Once secure, she proceeded to go down on all fours, smushing her blubbery medicine ball of a belly against the ground. Biddle cried out while Orca's stomach groaned heavily from the added pressure. She grinned and proceeded to grind her belly against the ground, swaying her thick hips left and right as her stomach compressed Biddle's body unbearably between Orca's sheer, impossibly heavy bodyweight and the concrete floor itself.



He felt like his body would be crushed at any given moment under all that weight. Of course, he tried in vein to thrash and resist his vice-like compression, but he could barely even move at this point as his body was forcefully rolled around with Orca's grinding. For a brief moment, he felt Orca's bodyweight ease off of him, like she was pushing herself up from her own stomach.

Until the weight of her body dropped down against Biddle, as if smacking against him all at once.

That was because, outside, Orca was now doing a bit of a pushup to heave her heavy frame up from Biddle's body. And once up, she dropped herself down against her own belly. She grinned to herself and pushed up again, and like clockwork, bounced down onto her smushed stomach heavily, causing her stomach to burble heavily.

In response, Orca's maw lurched open as another sonorous belch ripped out of Orca's maw.

"HUUUUUURR  
RRROOOOOOOO  
ORRRRAAAA  
AAUUUHP!!!!!"

It bellowed out of the bloated whale woman for several seconds straight. The immensely crude eructation was so strong that it caused Orca's belly to ripple from its sheer force and sent slimy strands of saliva splattering out of her maw and down onto the floor.

She felt another one brewing in her fat gut, and as soon as that monster ended, Orca shoved her palm into the side of her belly, making her palm sink into her blubbery belly fat and forcing up another monstrous burp in the process.

"AAAAAUUR  
RRHOOOOOO  
ORRRRRHP!!!!"

It rolled out of Orca for a few, rumbling seconds, once again making her stomach quiver from the force behind it. She pushed down further into her gut, causing her eructation to grow louder before petering to a finish.

"Better?" Red Hood asked jokingly.

Orca sighed heavily with relief and rolled onto her side, causing her bloated, gun dealer-filled belly to spill out heavily. She leaned on her elbow and rubbed her silky, spherical stomach in slow, circular motions while she licked her lips with satisfaction. "*Much* better," Orca cooed, patting her belly with relief as it jiggled with each heavy pat.

The bloated whale woman simply laid there, lost in satisfaction as she fondly looked down at her stomach and continued caressing it all over and rumbling in a pleased manner.

Red Hood watched in silence before breaking the ice in a way only he ever would.

"...This is definitely somebody's fetish..."

Orca stopped and looked up at him. Even without pupils, one could sense the sheer deadpan of her stare. It was a stare that said “you are the biggest idiot I've ever met” louder than the words themselves ever could. Red Hood could read that loud and clear. Of course, even with his mask on, Orca could just *feel* the smug, shit-eating grin young Jason Todd had beneath that intimidating red mask of his.

Nonetheless, she heaved herself up from the ground. Admittedly, she had to lean on Red Hood for support despite their sheer size difference, on account of how utterly bloated her belly was. It swayed and sloshed with Biddle stirring weakly inside from that little 'tenderizing' Orca gave him earlier. She had to grip her belly steady to keep it from jostling around too much by the time she was up on her feet. Of course, it still jostled enough to work up a wet belch for Orca to muffle behind her fist.

“**MMMMRRRRRRPH!!!** Guh, he was heavier than he looked,” Orca muttered and palmed the side of her bulbous gut to feel up her powerless prey.

The two rogues were about to take their leave, but then, Orca paused and sniffed the air. Suddenly, her pupil-less eyes narrowed, and without warning, she backhanded a large crate of goods behind the two of them. The force of the smack was so hard that the crate went flying off to the side with a sizable dent in its metal. And that sudden skidding, the man behind the crate stumbled violently to the ground, dropping his gun in the process.

It was Biddle's right hand man, the man Orca had sent flying across the warehouse during their original skirmish. He looked pretty beat up as is, but seemed to have come to.

Something he would soon regret, when he found Orca towering over him with her big, round belly looming down at him with the idle squirms and groans of his boss trapped inside.

Red Hood sauntered up to the man with guns out and shook his head. “I swear, they're getting' dumber each hit we do...”

The man frantically rose up to his feet and inched away as both Orca and Red Hood advanced on him; the formers' stomach bouncing with each heavy step she took.

“H-Hey, c-c'mon now! Y-You guys already took the boss, I-I'm just trying to get by here!” the criminal pleaded. “N-No need to hurt the lackey, right...?!”

Of course, his pleas fell on deaf ears. He backed up into a wall while Orca towered over him. Her round, blubber-laden middle squished up against the man's body, pinning him firmly between the wall and her belly. Orca looked down at the criminal, using one arm to lean against the wall while the other was on her thick hip.

“You know, I'd like to be a mother someday. My boyfriend isn't perfect, in fact, he's kind of an idiot. But he has a good heart deep down, and I think he'd make a terrific father,” Orca elaborated, much to the man's, and Red Hood's, confusion. As she spoke, she leaned down a little more, causing her stomach to squish into the man's body even more firmly and allowing him to feel the squirms of his boss writhing around inside of the metahuman. “Even back before I was...well, *this*, I always had a soft spot for kids. And what do people like you and this crew do?”

Orca leaned down even closer to bare her fangs down at the criminal and pelt him with her hot, fishy breath as she spoke further.

“You use the children of Gotham, because to you, nothing's off limits. Not even kids...”

Much to the right-hand man's dread, Orca grinned widely and slowly ran her tongue across her fangs in a showy, hungry fashion.

“...I don't usually overeat this much. I have to watch my figure after all...but in your case? *I'll make an exception...*”

Suddenly, Orca grabbed the man by his shoulders, pinning him in her mighty, steel-like grip as she stepped aside so her stomach wouldn't pin him against the wall. Then, like a ravenous beast, Orca opened wide and shoved the screaming criminal, head first, right into her jaws. Red Hood watched, genuinely surprised while Orca forced more and more of the man's body through her hungry, greedy jaws. She slurped and scarfed, forcing the man to squeeze down past her busy, slimy tongue, and down her throat.

Once again, Orca's thick throat expanded exponentially, now with the squirming, shouting upper body of Biddle's lieutenant. Unlike with Biddle, however, Orca was wasting no time practically shoveling the man down her gullet. Her already stuffed stomach quivered and churned as it began to shift with the second man's body beginning to squeeze into her innards.

Orca's already bloated belly began to expand even more than it already did. It was already bloated enough to envelop her pelvis. But now, it was beginning to bloat out even further the more she slurped the other man down. She greedily shoved the mans feet into her mouth and clamped it shut behind them with a very strained look on her face. Her palm remained against her mouth as her cheeks bulged and she drooled heavily.

Then, with some doing, she clenched her eyes shut and dipped her head back to gulp heavily...

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

With a final, loud and wet squelching swallow from her throat, the second man plopped inside of the impossibly bloated whale, making Orca's now massive belly bounce down as it rippled intensely and sagged just around her knees. Orca groaned breathlessly and stumbled backwards on account of how ridiculously stuffed she was. She eventually lost her balance and plopped down onto her rump with a ground-shaking thud!

Orca sat there in a daze, looking like she was piss drunk. Orca's stomach was *huge!* In fact, her gut was so impossibly bloated that she had to spread her thick thighs apart just to give such a giant silky beanbag chair of a belly some breathing room.

All Red Hood could do was stare in dumbfounded silence for several silent seconds, safe for the muffled cries of both men trapped inside of that immensely stuffed, gurgling stomach. "...You know I still had bullets, right?" Red Hood thought to ask.

Orca was too stuffed to respond properly. So her agonizingly full belly decided to respond for her when it rocketed a torrent of gas up her throat. Orca's eyes went wide as her cheeks puffed out. Then she proceeded to let out a burp so massive that it quite literally made the entire warehouse tremble in its explosive wake.



RRRAAA  
AAAH-  
HOOO  
OOORR  
RUUUU  
URRRR  
AK!!!!

The floor all around them literally shook in response as Orca released quite possibly the biggest belch ever uttered by any creature to grace this city. It blasted out of Orca's maw with such devastating force that debris actually rumbled down from the very foundation of the rumbling warehouse. The Red Hood actually almost genuinely lost his balance in response to that monstrous eruption.

Well over ten straight seconds passed before that incredibly gaseous expulsion rolled to a deep and guttural finish. When it did finally end, Orca slumped back, groaning and drooling in an absolute haze. She lazily rubbed her gigantic, churning belly and uttered a short yet throaty afterburp, followed by a softer one after that.

“**BLOODORRRUUUUUMPIII** Guuuuh...**URPI** Ooof...so...full...” Orca moaned breathlessly while her wide stomach, bloated out by what looked like six feet, quivered and burbled like a thick vat of unstable chemicals. Her prey were struggling, but because they were practically tangled against one another, their movements were limited. They couldn't do much else besides make Orca's giant blubbery dome sway with their desperate movements, which caused her enormous belly to slosh really thickly.

**\*GLOOOUUUURRRBL!!!!\***

Orca cringed when her huge blubbery middle shook about in response to that deep churning sound. Red Hood pushed himself back up to his feet and walked over to Orca, standing before that massive, churning dome. “You, uh, you good there, Grace?”

The only response Orca gave was another harsh, throaty belch that ripped out of her for a good few seconds straight until it ended in a breathless huff that left her tongue hanging out of her maw.

“Gotcha,” Red Hood nodded simply. He looked over that giant belly with a bit of bewilderment as it noisily gurgled around the two men trapped within. “Damn, you really overdid it this time, huh...”



Orca grunted and held a fist up to her mouth, using her other hand to hold a finger up at Red Hood. When that feeling of nausea passed, she huffed and patted her ample chest to clear her windpipes. “Urrgh, coooUUURRldn-t help myself...URP...bastards desEEUUURRRrved...it...HURP...BUURRAAAAHYUUUURRRHP!!!!” Orca groggily grumbled out her response, so stuffed that she couldn't stop burping mid-sentence until it eventually devolved into her letting a big one out at the end.

Red Hood didn't really question her reasoning beyond that though. After all, he knew Orca had a soft spot for kids and anyone who hurt them or used them the way these goons did? Well, that was never gonna end pretty for anyone.

So, instead, Red Hood rested his palms against Orca's huge, blubbery boulder of a belly and proceeded to firmly rub it all over. His hands actually sank a good deal into her thick belly fat but Red Hood had enough upper body strength to push past that as he firmly ran his hands across as much of that vast belly as he could reach. Orca's eyes went down at half-mass as she moaned and slumped back a little, which caused her globular gut to push out even more with the fiends inside.

To Red Hood, Orca's belly felt like a giant mountain of really thick dough in a silky, slightly rubbery container. He could lean into it and his palms would just keep sinking deeper and deeper into that massively doughy organ. Her prey weakly battered against the stomach walls where Red Hood was massaging, but that accomplished little besides an audible groan erupting from the stomach.

Red Hood's hands continued to roam as much of Orca's belly as he could reach, which, while far, wasn't all of it. He caressed the sides of that dome, really digging his fingers into it as he kneaded circles into the blubbery globe. Then, he knelt down and gingerly ran his hands over Orca's far more sensitive underbelly. The whale woman groaned a little more loudly at that area, since it was far more delicate for her than the rest of her overworked stomach.

It was honestly a little bit of a workout having to reach all over a stomach that was just about as big as Red Hood himself was. And yet, he still carried on without any complaints. Rather, he continued marveling at how huge Orca's stomach was as he rubbed it all over.

While continuing to massage Orca's achingly engorged middle, Red Hood could feel it burbling deeply and gaseously beneath his palms. Feeling an especially tense portion of the stomach, Red Hood rested his palms directly against the center of Orca's stomach, just above her very deep belly button. And then, he squeezed his hands down. "Fire in the hole," he muttered jokingly, and for good reason.

The press worked up a sizable pressure pocket which rocketed up Orca's gullet and caused her eyes to widen and her cheeks to bulge out. Then, half a second later, her maw gaped open with an uproarious belch.

**"BEEEEEEELLL  
UUUUURRRR-  
HUUUUUUUUU  
URRRRRHPIIIII!"**

Red Hood could feel the stomach ripple beneath his hands as that sonorous eructation flowed out of the impossibly bloated whale woman for several seconds straight.

Orca gasped breathlessly when it ended, huffing to herself. Then she thumped her chest and released another deep, throat-rumbling belch, followed by a dainty afterburp. She grunted and ran her hands across her vast stomach with a look of mild strain. "Mph, still more," she mumbled in that hoarse, overstuffed sort of way.

"I don't get paid enough for this job," Red Hood mumbled jokingly. Then, he felt around for another tense portion of the blubbery belly and pressed his hands down into yet again.

Like clockwork, another gigantic belch erupted from the immensely bloated whale woman. It bellowed out of her maw for close to seven seconds and sent more globs of saliva splattering onto the ground. And of course, it wasn't long before another one loudly roared out of Orca's maw for another record-breaking tonsil rattler.

Orca spent the next few minutes just burping uncontrollably. Every single time Red Hood pressed down on her belly, Orca would belch so loudly that it not only caused her massive gut to ripple in its wake, but it would make Red Hood's ears genuinely ring out uncomfortably. Though, in his case, he was used to such sounds from both of his voracious partners in crime-fighting. Or in their case, *crime-eating*.

Finally, after an especially lengthy belch, Orca sat back with both hands pressed against the concrete floor beneath her. She huffed and held up a finger in a 'wait a moment' sort of fashion. "Guh...haaah...lemme just...huff...catch my breath, kid..."

"Almost there, Grace. Just one more encore," Red Hood insisted. And before Orca could even protest, Red Hood rammed his hands down into the dead center of her belly as hard as he could. He pushed down so hard that his hands almost seemed like they'd been enveloped by her belly fat.

In doing so, a beachball-sized lump gurgled its way up Orca's throat and made her cheeks bulge out so much that she looked like she had swallowed two basketballs for about half a second.

Then, half a second later, Orca's maw snapped wide open and her rubbery lips rippled intensely as an absolutely colossal belch exploded from her mouth like a bomb had just gone off in her belly...

1 B W O  
O O O  
O U U U  
U U U U  
U R R R -

AAAA  
AAUU  
UUUU  
URRU  
OOO  
ORR-



If that last monster Orca let out was a record-breaker, then this one shattered that record and blew away the shards.

Orca belched with such devastating force that crates were actually rattling right off the shelves of the warehouse. The entire building quivered so intensely that some windows had actually cracked. And it was such an amazingly **loud** belch that anyone within a half-mile radius was bound to hear it rumbling on for almost eighteen straight seconds. Red Hood pushed further and further into Orca's belly as she burped, causing it to only get louder and more rumbly with each volatile second.

If Croc were in the area, he might have actually started tearing up with shame, knowing he would never, ever be able to top an eruption like that...

Once it finally rattled to a finish, Orca was so utterly spent that she lifelessly plopped backwards, laying down with her beefy arms sprawled and her giant stomach jutting over her and wobbling like a huge, blubbery beanbag chair. One that burbled idly yet heavily all the while.

Red Hood looked a bit dazed from taking the brunt of such aggressive noises first hand. But he nonetheless patted Orca's belly and smirked down at his companion. "Better?"

Orca's only response was a tiny burp.

Red Hood chuckled and shook his head. "Yeah, you're welcome."

Cleaning up the streets of Gotham wasn't easy, and it damn sure wasn't quiet. But when all was said and done, it was worth it, every single time.

...Though, Red Hood was probably going to see if Croc could nab a few gallons worth of Pepto before heading back home.

**The End**