

Your poor, sweet little boyfriend truly was too excited for his good sometimes. Ever since Kalim first vowed to become more independent, one of the first things he learned how to do on his own was cook. And to the boy's credit, it turns out, Kalim was actually REALLY good at it! Today, in fact, he decided to practice cooking enough to feed an entire group. It was hard work but the young, wide-eyed prince was more than happy to be doing something by himself and doing a really good job at it.

By the time Kalim was done, he'd managed to whip up a mini-feast that would surely satisfy any of his dinner guests. Except, he hadn't actually invited anyone, and what he was left with was a feast and nobody to feast on it. And after all the work he'd put into making that food, it would've been a shame to see it go to waste.

So, what did sweet little Kalim do instead?

*...He freakin' **ate** it all by himself...*

And sure as the sky was blue, the end result left the poor boy in bed with the mother of all stomachaches.

"...OoooooOoooohhh Prefect, my tummy hurts so muuuuuuch...!" Kalim whined pitifully, rolling in bed and hugging his immensely bloated, tanned stomach.

You rolled your eyes but frowned sympathetically as you climbed into bed next to Kalim. Even if it was self-induced and shortsighted, you hated seeing such a cheerful, gentle soul like Kalim in so much pain. So, you gently shushed your bloated boyfriend and turned him over. When you did, however, the sight of Kalim's MASSIVE belly made your eyes almost bug out of your skull.

Kalim had eaten so much that his stomach was sticking out by well over two feet. It had completely undone the sash to his Scarabia uniform, pulling his pants down and hiking both his sleeveless shirt and fine, silk vest up, exposing the entirety of that smooth, tanned and bloated belly. It was so swollen that it almost looked like Kalim had swallowed a beachball somehow.

And clearly, Kalim's digestive system wasn't too happy either, because his belly was churning more noisily than you'd ever heard it gurgle and bubble away before. It was amazing that Kalim could even EAT this much...!

“...Urrgh, it huuuuurrrts...” Kalim whimpered, sounding like he was on the verge of crying from how badly his poor, stuffed tummy was aching.

Getting past your sheer, flustered awe at the sight of Kalim's beautifully bloated state, you rested your hands against his taut, drum-tight belly. Kalim had eaten so much that his usually much leaner stomach felt as hard as a pumpkin. There was very little in the way of give, since, for as big an eater as Kalim himself could be, you'd never seen him eat THIS much. And the way his stomach churned was so intense, you could feel it reverberate against your own palms.

Kalim sighed shakily, still tense, but clearly, very welcoming of your hands on his belly like that.

You bit your lip, and then slowly began to trace your hands up and down Kalim's distended belly. Leaning forward, your hands trailed up to the peak of Kalim's stomach, feeling where it and his lean, athletic chest connected, then all the way down to his fairly soft underbelly. Since that part of Kalim's stomach was always a little more delicate, you caressed his undersides by gingerly stroking your right palm beneath it from side to side.

Kalim sighed heavily, clearly loving the feeling, but giggled slightly at the same time. He was a very, VERY ticklish boy, and his stomach was easily the most ticklish part of his body. Countless times, when you snuggled together, you'd just flutter your fingers across Kalim's tummy and get the poor boy squirming and laughing hysterically. And you would've done the same here, but with how stuffed Kalim was, doing so might've risked making him feel even sicker.

So, you simply smiled at his slight giggles, and gave his belly a gentle pat. It felt like patting your hand against a really ripe watermelon, and sounded like it too.

Your hands continued to roam all across Kalim's engorged stomach. One hand reached across his sides, palming into the side of Kalim's belly while your primary hand caressed the center of his stomach. You could tell Kalim was growing more relaxed. His body stopped shivering with tension, his limbs were a bit looser, and Kalim was occasionally huffing to himself with a slight yet docile smile across his adorable, tanned face. Dammit, even when he was pushing all of your buttons, Kalim was just the absolute cutest lil cinnamon bun in this whole, nutty school, and you loved him that much more for it...

Both of your hands remained situated around the center of Kalim's stomach. Again, you leaned into Kalim a little bit, digging your thumbs and fingertips into the tight yet gurgling surface of Kalim's belly, while your palms slowly yet firmly ran circles across his burgeoning middle. Kalim whined to himself, but in a bit more of a pleased and euphoric sort of way when one of your fingers drifted down near his oh-so-fine navel. Perhaps unwittingly, he bucked his hips ever so slightly, as if subconsciously guiding you back near that area.

Smiling, albeit in a flustered sort of way, you obliged him.

Gently and delicately, you ran the very, very tip of your index finger slowly across the outer rim of Kalim's bellybutton. You saw Kalim biting his own lower lip at the sensation, moaning pleasantly to himself as you continued to stir him up with pleasure, tracing circles around that delicate flesh. Until finally, your finger slipped gently inside of Kalim's bellybutton and firmly fluttered and dug around inside. Kalim moaned a little louder and muttered, "Haaaaah...s-so nice..." It was hard to tell if he was talking about the sensation of how nice you were to oblige him like that.

Either way, you continued this soothing treatment, loving every bit of it as much as Kalim was.

Whatever you were doing had to be working because Kalim's whole body relaxed even more than it had been earlier. Kalim was almost perfectly still as you continued lovingly rubbing his big belly for him. The gurgling grew far less intense and more idle. And even Kalim's stomach felt significantly less tense than it had before the belly rubs began.

So, you eventually pulled your finger out of Kalim's navel and resumed tenderly rubbing and kneading both hands into Kalim's belly. A soft yet notably audible huff exhaled from Kalim's mouth as you continued your treatment, with that smile across his parted lips growing wider. He was loving every bit of this soothing treatment his tummy was receiving. But then, there was a sharp, audible gurgling that erupted from the very depths of Kalim's stomach...

GRRUUUDDDDRRRBLE!

The harsh churning caused Kalim's belly to quiver slightly beneath your palms. And once again, there was a sour look on Kalim's face.

"Hhhhaaaaah..." Kalim huffed uncomfortably as he held his bulging belly with both hands and whined again.

Frowning, you rubbed a little faster and a bit more firmly, feeling around for tenser portions of the stomach you could try and unknot with your kneading. Rubbing away so vigorously seemed to have an impact though, because in doing so, you stirred something up in Kalim's belly that worked its way up his throat.

'BRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPH!!!!'

Without warning, Kalim let out a loud, high-pitched burp, one that rushed out from the very depths of his stomach and worked its way out of him for almost three seconds straight. You were frozen stiff, face growing beat red while Kalim sighed heavily with relief. But then, he sat up in bed a little, using one arm to support himself against the mattress and the other wrapped around his bulbous belly.

Your hands were still firmly placed against it. You could feel it churning heavily with gas still festering around inside. And with that first burp finally released, it was as if a cork had been released, because another one went flying out of Kalim's mouth, this one both longer and MUCH deeper than the first one he'd released...

**'HUUUUUUUURR
RRUUURRRH-
OOOOOOOOOO
ORRPH!!!!'**

It was so incredibly hefty-sounding, like something you'd hear coming out of Leona or Floyd, not sweet, dopey little Kalim. After it rumbled to a forceful close, Kalim panted, almost drooling somewhat from the sheer force of it as he rubbed his belly and said, "...Ngh, still got more in there..."

You were so flustered that it was almost as if you were on autopilot. Because straight away, you wrapped your hands around Kalim's belly and pressed your palms down firmly into it.

And like clockwork, a HUGE burp erupted from the young nobleman. This one so forceful that you'd swear you felt the bed itself rattle beneath you both. And as soon as it ended, you pressed Kalim's belly again, and the boy threw his head back before releasing another massive, throaty belch. It was genuinely impressive how LOUD these eruptions of his could be. Whatever spices he'd used in his cooking, combined with just how much of it he had consumed all by himself? Well, that had to be a recipe which resulted in producing a LOT of gas in his tummy in need of releasing.

"BUUUURRRRAAAAAPH!!!!"

**"AAAAAAAARRRR
RRUUUUULLP!!!!!"**

**"BRREEEUUUUUR
RRRAAAAUUUUR
RRROOOLPH!!!!!"**

For the next few minutes, Kalim found himself burping uncontrollably. You continued kneading and pressing into his belly, ringing out one throat-rattling belch after another from the boy, each one, impressively enough, getting a bit heftier than the last. And here you were, loving every second of it, feeling the gas rush up from Kalim's stomach, and savoring the rich sound of each eructation rumbling out past his lips.

It was all kinky music to your ears...

After an especially lengthy burp, Kalim slumped forward, panting breathlessly as he palmed the side of his stomach. "Grruuuaahh...my tummy still feels kinda bubbly...like some more is stuck in there..." Kalim groaned to himself, a little winded from burping so much, thanks to you.

This culminated in you sitting behind Kalim and wrapping your arms around his belly. Doing so allowed you to give Kalim a backwards hug where you SQUEEZED his immensely rounded stomach as hard as you could without him getting sick. The resulting burp was a record-topper that would've made even Ace and Ruggie a little jealous...

“BRRRAAAAA
AUVVUURRRR-
HOOOOOOOO
ORRRUUUH-

URRRRROOH-
EEEEEEELLVVV
URCH!!!!!!!!!!

Kalim let out an utterly GIGANTIC belch, one that bellowed with such force that you were CERTAIN that the bed was quivering in its gassy wake. This one was so loud that it actually caused you to flinch as it rumbled out of your cheery, bloated boyfriend. And it was so long that you clocked it in for ten seconds flat, a dream for anyone with OCD...

You blushed furiously as your hands sank into Kalim's belly, feeling it rattle in your grasp as all that gas went skyrocketing out of Kalim's gullet in one titanic, record-breaking eructation.

When it finally ended, Kalim sighed so heavily that a bit of drool dribbled down his chin, but he was too winded to even care. He just panted and huffed like the wind had been knocked out of him. Yet, despite that, he looked like a million bucks afterwards...

"PHEW! Ohhhh, man, I needed that!" Kalim exclaimed in a weary yet cheery fashion, slapping his belly happily with relief, making you shudder with delight at the satisfying thumping sound it made. It also made young Al-Asad hiccup suddenly and adorably from the slap.

The boy leaned backwards in a weary fashion, into your chest and weighing you down until had to lay back yourself, due to how utterly heavy Kalim's belly was.

“Haaaaaaah, thanks for your help, Prefect. My tummy feels soooooo much better now...”

And of course, you, being the flustered mess that you were, barely managed to peep out a tiny 'you're welcome' to sweet, relieved Kalim.

After taking a moment to catch his breath, Kalim eventually looked over his shoulder at you and asked, “Could'ja keep rubbing my tummy for a lil bit more though? Pretty please? It feels so good...”

Kalim didn't realize he needn't have worked so hard to get your hands on his belly, but you were glad he did. Even after being winded, he flashed you that famous beaming and hopeful smile of his that was so damn cute, it was impossible to say no to. So, with your arms still wrapped around Kalim's hips from behind in a backwards hugging sort of fashion, you continued rubbing Kalim's oh-so bloated tummy while Kalim groaned heavenly to himself.

Again, you would've happily rubbed away without any prompting...buuuuut Kalim didnt need to know that...