

“How foolish can you be to overindulge like this?” Blade remarked in a calm but clearly exasperated manner as his hand slowly roamed Jing Yuan's stomach. The long, white-haired warrior's normally muscular midsection was so bloated that he had long since undone his armored belt and waist guard just to give his distended gut some breathing room.

Jing Yuan huffed as he arched his back out, causing his belly to stick out a little more while Blade's gloved fingers kneaded into its tight, jam-packed surface. “Mph, I can do without the lectures, thank you very much...” Jing Yuan muttered as he exhaled slowly in a mixture of pain and pleasure.

Blade's fingertips kneaded down a little more firmly against Jing Yuan's upper stomach, causing his belly to emit a pained gurgle. A moment later, Jing Yuan grimaced then covered his mouth as if he was about to be sick, but after a moment, his throat hitched, and he pulled his hand back just as he let out a long, throaty belch.

“Honestly, would it kill you to hold those in?” Blade muttered with a shake of his head.

“...Guh, can't help it...” Jing Yuan replied with a weary huff before palming the side of his belly and knocking loose a low afterburp.

“Tch, good thing the other knights aren't here. They look up to you, so imagine what they'd think to see you behave so boorishly...” Blade muttered as he used his palm to massage firm, measured circles in the center of Jing Yuan's tight, distended belly.

“I'd doubt they would care,” Jing Yuan muttered dismissively, smirking and adding, “the younger ones would probably be impressed.”

Blade shook his head and scoffed. He slid his hand underneath Jing Yuan's tight tunic and lifted it up, exposing the man's smooth, taut and pale stomach. The normally muscular organ's usually toned abs were completely thinned out as his bloated stomach jutted out with the same curvature as an especially large watermelon. His bellybutton stretched and more shallow too.

To give himself more room, Blade tugged Jing Yuan's pants down ever so slightly to expose more of the white-haired man's underbelly. After a moment, Blade removed his leather gloves and rested his exposed hands against Jing Yuan's even more exposed belly. Blade's fingers continued to tenderly yet firmly roam every inch of that tightly distended middle.

Jing Yuan groaned in euphoria at Blade's touch. Blade's hands slid up and down the sides of Jing Yuan's belly in a clearly sensual manner. In spite of that, his face remained as cold as ever.

That wasn't helped when a low gurgle erupted from Jing Yuan's tight, heavy belly, and was quickly followed by a failed attempt to stifle an upcoming belch which, halfway in, Jing Yuan just let out loudly and freely.

Blade's face scrunched in annoyance as he muttered, "What did you even eat to leave yourself making such crude sounds?"

"Mph, too much," was all Jing Yuan bothered to say before gripping the side of his belly and pressing down hard until a much louder burp erupted past his lips and left him sighing in relief.

"Utterly repulsive," Blade sneered quietly as he continued rubbing Jing Yuan's belly.

"Though, not repulsive enough to make you leave, so it can't be THAT bad," Jing Yuan insisted with a smirk, before it widened a little. "Or is there another reason you insist on aiding my little bellyache?"

"There is nothing 'little' about this glutton belly, you fool," Blade replied, firmly slapping the side of Jing Yuan's belly for emphasis and cringing when the slap made the bloated warrior belch heavily again.

"Mph, you're right," Jing Yuan conceded before smirking a little cheekily and adding, "And clearly, that's how you prefer it, right?"

Blade huffed softly and muttered something insulting under his breath. Though, that did little to mask the creeping blush staining his cheeks. "You're an imbecile..." he stated simply, as if in concession.

"And you're blushing," Jing Yuan said with a rather cheeky smirk, as if victorious.

Blade's hand rested against the center of Jing Yuan's bare stomach, slowly running up the tight upper crest to his abdomen, all the way down to his pleasantly smooth underbelly, where his hand lingered, rubbing it from side to side. "It is quite oddly alluring to see it in such a distended state," Blade conceded, adding, "...round, smooth, firm to the touch...it's quite pleasant to touch--"

His words were cut off by yet another big, throaty burp from Jing Yuan, who moaned with relief and huffed after.

Blade cringed and muttered, "...Even in spite of some repulsive noises that may accompany it..."

Jing Yuan managed a lazy chuckle and arched his back, making his belly stick out more for Blade. "In that case, have at it..." he murmured, sprawled out.

As Jing Yuan laid down, Blade sat directly before him, hands planted firmly on Jing Yuan's belly as he ran the pale man's tunic up even higher until it was rested just below his pecs. He then leaned closer towards Jing Yuan's bulging stomach and more firmly started kneading at his sides. Jing Yuan rested his eyes shut and hummed pleasantly at the thorough treatment from the dark-haired man.

Blade couldn't mask his arousal at the sight. Leaning closer, he eyed Jing Yuan's tight, heavy belly and pushed his thumbs into both of Jing Yuan's gluted sides with his fingers caressing against it. His index finger delicately traced over Jing Yuan's stomach until it was idly tracing circles around the pale-skinned man's bellybutton. The overstuffed warrior moaned even more audibly and little 'excitedly' as Blade continued, eventually fingering Jing Yuan's bellybutton and kneading around inside of it.

"Tch, such a fool, to be reduced to putty like this..." Blade muttered quietly, but in a tone that suggested he was talking to himself, given the fixated way he was eyeing the man's stretched out, shallow navel, all while kneading Jing Yuan's upper belly with his free hand.

Well, that kneading seemed to coax something up because halfway in, a prolonged gurgle rumbled deep from Jing Yuan's melon-sized belly.

The man grimaced and sat up on his elbows with a strained look on his face.

Blade sighed to himself, knowing exactly what was coming.

Sure enough, Jing Yuan threw his head back and let out an absolutely *ferocious* belch; one so big that Blade could literally feel Jing Yuan's belly, tight at it was, reverberate from the utter force of the expulsion. To Blade's annoyance, the burp dragged on for an inconceivable six seconds straight before it crescendoed into a euphoric moan.

"Ahhhhh...ohhhh, that's better," Jing Yuan moaned, slapping his belly in satisfaction, and lazily letting out one last afterburp.

"...You're disgusting," Blade muttered dejectedly.

"Don't care, and neither do you," Jing Yuan responded, eyes rested shut with a smile on his face.

Blade shook his head...but nonetheless resumed rubbing.

*He truly hated when Jing Yuan was right sometimes...*