

“HA! Caught'cha this time, ya fuckin' nerd!!” snarled the young blond werewolf as he pinned you down to the ground with alarming ease. You struggled against his grip, thinking you could pry loose, given the fact that he wasn't much larger than the average human male anyway.

In fact, the werewolf boy almost barely resembled a canine at all, minus the bushy tail, dog ears jutting from his spiky blond hair, and the black claws in lieu of fingernails. Otherwise, he had human features beyond that, with a soft, handsome face, looking to be around your age, a great physically toned build, and dressed in a raggedy green coat over a white tanktop, blue trousers, boots, and a dog collar around his neck.

The tag simply read 'Bakugou'.

But even though 'Bakugou' was only a little bigger than you, his strength was completely inhuman. Your writhing and struggling was like that of an ant pushing against a boot...

You were utterly helpless in his grasp...

And clearly, the attractive predator was smarter than he looked too, because he used one of his knees to keep your legs pinned down, lest you try and kick him as hard as possible in the crotch...(hey, it worked on other, dumber preds...)

Bakugou sniffed you for a moment, then grinned wickedly, showing off his pearly white fangs. “Mmmm, you smell fuckin' delicious, punk...” he growled, before leaning up close and running his thick tongue across your cheek, leaving a trail of sticky saliva across your face in the process. He smacked his lips at your flavor and cackled to himself, adding, “...ya TASTE fuckin' delicious too...”

Quite a foul mouth on him...

You shouted at him to let you go, intensifying your struggling to no avail. But the teenage wolf just grinned even more wickedly (a feat you wouldn't have figured possible) and said, “Ohhh, don'tchu worry, I'll let SOMETHIN' out, all right...”

At first, you were confused by what he meant when he said that. But then, he took on a more focused look and started subtly bobbing his head as you heard a low, idle gurgle erupt from his throat. Bakugou was swallowing air into his stomach.

But usually, people didn't do that, unless they were about to...

...Oh no...

Just as you feared, when Bakugou's stomach took in as much air as it could, his fang-filled maw lurched open and he let rip a big, forceful burp... *right* in your face...

The eruption was short, but it was quite loud for something released entirely on-command like that, meaning his gut could take in a lot of air...likely due to his stomach having been stretched so many times by sizable meals...which...didn't bode well, sufficed to say...

You coughed in disgust at the vile stench of his lingering stomach gasses while the wolf gave a breezy sigh and a cruel laugh at your misery. "Hahaha! How'd that one smell, punk? Pretty fuckin' rank, I'd bet!"

As if to make matters worse, Bakugou grabbed you by the chin, using his vice-like grip to force you to face him as he, while still grinning, sucked in one large go of air. Then Bakugou let rip another, much longer, raunchier and *smellier* burp in your face again. Only now, he was holding your face in place so you couldn't turn away. He forced you to take in that disgusting eructation in full-force. The unholy, putrid STENCH of his breath and stomach gasses was so nauseating that your own stomach started to turn.

When that one ended, Bakugou moaned shamelessly, letting his long, canine tongue lull from his maw. "Fffffuuuuck, that one was stuck in there all fuckin' day..."

You called him a repulsive pig, but that just made him laugh.

"GAHAHA!! Who the fuck d'ya think ya are?? Yer literally just my lunch, ya think I give half a fuck what my snack thinks?! HA! Fuckin' dumbass!"

And as if to emphasize that point, he grabbed the back of your head and forced you against his shirt-clad stomach. Your face pressed hard against his firm, toned abs, as you willed yourself not to blush while Bakugou began to grind your face against his firm, muscular gut...which proceeded to rumble hungrily, almost IMPATIENTLY in your ear...

"Y'hear that? That's where yer goin', punk... 'cuz yer just food t'me, nothin' more...and I'm about done playin' with my food..."

Without any warning, Bakugou threw you to the ground so forcefully that it left you disoriented...enough so that you didn't notice when the wolf boy's jaw stretched out to inhuman proportions, and he proceeded to shove your feet and lower body into his maw. By the time you did catch on to what Bakugou was doing to you, it was far too late. You started to squirm but the young werewolf just shoveled more and more of your lower body into his maw, gulping you down at a scarily fast rate.

More and more of your lower body continued to slide down the wolf boy's slimy, tight gullet as you found yourself inching closer to those razor sharp, pearly white fangs of his. Desperately, you tried to pull yourself back, but the wolf's grip was like a vice; much stronger than you could ever hope to overpower. That damn, greedy wolf just kept gulping and scarfing as, to your horror, your head was completely engulfed within Bakugou's jaws. It was a small miracle that his fangs didn't carve up your face on the way in.

Then, with the wettest, thickest gulp imaginable, you felt his throat muscles pulsate intensely, sucking your upper body down the unbearably tight esophagus. You clenched your eyes shut, feeling every part of you get squeezed by those slick, rubbery sphincter. Until, with one last extra hearty gulp, you found yourself completely crumpled within the belly of the greedy beast.

It was a slimy, fleshy sac, one that tightly wrapped around your entire body and gave you next to no room to move. The smell was enough to make your own stomach turn in disgust. And the heat was damn near hellish. It was the most uncomfortable feeling you'd ever experienced in your entire life, and was only going to get worse from here.

You gritted your teeth and tried to writhe, jostling your confinement but feeling it almost snap you back into place. There was a thick, sloshing noise that erupted from the stomach lining all around you after that as you heard Bakugou's muffled voice moaning loudly in satisfaction and euphoria.

Euphoria. He swallowed you whole, planned to digest you to the bone, and was feeling euphoria over it...

“Gaaaahhh...ohhhhh fuck me, that was...” you heard the young werewolf start to say, but his trailed off at the end. Suddenly, there was an intense, gastric gurgling all around you. There was a rush of rancid-smelling air all around you.

You knew what that meant.

And sure enough, your slimy, miserable confines quivered violently as Bakugou let loose the single loudest, most aggressive BELCH you'd ever heard in your entire life! That ear-piercing eructation blasted out of him for several seconds straight, depriving your confinement of much needed air and tightening the stomach lining around you even more, like a vacuum seal tightening around its cargo.

When the sound finally ended, you heard Bakugou moan loudly with relief as he said, “Haaaaahhhh...ffffffuuuuck that was a good one...” Suddenly, you felt something smack against the front of your face a few times, and assumed it was Bakugou shamelessly patting his giant belly in satisfaction. With that last pat, another gurgle bellowed, and sure enough, out rumbled another enormous, painful-sounding burp that rattled out of the bloated wolf for six full seconds.

You felt your confines shake around, no doubt Bakugou gripping his gut and jostling it around, judging from the applied pressure you felt on either side of your slimy, hot confinement.

“Tch, damn, punk, yer makin' me fuckin' gassy,” Bakugou growled out with a hint of mild annoyance in his voice, before yet another crude, lengthy belch blasted out of him and rattled your fleshy prison, followed by him smacking his gut a few times in response.

You shouted that he was a disgusting pig, prompting his belly to bounce all around you, shaking you up as he laughed heartily and cruelly.

“The fuck do I care what'cha think, punkass? Like I told ya! Yer food, nothin' moooooore!!!!” Bakugou barked, burping the last word of his sentence out, before huffing, smacking his gut, and knocking loose a big, heavy afterburp that got stuck halfway.

At the rate Bakugou kept burping, it was going to be long before you ran out oxygen. But judging from how fast his stomach was heating up and gurgling ominously, passing out from air loss might not have seemed so bad compared to what was probably in store for you...

You didn't know if you'd get out of this situation alive, but no matter what, you'd at least make sure this greedy, handsome werewolf, suffered the mother of all bellyaches for what he planned to do to you...

Take the small wins where you can get them, right...?