

“Hehe, looks like I got'cha aaaaaaall t'myself now, Nightwimp...” King Shark growled with a menacing cackle as the massive, hulking humanoid shark loomed over the vigilante hero.

Nightwing was bound by his arms and legs; the upper body and boots to his costume missing, leaving him only in his spandex pants and mask. The young shirtless hero gritted his teeth as he struggled in his binds and said, “Rgh, y'know, Shark, I know you're not exactly good at this kinda thing, but it's kinda hard to blackmail when you EAT your bargaining chip...just sayin'...”

“Pfft, the others wanna blackmail those punks ya work with. Me?” King Shark ran his thick, slimy tongue across his fangs as he rubbed his bare, muscular stomach hungrily as he added, “...I just wanna eat'cha all up...”

King Shark gripped the restrained Nightwing and effortlessly hoisted him up. Slowly and tauntingly, King Shark licked Nightwing's bare abs and then all the way up to his chiseled chest. Nightwing recoiled in disgust while King Shark shuddered at the young hero's taste.

“Mmm, tasty...” King Shark rumbled pleasantly.

“...Dude, at least buy me dinner first,” Nightwing quipped.

“Heh, hate t'break it t'ya, bird boy, but I'm lookin' at my dinner right now...” King Shark growled out, before opening his jaws nice and wide.

Nightwing clenched his eyes shut and looked away, grimacing at the pungent, fishy odor that wafted all over him the second he was unfortunate enough to catch a whiff of King Shark's nauseating breath. And it wasn't getting any better the instant King Shark shoved the shirtless vigilante's head and shoulders into his maw. King Shark lathered his tongue all across Nightwing's face and upper body, moaning in delight at his delicious flavor as he forced more and more of the hero down his slippery gullet.

His thick, rubbery-like throat grew engorged and wide as Nightwing's body began to slide down his gullet slowly. He squirmed and writhed, but it did little good, only helping him descend down King Shark's slick throat that much faster. As King Shark continued to gulp him down, his thick tongue continued to lick and slurp up every part of Nightwing's body still within his jaws. His licking made the acrobat squirm and resist even more, while making Shark rumble in delight at his tasty catch.

He eventually slurped up enough of Nightwing to where only his legs remained outside of his maw. Dipping his head back, King Shark let gravity slide Nightwing's body down his throat. His claws felt up the engorgement of his neck, protruding out so heavily from Nightwing's frame. Almost teasingly, King Shark's tongue ran over Nightwing's bare feet, slurping them up.

Until finally, with one incredibly wet and thick gulp, Nightwing's body pushed down past King Shark's beefy chest and plummeted unceremoniously into his stomach. King Shark's firm, muscular abs immediately smoothed out completely as his belly almost immediately bulged out by well over three feet, stretching out easily to accommodate Nightwing's near-six foot frame. It bounced and jostled heavily against his thick thighs as the sharkman moaned heavily, drool dribbling down from his open jaw as he felt his prey fill him up like nothing else could.

“Gruuuooooohhh man,” King Shark moaned as his clawed hands cradled his absolutely enormous belly and heaved it up as best he could. “Who knew birds could be so damn filling...? Cuz man, I'm STUFFED!”

“Oi! Shark!” called out a sharp and cockney-accented voice. One which immediately caused the overstuffed King Shark to go wide-eyed with panic. His panic was worsened when that voice added, “Ow's my little prisoner holdin' up?”

King Shark quickly glanced down at his giant belly and saw Nightwing's writhing create small bulges on the surface. If his employer saw his gut so utterly engorged and squirming around the way it was, it wouldn't take long for him to figure out what King Shark did to Nightwing.

So, perhaps a bit foolishly, he decided to try and suck in his gut.

Flexing his abdominal muscles as hard as he could, his huge, globular gut sucked into itself like a vacuum sealed bag. King Shark's massive belly sank inward as tight as it could around Nightwing, making his abs, previously smoothed out from his intense bloating now barely pooch out from his still massive but now much less obviously prey-filled belly.

However, between all the air that King Shark swallowed and the sheer pressure of his inhuman stomach muscles clenching his gut so tightly, the end result forced an intense amount of pressure to go rushing up his throat.

And before King Shark could even try to stop it, his eyes went wide as he suddenly, almost uncontrollably threw his head back and let loose an absolutely COLOSSAL belch! This vile, thunderous eructation exploded past King Shark's rippling lips, causing the ground to shake and all the heavy containers and cargo boxes to quiver as a result. That monumental expulsion also further tightened his belly around Nightwing, forcing the young man into the most painfully tight fetal position he'd ever been in his entire life as his slimy organic confines rattled like an assault on every one of his senses.

When it ended, King Shark moaned in abject relief, letting his drooling tongue hang from his maw like a dog as he rubbed his massive belly and said, “Wooooo man, that had t'be a new record...WHEW, heh...”

“...Bloody 'ell, what was THAT?!” called out that voice from afar, but notably closer than it was a moment earlier.

Recovering from that record-shattering eruption, King Shark swallowed a little anxiously, managed a grin and turned around, causing the source of that voice, Oswald Cobblepot, aka, “The Penguin” to find his little dwarf-ish self at eye level with the giant belly of the beast as he continued hobbling towards him.

“...Oh you have GOT t'be kiddin' me! Don't tell me ye soddin' ATE the little bellend!” Penguin exclaimed angrily.

“What, thiiiiis? Pfft, naaaahh...” King Shark said dismissively in a wannabe slick sorta way as he ran his hands up and down his massive belly in a satisfied manner. “Nah, the punk was gettin' all rowdy'n said somethin' 'bout my mama, so I tossed his curvy ass into one'uh these shipping containers. Don't worry, he's got tons'uh air.”

“Then how d'ye explain THIS...” Penguin asked pointedly as he jabbed King Shark's belly with the tip of his cane.

King Shark glanced down at his massive gut, feeling it burble heavily and said, “Uhhhh, w-well, um...see, one'uh the crates was packed t'the brim with fish, an' well, heh...I'm a growin' shark, just can't help myself...” he added, giving his belly a few hearty slaps for emphasis.

“...*Fish*,” Penguin repeated dully. “Son, you takin' the piss? Cuz I'll turn ye into chum if y'are...”

“Hey, if ya don't believe me, smell fer yerself, boss,” King Shark insisted with a rather wicked grin, before leaning back, taking a deep breath as he swallowed down some air, before lurching forward with another GIANT belch right in Penguin's direction.

The sheer force behind that disgusting yet powerful eructation was enough to knock the four and a half foot crime boss off of his footing and toppling down onto his back as the nauseating stench of King Shark's fishy innards wafted all around him. When it ended, King Shark breathed a heavy, boorish sigh and gave his gut a few hefty pats. Each pat sounded like he was slapping a giant pumpkin with how solid those thumps felt against his huge, perfectly spherical gut.

“Oh blimey!!” Penguin sputtered in abject disgust, coughing and fanning the air around his long, beak-like nose. He snarled back at King Shark and very angrily shouted, “I've 'ad blokes disemboweled fer less, ye miserable, maneatin' *twat*...!!”

“Heh, hey, ya called me liar, but what's that smell like t'ya? Nice'n fishy, right?” King Shark said innocently as he stood back up straight as best he could and slowly rubbed his huge belly in a satisfied manner. “So do ya believe me now? Cuz I can let out a bigger one if ya hafta be sure...”

Shuddering with dread at the mere thought of that offer, Penguin shook his head and said, “Urgh...I'll take yer word on it...just 'ave 'im ready fer me when it's time t'shoot the ransom video...and don't you EVUH do what ye just did t'me ever again. Y'got that, boy??”

King Shark grinned innocently and shrugged his beefy shoulders innocently. “Hey, I'll try, but bein' near me when I'm full'uh fish, just, y'know, I wouldn't...”

Penguin shook his head, utterly done with this metahuman moron and hobbled away, still coughing and fanning the stench of King Shark's putrid stomach gasses off of himself as best he could.

When he was alone in the warehouse again, King Shark finally stopped clenching his stomach muscles, causing his massive belly to bounce freely against his thighs once more. Parking his thick, curvy, spandex-clad rump onto the ground and resting his back against one of the shipping containers, King Shark leaned back as his globular, rubbery dome of a gut spilled down heavily between his legs. He slowly rubbed his vast belly with a pleased rumble and said, “Mmmm, how're ya likin' it in there, pretty boy? Ya ain't squirmin' around so much no more, are ya, hehe...”

“...I'm gonna kick your ass so hard when you gotta spit me out, it won't even be funny...” was Nightwing could mumble out, too dazed from the unbearably tight confines and the lack of air.

“Heh, don't worry, after I let'cha out, soon as we finish with our lil ransom video, yer goin' right back in,” King Shark said with a teasing snicker which made his belly bounce.

In response, even bound by the ankles and wrists, Nightwing kicked his legs out as hard as he could at the dead center of King Shark's stomach. Outside, a notable bulge protruded from King Shark's belly just above his navel before snapping back in place, making King Shark's belly ripple violently and forcing another MONSTROUS burp out of the aquatic beast.

“Oof...oh man...!” King Shark grunted before thumping his gut and knocking loose a hearty afterburp. Smacking his lips, he said, “Heh, keep that up'n maybe that 'container' I put ya in didn't have as much air as I thought it did...”

“... *Where's Batman's shark repellent when you need it...*” Nightwing grumbled in defeat.