

Ty Lee Takes Care of the Competition

by *TheSoftie*

Ty Lee sighed, leaning back against the sun-baked sand, and let loose a contented burp.

‘Coming to the beach was a great idea!’ the acrobat remarked cheerfully, rubbing the dome of her taut, warm stomach. ‘It’s lucky I ran into you, Suki—I was getting pretty hungry, and I just couldn’t resist...’

Her prey thrashed and struggled, but to no avail. The Kyoshi warrior was unable to make more than a vaguely recognisable imprint on the surface of Ty Lee’s belly, and her muffled screams and threats were drowned out by gurgles and groans as the girl’s stomach began to digest its oversized meal.

‘Hmm?’ Ty Lee said, cocking her ear to interpret Suki’s complaints. ‘Oh, don’t worry,’ she replied with a giggle, ‘I’ll take good care of that Water Tribe cutie for you...’

Sighing dreamily, she let out another belch, leading to a redoubling of her prey’s efforts as she expelled most of the little air in her stomach. ‘Whew! You made me pretty gassy, huh?’ she joked, prodding her belly as bulges pushed in and out with Suki’s struggles. ‘I guess I should’ve seen that coming, you’re pretty spicy after all.’ She paused for a moment, fighting in a vain attempt to keep another expulsion down, but to no avail; a moment later she burped again, releasing a foul cloud of gas into the air before covering her mouth, several seconds too late.

With that, Suki finally went quiet, with both suffocation and digestion stifling her ability to protest or squirm. Ty Lee smiled with satisfaction, pulling herself upright with some difficulty and patting her belly. ‘There we go,’ she said sweetly, ‘now we don’t have to fight! You’ll get to be part of me forever...that doesn’t sound so bad, does it?’

Her round, softening belly made no reply.