"Ready to lose, nerd?!" Katsuki Bakugou growled, sporting his trademark black tank and black jeans as he headed into the dining room of their dorm.

Poor Izuku Midoriya tapped his fingers together nervously in his usual All Might T-Shirt and sports shorts and asked, "...Wh-Why are we doing this again...?"

"'Cuz ya ate more than me already, bastard!" Bakugou snarled, recalling that time Bakugou was bulking up in school for an upcoming event, garnering him tons of praise for his stomach capacity...only for Midoriya to be bulking out at the same time...and to have eaten even MORE than he did.

"Kacchan, I swear, I-I wasn't TRYING to show you up! It was c-coincidence!" Midoriya tried to explain but Bakugou just aggressively grabbed Midoriya by his shirt and yanked him forward.

"Shove it, Deku. Today, we're settlin' this," he growled and pointed his free hand at the table the two would be setting at. It was practically overflowing with takeout.

"...Th-This seems like a bad idea," Midoriya whined uncertainly.

Bakugou snorted passively and let go of the green-haired boy, warning, "Don't you DARE go easy on me either, bastard! I'll kill you if ya do! GOT IT?!"

Midoriya gulped nervously and nodded.

Both teens sat down across from one another with a mountain of takeout boxes between them. Bakugou was glaring daggers as he grinned cockily at Midoriya as the latter just sat down and nervously shifted. He looked back at all the food and said, "...This is...a lot. Y-You sure you don't want me to pitch in for at least half of-"

"-*YOU SAYIN' I CAN'T AFFORD ALL THIS?!*"

"-N-No! No! I just...I feel bad about not paying for any of the food I'm about to eat, honest!"

"Tch, don't worry, nerd. You'll be feelin' way worse when I pound yer ass into the dirt once this contest is finished!" Bakugou snarled with a wicked, toothy grin. "ANYWAY...ready, shitty nerd?"

"...You could've just stuck with 'nerd'," Midoriya replied with a frown. Still, despite himself, there was a competitive look in Midoriya's eyes, one that showed he was every bit as ready to chow down as Bakugou was. So, he nodded and added, "But if we gotta do this, then I'm ready when you are..."

That was it.

In an instant, Bakugou grabbed his first takeout box and got to work fiercely ravaging the contents within; shrimp tempura, beef strips and steamed rice. Midoriya was just as quick to follow suit. He wasn't as fierce as Bakugou was angrily stuffing his face, but Midoriya was no less determined. He'd long since vowed to never be Bakugou's punching bag, and despite their relationship changing dramatically as the months ticked by, they were no less competitive with one another. Only now, despite his reluctance, Midoriya was equally determined to prove his mettle as Bakugou.

Bakugou was ravenous, shoveling heavy amounts of food into his maw, munching heavily before gulping down hard and stuffing his face with more food. It barely took a second or two of angry chomping for Bakugou to work whatever was in his mouth down his gullet. One of a few instances when being hyperactively angry had its advantages.

Midoriya was eating a lot faster than usual too. He used his chopsticks to shove smaller portions in his mouth so he could gulp it down almost instantly in contrast to the giant mouthfuls Bakugou was practically inhaling. It was a slower process but the two were basically neck-in-neck at the rate they started off eating.

Funny enough, Midoriya had to do his best not to beam at how delicious the food actually was. He was gonna have to thank Bakugou at some point for treating him, even if it was intended to show Midoriya up in an eating contest.

Both teens got through their first box in record time, and quickly got to work on their next ones. Bakugou's had spicy beef, his favorite food. So naturally, he scarfed each strip down like a savage wolf. Midoriya had no chance in topping that. Though, his box DID contain pork dumplings, his own personal favorite. It was actually kind of thoughtful, Midoriya realized, that Bakugou still remembered what his favorite dish was after all these years.

The two competitive youths plowed through their next boxes of food, with neither one showing any signs of slowing down. Then it was onto their third boxes. It was impossible to determine who would emerge victorious with both teens managing to plow through their meals in record-breaking pace. After all, neither Bakugou nor Midoriya needed to take any breaks thus far or even seem to catch their breath. Both pretty much took the breaths they could between boxes and bites, which got the job done well enough for them.

After their fourth, fifth, then sixth boxes, however, that's when things started to level out slightly. Both teens had reduced their eating pace somewhat, and all that food they'd packed away had begun to have a more noticeable impact.

Midoriya's stomach felt much heavier than usual, like there was an uncomfortable amount of weight just sitting in his gut. In the middle of chewing another dumpling, he subtly rubbed his belly with one hand under the table. His stomach was pressing out pretty prominently, by almost a foot, and had a rounded curve to it. That All Might designed T-Shirt was feeling a lot tighter around the middle than usual, now, barely containing Midoriya's stomach beneath it.

Now, it was beginning to kick in just how much Midoriya had eaten. He swallowed hard, causing a sizable lump to slickly travel down his gullet with a wet squelch, then huffed afterwards. Midoriya could feel a light pressure in his chest from the weight in his expanding stomach. Still, he soldiered on, determined not to let Bakugou get an edge on him in this contest.

As he looked across the table at Bakugou still stubbornly stuffing his craw, Midoriya looked down a little to get a glance at Bakugou's belly. Much like Midoriya's, Bakugou's stomach was pressing out firmly against his black tanktop, barely concealed behind it anymore. It looked about as bloated as Midoriya's stomach, but with a slightly tighter look to it, due to Bakugou's more muscular frame.

After finishing his latest box, Bakugou huffed with a slightly strained look on his face. That is, until he leaned back in his chair and let loose a large, obnoxious belch that rumbled from the very depths of his gut for a solid three seconds straight. He sighed heavily when it ended and slapped his belly contently, giving a smaller burp afterwards and muttering, "Gruuuuh...fuck I needed that..." Then he glanced back at Midoriya who was still finishing up that last box and grinned cockily, adding, "heh, laggin' a lil there, Deku?"

Midoriya swallowed the rest of his own box and frowned, responding with, "Not a chance, Kacchan!" He very quickly grabbed his next box, but grimaced when his bloated stomach gave a thick gurgle. Midoriya placed a hand on his belly and winced.

For a second, he thought he was going to be sick.

Instead, Midoriya's mouth lurched open and he let loose a HUGE belch, one that easily dwarfed Bakugou's in both volume and even lasting a full second longer. Normally, Midoriya would have been red as a tomato for burping out loud like that. However, the sheer relief Midoriya felt after that pressure pocket evacuated his stomach was so impossible to describe, that he couldn't help groan with sweet satisfaction. However, as soon as he remembered what he just did, his eyes widened and he glanced nervously back at an irate Bakugou, and sheepishly muttered, "H-Heh...e-excuse me..."

"Think you can show me up like that, punkass?!" Bakugou practically snarled, then angrily got to work cramming more food down his gullet.

Despite his embarrassment, Midoriya was gonna be damned if he was going to let Bakugou get an edge. So, like clockwork, he followed suit, getting to work chowing down on his next box right alongside his rival. And before long, both boys were back in a competitive groove, albeit much slower than at the start of this competition, but no less intent on plowing through every box they could literally stomach.

More and more boxes of food continued to rush down their gullets as the two teens continued working through them, one hearty mouthful at a time. And of course, the more they consumed, the larger their stomachs grew. Midoriya's belly was beginning to swell out to the point where he looked like he had swallowed a really large watermelon whole. It jutted out by over a foot, growing bigger and rounder, and beginning to ride his shirt up to expose his bare stomach from beneath it. Midoriya's belly grew so heavy that it even started to weigh down against his sports shorts.

Though Midoriya tried to ignore it, the weight in his gut was starting to become more than a little uncomfortable. He caressed the swell in his aching tummy tenderly with one hand while the other continued to scoop up more food into his mouth. The boy spent several moments chewing while his stomach gave a thick groan. He dipped his head back and swallowed heavily, sending a pretty sizable lump down his throat. A thick lump bulged out from his slender neck and vanished past his defined collarbone, adding to the mass growing in Midoriya's aching belly.

Midoriya huffed breathlessly and needed to catch his breath as he slumped back in his chair and rubbed his painfully swollen stomach with both hands. He couldn't help letting out another deep, lengthy belch, one that forced its way out of his mouth loudly and left him both gasping and blushing at the same time. "Gruh…p-pardon me…" Midoriya said, covering his mouth after and muffling another burp that tried to roll out of him, puffing out his cheeks in the process.

He looked across the table to see if Bakugou was fairing any better, and though the pissy blond boy was still stuffing himself, there was considerable strain on his face. Bakugou's big, rounded belly looked tight as a drum, the way his skin stretched out painfully and weighed down against his black jeans like a big, fleshy rock. When Bakugou patted the side of his belly to kind of encourage himself to keep eating, it sounded like he was slapping his hand against solid stone concealed behind flesh. His brows were furrowed in angry, utterly stubborn determination like always, but it did nothing to mask the utter strain on his face as he ate.

He was trying to use Midoriya's resting period as a window to get an advantage, but it was clear he couldn't go on eating much more all at once without making himself sick. So, after swallowing heavily, he was forced to slump back in his seat and nurse his own painfully packed gut.

Bakugou groaned, rubbing his immensely rounded middle up and down with both hands. Midoriya could hear a sickly sounding groan erupt from Bakugou's belly. He was about to ask if the stubborn teen was feeling well, but before he could open his mouth, Bakugou opened his first and let loose a HUGE burp, one that bellowed from the deepest depths of Bakugou's jam-packed stomach and carried on for a few, echoing seconds straight. Midoriya would've sworn he genuinely felt the table rattle in its wake.

After it ended, Bakugou gasped and gripped his gut with both hands tightly, lifting his enormous belly as best he could and giving it a firm jostle. Midoriya could hear the contents in Bakugou's beachball-sized belly slosh heavily.

"Urff…ff-*ᴜUUU*ᴜᴜᴜᴜ*UUUᴜU*ᴜ*UU*ᴜ*HHHH*ᴜ-ck…! Ahhh…!"

Bakugou was so stuffed that he literally burped the word "fuck" to exclaim his rumbling exasperation. He then slapped his belly as hard as he could with one hand and dislodged another massive belch that roared out of his maw so hard a few flecks of saliva spewed past his gaping, lightly rippling lips.

Seemed like his attempt to get an edge on Midoriya left Bakugou pretty damn gassy.

The two didn't bother trying to get an edge on one another in that moment, the break was just desperately needed. Midoriya was leaning against his chair kneading and massaging his aching belly to try and settle the knots in his stomach through firm yet gentle ministrations. And directly across from him, Bakugou kept burping for a solid two minutes, just kneading his own turbulent gut and letting the gas rumble out of his maw as loud and as hard as he could. Even Midoriya couldn't help but let out a few pretty deep burps of his own in response to some of the firmer pressure he was applying to his belly.

This eventually gave the two enough of a break to try and reach the home stretch. It was anyone's game at this point. Both boys were stuffed to their limits and beyond, but both were determined to best the other. Their pace was slow since there just wasn't much room left to demolish the food as they had been up to that point. They just ate to see who would tap out first. It was getting really painful, with both boys looking pretty green as they continued gorging groggily. Their bellies emitted thickly gaseous, acidic gurgles, warning them both that they were well past the limits.

Both Midoriya and Bakugou ignored the pain as best as they could, continuing to work more food down their gullets, but eventually, it just became too much.

The first to give in was Bakugou who, despite his fervent, fiery determination, couldn't eat another bite without puking.

He slumped back in his chair lifelessly after swallowing the last mouthful he could take in. For a moment, his throat lurched, making him cover his mouth, as if he wasn't sure if he was about to throw up or not. But eventually, his hand was blown back as Bakugou released a rumbling belch that lasted almost ten full seconds. He huffed when it ended and looked utterly nauseous.

"Urrrgh...f-fuck this...I'm out..." Bakugou mumbled groggily, as if he could barely speak, before grimacing, pounding his chest and giving another long, throaty burp that left him huffing afterwards.

He massaged his pained, churning dome of a gut as best he could. Bakugou's belly was utterly massive at that point, completely riding up his shirt and weighing down so heavily against his long unbuttoned jeans that his boxers were on full display as his belly spilled between his legs, nearly pushing into the table itself.

Midoriya wasn't fairing any better. His freckled face was starting to get about as green as his hair at that point. The poor boy was so unbearably full that the thought of taking another bite risked making him lose his lunch. Bakugou was slightly ahead of him though. So if he quit now, then the bloated blond would get to call it a win. And for as much as his intensely bloated belly ached, and for as badly as he wanted to call it quits, Midoriya did no such thing.

Instead, Midoriya powered through. He groggily continued scooping up more and more food and weakly shoving it into his mouth, to chew more steadily and carefully. Each gulp he took was a labor now, causing him to clench his eyes shut as he swallowed heavily to work his mouthfuls down.

Bakugou watched on as he nursed his own painfully swollen stomach and scoffed. "Tch, y-you ain't gonna top me, D-Dek**ᴜᴜᴜ**ᴜ**ᴜ** ∪ ∪ ∪ ∪**OOORRP!!!!**″' Unfortunately, Bakugou was so stuffed that he couldn't even finish his taunt without a deep, raunchy burp interrupting him right around the end of his sentence. He panted after it ended, then grimaced and slapped his gut hard, unleashing another strong, throaty belch.

All that spicy meat was doing a number on Bakugou's gut...

But Midoriya ignored Bakugou's attempts at taunting him and subsequent gastric distress, and instead, put all his focus on trying his damnedest to finish enough of the remaining food that he could top Bakugou. And the more Midoriya managed to cram down his gullet, the more Bakugou's strained albeit confident smirk began to wane.

Especially when he saw that Midoriya's empty boxes were nearing his own, all of the sudden...

It wasn't easy. Midoriya's absurdly swollen stomach churned so heavily that it sounded like their chemistry class in the organ. In fact, his belly was so massive that even after scooting back, Midoriya's impossibly engorged gut still managed to push into the edge of the table. He was well past his limit and going to be feeling this one tomorrow...

...But today? He was dead set on tasting victory. And after finally gulping down his last box, that was exactly what Midoriya had earned; victory over Bakugou, who was simply staring in disbelief.

"...Tha...that fuckin' nerd actually..." the immensely groggy Bakugou's eyes were nonetheless wide with shock.

Midoriya had beaten him in their eating contest...

Though, Midoriya was feeling anything but victorious. The dazed boy slumped back in his seat lifelessly, making it creak slightly from the sheer weight his giant, noisily churning belly now carried. There he sat, groaning lifelessly as his hands fell atop as much of his massive belly as he could reach. Midoriya's stomach was so big and round that he looked as if he were overdue with triplets, even his bellybutton looked thinned out from how filled past the brim his painfully overworked and overstuffed organ was.

He could barely breathe from the sheer pressure that was weighing against his esophagus. It got so bad that when his insanely bloated stomach gurgled heavily, it felt like there was a tidal wave inside of his body.

Midoriya lurched and covered his mouth, going greener and greener, like he was on the verge of vomiting up every bit of food he just inhaled.

Bakugou's brows furrowed as he inched away cautiously and said, "Oi! Don't you dare puke, you fuck! If you throw up, I'mma fuckin' kill you, ya understand?!" He turned his head and muffled a sickly burp and huffed, adding, "...Urgh...I can barely hold all this down as is..."

Midoriya heaved with his hand still clamped over his mouth, squinting uncomfortably as he tried desperately to hold back whatever was trying to painfully roll up his throat. Unfortunately, his stomach was so full to bursting, he couldn't hold anything in, and eventually, his hand was blown back. Only, when his mouth finally gaped open, he didn't throw up as he and even Bakugou originally feared...

...Instead, Midoriya let out the single BIGGEST burp he'd ever uttered in his entire young life. One that was so incredibly loud, it made Bakugou flinch as it exploded out of Midoriya's mouth like a shotgun blast. And it had such force behind it that the empty boxes on the table quite literally rattled in place as that record-shattering eructation raged on for over ten seconds!

"...Jesus fuckin' Christ, Deku..." Bakugou murmured when that monster finally rolled to a strong and sharp finish.

Midoriya gasped heavily, letting his tongue hang out of his maw almost lewdly as it felt like the wind was taken out of him. He couldn't even process the relief or potential embarrassment he felt after that because that burp left him absolutely breathless. Not that it mattered, because his belly gave another thick groan, which actually made its vast surface ripple slightly. Midoriya winced, then grabbed the sides of his giant gut with both hands, threw his head back, and released another ferociously loud belch, not quite as loud or long as that last beast, but still louder than anything most people could let out.

The unbearably bloated boy had eaten so much that his stretched out dome of a stomach desperately needed to relieve itself of as much pressure as it could manage. So Midoriya barely had time to even try to catch his breath when that second tonsil-destroying burp had ended, because straight away, another powerful eruption burst out of his mouth.

Poor Midoriya literally couldn't stop burping, and not a single one DIDN'T sound harsh, painful and powerful. Even when Midoriya tried in vein to hold them back, the gas was so strong that it would blow past his lips and just come out even longer, like his own stomach was spiting him.

Finally, after letting out one last really long burp that stretched to a little over a dozen seconds, Midoriya was left panting lifelessly on his chair, looking like he'd just gone six rounds with Muscular in the boxing ring.

"...I think...I think my heart just stopped..." Midoriya groaned in an utter daze, whimpering softly as he tried in vein to nurse his achingly round belly.

Bakugou snorted as he massaged his own aching belly and said, "Tch, always so fuckin' dramatic, even when ya win...pisses me off..." But despite himself, Bakugou grunted and looked away as he added, "...Still, took balls of ya t'keep goin' even when ya were way past yer limit, Deku. That wasn't too bad..."

Even in his dazed state, Midoriya's eyes widened upon hearing what Bakugou muttered under his breath.

"...D-Did...did you just...compliment me, K-Kacchan...?" Midoriya asked, lips trembling like he was on the verge of tears when he asked that. Whether it was from how much his stomach hurt or from the shock of hearing kind words from Bakugou was anyone's guess.

Bakugou just groaned to himself, both in annoyance and fullness and simply said, "Don't get used to it, nerd. I'll still kick yer ass in everything else..."

When his own immensely bloated gut bubbled painfully, Bakugou hissed between his clenched teeth and clutched his belly with both hands, adding, "…Urgh…in a few hours, at least…"

Midoriya lifelessly stroked his own much larger belly and nodded in agreement. He tried to speak up, but a hefty burp exited his mouth instead. At this point, Midoriya was WAY too full to blush or even excuse himself anymore. Instead, he managed a weak, delirious giggle and said, "…The food was pretty yummy though, huh…"

Bakugou thumped his chest and let loose a much louder burp of his own then grunted in agreement, before sniffing at his latest eructation and recoiling.

"…Ugh, sure as fuck doesn't taste as good comin' back up as it did goin' down…"

It was one of those rare occasions where, for once, both Midoriya and Bakugou were in complete agreement with one another. Though, both boys being full beyond comprehension tends to take a lot of 'fight' out of a person…