

“Are you sure this is the best way to train...?” Izuku Midoriya asked in an admittedly skeptical manner, placing his sword and shield off to the side.

“Course I am! Yer biggest worry is that'cha might get gobbled up by some monster or other dragon dudes, right? What better way to train than bein' put in that situation?” Eijiro Kirishima asked. The red-haired young dragon boy grinned a big, fang-filled grin and added, “And I know you got some serious fight in ya, so that oughta make this fun!”

“But won't it hurt if I'm just thrashing around violently in your belly?” Midoriya asked.

“Pfft, you kiddin'? My gut's like solid rock! You can bash away away to yer hearts content!” Kirishima boasted with a cocky grin as he gave his bare abs a resounding slap. “And if you can gimme a bellyache, then that just shows how manly ya are!”

Just then, Kirishima's exposed, muscular stomach gave a long, hungry gurgle, causing him to look his friend over and lick his lips hungrily.

“So are ya ready?”

Midoriya sighed to himself and said, “Let's do this...”

With an eager grin, the dragon boy grabbed his fellow teen by his shoulders. Then, the young, semi-scaly man opened his jaws to an inhumanly wide degree, and eagerly shoved Midoriya inside. He teasingly ran his thick tongue across Midoriya's face, shuddering at the boy's flavor before ravenously forcing more and more of Midoriya's body to the back of his throat.

Normally, Kirishima would have loved to have taken his time, simply to enjoy the flavor of his meal, but he knew Midoriya probably wouldn't enjoy being stuck in his throat for too long, so he just rather shockingly wolfed the boy down at an inhuman rate.

Kirishima's throat bulged out immensely as Midoriya's upper body started to slide down his gullet. He gulped and swallowed repeatedly as his thick throat muscles pulsed around the green-haired boy, pulling him further and further down his gullet. Kirishima placed his gauntlet-clad fingers against his throat and shuddered in a pleasant manner as he felt Midoriya's body steadily vanish down his throat.

As he gulped away, Midoriya steadily began to enter Kirishima's stomach. The young hybrid dragons' abs thinned out as his muscular stomach began to swell as more and more of Midoriya's body filled him up. Kirishima just rapidly shoved more and more of the boy down his throat as he gulped and swallowed rapidly, as if trying to get Midoriya in his belly as fast as possible.

Finally, with an especially thick gulp, an immense, melon-sized bulge pushed down Kirishima's slick, scaly throat, sending the rest of Midoriya to vanish down his gullet. Until eventually, his now-bulging stomach swelled out by three feet, bouncing heavily and making Kirishima stumble before steadying himself and grabbing his enormous belly with both semi-clawed hands. Kirishima gasped breathlessly, drool dribbling down his chin as he huffed and panted.

Inside, Midoriya was curled up within his tight, slimy, and fleshy confines. The stomach lining practically encased his entire body like a vacuum-sealed bag. He pushed himself around into an almost fetal position to get as close to comfortable as he could. But before he could utter a word, the stomach lining around him tightened, and proceeded to quiver violently as Kirishima threw his head back and let out a DEAFENING belch!

The dragon boys' enormous belly jostled around intensely as he gripped his gut and expelled all of that air that he gulped down along with his friend as loudly as he could. When that explosive eructation ended, Kirishima sighed heavily with relief. "WHEW! Dude, that felt AMAZING!" Kirishima exclaimed as he gave his belly a couple of resounding slaps, burping again after the last one. He then glanced down at his belly and gave it a playful jiggle, adding, "Are ya alright in there, tasty human?"

Midoriya looked rattled and frazzled, but otherwise, no worse for the ware. "My ears are still ringing, but otherwise, I'm okay..." the boy muttered.

"Awesome!" Kirishima exclaimed merrily before sitting down on his rump and resting his back against a nearby tree, slowly rubbing his globular gut in a contented manner. "Mmm, in that case, let's see what'cha got!"

"And you're sure I'm not gonna hurt you?" Midoriya asked.

Kirishima scoffed. "Pfft, please, wouldn't be very manly if I COULDN'T help out my tasty lil buddy, right? Now have at it!" Kirishima insisted, slapping his gut heartily for emphasis.

With the greenlight given, Midoriya started bashing against the front of the stomach lining, hammering it intensely with his shoulders and fists.

Outside, Kirishima's huge, scaly belly started to writhe as smaller bulges subtly protruded from his gut. He grinned and caressed his thrashing gut, holding it in place and feeling his friend batter around in his belly relentlessly. An especially firm bash to his innards caused a sizable imprint of Midoriya's arm to subtly push out above Kirishima's bellybutton before Kirishima flexed his stomach muscles and snapped Midoriya back in place. The pullback caused Midoriya to tumble while Kirishima's belly wobbled heavily from the motion. "Hehe, you didn't expect to get zero resistance, did'ja?" Kirishima teased.

He winced slightly as a thick gurgle erupted from Kirishima's gut in response to that motion. Clutching his belly tightly with one hand, Kirishima's fang-filled maw lurched wide open as another HUGE belch ripped out of the dragon boy, shooting strands of saliva from his maw and startling nearby birds as it rolled out of him for a good few seconds.

Kirishima huffed heavily, then clenched his eyes shut as he felt more coming up, before slapping his globular gut and knocking loose another giant burp.

Each ferocious belch unleashed from the dragon boy caused Midoriya's confines to simultaneously tighten and quiver aggressively, both from the air being expelled and from Kirishima's stomach muscles clenching to push out as much pressure as possible. The results left Midoriya in a bit of a daze.

When those eructations rumbled to a finish, Kirishima gasped breathlessly. "Haaaahhh...ohhhhhh man, you're makin' me gassy as all hell, dude!" Kirishima exclaimed, patting the side of his big scaly beanbag chair of a belly, causing it to wobble and making him burp yet again. He quickly swallowed down air to keep Midoriya from losing oxygen, then added, "Yer definitely doin' somethin' right, dude!"

"All I'm accomplishing is making you burp though," Midoriya muttered dejectedly.

"Well, duh! I'm a different species'uh dragon from all the other dragons dudes 'round these parts," Kirishima explained. "My scales can harden in a way no other dragons can. If yer tough enough t'make me burp like that, trust me, dude, any other dragon'd probably be pukin' their guts out by now, which means, they'd be pukin' YOU up too."

Kirishima grinned cheekily, however.

"... 'Course, they'd probably know that, so they might do a lil somethin' t'keep you from fightin' too much'n makin' them sick..."

"Like wha-AUGH?!" Midoriya started to ask, but yelped when his confines suddenly shifted dramatically, and caused him to tumble face-first into the front of the stomach lining and wince as his confines grew almost unbearably tight.

Outside, Kirishima got on all fours and smothered his enormous belly against the grassy ground beneath him. The dragon boy grinned impishly, baring his fangs as he started to grind his gut against the grass and push himself lower as if to smother Midoriya even more tightly within his belly. "Ya can't expect a dragon t'get a bellyache and NOT think they won't try'n tenderize ya til yer too weak to upset their stomach, right?" Kirishima exclaimed as he swayed his firm yet slightly curvy hips left and right and ground his belly more heavily.

Midoriya grunted and gritted his teeth as his body was smothered and smushed within the dragon boys' squeezing gut. His body lightly battered left and right from Kirishima's grinding about. It felt so utterly unpleasant, but he knew his friend was right about things not being this easy, so he gripped at the lining beneath him and tried to push himself up.

Outside, Kirishima huffed with his long tongue hanging from his maw in a satisfied manner as he continued to grind his scaly belly against the ground. He felt Midoriya starting to resist, pushing Kirishima up from the ground slightly as the green-haired boy thrashed and bashed around within Kirishima's belly. The red-haired young dragon teen leaned slightly to clutch the side of his writhing belly and feel his friend hammering about.

Still holding his belly, Kirishima took a deep breath, then belched tremendously, rippling his belly from the sheer force of it. Sighing with relief, Kirishima gave his belly a resounding, almost teasing slap and said, "Haaaah, heh, ya gotta do better than that, dude! C'mon, you got this!"

Midoriya kept at it, resisting Kirishima's grinding about, using his full body to ram into the slimy stomach linings crushing around him, occasionally getting rattled any time Kirishima let loose a monstrous burp or two. He'd nearly lose his grip and get pinned down by Kirishima's bodyweight, but Midoriya resisted and kept on hammering away. He fought and fought some more until eventually, the stomach all around him quivered and gurgled violently.

Kirishima winced and finally stopped grinding. He grimaced and clutched his mouth with one hand while still using the other to support himself. For a moment, he lurched like he was about to be sick. But then, his hand got blown back and Kirishima's maw gaped open as he let out the single loudest, longest, most utterly COLOSSAL belch that he'd ever let out in his young, draconian life...! That utter behemoth blasted out of Kirishima, rumbling the ground violently in its wake and causing leaves to fall from nearby trees. Kirishima's eyes went wide as he burped uncontrollably for a staggering eight plus seconds straight!

By the time that burp finally ended, Kirishima was left panting and gasping like the wind had been taken out of him. When he finally caught his breath, he quickly gulped down some air and rolled onto his side, letting his huge belly spill onto the grass while his drooling tongue hung from his maw.

"Faaaahhh...hrrrrraaaaahhhhhh..." was all Kirishima could even get out by that point as he ran slow, languid circles across his belly where he could feel Midoriya's form. "...Duuuuude...you are the manliest...tastiest human...I have ever..." Kirishima couldn't even finish without letting out one last lengthy afterburp before groaning breathlessly.

Midoriya just patted the stomach lining and smiled. "We'll...call it a draw..."