

This whole thing was really quite silly.

It all started after lunch. Kirishima and Bakugou being who they were, naturally had the largest lunches of the entire friend group. After polishing off his sizable plate at an impressive rate, Bakugou did as he always did. He leaned back in his seat and shamelessly let out a large belch for everyone in the cafeteria to hear, earning some laughs and some groans. Hey, it was his way of letting the school chefs know that lunch didn't suck.

Well, apparently, someone enjoyed their food more, because mere seconds later, a HUGE burp bellowed from that same table, dwarfing Bakugou's in both volume and length. When Bakugou sharply turned to the source, he saw Kirishima leaning back in his seat with a heavy sigh as he said, "Whew! That one was DYIN' t'come out!" Kirishima contently slapped his stuffed belly for emphasis and worked up a deep but short afterburp before apologizing to any who found that gross (most found it impressive), and going on about how stuffed he was.

Naturally, Bakugou took offense to that because there was no way Kirishima wasn't trying to show him up just then. Though Kirishima insisted that he just really needed to burp, Bakugou wasn't hearing any of it. He grabbed the muscular, red haired boy and dragged him out of the cafeteria, then took a confused Kaminari out with him.

The trio ended up in the field, with both Bakugou and Kirishima holding 2 Liter bottles of soda, and Kaminari holding his phone.

"Dude, are ya sure this is a smart idea? I mean, we both already ate a whole lot, so..." Kirishima noted, rubbing his stomach gingerly. It was bulging slightly against his school uniforms buttoned up shirt.

"Fuck all that, you wanna show me up? I'mma show you just who yer fuckin' with, Hardhat!" Bakugou growled.

"...Then why am I here...?" Kaminari asked with a confused frown.

"Yer here 'cuz I need ya t'film me murderin' this punk, dumbass!" Bakugou spat back and pointed at Kaminari's phone.

The electric quirked boy frowned in a dejected sort of way and mumbled, "...I mean, feels like that's what tripods are for, but okay..."

Ignoring that, Bakugou gripped his bottle tightly and said, "Ready t'die, Shitty Hair?"

Kirishima snickered and shook his head. "Well, if ya insist. Let's just have fun, yeah?" He said and held his bottle up towards Bakugou.

The angry blond sneered...but nonetheless clanked his bottle against his friends' in a begrudging sort of way. Both stood at the ready as, from behind the phone, Kaminari said, "Alright. I'm rolling, in three, two, one...CHUG!!"

Immediately, both teens unscrewed the tops to their bottles, dipped their heads back and started eagerly chugging down the contents of their sodas. Bakugou glared fiercely down his bottle as he took in rapid gulps, angrily slugging down his fizzy beverage at a much faster rate as his throat rhythmically bobbed in and out rapidly. It was the same kind of fiery determination he did just about everything with.

Kirishima, on the other hand, took in far larger gulps. They were slower, but caused more soda to flow down his gullet at once than Bakugou's, making larger lumps protrude down his toned throat and vanish behind his collarbone. Kirishima's gulps were loud enough that even Kaminari could hear the liquid squelching down the red-haired boys' throat.

Both boys were sucking their beverages down at a remarkably impressive rate. Kaminari couldn't help whistle from behind the camera, silently chanting "Chug, chug, chug...!" to himself like the goofy spectator he was.

The two young teens got their soda bottles down just beneath the top of their labels respectively before pulling the bottles away for a quick breather. A short, sudden burp erupted from Bakugou's mouth as he panted. Then he winced, held his stomach with one hand and let loose with a large, rumbling belch. It had some serious power to it and rumbled out of him for a few seconds. Bakugou gasped and slapped his chest for a smaller afterburp before grinning back at Kirishima as if to say 'well?'

Kirishima held up a finger. He had a tightened look on his face, as if he was holding something back. Then, a moment later, he grabbed his gurgling belly with one hand and let out a big, forceful belch of his own. This one was both louder and deeper than Bakugou's and lasted a second longer. When it ended, Kirishima gasped and said, "Whew! Damn, that was..." but his voice trailed off for a moment, before he threw his head back and gave another deep burp, even that one matching Bakugou's. He sighed and gave his belly a hearty slap of satisfaction, rubbing his hand up and down contently with a boyish grin. "Ahhh, that's the stuff!"

"Yeah, I gotta give that one to Kirishima," Kaminari said before gulping nervously and adding, "B-But yours was impressive too!"

Bakugou sneered viciously, ignoring Kaminari's blubbing and said, "Ya got lucky, punk. Keep goin'!" And just like that, he was right back to slugging his beverage down more forcefully. Kirishima shrugged, but nonetheless did the same. The two teens continued pounding their drinks down, both chugging rather heartily to get that fizzy beverage down their gullets.

As before, Bakugou was chugging his soda faster with a pissed, fiercely determined look on his face while Kirishima took slower but bigger gulps. Ones throat pulsated more rhythmically from the quickfire glugs. The others' throat had larger bulges visibly protruding from his throat with louder, wetter-sounding gulps accompanying them. All the while, more and more soda fizzed in their gurgling guts respectively; their stomachs expanding just ever so slightly from the influx of soda.

Bakugou took in as much in one go as he could. He pulled the bottle away from his lips, then gave a burp afterwards. Immediately, another, longer burp followed, and before Bakugou could even catch his breath, he grabbed his gurgling belly with one hand and let loose a raucous belch, far more forceful than the choppy ones he was letting out a second ago.

When it ended, Bakugou was left panting, running his free hand up and down his stomach while it churned heavily.

“Guh...*f-uuuuuuuuuuuuuh*-ck...! Ahh...!” Bakugou groaned, burping out his profanity and letting it crescendo into a weary sigh before giving his gut a few hearty pats and uttering an afterburp right after.

“Not bad, not bad!” Kaminari praised from behind the camera, giving Bakugou a thumbs up.

Bakugou responded with a raised middle finger, before muffling a hearty burp behind his fist that rumbled deeply in his puffed out cheeks.

“Kirishima? Your response?”

The red-haired teen was still chugging the whole time, and eventually pulled the bottle away from his lips. He huffed heavily and dropped a free hand against his bulging stomach. It was definitely getting heavier, and gurgling that much noisier. He could feel the gas festering inside of him and slid his hand under his shirt, lifting it up to expose his bare belly to the camera as he caressed it gingerly.

Mid-rub, Kirishima's jaws parted open as a deep burp exited his mouth, but cut off abruptly. Wincing, Kirishima pressed on his bare belly more firmly, and out expelled the rest of his burp, which grew louder and louder, almost becoming deafeningly loud when it reached its apex. Loud enough that even Bakugou flinched in its wake and glared angrily. That monstrous eructation rolled out of the muscular young man for nearly eight seconds! It only seemed to get louder and stronger the more it poured out of him. Once again, it dwarfed anything Bakugou let loose, thanks to Kirishima pushing down on his turbulent stomach even more to force that eruption to last longer while more gas rumbled up his throat.

By the time it rumbled to a hefty finish, Kirishima sighed heartily with relief and said, “Faaaaah...haaaahhh...DAMN, did I need that...whew...!” He made it a point to slap his gut heartily with satisfaction and relief; the contents inside the organ sloshed noisily from the slap and made Kirishima burp again, long and loud.

Bakugou was glaring daggers at his friend. Realizing he'd also lost that round, Bakugou decided he was done screwing around. Angrily, he almost shoved the bottle top right into his mouth and sucked its contents down. He had that furious gaze in his eyes as he chugged his fizzy beverage at a much faster, heartier rate than he had been chugging earlier.

Kaminari whistled from behind the camera. “Wow, lookit him go, guys!” Kaminari noted before jokingly chanting, “**Chug! Chug! Chug!**”

And chug, Bakugou did! His throat bobbed with much thicker lumps pulsating down from his neck and vanishing behind his defined collarbone. Bakugou was demolishing that drink like a champ.

Kirishima shrugged and resumed downing his own beverage. He wasn't chugging nearly as hard as his blond friend, but he was still downing his drink at an impressive rate as well. His throat audibly squelched with each hearty gulp he gave alongside Bakugou. Kaminari's camera picked up on all of it.

In the middle of chugging down his drink, Kirishima pulled the bottle away and immediately let loose with a big, crass belch. All that carbonation just had to come out from how much of it he was sucking down with his drink to keep up with Bakugou. But Bakugou ignored that and kept chugging without stopping. The angry young blond was determined to polish off his drink in one fell swoop.

“Dude, yer still goin'?!” Kirishima marveled, before muffling a thick burp behind his fist that made his cheeks puff out, and grinning a big, fang-filled grin. “Now *that's* manly!” Kirishima boasted, giving Bakugou a congratulatory thumbs up of approval.

Even in his heated chugging, Bakugou rolled his eyes at Kirishima's 'catchphrase.' *Damn his perpetual optimism and encouragement...*

The red-haired teen resumed downing his drink while Bakugou cringed and put a hand against his stomach. With all that soda filling his belly up, on top of the food he'd already eaten prior to this contest, he was beginning to feel really uncomfortably bloated. Every movement he took, Bakugou could feel all that soda in his expanding gut sloshing around heavily like his stomach was a big, fleshy water balloon. He winced and stroked at the surface of his belly, feeling it gurgle intensely while he chugged. There was a *lot* of gas brewing in his belly all at once, but he needed to hold on just a little longer...

Unfortunately, his stubbornness took its toll, and made Bakugou's belly churn painfully. Desperately, Bakugou pulled the bottle from his lips mid-chug, spilling soda all over himself in the process. He dropped the bottle onto the ground, spilling onto the grass as he grabbed his bloated belly with one hand and clamped the other over his mouth with a sudden lurch.

And before anyone could ask if he was okay, Bakugou's hand was swiftly blown back by an absolutely MONSTROUS belch...!

It exploded heavily out of his maw as strong as his quirk-based blasts tended to get, ripping out of his throat for several seconds, and only seeming to grow louder and more rumbly by the second. That burp had to be at least six seconds long, and carried enough force that it made Bakugou's throat hurt a little.

When it ended, Bakugou panted and huffed breathlessly, nursing his aching, soda-filled gut firmly, now with both hands.

“Unf...ohh fuck,” Bakugou gasped out breathlessly, before wincing and letting loose another thick, raucous burp. One that ripped out of him as hard as that beast he just let loose, but mercifully not as long and not quite as loud. Bakugou leaned forward, gripping his knees as he took a few breaths, the soda in his bulging stomach sloshed heavily inside of him, making his rounded gut sway slightly from all the movement. Another hefty belch worked its way up his throat, and caused Bakugou to huff to himself. He gave the side of his belly a few hard pats to work more gas up, until a fourth burp rumbled out of him, this one especially deep.

“Damn, that was brutal...” Kaminari muttered from behind the camera.

At that same time, Kirishima pulled the bottle from his lips and gave Bakugou a congratulatory pat on the back, making him burp yet again.

“Gahaha! Dude! That was **AWWWE-SSSOOOO OMMNNE!!!!**”

Kirishima loudly exclaimed, suddenly and very deeply belching the word 'awesome' out at the end of his sentence. Just then, Kirishima gripped his much more bloated belly with one hand, clenched it tight, and lurched forward with an utterly TITANIC belch of his own, one that easily dwarfed Bakugou's in sheer volume, length and even force. Kirishima burped so hard that some saliva strands flew out from his fang-filled maw and onto the grass. He actually pressed into his belly tighter mid-burp, causing it to extend for a staggering ten seconds straight! And this was the kind of burp that only seemed to grow louder and stronger with each second before finishing with a sharp rumble that left Kirishima breathless.

“Oof! Ohhh yeah, now THAT'S the stuff...!” Kirishima exclaimed in cross-eyed relief, rubbing his larger, rounder gut before slapping it with satisfaction and working loose another throaty belch in the process that left him laughing. “Hahahaha! Damn, they're just not stoppin' today, huh!”

Bakugou just glared at Kirishima, then down at Kirishima's round, soda-n-food-filled gut, and then at the nearly empty bottle in his hand. He glared down at the bottle he dropped onto the grass, his aching, gurgling belly, and the fact that Kirishima was grinning ear to ear and Bakugou felt like he was on the verge of puking his guts out.

His face soured, both from his wounded pride and his agonized belly. With a sickly and profane grumble, he turned on his heel and started walking back inside.

“Uhhh, contest ain't done yet, dude,” Kirishima exclaimed with confusion.

“Fuck off, Shitty Hair. *I'm* done,” Bakugou snarled and headed back into the house, hoping no one saw how nauseous he was. Kirishima and Kaminari simply stared on with mild confusion, before shrugging to one another.

“Eh, guess you win by default then. His loss,” Kaminari exclaimed.

“Hope he's alright,” Kirishima remarked with a frown, before grinning back at Kaminari and adding, “Still, that was fun! An' check out the final result!” Kirishima tugged his shirt all the way up to expose the sheer extent of his bloated stomach to the camera. He stepped in profile to let his gut hang loose, sticking out heavily by a little over two feet from how utterly bloated he'd become. “Real manly, huh!” Kirishima boasted, running his free hand gently across the rounded surface of his belly.

Kaminari walked up to his red-haired friend, pointing the camera at Kirishima's belly while he placed his hand against it to feel it up. “Jeez, thing feels like a boulder!” Kaminari exclaimed, patting Kirishima's belly and feeling its contents slosh with each pat; it sounded like patting a thick melon.

With that last pat, Kirishima threw his head back and released another big, rumbling belch. Kaminari could actually feel the gas rumbling out from Kirishima's belly with that one.

“Haha, niice! Got any more?” Kaminari asked like the childish dope he was, patting Kirishima's belly some more and still filming what he was doing.

Already feeling a residual pressure pocket in his chest, Kirishima hastily nodded, took in a deep breath, making his inflated stomach gurgle beneath Kaminari's hand. Then Kaminari pressed down on Kirishima's belly, causing another booming belch to erupt out of the bloated young hero.

The two of them were both left laughing at their own antics, until their laughter was very, VERY loudly cut off by something from the house.

Suddenly, an absolutely THUNDEROUS belch roared ferociously from within the building. It blasted with such high intensity that the two teens could hear it bouncing aggressively off the walls with extreme reverb. It wasn't as long as what Kirishima won the contest with, but it was somehow even louder and even more strong. The eructation rolled on obnoxiously until it petered out into a desperately loud moan of relief.

“GrruuuaahhhfffFUCK...!!” Bakugou could be heard shouting from the building. He sounded both supremely relieved for finally getting that monster out of his system...and supremely *pissed* that he couldn't get it out earlier.

Both Kirishima and Kaminari stared on in awe. “...C'mon, we GOTTA give him the win after a burp THAT manly, dude,” Kirishima exclaimed.

“Yeaah, but I think my phone ran outta space filming him losing to you sooo...” Kaminari replied, showing his phone no longer filming any of this a second longer.

“Well, I don't care what was filmed or not, he definitely beat me after that,” Kirishima said with a definitive nod.

Kaminari grinned cheekily and slyly said, “...DID he though...?”

Suddenly, Kaminari reached down and pushed right into the dead center of Kirishima's big, burbling, soda-logged belly. And before Kirishima could ask what Kaminari was doing, his eyes widened as an enormous pressure pocket surged up his throat. He winced, but then a second later, his jaws snapped open as yet another colossal burp rocketed out of Kirishima's maw with serious force behind it. Kaminari's grin only grew more cheeky as he pressed down further on Kirishima's belly, causing it to extend even longer than the first one, only growing louder and stronger with each lengthy second.

Finally, when that giant, record-destroying burp finished, Kirishima was left panting breathlessly until, sure enough, from inside the house...

“...ARE YOU STILL TRYIN' T'SHOW ME UP, YOU FUCKIN' BASTARD?! I'LL KILL YOU!!!!” Bakugou hollered...before groaning miserably.

Kirishima glared back at Kaminari. “...So uncool, dude...”

Kaminari grinned back at his friend and shrugged innocently. “Whaaaat? Not my fault burping's like a second quirk for you.”

“...Good luck explaining that to Bakugou... *assuming he ain't throwin' up...*”