

It had been months since Hawks, the young undercover top ranked hero, had gone undercover within the League. While he'd easily won over the lions share of the villains, one in particular had been the most complicated to garner any sort of trust towards. In fact, the relationship he'd "established" with his primary contact was pretty damn complicated overall...in more ways than one...

The villain in question, known only as 'Dabi', was boredly waiting in an old apartment building Hawks lived in. He had a far nicer place for public appearances, but most nights, stayed here. Dabi assumed the more sterile environment was to make sure he couldn't get a proper read on his famous little spy...

He looked back at the door expectingly, though the whole while, he looked like he was just itching for any excuse to leave. After all, the head of Shigaraki's Vanguard had far more important things to be doing than waiting around for his spy.

Just then, from the window, Hawks emerged. Made sense. Why take a ride back home when you can fly there instead?

"Why am I here?" Dabi asked in that dry tone of his, eyeing Hawks up, who was dressed in a more casual t-shirt underneath his classic flight jacket.

The young, heavily scarred villain got his answer when he saw Hawks carrying a good few boxes of extra large pizza in his hands in a sort of "ta-daaa" kind of way.

//...Compress' showmanship was way better//...

Nonetheless, Dabi raised a brow curiously.

"You're fond of American food, right?" Hawks inquired in that pseudo-friendly tone of his. "Thought we could kick back together and knock back a few pizzas." Hawks smirked slyly at the cunning villain and added with an equally sly wink, "Probably more than a few though. I know you've got a lil bit of an appetite...plus, as ya know, I can pack it away too." Hawks gave his firm, toned stomach a few cocky pats for emphasis.

Dabi blinked indifferently at Hawks, then immediately turned heel to leave on the spot.

Hawks' smirk didn't dip, even as Dabi prepaed to leave. His tone, on the other hand, did.

"I know you don't trust me, and that's perfectly fine, I don't really trust you either," Hawks said, not the least bit surprised by Dabi's reaction.

That said, it *was* enough to stop Dabi in his tracks and get him to turn his head ever so slightly over his shoulder to hear Hawks out. "I'm ready to slit your throat at a moments notice, just as I'm sure you're ready to deep-fry me til I'm even crispier than you are."

Again, Dabi's brow raised. As if contemplating whether to keep hearing Hawks out or light him ablaze on the spot.

"Thing is...I've seen the way you read me, Dabs. There's more in those beautiful blues of yours beyond whether you can trust me. A //lot// more. And I'm sure you've probably noticed the same sorta read from me too, right?"

"Get to the point..." Dabi said in his dry, bored sort of way.

"My POINT is...who said we ever needed to trust one another to...//enjoy each other's company a lil bit//, hm?"

Dabi was silent for a few long seconds. Slowly, he turned back to Hawks with a mildly quizzical look in his eyes.

"Even villains have needs. We're only human, right? I'm sure we can...satisfy more than a few of those needs together. And hey, if it turns out that trust is as misplaced as you think it might be...well, we can always kill each other later. But for now? There are some pizzas and beers in the fridge with our name on 'em. I CAN eat 'em all by myself if I gotta, buuuut I'm hopin' that won't be necessary."

Dabi was silent for several seconds more.

"...What could it hurt to have a lil fun together?"

Still, Dabi didn't utter a word, nor change his limited facial expressions. The whole while, his cold, sharp gaze was locked onto Hawks, who never once blinked or squirmed. Whether Dabi could trust Hawks or not, one thing was absolutely certain; both young men were cut from the same cold, internally empty cloth. And seeing that bit of vacancy in Hawks' eyes, regardless of his intent?

Well, for some reason, to Dabi, that was enough. Maybe not to trust the winged hero, but at the very least, tolerate his company.

"...You talk too much," Dabi finally said as he headed back to the couch. He removed his blue jacket and carelessly tossed it aside on the floor, revealing his thin, v-neck t-shirt and his scarred biceps.

"Better get used to that while you can, handsome, 'cuz I'm a damn chatterbox," Hawks said unapologetically, grinning as took off his own jacket.

He flapped his wings eagerly as he set his jacket down on his rack with far more care than Dabi. The two sat on opposite ends of the couch while, set before them, were the boxes of pizza that Hawks had picked up. He'd also snagged a few six packs of beer and set them down on the table alongside the food.

Hawks pulled the first box open, causing the delicious, zesty aroma of pizza to waft in the air. Though Dabi had an ace poker face, his mouth started to water at the sight and smell...

"Well? Help yourself!" Hawks invited his villainous guest.

And dig in, the two young men did...

Hawks grabbed himself a slice of pizza and almost eagerly bit into it. His face lit up slightly as he chewed away. It was no wonder All Might took so much inspiration from his stay in America. Their food was so damn good...well, technically, Italy's, but, *semantics*...

As Hawks ate, he looked back at Dabi, who very casually wolfed his pizza down at a much faster rate than Hawks. His scarred face gave absolutely nothing away. It didn't light up at the flavor or anything like that. But that slight twitch in Dabi's brow gave away that, at the very least, he didn't HATE it...

With his horrid upbringing, Hawks learned a very long time ago to take whatever small victories he could get...

"Not bad, right?" Hawks asked before downing more pizza.

Dabi merely grunted softly in acknowledgement. Then, his half-scarred cheeks bulged somewhat as he shoved the rest of the pizza into his burnt mouth. It was kind of a marvel that his taste buds even worked, given the extent of the scarring he'd endured. Then, after but a few seconds chewing heavily, Dabi dipped his head back and heartily gulped down the rest of that ample pizza slice, crust and all...

**\*GLLLUUUUUUUUULLCK!\***

Hawks watched as a sizable lump protruded from Dabi's long, slender throat. He could hear Dabi's throat muscles squelch wetly as he gulped his food down. It eventually squeezed past his collarbone and left Dabi huffing mildly.

He wiped his lips clean with his fist and grabbed another slice, wolfing it down with the same haste as his first one. All the while, as he ate, Hawks just watched on, eating more slices of pizza himself, just not as fast as Dabi.

Not that Hawks couldn't pack it away. As had long been established, Hawks was something of a glutton himself. But most of the time, when he ate, Hawks wasn't nearly as distracted as he was in this moment...

Fortunately, that distraction wasn't enough to keep Hawks from indulging a little more vigorously.

He couldn't help it. As Hawks had told Endeavor many months ago, he had absolutely no self-control, and that proved doubly true around delicious foods. Even Endeavor saw how gluttonous Hawks could be the first time the two went out before their ambush with High-End...ironically, courtesy of Dabi.

Even more ironically, as Hawks began to pick up the pace and scarf down his pizza more rigorously, he hadn't yet noticed that Dabi's deep, cyan eyes were gazed on him. No, he was far too busy wolfing down his pizza without a care in the world while Dabi did the same. The latter's expression wasn't as obvious as Hawks' was. What was obvious, however, was the *way* Dabi was staring. More specifically, and the way his gaze was fixated on Hawks' throat bulging as he swallowed an especially hefty glob of pizza and sighed contently.

Maybe this night would be a little more interesting for these two young men than either one had yet realized...

Both men continued wolfing down their pizzas at a pretty fast pace. Hawks popped the occasional cheeky comment or two while Dabi mostly remained silent and just kept eating. He had to admit, the pro hero certainly had good taste in pizza; he'd be sure to order from this place later on his own accord. Maybe even pick it up for the whole League.

Even as Hawks stuffed his face, his keen eyes were often fixated on Dabi, watching the villain chow down in a more neutral way than he, himself, was gluttonously eating. He could feel the heat rising in his face as Dabi ravaged his hearty meal, eagerly hoping Dabi had enough of an appetite for more...

...Little did he realize, Dabi was glancing back at Hawks whenever he went to town on his own pizza, thinking the exact same damn thing...

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Eventually, both young men had absolutely demolished those first pizzas and set the pair of now-empty pizza boxes aside. Hawks leaned back in his chair and burped loudly, sighing heartily afterward. "Ahhh, that hit the spot!" he boasted, patting his stomach in a satisfied manner. His usually lean, toned middle was pressing out against his tight black and yellow shirt with a slightly rounded edge to it.

He glanced across the table and saw Dabi huff softly as he leaned back and absentmindedly rubbed his own belly with one hand. It, too, was pressing out against his much thinner, short sleeved white v-neck. To the point where the bottom of his shirt was just *barely* concealing his stomach.

The sight of Dabi tenderly stroking his slightly bloated stomach sent the blood rushing to Hawks' loins...

"...So! How'd ya like it, stud?" Hawks asked.

Dabi ignored the 'stud' comment and simply licked his lips in a showy fashion, showing off his pearly whites in the process as he said, "...It wasn't half bad. I may trust you as far as I can throw you, but least I can trust your taste in cuisine."

Hawks grinned and gave a mock bow with his head alone, saying, "From one bottomless pit to another, I'm honored." He smirked as he glanced down at Dabi's stomach and added, "Seriously, I knew you guys could pack it away, but I'm impressed."

Dabi winced for a moment, before bringing a fist up to his mouth and stifling a very deep, rumbling belch behind his lips. Hawks could practically feel the gas forcefully rumbling in the villains cheeks with how deep it was. He blew the gas off to the side subtly, then glanced down at Hawks' own visibly bloated stomach. "Speak for yourself, chicken boy. You were wolfen' that shit down like there was a famine comin'..."

Hawks' smirk widened into a grin as he said, "Why, Dabi...I didn't think I had your attention..."

"Hard to ignore you piggin' out," Dabi conceded.

Hawks just laughed and leaned back, running his hand up and down his belly in a satisfied manner. "Hahahaaaaahhhh, well, ya got me there, hot stuff. I am a *veeeeery* greedy lil birdy, ain't I..."

"Greediest I ever saw," Dabi chimed.

"And damn proud of it," Hawks replied openly and shamelessly right back.

As Hawks leaned back in his seat tender rubbing his belly, Dabi's piercing blue eyes drifted down to the blond man's lightly distended stomach. His eyes followed Hawks' ungloved hand, watching as it ran across that rounded crest at the upper portion of Hawks' stomach, where the bloat was most visible. He swallowed thinly at the sight, and tried not to squirm.

There was just something so impossibly alluring about Hawks and the way his stomach was pressing out against that tight, spandex shirt. Dabi knew he didn't trust the man, but he also knew that he was dying to see his stomach expand even more...

"...You really did down that stuff at a pretty crazy rate," Dabi observed.

Hawks grinned and said, "Yes I did..." drumming his fingers atop his gut in thought as he spoke. "Still, I'll bet you could pack away more too, huh."

Dabi ran his hand up and down his belly while it churned deeply from the influx of pizza. "...Guess I got room for a lil more," he admitted, despite being visibly bloated and despite his stomach gurgling rather audibly...