

Birthday Snacks

Birthdays were always a fun time, no matter who you were. It was a great way to spend time with friends, family, and loved ones, expressing gratitude, and wishing them the best of luck in the years to come. Izuku Midoriya was celebrating his second birthday since joining the U.A. And while he had later plans to hang out with his two best friends, Iida and Uraraka, he had received an extended invitation from the schools' American exchanged student, Chris Invicta, to have lunch with him and his friends. Naturally, Midoriya accepted, already being very good friends with Eijiro Kirishima, fairly good friends with Kaminari Denki, and having his own lifelong history with Katsuki Bakugou.

The two hadn't spent a single birthday together since childhood. Midoriya had to admit, he missed it, even if he knew Bakugou would never wanna hear it. The group of friends was in the cafeteria, their usual table whenever the gang ate lunch together. Midoriya sat next to Kirishima, who was all smiles that day. Not just because of his usual, chipper personality, but because he'd made something quite special for the occasion.

"...Wow, Kirishima, you actually baked this?" Midoriya muttered in genuine awe. It was a large, chocolate cake, with green frosting glazing it all over, and red frosting used for the various patterns and for the font written up top.

Kirishima grinned a proud, fang-toothed grin and nodded eagerly. "Sure did! My mom always told me that when I make somethin' fer others, I oughta give it a personal touch, ya know? Since you'n Chris share the same birthday, I thought'uh what sorta stuff ya had in common! Ya both love chocolate, so I made it a chocolate cake. Yer hair's green'n Chris loves that green hoodie'uh his, so I gave it a green glaze. Ya both love strawberries, so I sliced up a buncha strawberries real thin'n mixed 'em with the vanilla cream inside!"

"And what's the red frosting for?" Kaminari asked, both awestruck and a bit surprised that Kirishima could even bake.

Kirishima just grinned and gave Midoriya a brotherly pat on the back. "Eh, red's a manly color'n both these dudes are SUPER manly!" Hearing that couldn't help but bring a timid smile to the jittery young man's face.

Bakugou merely huffed to himself and rolled his eyes. "Might wanna get your head checked if you think that, Shitty Hair. Speakin' of, where's that dork at anyway? He's late to his own birthday lunch'n it's pissin' me off."

"Oh, he's running a wee bit late," spoke up a pink-haired boy by the name of Chibiko Nimen, who approached the gang from behind and rather eagerly slapped his hands around Midoriya's shoulders, startling the boy in a rather comical fashion. "You know how it is, birthday boy number one," Chibiko added with a smile, booping Midoriya's nose adorably, and making Midoriya's cheeks redden as he chuckled sheepishly.

"...R-Right," Midoriya muttered uncomfortably.

All Bakugou could do was snort to himself at Chibiko's antics. "He just haad to invite the pink-haired prick, didn't he..." Bakugou growled.

"Of course he did, silly!" Chibiko teased with an assuring, sly grin. "Chris wanted lunch to be perfect after all."

"That why that fuckin' punk ain't here yet?"

"Yes, well, some things can't be helped. He DID text me to let everyone know they can eat cake without him, since he'll be here soon enough," Chibiko insisted.

Kirishima frowned to himself, looking a little disappointed. "Aw, really? I mean, it's his too, I was really hopin' he could get a look at it first before everyone tore into it."

"Oh, m-maybe I can help with that," Midoriya insisted, grabbing his phone and snapping a clear, focused picture of the cake. Then getting another shot from a different angle. And then one more just to be safe.

"Well, I guess that's better than nothin'," Kirishima conceded, flashing a small, grateful smile back at Midoriya. "Thanks, birthday dude."

Midoriya smiled back at Kirishima before Chibiko grabbed a knife and cut an especially large piece of cake for Midoriya. "Here ya go, b-day boy!" Chibiko insisted with an innocent smile, handing Midoriya an especially hearty slice. "For Red Riot's sake, I hope ya really enjoy it!"

"Oh, I'm sure I will!" Midoriya said, smiling back at Kirishima, who was rather eager to see how Midoriya would react to his culinary skills.

"Heh, hope so. It'd suck if the cake wasn't any good," Denki added, earning a nervous glance from Kirishima. All Bakugou could do was scoff at the whole thing, but didn't say anything else.

Unfortunately, what no one else caught was that Chibiko, among many things, was very skilled at the 'sleight of hand' magicians' trick, able to slip something into the slice of cake without anyone noticing. In this case, however, it was some one. And that someone was Chris Invicta, shrunken down and stuffed into the corner of the cake slice Chibiko just gave Midoriya. Perhaps Midoriya might have noticed Chris squirming and cussing out Chibiko, even in his shrunken state. But unfortunately, Chris' favorite hoodie was also the exact same shade of green as the frosting, a detail Kirishima was very keen to get right for his good buddy.

And so, when Midoriya cut himself a large piece of cake, and eagerly (though somewhat nervously since he'd never tried anything baked by his red-haired friend, and WANTED to give him the benefit of the doubt, but still...) shoved it into his mouth, no one noticed the frosting-laden Chris stuck to that piece as well. "Oh, you gotta be kiddin' me!" Chris muttered, more in annoyance than desperation or panic as he was shoved into Midoriya's mouth. Midoriya chewed slightly. The cake was so rich that it practically melted like butter in his mouth.

The boy's face lit up at the taste. "Mmm! Wow, Kirishima! Th-This is actually...really good!" Midoriya muttered, before eagerly stuffing another forkful of cake into his mouth to join Chris.

Kirishima sighed a breath of relief then smiled gratefully back at his green-haired friend. "Heh, well, I hope Chris thinks so too, but, thanks, man! I really appreciate that!" Kirishima said before glancing back at everyone else. "Well, what're ya waitin' for? Go on'n help yerselves, dudes!"

Smirking, Chibiko nodded his head and sliced up a number of pieces of cake for everyone else, making sure to leave a hearty piece for Chris when he 'got back.'

What the group hadn't realized, however, was how close Chris truly was...especially to Midoriya. The boy continued gleefully savoring the mouthful of cake and the sheer, sweet flavor. Even Chris, who was stuck to Midoriya's tongue couldn't deny the sweet scent. Midoriya beamed happily at the sweet flavor gracing his taste buds. Then, after a while, dipped his head back and gulped heartily.

Chibiko smirked to himself when he saw a slightly strained look on Midoriya's face. Naturally, it was because there was a rather sizable bulge protruding from Midoriya's throat. Inside, Chris grimaced as the throat muscles, tight-fitting and fleshy, rippled all around him, suckling him further and further down Midoriya's throat as he gulped again. Midoriya grimaced outside as he thumped his chest repeatedly to work down the large 'mouthful' down his throat. Then, he gulped heartily once more. The bulge in his throat pushed downwards with each ample swallow he took.

With some doing, Midoriya managed to work down his current 'mouthful,' as Chris slid past Midoriya's esophagus, down his gullet and steadily worked his way past Midoriya's broad chest. He could hear the teens' heart beating rapidly as it worked down the young American exchange student. Chris couldn't help but be a LITTLE amused at how not-used to this Midoriya clearly was, despite being a rather large eater himself. Though, Chris figured Midoriya only ever packed it away as intensely as he and his friends did when training.

Finally, with one last...

****GLUUUUUUULLK!****

Chris pushed past Midoriya's chest and plopped down into Midoriya's stomach. The young man grunted and pushed himself up to his feet, taking in his environment. Midoriya's innards were damp, dark, and noisy.

The sound of Midoriya's belly gurgling rumbled all around him. Chris, in spite of everything, didn't appear scared or nervous. Instead, he just shook his head and sighed to himself. "God...damn you...Chibiko," Chris muttered. He'd deck his pink-haired friend right in the jaw when he got out of here, if he were at all certain he could even land a shot without that miserable troll shrinking himself and scurrying along.

Outside, Midoriya huffed to himself and palmed his chest, catching his breath. Kirishima glanced back at Midoriya and frowned with concern. "You okay, man?"

"O-Oh, y-yeah, it's just...mph, that was a much larger piece of cake I swallowed than I thought," the green-haired boy remarked,

Bakugou just scoffed and shook his head. "Shitty nerd can't even fuckin' eat CAKE right..."

"Now, now, be nice to the birthday boy," Chibiko teased, earning a middle finger from Bakugou and little else.

"...Say, Chibiko," Denki remarked, scratching the back of his head uncertainly. "Err...why're you filming Midoriya on your phone right now?"

"Hmm?" Chibiko responded, revealing that, yes, indeed, his cellphone was out and currently recording Midoriya, much to the birthday boy's embarrassment. "Oh, no reason. I just wanted to document the special occasion, that's all."

No one who actually knew Chibiko bought that one bit. Unfortunately, Midoriya didn't know him all that well, and so he took it with stride and forked up another piece of cake. Though, he blushed a little, feeling self-conscious about eating on camera. All the while, as everyone helped themselves to cake, Kirishima couldn't help but notice Bakugou wasn't eating anything.

"Ey, Bakugou, don'tcha wanna try some cake? I made it fer everybody, after all," Kirishima said with an assuring smile, earning a scoff from Bakugou.

"...I'm savin' my appetite for somethin' else, hardhat," he said dismissively as he impatiently waited for Chris to return. Kirishima just shrugged and helped himself anyway.

Inside of Midoriya's stomach, Chris could hear the stomach walls gurgle and churn deeply all around him. It wasn't nearly as intense as some of the other stomachs Chris had ventured into, but it was still pretty noisy. The sound of Midoriya's belly burbling and gurgling away echoed all throughout the chamber. To cap it off, it was raining cake that Chris knew was meant for both him AND the boy whose belly he currently resided within. Needless to say, Chris was in a predicament.

On the one hand, he knew how to get out of someone's stomach with ease. After all, that's what his kinetic buildup was for. But on the other hand, this was Midoriya. And as kindhearted and supported as Kirishima was, there was no beating how utterly sweet the green-haired boy was. Midoriya was, hands down, one of the nicest people Chris and pretty much anyone in the UA had ever known. Not only that, but he was an immense worry-wart, who got worked up and panicked over the littlest things.

So imagine how he'd react if one of those 'little things' was his friend trapped inside of his stomach...

Nonetheless, as more cake fell down his gullet, it was getting harder and harder to dodge, and Chris knew, obviously, much as he enjoyed his stay in any given belly, he'd have to come out eventually. So, Chris spotted a pool of digestive juices seeping from the stomach linings. Rolling his eyes, Chris dunked himself into that digestive pool. One that would be quite unpleasant for anyone without Chris' invulnerability Quirk. Fortunately, Chris' Quirk not only protected him from getting digested or burnt, but it also managed to build up his kinetic energy whenever he took damage...or when more cake spilled down from the esophagus.

"Sorry in advance for this, dude," Chris muttered, unable to suppress a small chuckle. Despite feeling sympathetic towards his friend for what was about to happen, he couldn't help but snicker at what he was certain would be a hilarious reaction. After all, no one in the UA was half as jittery and easily flustered as Izuku Midoriya...

Oblivious to all of this, Midoriya kept on merrily eating his slice of cake along with everyone else at the table, still not quite sure why Chibiko opted to film the whole thing, namely HLM. But Midoriya eventually paid that no mind. He truly was bewildered by how good the cake tasted. Kirishima was just full of surprises sometimes.

However, in the middle of his musing, Midoriya grimaced as a deep, gastric gurgling emitted from his midsection. The green-haired boy winced for a moment, stopping to clutch his concave, athletic stomach with one hand as it burbled deeply. Seeing this, Kirishima frowned. "Ey, you okay there, man? Yer lookin' kinda green..." Kirishima remarked, a bit worried that his cake may be making his friend ill.

Midoriya nodded, still holding his belly with one hand as it churned deeply. He opened his mouth to assure Kirishima that he was fine. However, the instant he opened his mouth, his stomach hitched, causing his gullet to gurgle as something quickly rose up Midoriya's throat before he could stop it...

**"BUUUUUURRRRUU
UUUUUUUP!!!!**

Midoriya's eyes went wide as saucers as a big, hefty-sounding belch erupted from his throat without warning. It was especially deep-sounding, as if coming from the very depths of Midoriya's stomach. Blinking with shock, his cheeks turned bright red as he clamped his hands over his mouth.

"Oh my gosh, e-excuse me! I-I'm so sorry!" Midoriya muttered apologetically as he looked around the cafeteria, internally grateful that it didn't seem like many people were still around.

Of course, Kirishima just blinked with surprise at that 'response.' Normally, he'd flash a grin and complement Midoriya's display, but he had a feeling that it wasn't a 'compliment.'

Of course, Denki, oblivious to this, snickered and said, "Haha, NICE one, dude! Seriously, I didn't think you of all guys could burp like that, Midoriya!"

Midoriya, still red as a tomato, was about to respond, but upon feeling his gut hitch again, grimaced and brought a fist to his mouth. A moment later, he muffled another VERY deep belch, one that puffed out his cheeks and reverberated quite audibly in his mouth for a few seconds straight before rumbling to an end.

Bakugou, on the other hand, glared suspiciously at Midoriya. There was no way whatsoever cake of all things could cause that much pressure in a persons' stomach, let alone Midoriya's. Then, Bakugou turned his attention from Midoriya, who was already trying to hold back yet another burp, on to Chibiko. The pink-haired boy was grinning ear-to-ear and filming every second of Midoriya's gastric distress with that knowing, smug smirk of his.

Seeing Midoriya's sour expression, Kirishima frowned. "Oh no, did I use too many eggs? Hs it not sittin' well with'cha, man?" Kirishima started to worry, hitting his forehead with his fist. "Tch, stupid! Oh man, I'm so sorry if my cake's makin' you queasy, Midoriya! H just thought-"

"-Shut up, Shitty Hair," Bakugou said dismissively, not even glancing at Kirishima before calling out Chibiko. "Where'd you say Chris was runnin' late from, pinky?"

Chibiko blinked, keeping the footage on Midoriya whilst turning to Bakugou and smiling innocently. "Why, I don't know...just that he's runnin' a bit late and said he'd be joinin' us shortly"

"-I think he joined us a lot sooner'n a lot shorter than that, didn't he," Bakugou growled, earning a look of confusion from everyone else. That was until Bakugou added, "...You just shrank that punk'n fed him to Deku 'ere, didn't you, fuckface..."

Immediately, everyone's eyes widened while Midoriya, who took a brief moment to process what Bakugou just said, eventually freaked out, jumping up from his seat. "**WH-WHAT?!?! CH-CHRIS IS IN MY TUM-er-S-STOMACH?!?!**"

Both Kirishima and Denki stared at Midoriya with surprised looks on their faces, albeit for different reasons.

"...Huh. That, umm...that explains a lot," Kirishima muttered.

Denki, meanwhile, held up a finger and asked, "...Uhhh, were you about to say 'tummy?'"

Ignoring the question...largely because the answer was 'yes,' Midoriya held his flat stomach with one hand and leaned down, anxiously shouting, "D-DON'T WORRY, CHRIS!! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THERE!!!"

Inside, Chris yelped as all the jumping around from Midoriya caused him to bounce off the stomach walls before stumbling face first into the frontal, firm stomach lining. Blushing a little bit, he pulled his face away and gave the gurgling stomach walls a few pats of assurance. "...Doubt you can hear me but, umm...it's cool, dude...jeez, poor guy..."

Midoriya, still frantic, stared back at Chibiko with shock. "WH-WHY WOULD YOU MAKE ME EAT CHRIS?!?!"

Chibiko, STILL filming everything, just smiled and shrugged innocently. "Because he's delicious, silly. Besides, it's not like it can hurt him"

"-THAT'S NOT THE POINT!!!"

"Calm the fuck down, nerd. All your shouting's pissin' me off," Bakugou growled, shaking his head with annoyance at the whole scene. Nonetheless, he added, "Gettin' Chris outta your gut ain't hard. You just gotta let out a big fuckin' burp to shoot him with all the pressure built up'n boom, problem solved."

"Wh-What?" Midoriya remarked, before thinking to himself in spite of his panicked situation. *"Hm, I guess maybe with a lot of air built up, given Chris' smaller size, that should be enough to eject him from my stomach, but still, how can that possibly"*

"-If you start doin' that annoying muttering shit, this is gonna be your last birthday on this planet, you annoying fuck," Bakugou growled in a warning manner, making Midoriya yelp nervously. "You remember how to, right?"

"...R-Right, I-I remember you taught me back when we were kids," Midoriya remarked, smiling slightly at the memory.

Even Bakugou couldn't help but smirk ever so slightly as he nodded, remembering their childhood together...and how he ALWAYS schooled Midoriya at every burping contest the two had together.

Chibiko, of course, who was still filming, just smiled and said, "Well, then, I s'pose ya know what'cha gotta do, don'tcha, B-Day Boy Number One..."

Midoriya nodded, face growing a tad flush. "...I, um...I'm not used to doing this in public. C-Could I do this in private please...?"

"-Just fuckin' burp, nerd," Bakugou growled.

Midoriya nodded, thinking back to Bakugou's technique. He was incredibly rusty, given how much more well-mannered he was than Bakugou, not having done this on command since he was a child over ten years ago. Nonetheless, he NEEDED to get Chris out of his stomach since, the idea of having eaten anyone, regardless of Quirk, made Midoriya ill.

Chris himself could've just as easily 'blasted himself free,' as he'd often needed to do with cases like Kirishima, Bakugou, or in one case, Chibiko himself. However, he knew that could be uncomfortable, and he didn't want to risk giving his friend, Midoriya, a stomachache, especially not when he was already so stressed out as it was. Chris would be lying if he said this were an 'unpleasant' situation for him, but he felt bad, since he knew that Midoriya wasn't enjoying himself one bit. And on his birthday, that sort of stress just isn't needed.

Sometimes, Chibiko could be a bit much...

Of course, Chris' thoughts were soon interrupted as he felt the oxygen in Midoriya's belly grow seemingly heavier. All too familiar with that sensation, he braced himself, knowing what was coming. "Heh, well, at least this oughta be interesting," Chris said to himself, cheeks getting slightly flush at the thought of what was coming next, feeling the stomach walls expand slightly from the influx of pressure filling up.

Outside, Midoriya grimaced as he forcefully swallowed down more and more air. His throat bobbed a bit as his gullet gurgled lowly in response to the influx of oxygen. Chibiko, of course, was filming every single second of it, grinning ear-to-ear. Of course, Midoriya appeared nervous as his gaze shifted to others still in the cafeteria, eating or just carrying on. Most people were done by now, but there were still enough students to make the poor boy self-conscious.

Nonetheless, there were slightly more pressing matters. So Midoriya gulped until his stomach could take no more. Despite its concave form, Midoriya's middle had grown especially taut with the influx of air. Grabbing his stomach with one hand, Midoriya gripped it tightly and proceeded to let out a sizable belch...

ŌAAAAAAUUUUURRRRAAAAAP!!!

It was quite impressive for something forced up with nothing but air. Both Kirishima and Denki snickered with amusement. Chibiko, still filming every loud second, just smiled, knowing a certain someone would appreciate what was being captured quiiiiite a bit. Bakugou, meanwhile, simply scoffed and shook his head.

"Pfft, fuckin' weak," Bakugou muttered, half-tempted to top that like he always did when the two boys were kids.

Unfortunately, it did nothing to eject Chris from Midoriya's system. The boy blushed, covered his mouth in an embarrassed manner when a few eyes darted his way. "S-Sorry, everyone," Midoriya muttered apologetically before nervously turning back to the others. "It didn't work!"

"Course it didn't, that was fuckin' wimpy!" Bakugou growled, shaking his head. "Man, ten years later'n you STILL suck at burpin'." Bakugou rolled his eyes and immediately snatched up Denki's unopened soda bottle.

"Hey, that was mine!" Denki whined, earning a middle finger from Bakugou.

"Shut the fuck up, sparky," Bakugou growled, pushing the bottle into Midoriya's chest and adding, "chug, nerd."

Midoriya blinked, stumbling back a bit from the aggressive push to his chest. He looked down at the bottle and back at Bakugou. "...do I really have to...?"

Kirishima nudged Midoriya assuringly in the shoulder. "Trust me, man, it's way easier than Chris 'workin' himself up naturally," Kirishima exclaimed, shuddering horribly as he wrapped his arms around his own muscular stomach protectively as he looked like he was about to whine to himself. "...Take my word on that one..."

Midoriya hated this. He REALLY did. But still, he needed to get his friend out. So in spite of his reluctance, he unscrewed the bottle, held it up to his lips, and proceeded to slug down the fizzy beverage as heartily as he could. He clenched his eyes shut as he chugged and chugged away. His slender throat bobbed in and out rapidly as one hearty gulp of soda after the other flowed down his gullet.

Chris yelped suddenly as soda flowed down onto him. He took a tumble into the pit of Midoriya's stomach but managed to pull himself up as more and more of the fizzy beverage filled the boys' belly up. Chris looked around as the soda bubbled and fizzed rather intensely. As a result, the stomach walls seemed to shudder around him, gurgling and glorping deeply in response to the carbonation filling Midoriya's midsection up.

Midoriya felt tears welling up in his eyes from chugging down so much carbonation at once. But he needed to soldier on for Chris' sake. So, he just kept on downing his beverage like a champ, one hand holding his belly as he chugged away. He could feel it expanding slightly beneath his palm.

The amount of soda going down without a single pause for breath was almost shocking, especially for Midoriya. He wasn't one to get competitive nor did he ever seem to be greedy when he ate or drank, at least in public. But he figured to work up enough pressure to eject an entire person from his system, his belly would need as much pressure buildup as it could manage.

And it seemed to be working, because the amount of pressure in his gut was so great that it expanded the stomach walls quite noticeably for Chris. The gurgling intensified all around him as the soda bubbled and burbled ever more violently. The air felt heavier than it had this entire time. Chris smirked as he floated patiently in the soda. "C'mon, dude, gimme a GOOD one..."

Eventually, after what felt like an agonizing eternity, Midoriya drained every last drop of soda without a single pause. He crinkled the bottle and set it out down, huffing breathlessly. Still holding his stomach with one hand, Midoriya looked a bit queasy. His belly, while still flat, appeared to be pushing out noticeably beneath his palm, inwardly sloshing from all the soda festering inside of him with every movement he made.

Suddenly, Midoriya's stomach hitched up as a low burbling sound emitted quite audibly from his belly. Kirishima and Denki appeared nervous as they inched back a bit. "...Erm, y-you okay there, dude...?" Kirishima asked.

Bakugou rolled his eyes and simply said, "If you fucking puke, I'll kill you so hard, nerd..." Even Chibiko inched back a bit, uncertain where this was going...but still recording it anyway because of course he would.

Midoriya's jaws gaped open as an utterly MAMMOTH-SIZED belch EXPLODED past his gaping maw and rippling lips. It was the single loudest sound anyone at that table (or in the cafeteria, for that matter) heard out of Izuku Midoriya. The burp was so utterly forceful that the others could feel the table practically quivering in the wake of that huge, rumbling eructation as it exploded outta the depths of Midoriya's belly for a clean cut ten seconds straight.

When it ended, Midoriya lurched forward, gasping breathlessly and practically stumbling forward, using one hand to support himself against the table while the other held his heaving stomach. The others just stared in stunned silence, even Bakugou. Midoriya was too winded to even be embarrassed, or to notice the tiny, slime-covered Chris sprawled on the table, heaving breathlessly himself.

"...Good one," Chris finally spoke up after several moments of silence, voice too tiny to be picked up from the others in that moment.

Denki cautiously held up a hand and asked, "...Er, Midoriya...? H-How d'ya feel...?"

Midoriya, still huffing and catching his breath, tried to respond. But the instant he opened his mouth, the only thing that exited his maw was another rolling belch, one that stretched on for seven seconds and left him breathless all over again. Shaking his head with discomfort, Midoriya brought a fist to his mouth where he spent the next few moments muffling belch after belch, each one rumbling audibly in his puffed out and steadily more crimson cheeks.

Seeing this, Kirishima laughed and approached his friend and said, "Heh, welcome to the 'Accidentally Ate Chris Club, birthday boy," before patting Midoriya heartily on the back. This inadvertently worked up another LARGE, rumbling belch that Midoriya couldn't hold back.

Kirishima chuckled sheepishly and scratched the back of his head.

"H-Heh...m-my bad..."

Some time had passed but eventually, all the excitement had calmed down. Chibiko reverted Chris back to his regular size, the American exchange student had gone to shower, and after some doing, returned, dressed in another pair of his casual jeans and green hoodie. Still a bit shaken, the gang got back to their birthday lunch, and Chris got to enjoy a slice of his b-day cake along with the very boy for whom he shared the same birthday. All things considered, it was still a pretty good time, though Chibiko was more or less 'banished' after that ordeal by Bakugou, who threatened to explode his face.

After lunch, the others headed out while Midoriya prepared to meet up with Uraraka and Iida for whatever they had planned for his special day, Chris, meanwhile, planned to spend some of his own special day with a certain special someone of his own.

Not before Chris and Midoriya got to hang back for a moment.

"Again, dude, I'm SUPER sorry that Chibiko put'cha through all that. He can be a REAL dickhead," Chris muttered.

"...It's fine, just all in good fun, right?" Midoriya said, scratching the back of his shaggy green-haired head uncertainly. "...I'm just glad you're okay."

"Heh, I mean, given my Quirk..."

"...R-Right..."

"Anyway, have fun okay? And happy birthday, man," Chris said, holding his fist out to Midoriya, who smiled and bumped Chris' fist right back.

"You too, Chris."

Midoriya eventually headed on his way, but before he could get too far.

"Hey, *Deku!*"

Midoriya yelped as he turned and saw Bakugou's stern face glaring directly behind him. "Y-Yes, Kacchan...?" Midoriya muttered nervously, always anxious whenever he and Bakugou were alone and the more explosive teen was free to bully him to his hearts content.

However, no such bullying occurred. Instead, Bakugou gave Midoriya a bag with something inside, still looking grumpy as ever. Confused, Midoriya nonetheless took the bag. But before he could see what was inside, Bakugou barked, "Don't look 'til I'm gone. I don't wanna see your stupid fuckin' reactions. They piss me off."

"O-Okay," Midoriya yelped nervously, earning a nod from Bakugou as he shoved his hands in his jean pockets and started walking away from Midoriya.

However, for a moment, Midoriya could've sworn he heard Bakugou mutter 'happy birthday' to the boy before taking his leave.

Once he was fully out of sight, Midoriya looked into the bag to see what Bakugou had just given him. After a bit of rummaging, he pulled out the object in question, and immediately, his eyes widened with surprise. In the bag was a framed photo, one of two familiar teens as little kids, no older than four or five years old. Both of them wearing the biggest, happiest grins on their faces, as well as matching All Might T-Shirts. And holding them both over his mighty shoulders, with the widest, most heroic smile one could ever pull off, was All Might himself, carrying the boys high as they were both merry as could be in the presence of their most idolized hero.

After several moments of stunned silence, a warm, grateful smile emerged over Midoriya's lips as he began to feel himself tearing up at that wonderful memory with his childhood friend. And for Bakugou to not only have this photo, but to have framed it as well. If Midoriya weren't certain Bakugou would quite literally murder him, he'd run up to the other boy and hug him as tightly as he could...