

To rile Dabi up even further, Hawks grabs himself another can of beer. He cracks the can open and holds it up, flashing Dabi a wink as he simply says, "Cheers." Then, like the first can, Hawks dips his head back and chugs as heartily as he can. His neckline is fully exposed as he downs his beer, showcasing the way his throat muscles ripple with each swig he takes in. He finishes his second can in no time, crushing it and cracking open the third. And that was while his mouth was still full of beer from his last swig of the second can. After swallowing it down heavily, he didn't even stop to catch his breath before getting to work on his third beer.

Dabi watches the young, red-winged man slug his alcoholic beverage down like an absolute champ; throat muscles opened wide as the beer flows down his gullet. Hawks clearly had experience getting quite a bit down his throat, judging by how expertly he sucked his nice, cool beer down. Though, he was a little more eager for Hawks to finish that beer...

Sure enough, upon finishing his second can of beer, Hawks slammed the empty can onto the table, beer still dribbling from his lightly stubbled chin, then let out a *huge* burp. Dabi's cold heart hitched at that powerful eructation just bellowing from the hero so forcefully and shamelessly. He could feel that tent in his pants only getting higher up in pitch. It was starting to get a little uncomfortable, in truth...

Hawks sighed heavily after getting that one out and thumped his chest firmly with his fist, releasing a deep afterburp that left him huffing afterwards. "Oof...oh man," Hawks groaned, then hiccuped loudly, covering his mouth and chuckling afterwards. "Mph, heh. Think I'm gettin' a lil buzzed..."

"After just three beers?" Dabi scoffed.

Hawks hiccuped again and shrugged innocently with, "What can I say? I'm a total-*hic*-woof...lightweight. So, if you're thinkin' of gettin' me drunk'n takin' advantage of me..."

The cocky winged hero leaned in close for dramatic effect.

"...I don't need to be drunk for you to take advantage of me," he finished with another teasing wink.

Dabi looked Hawks stone cold in the eyes...

...And slid Hawks another can of beer and smirked. "Maybe I don't need to get you drunk...but I *want* to anyway. Who knows? You may get careless and let slip something ya shouldn't..."

Then, Dabi's eyes loomed down at Hawks' slightly pooching stomach and he smirked anew.

"...Or *maaaaybe* I just wanna see you all bloated'n full'uh beer."

Hawks laughed heartily and shook his head. "Ya know, for a guy with such a great pokerface, you're pretty damn blunt, ain'tcha!"

"You only ever lie if you're scared of consequences," Dabi answered bluntly.

"And there's no 'worst case scenarios' that would give ya any reason t'be cautious, huh?" Hawks replied as he grabbed the beer. "Pretty cocky, wouldn'tcha say?"

"Do I have any reason *not* to be?"

Hawks blinked, and laughed again, glancing back into Dabi's piercing cyan eyes and adding, "...Is it any wonder why I find you so damn sexy?"

Dabi scoffed and said, "Just drink already, lil bird."

Hawks gave the villain a mock salute, before cracking another can open, bringing it up to his lips and guzzling it down with merry gusto.

Dabi watched on as Hawks' throat bobbed in and out rapidly with the rush of booze. The gulps emitting from his gullet sounded so unbelievably thick and rich, even from afar. Hawks must've really been sucking that can dry as he chugged.

In no time at all, Hawks got that fourth can down, gulping the last of his alcohol down as he crinkled the can and dropped it by the others. He huffed heavily and grabbed himself another can, cracking it open to drink. But before he could, he stopped and looked uncomfortable for a split second. That was until he placed a hand on his belly and let loose a big, raunchy burp that blasted out from the very depths of his stomach. Hawks sighed heavily, rubbing his lower stomach in satisfaction before giving it a few pats and letting out a smaller burp.

He glanced back at Dabi, whose face was notably heated. He could also see the tent emerging from Dabi's pants and laughed. "Hah, did'ja like that?" Hawks asked teasingly.

"...For some stupid fuckin' reason, yeah, guess I do," Dabi admitted as he squirmed somewhat.

Hawks laughed again and said, "Well, don'tchu worry. Beer makes me suuuuper burpy. So, there's gonna be *lots* more where that came from." He gave his belly a few cocky, showy pats for emphasis.

"...Great," Dabi said in his dry sort of way. Though, the flush in his cheeks suggested he wasn't being wholly sarcastic when he said that.

Apparently, those pats stirred up some gas because before Hawks could resume chugging, a raucous burp forced its way up his throat and left the hero huffing as a bit of drool dribbled down the corner of his lip. He chuckled and wiped his lip clean with his thumb and winked back at Dabi. "Heh, see what I mean?" He teased.

...For a guy whose nerve-damaged body was covered in burnt tissue, it was a wonder how he could ever be as hard as he quickly became in response to that display of crude shamelessness.

Either way, Hawks got to work guzzling his fifth can down, making it a point to teasingly rub his belly slowly with his free hand as he chugged. He did so firmly so that his rubbing would lift his shirt up over his expanding stomach while he chugged, leaving it bare and giving Dabi a clear view at Hawks' exposed flesh and his shallow yet deep-looking navel.

After downing the rest of his fifth can, Hawks crushed it, dropped it aside and huffed with his finger up in a 'wait for it' kind of fashion. He was holding his bloated belly in one hand with a look of mild strain. Then, his free hand slapped down onto the other side of his stomach, and his maw lurched open. The belch Hawks let out was loud enough to make Dabi flinch, and so long that Dabi would swear it was rolling out of Hawks for a good six or so seconds straight. Hawks was literally leaning back, cupping his belly with both hands as that deeply powerful eructation bellowed from his maw.

When it finished, Hawks groaned with satisfaction and slapped the sides of his belly with both hands, running them up and down in a showy way.

"Gruuuuooohhhh fffffuck me, man, that was a GOOD one..." Hawks gasped. Then, his gut gave a thick gurgle that made him grimace a little. Looking like he had another one brewing, Hawks bent forward and gripped his knees, like he was bracing himself. Then, Hawks let out a HUGE burp, one that blasted out of him so hard that Dabi would swear he felt the reverb in his bones...

*...Lord knows he could feel it somewhere else...*

Hawks panted after, then let his tongue hang out of his maw in a lewd fashion as he firmly massaged his lower stomach with one hand and looked back at Dabi. "Heh, told'ja beer makes me burpy..." he said and winked back at the villain, whose cheeks were undeniably flush in that moment.

"...You're a pig," Dabi said dismissively.

"And you love it," Hawks said teasingly right back, smacking his gut and making it jiggle ever so slightly now that his gut was growing so full of beer.

Dabi hated how right the hero was...

Nonetheless, Hawks smirked back at his villainous cohort and resumed giving him a 'show' of downing more and more booze and shamelessly burping to his hearts content...