

“This is weird, right?” Ochako whispered, leaning in closer to Iida as he stared blankly ahead at Kirishima and Kaminari, both of whom had been regaling them for the last hour about their latest exploit with Bakugo. “That they're both so into this?”

“It's certainly strange... but I can't help but feel... intrigued.” Iida said, eyes narrowing, hand rising up to his chin as his mind whirled with the information his friends were feeding him.

“... Seriously? What's with men, always getting into weird hobbies like this?” Ochako said, sighing, resting her head on her hand. “I thought Deku was the only one who launched into weird obsessions with Quirks.”

“Hey, are you two even listening?” Kaminari demanded, slamming the table in front of him, glaring at the other Pros.

“Of course I'm listening! Intently! Who do you think I am?” Iida shouted, slamming the table right back.

“Oh give it a rest, both of you!” Ochako said, slamming the table as well.

Kirishima suddenly slammed the table as well, splintering it nearly in half, the remains of their food and drink orders flying into the air and splattering on the ground. “... Whoops! Sorry, just wanted to be included.” He said, rubbing the back of his head with a blush.

The red headed Hero's antics were enough to get everyone else to settle down, Iida immediately moving to the counter to explain the situation to the shocked workers while Ochako tried to shield her face. “Geez, all of our reputations are going to go down if we're not careful... though you two certainly don't seem to care at all about your reputations.”

“Aha! I know that tone!” Kirishima said, pointing at Ochako, mouth turned up in a sharp toothed grin. “Judgment! No way I'm going to let you make me feel bad about how awesome Bakugo is! I got Kaminari on my side, I bet I could get you on my side too!”

“As if!” Ochako scoffed, crossing her arms and turning her head. “This is just some weird game for you boys to play and I won't be part of it!”

“Heh, remember when I had that attitude Kiri?” Kaminari said, leaning back in his chair with a confident smirk. “Didn't take more than one session to change my tune. What are the odds Gravity Girl over here will be the same?”

“As. IF!” Ochako repeated, pointing first at Kaminari and then at Kirishima. “Bakugo is... okay, I can admit he's cool, if a little... rocky when it comes to personality but I just don't see what's so fascinating that you two will keep carrying on like this.”

“So it's perfectly safe for you to try it out, right?” Kirishima said.

“Try what out?” Iida asked, returning to his seat.

“A session with Bakubro of course!” Kaminari replied.

“Hmm... well I am quite curious about what the attraction is... and I have been looking for new ways of training for a while now. Alright! I'll do it!” Iida said, raising his arm in a salute before bringing it down in a chop in front of him. “For the sake of furthering my career as Engineum!”

“Oh fine, you're on!” Ochako said, rising to her feet with a huff. “I'll text him and make plans.”

She pulled out her phone and Kirishima said, “Just don't plan for this Saturday! Kaminari and I... uh... already have that slot filled.”

Ochako rolled her eyes and pulled out her phone, quickly tapping out a message to Bakugo before losing her nerve. Truth be told, she was also curious about all this. Bakugo had always been special in a way to her, ever since the Fighting Festival all those years ago when they were still in school. He had been one of the few boys there willing to really fight her seriously, to not treat her as something that needed to be handled delicately or be protected. Even in her career as a Pro she had run into an annoyingly high number of men who smirkingly insisted on taking lead, of making her support, of keeping her on the back lines. She'd been on a few missions with Bakugo in their Pro days but their paths didn't cross nearly as much as they did when they were in school. She had seen the reports about him, of course, especially recently with his crusade against Quirk Weapons. She hesitated before sending the text she had just written as her mind turned towards that particular subject. She had been pretty neutral about them at first, not seeing them as the danger some did but also not seeing them as some kind of society equaling godsend either. She had shifted more into the positive aspects after being sponsored by a company that manufactured them, however, and the public seemed to really support them so she felt like she was doing the right thing. Bakugo however... she could feel sweat beading on her forehead as she remembered how vocally against them he was. Was she putting herself into a situation she would regret? Her thumb trembled slightly over the send button... before resolutely pressing it. “Don't be stupid! Bakugo isn't some kind of Villain or monster. We're both adults now we can have a mature conversation about this... while we... do whatever it is we're going to do while I'm tiny... oh god, this is so weird!”

She put her phone back in her pocket, said good bye to the others, and walked out of the burger place. She felt nervous for the rest of the day and most of the next while waiting on Bakugo's reply but by the time the third day with no answer rolled around she started to get annoyed. She was debating sending another one but something held her back. “No answer is as good as a no as far as I'm concerned!” She thought to herself as she suited up for the day's mission. “No skin off my teeth! Probably just another boy's club situation all over again.”

She shook her head before pulling her helmet over her short hair, lowering the visor with a determined air, clearing her thoughts of all those outside matters as she focused on the task at hand. By the time she actually received a reply from Bakugo two days later she had all but forgotten about the situation, so it came as a surprise when she read “Sure, I'm game... one one condition.”

She blinked as she read the message a few times. Curiosity led her to quickly tap out a reply. “What kind of condition?”

This time the reply was nearly instantaneous. “Just come over tomorrow and we'll talk. I ain't laying it all out on text.”

Ochako tapped her cheek, looking up into the sky, pondering for a moment... before shrugging and writing out, “Alright then! See you at noon.”

She didn't receive a reply after that but, rather than Bakugo's silence before, which felt like a hard no to her request, this silence felt more like mutual agreement. She put her phone away and thought about what exactly they could do. She had heard the stories from Kirishima and Kaminari, about how they had experienced Bakugo's feet and muscles, but neither of those scenarios felt particularly... interesting to her. Much like Iida, the training aspect seemed the most intriguing. There was just something compelling about a training partner being the actual training grounds; plus it would give her some safe hands on experience fighting Gigantified Villains. Maybe she could even practice rescue as if she had been shrunk by a Villain's Quirk, using Bakugo as the injured civilian! She smiled, nodding to herself, knowing exactly what she would offer once they met now.

Before she knew it, it was Sunday and Ochako was standing in front of the door to Bakugo's apartment. It was a pretty modest affair for the number two hero but Bakugo wasn't usually the type for frivolity in the first place. She rang the bell and clasped her hands behind her back, smiling, waiting. She heard movement within the apartment, something that sounded like a crash, and then heavy footsteps before the door was yanked open, Bakugo staring down at her. "Heya Bakugo!" Ochako said brightly, waving a little. "Right on time, since I know you don't like people being late!"

Bakugo rubbed the back of his head and made a soft tch sound in the back of his throat. "I wouldn't have bit your head off if you were late ya know."

"Maybe, but I'm not about to stand here and get lectured, either so on time it is!" Ochako said, looking around Bakugo's bulky frame. "Anyway... can I come in?"

"Course you can, you think I'd let ya come all this way and then not even let you in the front door?" Bakugo growled, standing aside, allowing Ochako access. She slipped by him, giving him a little knock on his chest as she passed, the hulking Hero blushing slightly at the touch. "What the fuck is that for?"

"I dunno, I just like seeing you turn red like that." She teased, giggling as Bakugo slammed the door behind her. She looked around, taking note of the neatness, curious about what had made that crashing sound. Everything appeared to be perfectly in place but there was one door that was noticeably closed. She pointed at the door and said, "What's in there?"

"My bedroom." Bakugo said, awkwardly standing behind Ochako as she looked around, arms crossed over his broad chest.

"Ooooh, too shy to let a woman see in there, huh?" Ochako said, eyes narrowing, a grin on her lips as she held her hand up to her mouth.

"I don't need a fuckin' reason to not want people in my room!" Bakugo shouted, blushing fully this time, eyes not quite meeting Ochako's.

"Whatever you say big guy." She shrugged, feeling more at ease than she expected. "So... before we get started, what's this 'one condition' you were talking about?"

Bakugo nodded, jerking his head towards the living room. There was a couch and a single person chair set up along a coffee table, a television stand and set behind that. She sat down on the single chair while Bakugo sat on the couch, arms resting on the back of it, legs spread, taking up a large amount of seat real estate. "You know about those Quirk Weapons, right?"

“... Yes, of course I do.” Ochako said, unsure if this was some kind of joke on Bakugo's part. “Do you not remember I was sponsored by a company who makes them?”

Bakugo's eyes widened, his fists clenching on the couch. “No... I didn't remember that.”

Ochako sighed and rolled her eyes. “Of course not. Guess it was too small time for you to even notice?”

“Fuck off!” Bakugo said, glancing to the side. “It's not like that! I just... I wasn't payin' attention to them at first because they pissed me off and I assumed they'd go outta business before they got too popular.”

“I don't see why you're so annoyed by them to begin with.” Ochako said, standing her ground.

“You remember what All for One did. What he was capable of. How is this any different?” Bakugo growled.

“Well... not every Quirk in existence is represented by these weapons. It's only really the most prolific ones that already exist. We're a long way off from someone being able to amass them on that same level.” Ochako reasoned.

“But how long until they ARE all available? If these things keep getting more popular than what's going to stop them developing more? It's not a matter of if, but when.”

“I see your point but that would only be a problem if research and development was rapidly expanding. As it is, we have plenty of time to make sure there are regulations in place to ensure that abuse can't happen.”

“Tch! Abuse can always happen!” Bakugo said. “That's why we have to nip it in the bud, now, before it grows into something uncontrollable!”

“Come on, Bakugo, you can't control everything.” Ochako said. “The technology has already advanced to this point, the genie is out of the bottle! Even if you stop all production now there's nothing stopping people picking it back up. The only thing you're ensuring is that there's no regulation and all the development happens underground and behind the scenes. That's WAY worse to me!”

Bakugo paused, considering what Ochako had just said. It had never really crossed his mind, the idea that the underground dealers would become the default, he had been so single minded in his pursuit to abolish them. Ochako watched him tentatively as he cupped his chin in his hand, eyes focused downward. He sighed, rubbing his forehead after a bit, and looked back up into her eyes. “Okay... well, this condition is gonna change slightly then. I was going to say you had to help me fight against Quirk Weapons... but I think we can work something else out together.”

“Glad to hear it!” She said, clapping her hands with a smile. “Glad we can see eye to eye... figuratively speaking.”

Bakugo smirked, leaning back further on the couch. “We're fuckin' eye to abs and we're about to be eye to toe once we get started.”

“Wait, wait, wait, hold on! We can't just launch straight into this!” Ochako said, waving her hands frantically, much to Bakugo's surprise.

“The hell you mean? You backin' out at the last second?”

“I didn't say that, I just mean we need to set some boundaries and limitations! What size I'll be, what we'll be doing, how long we'll be doing it... honestly, did you guys just... jump into everything at once?”

“Hn... well Hard Hat did all the set up and we just went with the flow and Pikachu... eh, it doesn't matter, there just wasn't a lot of talkin'...” Bakugo mumbled, rubbing the back of his head.

“Good thing you're doing this with me then!” Ochako said, shaking her head. “Going forward you'll be able to handle these situations more professionally!”

“This ain't exactly a business I'm runnin' you know.” Bakugo said, rolling his eyes.

“That's exactly your problem! This *could* be a business! Clearly people are interested! Imagine how many *more* would be interested if you actually advertised it!” Ochako explained, eyes gleaming at the possibilities.

“Slow the fuck down Pink Cheeks, I'm not looking to sell my body over here!” Bakugo snapped, face now entirely red, completely on his back foot trying to deal with Ochako.

“Oh don't be so dramatic!” Ochako said, jumping up to her feet. “You wouldn't have to do anything you wouldn't be comfortable with and I'm betting people would pay you out the nose to do this! Kaminari and Kirishima both were really into it and they even managed to convince me and Iida to check it out!”

“I guess... those two are morons but you and Four Eyes aren't...” Bakugo said softly, once again considering Ochako's words. She hadn't been here for more than ten minutes and he was already reconsidering his position on a lot of things. If his services in this manner got popular enough... it could end up being something he could use to bolster his position regarding Quirk Weapons. “So long as I could call all the shots.”

“Not all the shots, just what you work out in advance with your client!” Ochako said, reaching into her purse and pulling out a familiar looking gun. “We can talk aaaaaaall about this kind of thing later, after *our* little session.”

Bakugo narrowed his eyes at the gun, getting to his feet as well, his wide frame towering over Ochako, casting her in his shadow. “You got one of those too, huh?”

“Sure do! Perks of being sponsored.” Ochako winked. “Consider it your first payment in this line of work.”

She held the gun out in front of Bakugo, the explosive Hero just staring at it for a moment... before taking it. “Mine, huh? Fine, saves me the trouble of chasing down Hard Hat for it every time I do this. So, you wanted details. Lay them out.”

“Okay! First off, one inch in height I think would be best! Small but not *too* small. As for what we'll be doing, I want us to have a sparring match, full on, just like back in UA. The time limit is however long it takes for us to finish! Sound reasonable?”

Bakugo smirked, hands in his pockets, leaning his head back as he stared down at Ochako. “Heh, just like the good old days, huh? You know I won't hold back, right?”

“I would be insulted if you did.” Ochako said, smirking right back, crossing her arms.

Both Heroes went their separate ways for the moment, Ochako moving to the bathroom while Bakugo moved to the bedroom to get changed. Ochako looked herself over in the mirror before heading back out; black leggings with a pink stripe going up both legs and a pink sleeveless shirt that was baggy without looking too big for her body, her usual work out attire. She nodded to herself and smiled, walking back into the living room where Bakugo was already waiting. He was moving furniture around, sliding the couch back, pushing the coffee table into the kitchen, and generally clearing a space in the center of the living room for them to occupy. He was dressed in a sleeveless black shirt, the material loose, almost like a karate gi, the V neck plunging down halfway to his waist, leaving a shocking amount of torso on display, along with a pair of comfortable black sweatpants with an orange line running up both legs. Ochako couldn't help but blush, not expecting such an immodest workout uniform. Bakugo smirked and flexed his biceps, the twin peaks rising up in a spectacular fashion, a thick, pulsing vein snaking up under the skin, fueling the powerful mounds. “Not bad, right?” He said cockily, bringing his arms down in front of him, his pecs bulging outward, pushing aside the loose fabric of his shirt. “Imagine how good it'll look when you're a fuckin' bug.”

The confidence that oozed from every word made any witty reply Ochako could think of die in her throat as she found herself just... staring. Bakugo chuckled, arms behind his head, his smirk evolving into a cocky grin, flexing, hard, his entire upper body. Ochako immediately turned around, slapping her red cheeks and taking a deep breath. “Come on... it's just Bakugo. You know how much he likes to show off when he gets into it!”

She turned back around and approached him, standing a few feet away from him in the center of the living room. “Alright! I'm ready. Let me have it!”

Bakugo adjusted the settings on the gun and pointed it straight at Ochako, that grin still firmly in place. “Last chance to back out Round Cheeks. You ready for this?”

“Enough talk.” She said confidently, getting into a fighting stance. “Let's see some action!”

Without another word Bakugo pulled the trigger, a burst of energy erupting from the muzzle of the gun and striking Ochako directly in the chest. She yelped as she felt her body condense in on itself, her stomach leaping up into her throat as she felt the world drop out from under her, stumbling backward and falling onto her butt as Bakugo expanded in front of her, the already towering man soon looming enormously over her like a hero from legend, the carpet fibers around her like a dense thicket of tall grass. “Oh boy... oh man... this is way more intense than I thought it would be.” She thought, scrambling to her feet, dusting herself off as her eyes were drawn to what was directly in front of her: Bakugo's gigantic toes, the biggest ones equal to her in height, the massive digits flexing, gathering up those same carpet fibers she was ensconced in between them before relaxing. How easy it would be for him to just squeeze her up in a similar way, pinning her, holding her captive as simply as one would a stray beetle trundling along in front of you. Slowly, her eyes traveled up the length of the enormous

Pro's pillar like legs, up to his torso, the muscles almost hazy in the distance, Bakugo's face hidden slightly behind the shelf like bulge of his pecs, his chin firmly pressed against them. He chuckled, the sound thunderous above her like an approaching storm, his body coming into sharper view as he leaned over slightly, waving the gun in front of her.

“Hope you're enjoying the view cause it's the only thing you're going to be seeing until we're finished.” Bakugo's voice rumbled, Ochako feeling the vibrations of his words deep within her bones.

She closed her eyes, clenching her fists and taking a deep breath, steadying her nerves. “No matter how big he is... he's still just Bakugo! You can do this!”

She opened her eyes and launched herself upward, gravity disappearing for her as she kicked off the ground, heading straight up along Bakugo's leg. The gigantic man watched her for a moment, those crimson eyes locked on her bug like form, before setting the Quirk Weapon aside and shoving his hands into his pockets again. Lazily, he lifted his foot up. Ochako arrested her ascent as the massive appendage appeared above her, toes twitching slightly before the foot barreled down towards her, her body becoming plastered against the sole as he stepped, the air getting knocked out of her lungs as the foot fully stepped, colliding with the ground, pinning her instantly. Bakugo chuckled, twisting his foot slightly, burying Ochako deeper into the carpet fibers. “What do ya think? This bad boy's conquered two Pros so far. Maybe if you give it a little kiss I'll let you go?”

“Ugh!” Ochako huffed, the heat already starting to build up around her, beads of sweat forming along her exposed skin from the oppressive atmosphere surrounding Bakugo's foot. She was already completely outclassed in strength, which she expected, and speed, which was surprising considering Bakugo's size. The spicy sweet scent clinging to her captor's skin clouded her mind, making it harder to think. She had expected that fighting Bakugo would be like when she faced off against Gigantomachia but the reality felt more like trying to battle a hurricane. Luckily, she had improved significantly since those days. She pressed her hands against Bakugo's sole and exerted her Quirk, making his foot weightless rather than herself. To Bakugo, it was as though his foot had fallen asleep, the appendage slowly rising into the air, catching him off guard. He pulled his hands from his pockets as his arms wheeled, trying to catch his balance. Ochako took this moment to roll out from under the raised foot, touching her fingertips together, releasing her Quirk, Bakugo stomping, hard, nearly toppling over forward from the sudden change. Ochako yelped as the ground quaked under her, knocking her into the air. Before she could fall back to the ground she activated her Quirk again, rising swiftly into the air along the side of Bakugo's leg. The gigantic Hero held still for a moment, testing his foot to make sure it was clear before standing up straight, looking around for his opponent. “Buzz around all ya want, Pink Cheeks, I'll still find ya and flatten ya!” He promised, scanning the ground in front of him, slowly raising his field of vision as he searched.

Ochako kept quiet as she floated gently upwards, arms out, catching air currents that Bakugo wouldn't even be able to detect to guide her ascent, slowly moving around him in a circle, staying out of his line of sight. She was being overly cautious at the moment, doing quick calculations in her head to try and guess the various weights of things around the apartment; her limit had increased from her school days but at this new size she wasn't sure what she could handle without becoming too nauseous. Bakugo, certainly, was out of the question but if she played it right, she could affect certain parts of him to avoid, hopefully, the worst of his attacks. Out of the corner of her eye she spotted a book laying on the coffee table. “That should be okay.” She thought to herself, propelling herself towards the edge of the “arena” with a practiced swing of her arms and legs. Once she was near enough she touched her fingertips together again, landing with grace on top of the book, her fingertips already in contact with

the leather. The book slowly floated upward, turning as it did, Ochako sliding off of it and onto the coffee table surface. Dropping onto her back, she kicked as hard as she could with both legs, sending the book floating upwards and over towards Bakugo. The explosive Hero quickly caught sight of the floating book, watching with a raised eyebrow as it gently floated above his head, pressing up against the ceiling, missing him entirely. He smirked, crossing his arms in front of his chest. "Didn't think that one through as well as you could have, huh, bug?"

Ochako rose to her feet and said, "Oh, I thought about it well enough!"

She touched her fingertips together and bowed, the book falling directly on top of Bakugo's head. He roared out a pained, "FUCK!" as he grabbed the top of his head, glaring at Ochako. She giggled and stuck out her tongue, leaping off the edge of the table and rising into the air once more. "You're gonna pay for that one!"

"Not if you can't catch me!" She taunted.

Bakugo closed the distance between them in a few earth shaking strides, raising his fist and slamming it towards his miniscule opponent. She held her arms out as the fist loomed bigger and bigger in her view, outclassing her entire height several times, filling her vision with nothing but a wall of hard knuckles. "Gotta be fast, gotta be fast, gotta be fast!" She thought frantically as the fist connected with her outstretched fingertips... and stopped, the fist rising up just enough to avoid striking her. The blast of wind from the attack still stirred up around her, throwing her higher into the air with a yelp, her body twisting and turning over and over as she tried to right herself. Bakugo felt that strange numbness in his hand, the appendage wanting to rise. He clenched his hand into a fist, recalculating the trajectory of his punches with that hand to account for the feeling, rolling his shoulders as he stalked closer to his opponent. Ochako was around stomach height at the moment, righting herself just as Bakugo approached, that wall of abs encroaching on her. She held her hands out again as Bakugo readied a second punch... only to slap her from behind with his other hand. She cursed her inattentiveness as what felt like a train SLAMMED into her back, sending her hurtling forward. Her trip was short as she crashed in between the top and middle row of Bakugo's exposed abs, her tiny arms descending into the grooves on either side of her while her body nearly disappeared into the middle one. She groaned as the hand left, her entire world suddenly collapsing around her as Bakugo flexed his abs, arms behind his head, grunting as the powerful bricks of muscle converged, the pressure tight and inescapable without being crushing. "Urgh... can't... stay here... long..." She thought to herself, senses assaulted on all sides by Bakugo's presence.

"What were ya sayin' about catching you again? Not talkin' so big now are ya?" Bakugo taunted, biting his lower lip as he flexed harder, a sudden groaning sound emanating from his midsection. "Fuck... that's what I get for skipping breakfast."

For Ochako down below, the sound echoed through her head, drowning out even the panting of her own beleaguered breathing. At her miniscule size the sound was far more varied as well, starting as a loud and constant roar before tapering off into a liquid gurgling that faded into an almost imperceptible rrrrr that she hadn't noticed before. It was so distracting that she didn't even notice as the abs around her relaxed, her body slipping out from between the grooves and into Bakugo's hand. The gigantic appendage batted at her body, slowly guiding her up to his face, snatching her out of the air once she was directly in front of his line of sight. The shrunken Hero struggled as soon as she felt those powerful fingers closing around her, her Quirk still activated, giving her a strange sense of vertigo as her body wanted to rise but was unable to. The nausea was starting to build, her hands stuck to her sides, unable



to be brought together to end the zero gravity. Those merciless red eyes glared at her, Bakugo's gigantic visage filling her line of sight. "Ya know... might as well kill two birds with one stone."

Ochako's heart seemed to stop as Bakugo slowly opened his mouth, wide, hot air gusting out from the depths of his body and washing over Ochako's trapped form. Long, thick strings of saliva stretched from the top row of teeth down to the bottom, pools of the viscous liquid forming on and around his tongue, the interior of his maw glistening in the light. He slowly stuck his tongue out and, with a flick of his wrist, sent his opponent flying towards his open mouth. Ochako quickly brought her fingertips together, canceling her Quirk, but not quickly enough to avoid her fate. She landed on the outstretched tongue with a wet plop, her clothes immediately becoming saturated in Bakugo's sweet smelling saliva, the thick liquid weighing her down. She struggled to her feet, falling back down once Bakugo brought his tongue back into his mouth, the humid air blanketing her, her breathing becoming even more labored. "This is bad... this is bad... this is really bad!" She thought, mind a blank as the light slowly faded as Bakugo brought his lips together, a red tint coloring her surroundings. Deep within Bakugo's body Ochako could hear the steady, measured beating of his heart, echoing around her like a universal clock, ticking the moments one by one, the rush of his breathing from his bellows like lungs coursing upwards from the throat up into his nose, saving her from being buffeted around. She got to her feet again, trying desperately to think of a plan. There was nothing around her she could use her Quirk on... but maybe she could...

Without thinking further, she pressed her fingertips against Bakugo's tongue, activating her Quirk. Bakugo's eyebrows raised as he felt a strange numbness envelop his tongue, the thick muscle rising inside his mouth against his will. Ochako yelped as she slid backwards down Bakugo's tongue, her body reaching the end of the line and flying off into the open air above Bakugo's throat. She felt as though she was suspended in the air... before her body began to plummet downwards. Her fingers moved with blinding speed as she released Bakugo's tongue and used her Quirk on herself, rising slowly upwards. She sighed in relief, looking down, the dark abyss of Bakugo's throat pulsing below her as though angry a meal had been stolen from it. That ferocious growling echoed up from below as Bakugo's hunger made itself known. Ochako felt a chill run down her spine, her body frozen as though she was facing down an implacable predator... until something warm and squishy pressed against her from above. She turned her head and saw the fleshy uvula above her, pressing against her body insistently as she continued rising. She grinned and turned around, grabbing as much of the thing as she could, squeezing, hard. "Let's see how you like THIS Mr. Dynamight!"

Bakugo gagged, coughing, an irritation tickling the back of his throat. Growling, he tried to reach back with his tongue but couldn't shake the annoyance, reaching into his mouth with his finger to try and dislodge Ochako. Once the finger invaded, the free floating woman pushed off the uvula, flying under the finger and towards Bakugo's open mouth. She felt her heart leap as cool air began to brush against her face, freedom tantalizingly close at hand... only to be snatched away as Bakugo's finger swiftly retreated, realizing the irritation was gone, his jaws closing with a snap. Ochako yelped again as she crashed into the teeth, canceling her Quirk again and falling into a pool just in front of Bakugo's tongue. "Uuuurgh... I never knew this stuff could be so... slimy..."

She grunted as something slammed into her back, roughly, pushing her up against Bakugo's pearly white, ultra hard teeth, the powerful bones immaculate and strong thanks to Bakugo's hygienic diligence. She could just barely see her own tired reflection in the dim red light suffusing her environment, the tip of Bakugo's tongue pressing against her back and keeping her pinned. The squelch of saliva filled her ears as Bakugo's tongue squished against her, sliding down her back and between her legs. She shivered, feeling a strange thrill at this strangely intimate attention... before the tip of the

tongue rose up and flicked her into the air, sending her flying up and back, landing on the center of the tongue once more. Before she could even think of moving she felt her body violently rise into the air, the tongue ascending upward, pressing her into the rough palette above, the tongue dragging her along the ridges, knocking her around like she was a car traveling over a particularly bumpy road. She felt the tongue drop from beneath her, her body still adhered to the roof of Bakugo's mouth by the thick saliva coating her body. She struggled to pull away, managing to free her right arm... and then her left arm... her right leg... and then her left leg... and then her body fell free... only to immediately be slammed into Bakugo's cheek. She let out a frustrated groan as her body practically sank into the soft flesh, Bakugo's tongue forcing her against it relentlessly. From his perspective he was merely savoring a small snack, his hands in his pockets as he pushed Ochako around inside his mouth, rolling her over his tongue, sucking gently, smirking as he felt her get stuck and struggle, effortlessly knocking her around. Ochako herself, finally at her limit, stopped struggling, giving in to the assault... only for Bakugo to finally spit her out onto his palm. She rocketed out from between his lips, smacking into his warm skin, his grinning face looming overhead above her. "Had enough, Pink Cheeks?"

"Ugh... yes... yes... I give!" Ochako squeaked out, utterly exhausted.

"Heh, thought so." Bakugo said, tilting his head back slightly. "You fought pretty well there... for a bug."

"Just you wait until next time... you won't know what hit you!" Ochako shouted, rolling over onto her front with a groan.

She watched as Bakugo swallowed all the gathered saliva in his mouth in one gulp, his throat bulging slightly as it traveled down his throat, disappearing behind his burly chest. He sighed and stuck his tongue out lazily. "Great... you tasted pretty damn good."

Ochako blushed, her heart hammering in her chest from such a strange compliment. "This sucks... I can't believe I have to tell those two idiots that this was... pretty amazing..." She thought. This experience had been unlike anything she had faced before. Bakugo now felt like this insurmountable obstacle that she had to overcome, this cocky colossus that managed to take her out without breaking a sweat. "I can come up with better moves! I'm going to really surprise him next time!"

Bakugo watched Ochako slowly climb to her feet, recognizing that determined look on her face. His expression softened, feeling a strange pride deep in his chest at how hard she had worked, how fiercely she had fought, and how willing she was to fight again. "Being all fired up is good and all but you should probably take a break before we try anything again. Besides... we've got things we need to discuss."

"Yeah... and I really could use a shower."

The End