

“You want to fucking *what?*”

Bakugo's voice still had that hard edge to it but confusion was the dominant emotion that emanated from the question. Kirishima grinned, that wide smile displaying his dazzlingly white, razor sharp teeth. “I wanna go out on patrol with ya! What, that's weird?”

“That's not the weird part, dumbass!” Bakugo growled, hands deep in his pockets, his posture slouched. “The weird part is you saying you want to go on patrol with me in my fucking boot!”

Kirishima needed to choose his words carefully here; it was the moment of truth after all! He had gone on patrol with Bakugo for years now, ever since they both graduated and went pro. They had gained some notoriety as a dynamic duo (known as The Crimson Dynamo), hitting hard and fast, able to clear out entire squads of criminals within minutes. They had always been close during their school years but it still seemed like they were learning new things about each other and themselves every day. It was after one particular mission a while back, when Bakugo crashed at his place, that Kirishima realized something he hadn't expected.

He liked feet.

Even now he felt a twinge of embarrassment at the thought. It was the kind of thing that Kaminari would laugh loudly about and then promptly try to shove his feet in Kirishima's face... not that that would be the *worst* thing in the world. In the back of his mind he always knew there was some kind of fascination, even attraction, there but it had never crystallized into anything concrete... until Bakugo had kicked those boots off. The effect had been immediate: a deep, sweet smell, tinged with the natural odor of an active male body, the musk and caramel scents wafting into the air amid Bakugo's relieved sigh. Kirishima's eyes had widened as Bakugo leaned back on the couch, arms on the back, his feet slamming on top of Kirishima's coffee table, crossed at the ankle. Bakugo was covered neck to ankle in clothing and yet he somehow seemed to be flagrantly displaying himself to Kirishima, his toes twitching slightly, beckoning. Bakugo's build had always been wide and stocky and his feet were no different. The appendages themselves were short and wide, as heavy looking as the boots they were nearly constantly clad in, the toes close together, each one perfectly sized in a descending line from big to pinky. The thing that most drew Kirishima's attention, however, had been those stirrups. Two thick black bands of fabric crossing Bakugo's soles, tight to the skin, damp from the Hero's sweet smelling sweat. Kirishima had gulped, getting Bakugo's attention. The tired man grinned impishly and gestured to his feet with one finger. “What? Wanna give 'em a rub?”

It was clear that he was joking, teasing Kirishima in the same way they had teased each other as students, but it was too much for the Hardening Quirk user to handle. His face flushed bright crimson and he stumbled towards the bathroom, mumbling about needing a shower. That was all it had taken; those stirrups had wrapped themselves around Kirishima's brain and he had been unable to fully get them out of his head ever since. Whenever he was out with Bakugo he found his eyes trailing to his shoes, his boots, his dress shoes at formal events, his sandals during the summer, no matter what manner of footwear his friend wore, Kirishima couldn't help but stare. He was sure Bakugo had caught him staring at least once or twice but, as the irascible man had never questioned him, Kirishima was positive his friend didn't know the extent of his obsession. Kirishima winced slightly as he thought of how Bakugo would react if he actually just told the truth about it, rather than hiding, rather than trying this absurd plan but the potential for rejection was too frightening to consider. He didn't want to lose a friend... but he also couldn't let this opportunity slide. He pulled out a sci-fi looking gun and said, “Hell yeah! Just one blast with this thing and I'll be small enough to fit inside your boot while you're on

patrol! How cool is that?”

Bakugo crossed his arms, his thunderous expression darkening further. “Tch, I knew these Quirk replicating things were going to be trouble one day... I get how it's possible, I still don't get why you wanna do it. What's so great about being in my boot?”

“Training, dude, training! Duh! What else? You stick me in that boot and I use my Hardening Quirk! Hours of constant pressure on my body, what could be more manly?” Kirishima insisted, hoping his enthusiasm would be contagious.

Bakugo raised an eyebrow, frowning still... but in a slightly less intense way. “Training, huh... you got some real weird ideas about what training is, Hard Hat. But ya know what? Sure. Why the hell not? Just know that I'm not about to hold back. Once you're in there you're in there for the whole night! I hear any complaining and I'll grind you under my heel!”

Kirishima's heart thudded in his ears, his pulse racing as he listened to Bakugo's words, his grin stretching even wider. “Hell yeah, dude! I wouldn't expect anything less! Okay... here, you have to shoot! It'll be easier that way.”

He handed Bakugo the gun and stepped back a few paces, arms out at his sides expectantly. Bakugo turned the gun over in his hand, noticing the settings had both a Shrink and a Grow option which meant Kirishima would be stuck at whatever size Bakugo shrunk him at for as long as Bakugo wanted. The thought quirked the side of his mouth as he realized that, his arm lazily rising to point the muzzle directly at his friend. “Say hi to my toes for me.”

A flash of white light filled Kirishima's eyes as he felt his stomach plummet, his body pressured from all sides as he swiftly dwindled down. It was like he had crested the top of a particularly high roller coaster and was now barreling downwards. Kirishima's eyes widened as he swiftly had to tilt his head back to keep staring into his friend's eyes, the crimson orbs seeming to glitter as Bakugo tilted his head, examining his diminishing buddy with interest. He was already dressed in his hero costume, one that hadn't changed much even after graduation, Kirishima's eyes tearing away from Bakugo's, taking note of the way his friend's chest bulged out against the tight material, the sleeves equally clingy to his beefy arms, his biceps the kind you'd expect to see at the base of a pair of grenades. Kirishima's attention was directed downwards as he dwindled past half Bakugo's height, his pants baggy at the thigh, hiding the trunk like appendages in voluminous material only for his calves to steal the show as the material grew tight again. Glancing back up, Kirishima could no longer see anything beyond the top half of his friend's face, the large collar blocking it, making his expression inscrutable. Then, at last, Kirishima allowed himself to stare fully at the main attraction, the prize he had been aching to receive...

Bakugo's feet.

Even clad in heavy, thick soled boots, they were a work of art. Bakugo's style was aggressive and brutal, moving fast, hitting hard, and leaving no prisoners but for all that he still managed to move with a wild grace, flying through the air like an exploding acrobat, even his slightest movements betraying a control that showed his slouching posture and rough demeanor were covers to the way he could move his body. Kirishima winced slightly, stepping back as Bakugo took a careful step forward, the black boot tip rising majestically into the air before hurtling forward, bits of debris from the floor rising with the displaced air in a flurry, the wind whipping Kirishima's clothes around him. The tiny red head covered his face with his arms, squinting from the whirlwind a single step from his towering friend

kicked up, the boot sole looming over him and filling the sky. The violently orange sole blazed like a vengeful sunset in the sky, all caps block letters spelling out what had become Dynamight's unofficial motto: DIE MAD.

It had been an accident, really, the coining of this phrase. Bakugo had just had a particularly harrowing day of hero work, nearly dying in an attempt at stopping a major arms deal at the docks, and that same night a reporter caught up with him on the street to ask about what Dynamight had to say about his detractors who found his methods crass and his demeanor distasteful. Bakugo was usually curt but polite when it came to interviews these days but this question had been the one that broke the camel's back. He had grabbed the reporter's microphone in one hand and the camera in the other, dragging it close to his thunderous expression as he shouted, "Die mad, extras!"

The response had been instantaneous; those who already hated his guts just took this as more proof of what an unworthy hero he was while his fans cheered the blunt response. It wasn't long before merchandise was released with the phrase, a fan going so far as to send Bakugo a pair of boots with the phrase on the sole, a gift that earned both an approving smirk from Bakugo as well as the honor of being his new favorite pair of footwear. Kirishima stared at those famous words as the massive sole plummeted down towards him, the toe landing inches away from his body, the displaced air throwing him off his feet backwards, hitting the floor on his butt with a surprisingly loud SMACK, skidding a bit before coming to a halt. Bakugo's voice, amplified and sonorous to the tiny Kirishima, thunderously chuckled from on high as he watched Kirishima. "Damn, I barely moved and you're already on your ass? You sure you can handle this big, manly foot?"

Kirishima scrambled to his feet, slamming his fists together, his body instantly hardening from top to toes, his craggy face locked into an expression of pure determination. "YOU BET!" He shouted, his tinny voice only barely reaching Bakugo's ear, earning another chuckle from the towering hero.

"Alright then... main attraction time."

Kirishima's face flushed, his breathing getting faster as he watched Bakugo casually shift his stance, lifting his left boot into the air, the toe pressing down on the heel of the right boot. Slowly, the meaty appendage pulled itself free from its leather confines, a low, deep sigh issuing from above. Kirishima's gaze was fixated as Bakugo slowly spread his toes, the five muscular digits seeming to stretch out towards the red headed hero... until Bakugo clenched them together with a resounding CRACK, the sound making Kirishima jump, his heart suddenly in his throat. This feeling... being completely at the mercy of a colossal being that could crush him into paste if he chose... it brought old memories to the surface, old feelings, old fears... Kirishima gulped, the penny like tang of adrenaline in his mouth harsh. He was not the kid he had been, hadn't been for years, and he wasn't about to let old fears get in his way! He calmly stepped forward, eyes traveling down the length of Bakugo's smooth sole, stopping at that familiar black band, all fear replaced with an intense desire. Contrary to what most people thought, Bakugo was meticulous when it came to his health and hygiene. His rowdy personality and blunt manner hid a deeply responsible man who only drank with friends on special occasions, always watched his diet, always made sure to exercise, and kept his apartment immaculate. This care extended to his feet. Not a single blemish or imperfection to be seen, the skin was smooth without a hint of dryness, the nails sparkling clean and perfectly trimmed, every inch perfectly groomed.

Kirishima's admiration were cut short as Bakugo let his foot fall to the ground with an earth quaking THOOM knocking Kirishima to the ground, an amused "tch!" cutting through the air as Bakugo smirked, tilting his head. "I was actually trying to be careful that time. Better harden up, shitty hair, or

you're going to Red Paste before the nights over."

Kirishima clenched his fists, more lines appearing over his body, making it look like he was made from stone rather than flesh and blood. This wasn't just about indulging in a secret fantasy... this was also about proving himself to his comrade and most trusted partner! He'd sooner lay down in the middle of a busy street than disappoint Bakugo. He rushed forward, diving between Bakugo's big and second toe, each digit larger than his own body in both height and width, his rock like form almost completely disappearing... except for the tufts of bright red hair poking out. Bakugo clenched his toes around his tiny friend roughly, leaning backwards and falling onto the nearby couch, dragging his foot along the carpet before lifting it up to his knee, staring down at Kirishima. "I like the enthusiasm but I've got a much better spot for you tonight..."

Without another word, he swiped his finger between his toes, easily scooping Kirishima out. He paused for a moment, the almost insignificant weight of his friend's body on his finger driving home just how fragile he was... before hooking a finger into his stirrup, holding it wide open. With a dexterous movement he let Kirishima fall from his finger, snatching the back of his shirt at the last second, dangling him over the abyss. Kirishima's face was now bright red, almost indistinguishable from his hair, his head swimming as his senses became overwhelmed. Bakugo's body heat pulsed above and behind him through the fingers as that all too familiar sweet scent wafted into the air, surrounding him like a heavy blanket, wrapping him in a comfort he had never quite felt before. He was so entranced, he barely noticed Bakugo letting him go, his body falling as though in slow motion, his eyes trailing over Bakugo's toes... the ball of his foot... his sole... before light was extinguished as Kirishima fell into the space Bakugo had created, the gigantic hero letting the band of fabric return to his foot with a sharp SNAP. Bakugo stretched his leg out, moving his foot around, testing how it felt. Kirishima's presence was barely noticeable, even as Bakugo slipped his foot back into his boot and stood up, his full weight resting on top of his shrunken friend; he had had pebbles get caught in his boot that had more presence. Stepping down, hard, a few times, Bakugo strolled across the apartment and out the door, as though this was something he did every day.

Kirishima, meanwhile, was in heaven. Even with Bakugo's full weight pressing down on him, even as his body compressed and breathing became difficult, he was lost in bliss, breathing in deep, his arms, his hands, his fingers, pressing as hard as they could against that impossibly soft sole. It was more perfect than he ever could have imagined; he was half convinced he was going to suddenly wake up in his bed, covered in sweat, the lingering caramel scented air drifting into memory... but this was all too real. Kirishima grinned as he kept his Quirk activated, energy coursing through him all throughout the night, never tiring, never relenting, too incandescently happy about where he was and what he was doing to feel even a hint of fatigue. All he could think about, all he could hope, is that Bakugo enjoyed the experience even a fraction of the amount he did, that he would want to do this again and again and again.

Luckily for Kirishima, though he may never have admitted outright, Bakugo was having the time of his life, blasting over rooftops, dispatching villains, all the while knowing that his best friend was right there with him, subdued completely by his foot alone. It got him thinking... what would it feel like to have others under there? Or even more than just one? He smirked as he slammed his foot down onto the edge of a rooftop, staring down over the city, laid out under him like a door mat. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the gun Kirishima had so eagerly given him, turning it over and staring at the settings. Shrink, sure... but Grow... he grinned and stuck it back into his pocket, holding his arms out as he launched down to street level, his boots slamming onto the roof of a car that was being pursued by the police. There would be more nights like this, many more, where he could have his fun, where he

could experiment. For now... he wanted to give Kirishima the ride of his life.

The End