

“You want to fuckin' *what* with me?”

“Train! You're the last person I can ask! Come on Kaachan, please?”

“No fuckin' way! I'd crush you in a second... *literally* at this point.”

Midoriya frowned as he looked up at his towering childhood friend. Even though he had known him all his life, the tiny green haired student couldn't help but feel slightly intimidated by the glowering red eyes staring down at him from on high. He had found Bakugo, alone, in the U.A. dorm gym, diligently lifting weights like he always did at this time of day (Bakugo was always extremely punctual in his routine, never missing a workout), which was perfect for what Midoriya wanted to ask. He hadn't been too pleased at being interrupted and his mood had only worsened when Midoriya finally broached the subject.

“I can take care of myself!” the tiny man insisted, a frown not making his soft features any less cute. “I wouldn't ask you this if I didn't think I could!”

“And what, you want me to hold back for ya or somethin'? Be your trainin' dummy? I've got my own shit to worry about.” Bakugo growled, hands deep in his pockets, his posture slouched as he stared unblinkingly down at his rival.

“No! That's why I'm coming to you! Nobody else is taking me seriously! I've asked literally every one else in this dorm and even some guys from OUT of the dorm and they all turned me down!” Midoriya explained.

“I can see why. Nobody wants to send your dumb ass to the hospital.” Bakugo said, pausing for a moment. “You really asked EVERYONE? What about hard hat?”

“He just chuckled and said 'Nah, I don't think so, dude'.”

“Porcupine?”

“He told me to ask you.”

“Pikachu?”

“He actually started to agree and then looked nervous and then said no.”

“Pfeh! Didn't wanna risk actually losin' to ya. Four eyes?”

“He said he was worried he would hurt me.”

“Lovey Dovey?”

“I'm afraid I'd hurt *him*.”

Bakugo growled again, rubbing the back of his head furiously, turning slightly away from Midoriya. “Damn, this is annoyin'. If I agreed to this, and I'm not sayin' that I am, I ain't holdin' back, ya got that?”

“Of course! I wouldn't have it any other way!” Midoriya said, a grin slowly forming on his face. He knew that tone Bakugo was using... he was about to give in.

“I'm serious! You get cold feet in the middle of this, too bad, we're not stoppin' until it's over, ya got that?”

“Sure!” Midoriya replied, nodding, already stretching now. “Just don't underestimate me, Kaachan! I've fought plenty of oversized opponents before!”

“Yeah? Well none of them were *me* so don't get cocky.” He replied, kicking off his shoes.

Midoriya raised an eyebrow as he watched his classmate tug off his socks, balling them up and stuffing them in his shoes. “You... train barefoot?”

Bakugo immediately lifted his right foot off the ground and slammed it down on top of the table where Deku was standing, his legs kicking out from under him as the entire surface shook violently, Bakugo's massive toes inches away from the tiny man's body. “Only when I have to worry about crushin' fuckin' pebbles in my path! If I stepped on ya with my sneakers you'd pop. If I step on ya with my bare foot, you might get away with just a few broken bones.”

Midoriya couldn't help but gulp as he stared at his friend's toes; each one was bigger than he was and covered in a slight sheen of sweat. Bakugo had been working out for almost an hour already and his entire body was glistening, the air in the gym noticeably more humid than outside. Bakugo slowly removed his foot, leaving behind a wet print. Midoriya rose to his feet and slowly stepped into the print, stopping when he was in the center of the big toe. He turned around in a full circle, eyes darting over every inch of the wet mark. “Hmmm... so Kaachan could completely cover me with just his big toe... but I'm also small enough that I could squeeze between the toes if I needed to... and small enough that I could probably curl up under the toe's arch and stay safe if he tries to stomp on me...”

“Bet that curly hair of yours would mop up my sweat real good.” Bakugo snorted, watching the bug like student scurry around his foot print, muttering to himself. “You can hang out between my fuckin' toes all day if you love 'em so much.”

Deku rubbed the back of his head and said, “Sorry! I'm just not used to being this small so I have to assess this situation perfectly before we start. There's a lot of data I can gather just by looking at your footprint! You have some pretty impressive feet Kaachan!”

“Don't fuckin' give me weird ass compliments like that!” Bakugo shouted, his voice booming so loudly that Deku covered his ears with a wince. “Just make sure ya don't end up flattened underneath 'em!”

He rolled his shoulders as Midoriya continued to analyze the footprint. “So... how'd ya get shrunk, anyway?”

Midoriya sighed and said, “How do you think? Chibiko, again.”

Bakugo's expression immediately hardened. “That fuckin' guy... always makin' trouble for me.”

“He said I'll be this way until tomorrow at least and I'm not putting off my training just for that.”

Midoriya said simply, stopping his assessment now that the print had entirely dried up. He nodded to himself and faced Bakugo. “Okay! I'm ready whenever you are Kaachan!”

“Alright! Like I said, I'm not gonna hold back, so ya better be ready to give it a hundred fuckin' percent right off the bat! I ain't easin' ya into *shit*.” Bakugo boomed, speaking at his normal volume with no concern to how powerful his voice was to the miniscule man in front of him. Deku grit his teeth but kept his hands firmly at his sides. If this was going to be the amount of noise he was going to have to deal with, he needed to get used to it!

“Bring it on!” Midoriya shouted, his voice surprisingly loud for one so small, his fist pounding his open palm.

Bakugo pointed at the ring in the center of the room; it was set up for tomorrow's class, perfect for the duo to use in their training. “Get your ass over there! Agility trainin' is up first!”

Midoriya nodded, determined. A surge of green energy cloaked his legs as he leaped from the table, kicking off the legs of the table and a nearby chair to reach the ground swiftly and safely. The second his shoes hit the ground he was off, springing along the floor. Bakugo watched the bug sized man skitter across the floor, tapping his foot impatiently. Deku cloaked his legs again as he reached the edge of the ring, bending down almost to the ground before launching himself into the air. At the height of his jump, he flipped, propelling himself forward to land perfectly on one side of the ring. He grinned over at Bakugo who rolled his eyes and started approaching. Midoriya's grin faltered slightly as the ground began to vibrate... and then rumble... and then full on quake as Bakugo reached the edge of the ring. Deku couldn't help but gulp again as he watched his rival loom into the sky, pulling himself up and into the ring, rising to his full height. It had been intimidating and impressive enough when he had been at waist height compared to Bakugo but now, at ground level... it was a completely unique experience. He almost seemed to exude a blood red aura, waves of domineering energy pouring out from his colossal form, the weight of his gaze alone laying heavily on Midoriya's shoulders. He felt his legs begin to shake and his heart hammering in his chest. He hadn't felt a fear like this since... since...

“Last chance to give up, Deku.” Bakugo's voice sliced through Midoriya's thoughts like a precision sword slash, dangerously low, more like a warning growl than words. “Still wanna go through with this?”

Bakugo's words struck Deku with almost physical force. As each one hit, he felt his legs begin to steady, the shaking stopping entirely by the time Bakugo finished his second sentence. The green haired man slapped both his cheeks and glared right back at his rival, a pure green aura counteracting Bakugo's red one. “DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ME!!”

The words reverberated around the room, breaking Bakugo's steady gaze, his expression shifting to one of mild surprise. Slowly, a grin stretched across his face. “Alright then... you asked for it!”

Neither man had laid out the parameters for this training exercise or even what it would entail; they both moved on instinct, Deku cloaking his legs for the third time and dashing forward, hopping like a cricket as Bakugo stepped forward with purpose, striding straight ahead, eyes never leaving Deku's frame. The two men met at a convergence point, Deku landing on the ground in the same place Bakugo was stepping! Time seemed to halt for the tiny man as he gazed up in wonder at Bakugo's sky filling sole. His eyes slowly scanned from the heel over to the powerful toes, all five flexing and flaring out. That subtle movement was all Deku needed. Time resumed its normal speed as Deku kicked back

against the ground, reversing his momentum and flying backwards. He barely managed to reach the space between Bakugo's big and second toe when the foot connected with the ground. The shock of Bakugo's stomp rocked Deku's entire world. He saw stars as he was blasted away, the power of the impact sending him flying, head over heels, tumbling across the ground. Midoriya groaned as he landed on his back, looking up in a daze. His eyes widened as the bright light from the ceiling was replaced with the darkness of Bakugo's foot, descending upon him once again. Even though it had felt like his body had traveled over a mile, in reality, he had barely been knocked a foot away. Time once more seemed to slow as Deku weighed his options. Luckily, it seemed like Bakugo was overstepping, the heel coming in first. Rolling up to a standing position, Midoriya dashed forward, leaping from the ground as Bakugo's heel connected with the ring, avoiding the worst of the shockwave, his clothes whipping in the wind stirred up by Bakugo's movements. Deku hit the ground and kept running, glancing over his shoulder. Bakugo's heel was barreling towards him, sliding along the ground in a sweep. Midoriya swiftly changed direction, barely avoiding the appendage. Bakugo slid to a halt, Midoriya, likewise, stopping his movement, both glaring wildly at the other.

Without warning, Bakugo began moving again, hands clenched into fists, arms raised at his sides as his feet came crashing down all around Deku. The tiny student yelped as he hopped erratically around on the ground, barely avoiding the intense stomps. "DIEDIEDIEDIEDIE!" Bakugo roared, Deku feeling like he was caught in a series of explosions. The blond haired giant was relentless, his feet moving without mercy, each stomp carrying enough force to obliterate anything caught underneath it. Deku felt himself growing dizzy as he spun and jumped all around, sometimes landing on the ground, sometimes landing on Bakugo's foot, everything melting together in a swirl of colors.

Suddenly, the swirl was replaced with a mind clearing whiteness. Midoriya, confused at first, felt something pressing, hard, against his back. Before he could process what had just happened, Bakugo followed through on the kick, sending his tiny opponent flying out of the ring. Letting out a slow sigh of air, he felt his muscles relax, his body straightening back up into a normal posture as his hands slipped into his pockets. He strode over to the edge of the ring and jumped down, crouching over Deku's prone body. "Tch... hope ya learned your lesson, runt."

He got back up and walked over to where his shoes were, grabbing a towel on the way. "Asshole shortened my training session..."

He had only just started toweling off his forehead when something small, but powerful, collided with his back, sending him stumbling forward. Shocked, Bakugo quickly caught himself from falling and turned to face... Deku, on his feet, panting, but unmistakably conscious. Bakugo fully turned to face his rival, narrowing his eyes. "Don't go actin' all tough. I kicked ya hard enough to knock you out. You're hangin' by a thread."

"Like... I said... DON'T... underestimate... me!" Midoriya panted. His entire body ached, not just from using One for All but from the power of Bakugo's kick. "You're lying... you held back on that kick."

Bakugo smirked, leaning his head back, looking down on Midoriya. "Oh, the little green bug thinks he's smart, huh? Agility trainin' is over... now we're gonna do endurance training!"

Midoriya, his breathing almost normal again, took a trembling step forward, forcing his body to obey, hoping the shaking of his limbs were imperceptible to Bakugo's sharp eyes. "Sounds good to me!"

Bakugo grabbed the hem of his black shirt and tugged it up and over his head, folding it neatly and dropping it on top of his shoes and socks, giving Midoriya a chance to rest and recover, if only for a few moments. Every one of Bakugo's steps made the ground shake under the shrunken man's feet, a constant reminder of the sheer disparity between them. Deku couldn't help but chuckle; there had always been a disparity like this their entire lives. It was only now the disparity was so starkly illustrated. Midoriya could feel new energy flood his body, his determination unwavering as his limbs ceased to tremble. Bakugo walked back over to where Midoriya was standing, bending down and snatching him up in his hand in one fluid motion before rising back up to his full height and striding over to the full length mirrors alongside one wall. Deku grunted as he felt those immensely powerful fingers, thicker than tree trunks, wrap tightly around his body, lifting him effortlessly into the air in one vertigo inducing arc. With his arms pinned at his side, all he could do was watch as Bakugo looked into the mirror, smiling slightly at the sight of his tiny rival's fluffy head poking up and out from his fist. Bakugo could actually feel Midoriya's tiny little heart beating faster, thrumming against his finger like a hummingbird's. "You ready to endure, little Deku?"

"I can handle anything you throw at me!" Midoriya responded, cloaking his arms and pushing against Bakugo's fingers, the digits actually shifting slightly from the surge of strength Midoriya was displaying.

"You like assessin' things, don't you, ya nerd?" Bakugo asked rhetorically, that cocky smirk slowly inching its way across his face. "Assess *this*!"

Without further warning, Bakugo's fingers opened, leaving Deku exposed on his gigantic rival's palm. Deku's eyes widened as he felt his body compress against the soft skin, the hand moving swiftly towards Bakugo's chest! Midoriya barely had time to prepare himself before he was plunged into the dark crevice between his friend's pecs, his arms and legs moving instinctively outward to steady himself, palms and toes pressed tight against the living walls on either side of him, preventing him from slipping down. Letting out a strained grunt, Deku shifted his body around so he was facing outward, his struggling image reflected back at him, barely visible, between the thick slabs of Bakugo's chest. Looking up, Deku was met with Bakugo's face, staring down from on high above the twin mountains, grinning broadly. Midoriya barely had time to prepare himself before those twin mounds began to move, crushing in on him from both sides quick as a flash, green energy cloaking Midoriya's arms and legs. By pushing out against the encroaching muscles he was able to create a small pocket for himself but the sheer force pressing in on him from all sides made it feel like he was truly being buried alive in the valley of a mountain pass. For Bakugo, it felt like a particularly hard nut, like a walnut, was lodged between his pecs. He flexed, hard, staring intently in the mirror as he felt Deku press out from four separate places, actually keeping his pecs at bay, somewhat. He brought his arms together in front of him, forcing the muscles to enclose even further around Deku, fully hiding him from sight. Bakugo grunted, flexing harder, and harder; the more Deku resisted, the more pressure he exerted.

Deku gasped, sweat beading on his forehead as his limbs trembled from the effort of keeping the twin peaks of Kaachan from collapsing in around him. If he relaxed for even a second he risked becoming nothing more than a gooey stain, one easily washed away from Bakugo's sweat as he continued training. "Not... going... to let that... HAPPEN!"

The green energy around Deku's limbs deepened in color, his arms and legs actually managing to extend somewhat. The heat, combined with the sweet scent of Bakugos' caramel scented sweat was making the tiny man's head swim. He bit down, hard, on his lip, a trickle of blood running down his chin; he needed absolute focus. The seconds stretched into minutes, the minutes into hours... or so it

felt to the miniscule student as he endured... and endured... and endured. After what felt like an eternity, the pressure abated all at once, the walls moving so swiftly away from Deku that he plummeted downward, landing in his rival's open palm. Bakugo lifted Midoriya up to his face. Whereas Deku was a panting, exhausted mess... Bakugo was as cool as could be. He chuckled, amused by how easily he could dominate Midoriya... but impressed nonetheless at his tenacity. "Alright, squirt... that was pretty good for your arms... now lets see how strong your legs are."

With barely any time to rest, Midoriya found himself deposited in the crook of Bakugo's right elbow. The skin was warm and slightly wet, the miniscule man landing with a slight splash. He was facing the relaxed bicep, still impressively large from his perspective, his feet resting on the lowest point of the muscle. Deku glanced behind him as he felt movement, Bakugo's arm rising up against his back, pushing him towards the now swiftly expanding muscle. Acting on instinct, Midoriya cloaked his legs, bracing himself as Bakugo finished his flex, his bicep now a fully formed mound rising proudly from his arm. The fiery blond had always been proud of his arms and chest, his hero costume accentuating both, and Deku had to admit... he was right to be. He grunted again as that familiar pressure increased, his legs becoming rigid as he braced himself against the powerful muscle, pushing back against the arm that was inexorably pushing him towards the bicep. Midoriya gritted his teeth, eyes closing tight as the pressure against his body steadily increased. Bakugo didn't only have incredible strength, his precision and control were also top notch. Deku let out a small chuckle; in spite of everything, he really was still attempting to analyze everything. Clearing his mind, he focused entirely on the task at hand, his legs slowly extending as he managed to dent Bakugo's skin. The giant watched from on high as his rival struggled, almost disappearing between the tight ball of muscle and the arm that powered it. Trying to catch him off guard, Bakugo relaxed and tightened his muscle at alternate speeds. Much to his surprise, Deku kept pace, always adjusting as the situation shifted. Bakugo frowned, quickly ending the exercise and scooping Midoriya back up into his hand.

"Alright... last exercise time!" He announced, walking over to the table where this had all started. He dropped Deku onto its surface and clenched his fists, flexing his impressive six pack. "I want ya to punch me... and absolutely no holding back!"

Midoriya, by this point utterly exhausted and barely able to stand, wasn't exactly in his best frame of mind. It was why he said what he said next, without stopping to think how bad of an idea it was.

"But Kaachan... I don't want to hurt you!"

A heavy silence filled the room at Deku's words, Bakugo staring down at him with a cold expression. "You... are worried... about hurtin'... *me*?"

Deku's eyes slowly widened as he realized what he had said. "K-Kaachan, wait! I didn't mean-"

"YOU!" Bakugo roared, fingers curling violently into fists, those same fists slamming, hard, down on the table, shaking it with such force that Deku was knocked from his feet and onto his back. "YOU, are worried about hurtin' ME?! I'LL FUCKIN' KILL YOU!"

Deku, moving purely on instinct, fully cowered himself, green energy surrounding him from head to foot. Bakugo's fury was unmatched, his fists flying with the force of a runaway train, each blow aimed directly at Midoriya! The tiny man punched back, his tiny fists hitting Bakugo's enormous ones with enough force to repel the blows, the impacts sending shockwaves from the point of contact, the table vibrating from the sheer force of it all. Punch after punch, blow after blow, Bakugo was relentless,

Midoriya barely able to keep up, even at his full power. His fists slowly began to grow numb, his arms aching from the effort of blocking Bakugo's furious punches. He could feel his energy dwindling rapidly, the cowl slowly ebbing away from his body. One punch knocked him back, his stumbling feet almost causing him to trip, a second punch forcing him to his knees. He looked up in awe as Bakugo's towering upper body loomed over him, his face a mask of anger as he raised his fist up for one more decisive blow. Deku lifted both arms, using the last of his strength to channel One for All directly into his hands as Bakugo's fist rocketed through the air. The punch hit Deku's hands with such force it would have broken the hands of lesser men; for Deku, he was able to soften the blow, but the blow did land, Bakugo's gigantic fist smashing into his puny body, sending him flying off the desk and into the wall, conscious fleeing him the second his form made impact.

Bakugo tightened his fist, his anger slowly ebbing away now that the fight was over. He slowly made his way over to the wall, Midoriya's body having already slid down it, landing on the floor in a heap. Bakugo stared down at him from his lofty position, contemplating the training he had just undergone with his rival. Without a word, he leaned down, reaching out for Midoriya, scooping him up in his hand, closing his fingers around him tightly, hiding him from the rest of the world...

"Kaachan!" Midoriya gasped, sitting up in bed, looking around wildly.

"Oh no you don't!" Recovery Girl snapped, immediately rushing to Midoriya's bedside and pushing him back down. "I'm not letting you out of here until you've rested for at LEAST two more days!"

"Wha...what happened? I'm in the... hospital?" Midoriya muttered, trying to remember what he had been doing before this. "Oh! I was training with Kaachan! Where is he? What happened?"

"I haven't the faintest idea." Recovery Girl said, sighing. "I just found you bundled up in a handkerchief outside my door yesterday. I know a Resizing Quirk when I see one so I put you to bed immediately. You popped back to your normal size a few hours ago. Honestly, the way you kids go carrying about like this, it's a wonder you're not all dead!"

Midoriya blushed, rubbing the back of his head as Recovery Girl walked into her office, muttering the entire time. "I wonder... did Kaachan bring me here?"

His eyes wandered around the room as he wracked his brain, trying to remember something, anything, after Bakugo's final punch. Unfortunately, it was all a white blur to him. His eyes landed on a card sitting on the table next to him as he finished scanning the room. Curious, he picked it up. The front of the card was white with gold text printed on it: Get Well Soon. Flicking the card open, Midoriya read what was inside... and immediately snorted with laughter. In red letters, the writing sharp, spiky, and unmistakable, was the message: So I can kick your fuckin' ass all over again!

Midoriya's laughter, pure and loud, rang out through the hospital room, Recovery Girl sighing as she heard it, even as a small smile curled the edges of her lips. When the laughter had died down, Deku sighed and flopped back down on his bed, staring at the ceiling with a wide smile.

He was already planning his next training session.

The End