

“Alright you runts, you got tickets to the best seat in the house... MINE! Ya ready to get rocked?”

Bakugo's voice boomed from on high, amplified hundreds of times over, his body a hazy, looming mountain that seemed to stretch for miles into the sky, his head ringed by the ceiling lamp, casting his monumental form in shadow while giving his outline a beatific aura. Kirishima's eyes sparkled with delight as he waved his arms in the air, cheering loudly, his voice a barely audible squeak to the gigantic Hero. Kaminari was more nervous than excited, his face pale and shiny with sweat, his body trembling both from the auditory explosion of Bakugo's voice and his own fear. “I-I-I'm suddenly not so sure about all this!” He shouted, mostly to Kirishima since Bakugo was unlikely to be able to hear him.

“Don't chicken out now dude! This is going to be AWESOME!” Kirishima yelled back, giving his electric friend a double thumbs up.

Bakugo held one hand to his ear, turning his head and leaning forward, his shadowy features suddenly coming into sharp relief, a bored expression on his face. “Huuuuuh? Got nothin' to say? You dust mites not excited or what?” His expression shifted instantly to a wide grin, those crimson orbs focusing on the bright red and yellow specks standing on the middle cushion of his couch.

Kirishima's cheers redoubled, his tiny form jumping excitedly, the plush couch cushion allowing him to soar into the air like a circus flea. Kaminari, his cheeks flushed, finally gave into passion, his voice joining Kirishima's as he whooped and hollered and spread his arms wide. “Bring it on Baku Bro, I want to get DEMOLISHED!”

“Hell yeah, bro! Couldn't have said it better myself!” Kirishima called out approvingly.

Bakugo chuckled, standing up to his full height, hands on his hips, his chin touching his pecs as he looked down on his miniscule friends. “Alright ya thirsty little extras! Get ready for a big gulp of Dynamight!”

Without further ado, Bakugo turned, sticking his ass out as he slowly began to bend his legs. The shrunken duo immediately held still as they gazed up in awe at the tight black material stretched across Bakugo's immaculate rear, the perfectly sculpted mounds swelling in their view, descending with the inevitable force of a meteor. Kirishima didn't even bother Hardening; he flopped onto his back, arms behind his head, and watched serenely as the butt of his favorite person encompassed his view. Bakugo was his entire world and he couldn't wait for that world to fall on top of him. Kaminari, by contrast, nervously flitted around, fighting the natural instinct to flee a predator while his body passionately wanted him to stay put. He laid down... sat up... laid down again... rolled over a few times... laid face down... face up... all the while his colossal friend's ass loomed larger and larger. Before he could make any more moves, the face of his boyfriend suddenly rose to the surface of his mind, Shinso looking bored as he said, “What? You came all this way, planned all this time, and are thinking about running away? Just lay there and take it already.”

Kaminari sighed, flopping over onto his back, smiling slightly. “Oh, you always know exactly what to say to me, Shinso... you're right! I'm here, this is awesome... let's let it happen!”

He laid on his back, no longer moving, his hands on his chest, fingers twiddling as he stared up at the all encompassing sight above him, one leg still twitching every so often. Even when faced with something he truly desired, his instincts still refused to leave him completely. Slowly but surely more

detail was visible as the titanic rear end descended on them, the sleek black material becoming rougher, individual fibers standing out as one cheek became all either man could see, left for Kirishima and right for Kaminari. The Electric Quirk user could practically feel the pressure already, his breathing becoming heavier as he imagined those countless tons pressing down on him, a fantasy that was swiftly becoming a reality. Kirishima bit his lower lip, cheeks flushed, arms now spread out wide, ready to accept everything that Bakugo was willing to give.

What neither man was expecting was what happened next. Just before the moment of impact, Bakugo reached around to the back of his pants, hooking his fingers under the waistband, tugging down, the material of his pants replaced with that of his boxers. They were tight around his butt, the color as black as his pants but with bright orange highlights, bands of color running along the waistband and down the seams, the color scheme matching his usual look. Kirishima's eyes bulged out of his head as he realized what his friend was up to, his heart hammering in his chest so violently he was sure Bakugo would somehow be able to hear it. Kaminari closed his eyes, covering them with his hands, a blank expression on his face... before a goofy grin sprang up, giggles erupting from deep inside, giggles that refused to subside. It was all just... too much. How had grumpy, no nonsense Bakugo gotten so good at this already?

Finally, at last, the moment of truth arrived. For both men, the world had now been reduced to an endless plain of blackness, the fibrous detail of the material the only thing to stop them from feeling like they'd gone blind. The pressure was mild, at first. The underwear material dimpled around their bodies, the couch cushion sinking slightly into a concave divot, safely housing the mite sized Heroes in a tiny depression. The more fully Bakugo sat, however, the greater the pressure increased. Kaminari whimpered slightly as he felt greater and greater weight pressing down on him, his chest compressing... but never enough to fully cut off his airflow. The air he was breathing became heavier, thick with the now familiar scent of Bakugo, that spicy sweet aroma that flamed through his nasal passages as passionately as Bakugo himself. Bit by bit the anxiety of what was happening melted away, the pressure and warmth feeling like a loving embrace.

For Kirishima, it was his greatest desire realized once again. The sight, the smell, the warmth, the weight, everything was Bakugo, Bakugo, Bakugo, down to the fabric of the world that wrapped around him. He was lost in this weight, every inch of his body compressed beneath that immaculate cheek. The red headed Hero couldn't help but grin, thinking to himself, "Yeah... hiding these feelings isn't manly at all. I gotta let him know..."

The idea of confessing these deep feelings to Bakugo made his heart flutter faster from fear more than being crushed under the diamond making pressure of Bakugo's ass. Far, far, far above them, Bakugo was settling in on the couch with a relaxed sigh. He spread his arms along the back of the furniture, cell phone in hand. He closed his eyes, focusing on the two wriggling dots embracing and squirming under him, the feeling oddly intoxicating. Kirishima, Kaminari and him had met a few times now to engage in these antics and the more they did it the more Bakugo came to truly enjoy the feeling of tiny bodies pressed against his own. He didn't see the appeal of it all himself, being tiny and completely at someone else's mercy, but he was more than happy to indulge his friends if it meant getting to feel this particular feeling more. Opening his eyes, he checked his phone, scrolling through the news feed, his expression darkening as he read the headlines. Quirk Weapons were rising in popularity, despite his campaign against them, manufacture increasing to keep up with demands. Bakugo let the phone drop from his hand as he clenched his fingers into a fist, the power in that grip capable of crushing the electronic into pieces. "Fuckin' bastards... there has to be a way to stop this..."

He growled in frustration, leaning his head back and closing his eyes. He knew it didn't do any good to read stories like that and just dwell on them; nothing would get accomplished that way. He needed some kind of plan because going it alone wasn't giving him the results he needed. "Maybe if I can get some other Pros on board, all of us making noise at once, they'll start to listen..."

Bakugo's eyes sprang open as he sat up slightly, the shifting movements earning more intense squirming from beneath him. "I wonder..." He picked his phone back up and scrolled through his text messages, noticing two in particular that jumped out at him. His reputation was starting to precede him when it came to these size changing shenanigans and lately more people had started reaching out. Unlike with Kirishima and Kaminari both of these most recent interested parties were more straightforward, getting right to the point and outright asking him to do what they wanted. He had hesitated at first but he was starting to change his tune as he considered the possibilities. Smirking, he began to type with both thumbs, holding his phone between both hands. He sent out the same text to both people: "Sure, I'm game... on one condition."

He set his phone aside as he sighed, closing his eyes again, a small smile on his face. He'd give the little perverts under him another ten minutes before getting back up. He snickered as he made a bet with himself whether or not Kaminari would have worked up enough static cling to remain adhered to his backside when he got up; if he turned out to be right he was going to have to take a picture and show it to the others the next time they met up. Feeling significantly better, the burly Pro excised all stressful thoughts from his head and considered what he would do next with his speck sized friends once he got tired of sitting instead.

The possibilities were endless~

The End