

A Masochist Meets his Model – A macro Deku foot crush story

I had always observed Izuku Midoriya from afar. I was not the type to be noticed even among second-rate heroes. So I remained quiet and observed the boy I was in love with, keeping my fantasies to myself.

That is, until a villain's quirk hit me while out on a recon mission. There were three of us when the shrinking quirk enveloped us, and the world blew up in size around us. The next thing I saw was the sole of the villain's boot, and my coworkers were obliterated with one step. My steel-skin quirk allowed me to tank hits even from superpowered foes and barely feel a tickle, but even I barely survived the impact. I had gotten hurt a lot in the past, but nothing quite compared with the weight of that boot compressing every atom of my body until I lost consciousness.

When I woke up, there were red towers on each side of my shrunken body. Through the blinds of my eyelids, I could recognize the towers as... shoes. Large, bulky red boots, attached to a green hero costume...

"Are you okay?" The giant asked, visibly worried.

My heart started beating like crazy when I saw Deku's face, which alone was larger than all of U.A. used to be. I was too dazed to reply, and perhaps too focused on admiring the perfect features of my savior.

"Don't worry, I'll get you to safety," Deku promised as his massive fingers wrapped themselves around me. Feeling his warm, rugged skin against mine, I suddenly knew what I wanted.

I was passed from hand to hand and taken care of by people much larger than myself, but all my mind could think about was Deku. Deku, Deku, Deku. It had to be him.

I did not see him until much later that day, when my wounds were patched up. My size, though, could not be restored. I was secretly delighted by those news, and much more so when the door of the infirmary where they kept me opened, revealing Deku's gargantuan form.

He was as charming as ever, and now that he was the size of a mountain, I could enjoy every detail of him that much more. “I, I wanted to offer my condolences, for your friends...” Deku eventually said, looking deeply contrite. “I could have saved them-I should have saved them, if I arrived a minute earlier. I’m so sorry, if there is anything I can do...”

“There is something,” I piped up. “You can step on me-”

Deku froze, looking shocked. It took me a second to take the measure of what I’d just said.

“What?”

“Please ... step on me.” He blinked a few times, confused, so I elaborated. “I have a-I think you could say a fantasy, of being under a guy’s foot. When this guy... when he stepped on me, I felt something I’d never felt before. But it has to be you.”

The look Deku gave me was not of disgust, like I expected; he looked like a deer in headlights, and he was *blushing*. I blushed in response. We both averted our eyes almost in sync. Embarrassment burned me from the inside and I was about to retract my request when Deku spoke.

“Ok... I’ll do it.”

I almost exploded in joy. Deku turned his head to frantically check we were alone, then he delicately pinched my torso between two fingers and brought me to the floor. He remained sitting, drumming his fingers on his knees, looking tense.

“Should I remove my shoes, or...?”

I nodded, and he nodded nervously in response. From my vantage point on the floor, Deku looked bigger than any building or monument I had ever seen. Simply being this close to his gargantuan shoes was exciting, but when his fingers pulled off the first shoe, revealing the expanse of Deku’s socked foot, my emotions exploded. Then, a thumb pulled the sock off, revealing inch after inch of the peachy skin of his vast sole. I immediately knew that this was true love.

“Ah- this is, this is embarrassing, I should take a shower first-” Deku scratched his cheek, red as a tomato.

“No! This is perfect, really... thank you... thank you...” I choked up a bit from the emotion. “You have no idea how much this means to me!”

Our eyes met, and for a moment, we shared a connection. Then, Deku nodded, looking more confident—and he stood up, flooring me with how HUGE the boy was. If I were normal sized and he were giant, his head would reach the clouds without a doubt. And as he raised his foot in the air slowly, I realized that even at her maximum size, Mt. Lady could be fully encased under Deku’s sole, her head under his toes and her feet trapped under the heel.

I was mesmerized by the spectacle, but I had the mind to lay down on my back, arms and legs spread out. Just in time, as Deku’s sole approached, now so close I could not see the top of his foot anymore. I noticed Deku’s face was a mix of resolve and embarrassment before the toes moved above my body and hid the giant from view.

Now, my world was limited to the cold floor under me, and the warm ceiling of skin hovering just inches over me. Deku was prudent and left me several seconds to breathe and ready myself. When the foot fell, it packed more of a punch than I expected from the soft Deku. Not enough to cause pain, but the sheer weight of it knocked the wind out of me. It was practically a skyscraper’s worth of skin, bones and the powerful muscles of the hero. The pressure kept increasing for a few seconds longer than I expected, as the giant truly shifted his body weight onto that foot; the sole became flush with the ground with me beneath, encased in the soft ball of his foot.

I took a long gasp of air a second later, when Deku pulled the foot off me in a hurry. I was seeing stars, trembling from the experience, feeling almost drunk from pleasure.

“Was that okay...?” Deku asked, seemingly worried.

“Okay? Okay?!” I took a big bowl of air and threw my arms in the air as I exclaimed “It was AWESOME! Again, please! Stronger! Put more strength in it, and keep the foot down a bit longer!”

Deku looked taken aback and scratched the back of his head while looking away, but he then nodded and raised his foot again.

This time, Deku seemed to line up his foot carefully so my face would be tucked in the gap between his second and third toes—I got a faceful of skin but a pocket of air to breathe,

although the pressure on my chest made it hard to take anything but short shallow breaths. Nonetheless, I could focus on the feelings that this foot elicited in me. There was the weight, the unbelievable, crushing power of my hero's size and strength. The intense warmth would be uncomfortable in any other context, but it added a layer to the experience. There was this... humiliation?... degradation? within myself; it should have been repulsive, but it was pumping adrenaline through my veins. The pressure increased, increased, increased, until I could feel my bones groan-

Crack.

The foot flew off me, and I almost whined.

"What happened?! Are you alright?" Deku threw himself on all four, inspecting my body from up close, visibly distressed.

"Just my shoulder, it doesn't hurt," I replied. It was a lie, it hurt more than anything I'd felt in my life. As a hardening quirk user, I rarely experienced pain, and I expected myself to howl in pain; but instead, the pain felt like a positive force within myself. It irradiated with so much intensity that my whole arm and neck were numbed, but I did not mind it. It was pain inflicted by Deku. By a Deku so immense and powerful that he did it by accident. I cherished that pain.

"Again! Harder this time," I cheerfully requested.

"What? No! You'd get hurt! No way, there's absolutely no way-I mean, there is *now way*-" Deku stammered, apparently losing his composure seeing my enthusiasm for my own pain. "I am not going to hurt you," he finally said, more clearly.

"What if I ask you to?" I dragged myself into a kneeling position, and I grabbed my unmoving left hand with my right to unite them in a pleading gesture. "What if I beg you?"

Deku frowned a bit. "No! No no no. I am calling the nurse now."

"What the hell are you doing in here... barefoot?" An unexpected voice made both me and Deku jump in surprise. Bakugou walked in casually, wearing a dressed down version of his hero costume.

"I didn't- It's not what it looks like, I swear!" Deku said, visibly panicked.

The titan had not noticed me yet. Bakugo took one step closer, then another, and I noticed a pattern on his heavy black and orange combat boots. The treads of the sole formed the words “DIE MAD”, only visible to enemies kicked in the face, to bugs... and to me.

Deku was looking out for me, he stopped Bakugo’s advance just a couple feet away from me. He leaned in closer and explained the situation in hushed tones, obviously uncomfortable about saying this out loud. But the blonde did not seem to mind; Bakugo even sniggered when hearing how I asked to be hurt underfoot deliberately.

“Don’t be so soft, Deku. The guy is begging for it. Literally!”

Deku looked away, mumbling to himself as he sometimes does; that’s what I credit for his failure to react earlier. He did not see Bakugo raise one boot above me and bring it down with purpose. Unlike Deku’s slow and deliberate steps, Bakugo simply took a normal, albeit forceful, stomp forward. I just happened to be in the path of an unstoppable object. The last thing I saw before darkness was DIE MAD.

I was kneeling before the stomp, so, when my torso was slammed down on its back by the boot’s sole, my legs snapped at the knees. My left shoulder was already a lost cause, but now I very much minded the screams of pain searing through my nervous system as the titan’s weight was mercilessly pressing down on me. All my bones felt brittle and more than a few snapped entirely.

It ended a moment later with Deku shrieking and tackling Bakugo off of me. The blonde started cursing him, but Deku ignored him and rushed by my side. His face was pained when he looked at me, and I thought he might cry.

“I-I’ll call the nurse over, I’m sure we can heal your-” Deku started, but I interrupted.

“Please step on me... harder... end this...” I took a few shallow breaths. “I-I always loved you, Deku.” He reeled back, eyes wide. I continued between bated breaths. “This is what I want. Please... plea....please...”

I tried to keep talking, but I only managed to cough up blood. I looked down at myself—there was blood all over me, my leg looked mangled, and I could see a rib piercing through my chest.

I was definitely beyond saving, now. I literally could not feel pain anymore. Perhaps pain had burned my nerves to a crisp, so there was nothing left to feel, anymore. But Deku was there, so I did not mind it so much.

Deku and Bakugo both rose to their feet, and I struggled to stay conscious to admire the sight. I was actually really happy to have been called on that mission, today. I felt sorry for my late teammates but I barely knew them. I did not feel sorry for myself, however.

In a flash, Deku became even more impressive: Pink veins appeared all over his exposed skin, and as he brought his foot up, all over his bare sole. Brief flashes of green electricity zapped around him. He frowned deeply, jaw clenched, he pulled his foot as high in the air as it could go and he paused for a moment.

“Thank you,” I said. Deku nodded.

The foot flew down with supernatural speed. Displaced air whistled loudly as his sole tore through the air. The impact sent a shockwave across the room and cracked the floor.

As for me, I only saw and felt heaven for a brief moment, then dark.