Nothing is ever simple in life. Especially not in a world in which over 80% of population has a Quirk-an ability that would range from super strength to telekinesis (practically any ability that would feel like something out of a comic book). Whenever people get to something, something else entirely happens.

Two students at U.A. High, one of Japan’s most prestigious hero schools, know this rather well. They go by the names of Kouji Kouda and Minoru Mineta, respectively. They have had to deal with not only the typical class lessons in training to be heroes, but also a real-life villain attack at the USJ. Something that neither one of them wanted to happen.

Speaking of, the two heroes-in-training were currently in the middle of a class project their teacher had given them. It happens to be a patrolling assignment, where the class is divided into teams of two as they are each tasked with writing down anything and everything they see in the notebooks handed to them. When it came to the team placements, they didn’t expect to be placed with each other. But there’s no complaining with Mr. Aizawa about it now.

Anyways, things have been real smooth on their patrol so far. Only things that they managed to write down were the occasional passersby walking down the sidewalk like them. Nothing out of the ordinary there.

“Well Kouda,” Mineta says. “Looks like we’re doing great on this assignment so far. Only got a few more streets to check out and we’ll be done for the day.”

Kouda, who is holding the notebook and writing down everything, nods shyly in agreement. Despite this assignment being boring, it does feel rather nice that both of them would get to do something normal for once. Makes them both feel like actual students instead of heroes-in-training, which is fine by him.

They may be aspiring heroes, but they’re also teenagers for crying out loud! Things like what had happened at USJ shouldn’t have occurred until after they’d graduated and become full-fledged heroes.

Shaking his head to get those thought out, the animal lover catches up to his shorter classmate. The sooner they can finish this, the sooner they can rest for the day.

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As the mismatched pair walk around a left corner, they look up from their notes to see a group of about four boys standing still as if they’re all statues. This catches the two students by surprise, with Kouda nearly dropping the notebook. Regaining their composure for a bit, they begin to examine the boys in front of them.

They look to be somewhere between the ages of 5 and 14, wearing the same type of clothes. The clothes consist of dark blue baggy pants and a grey hoodie covering most of their faces. None of them are wearing any shoes, or even socks, leaving them barefoot on the sidewalk. That last one, of course, is strange.

Blinking a couple of times in confusion, Mineta and Kouda look at each other, hoping that the other would know what is going on right now. But neither of them actually do, which is understandable. They look back at the children, before the awkward silence was broken.

“Umm… excuse us,” Mineta calls out to the kids. “Can we help you with anything?”

No response comes from any of the kids.

Thinking that they didn’t hear him clearly, the short pervert walks a little bit closer so he could speak a little louder. “Is something wrong?” he asks again. “My friend and I can help you out. Won’t we, Kouda?”

The shy animal lover nods, totally agreeing with him. He also got closer to the kids, wanting to at least try to help them. Whatever problems they could be having, if any at all, would be taken cared of right then and there.

Those thoughts were still on his mind even as he got next to Mineta. He sees his classmate get a good look at one of the boys’ faces hidden underneath the hoodies they’re wearing. He does the same with another, which just so happens to be the oldest of the four.

Right as he was about to say some words of reassurance, Kouda notices something odd about the boy. He sees what appears to be drool coming from his mouth, which is something that only happens when someone falls asleep mostly. The shy teen moves his head so that he could see the mostly concealed face, only to find a blank expression adorning it.

He then hears Mineta say “What in the…?” before he turns to look at him.

The grape-themed pervert, having most likely seen the blank expression from the boy he stood in front of when he said they could help, has a surprised look on his face. He then makes eye contact with him, asking silently if what he was seeing was real or not. The answer came in the form of a shrug, indicating that he’s just as in the dark as he is.

Checking the boys a bit more, even doing the old-fashioned waving a hand over their faces, the two 1-A students still couldn’t get any response or acknowledgement from them. It’s almost as if they’re hypnotized or something.

Normally, that would be considered ridiculous. But in this Quirk-filled world they’re in, however, it is a high possibility. They have known a fellow student from General Ed named Hitoshi Shinso with an ability like it. While that small assumption of the boys has now been confirmed, the next question to go through their minds is, who is the one controlling them and why?

There’s bound to be some sort of reason.

Before the problem could be delved into even further, the two heroes-in-training notice the boys turning around and walk off in a different direction. It’s almost as if they’re headed back to whoever their puppeteer is hiding.

Looking at each other for a moment, Kouda and Mineta nod in agreement before they follow the kids. Determined to find out what is going, as well as to get some extra credit for actually rescuing some people from a real villain. Hopefully, they aren’t as threatening as the League of Villains or Stain. Otherwise, this would be a bit scary for them. Terrifying even.

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When it comes to places all throughout the city that villains would typically hide in, buildings that look rundown and abandoned are usually among the more likelier of choices. Normally people would walk by them without thinking much about it, which is quite common. But if there happens to be reports of anybody getting attacked near them, or drug deals being made, or anything else crime-related, and the authorities would be swarming in all over the place faster than any crooks could blink.

The building the group of six were in front of is no exception to this. It looks to be an abandoned three-story apartment complex, sandwiched between a parking garage and a large warehouse. Judging by the lack of people near them, it must be in one of the older parts of the city.

The two U.A. students had already jot down every detail of their current location before they spotted the boys go through the front door and walk inside the complex. They follow after. Hoping to take down whoever the villain is, and return those boys to their families, safe and sound.

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It didn’t take long for the two heroes-in-training to know something’s off. For one, there doesn’t seem to be any dust on the furniture. This is usually the case for abandoned buildings, so it must mean that somebody lives here. For another, the boys seemed to have up and vanished into thin air.

“You think we’d be able to find them, Kouda?” Mineta asked, nervously.

“I g-guess s-so,” the animal lover squeaked out. “W-we should probably s-s-split up and find them.”

“Good idea,” the short pervert said. “I’ll go take the top floor while you get the second. If either of us find any of the boys, we’ll get each other. That good?”

Kouda nods in response, and they go to their respective floors.

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When Mineta reaches the top floor, he starts going through every one of the rooms. He really is concerned about those boys, as if the expression on his face while opening up each of the doors wasn’t an obvious sign. If something bad were to happen to any of them, he wouldn’t know what to do.

“Is there anybody in here? Hello?” He calls out quietly in the second-to-last room. No response comes to him, unfortunately.

“Okay seriously? Where the heck are they?” he asks himself. He then gets into a thinking pose that almost makes him look like his green haired classmate, minus the constant muttering. Going through all of the facts known so far, from knowing that the boys are under some sort of hypnosis-related Quirk to finding this place, there’s just something seriously off with it all.

‘There’s still the question about who would do something like this and why,’ the short pervert thinks. ‘Somebody has to be pulling the strings around here. But why would they reveal themselves by having those boys lead us here? That’s not what villains normally do. They have to be rather crazy to do something like that.’

As soon as he finishes his assessment, he decides to check out the last door on this floor before he meets back with Kouda. Hopefully, the boys might be in here so that they could get this done and over with. Once they rescue them and notify the authorities, they’ll go back to their class assignment and things can go back to the way they were.

At least that was supposed to be the case. Right before he gets sprayed in the face with what feels like some sort of sleeping gas that came out from the other side of the room when he opened the door. It must be a really strong dose, as the purple pervert is starting to lose focus before his eyes rolled to the back of his head and he fell on the ground hard.

Not soon after, the door opens a bit more before stopping about halfway. The inside of the room is pitch black, for reasons unknown. A pair of hands wearing dark leather gloves the pop out and grab hold of Mineta’s ankles, before dragging the unconscious teen inside.

“One down, one to go,” a voice whispers from inside.

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‘Why did this have to happen to me?’

Those words were going through Kouda’s head right as he’s in the middle of his search. He’d already gone through a few doors as soon as he came up here, but couldn’t find those kids in any of them.

The animal lover has always been concerned about the well-being of other people. He’s just too shy to even try to speak up when he isn’t using his quirk, which is something he’s trying to get over. Which is exactly part of the reason he applied for U.A. in the first place.

He, like Mineta and the others, wanted to be heroes people could depend on. And there’s no way he’s going to leave those kids here with whoever is responsible for hypnotizing them.

Right as he is about to go on toward another door, he notices something out of the corner of his eye. He turns his head toward that direction, only to see one of the four boys standing a few yards from him. This takes him by surprise, understandably so.

Where exactly did the kid come from? How did he even get here? And more importantly, where are the others?

Those questions were going through his head as he continues staring at the boy just standing there. He’s not even sure if they’re both making eye contact right now.

“Umm… hello?” Kouda meekly says. “Can you tell me w-where the others are? M-m-me and my classmate have c-come here to r-rescue you guys. So, i-if you don’t mind, you think you could help me?”

The boy, as he is still under hypnotic control, turns around and walks over to the window at the far end of the hallway.

This particular action confuses Kouda a bit, as he follows after him just to see what will happen. Right before the confusion turns into shock as he witnesses the boy climb out the window.

“H-hey, what are you doing? Get down from there! You’re gonna hurt yourself!” Kouda called out, running the rest of the way before reaching the window. He sees the boy standing on the small balcony.

“Come on, man,” he continues. “You’re going to seriously hurt yourself.”

But instead of listening, like Kouda had hoped, the boy takes one step forward before he starts falling over the edge.

“NO DON’T!!!” Kouda yelled in horror. It is then that he reaches out and grabs hold of the boy’s ankles. Good thing he did, because the fall would’ve been extremely messy.

“I got ya, buddy,” he says to the boy as he pulls him up right back into the building. All the while being careful so that he won’t get him hurt. Or worse.

“There… you’re safe now,” he breathes out as soon as he puts the boy down. Man, he has got to work out a bit more when he gets home.

The animal lover, as soon as he regains control of his breathing, turns to try and talk with the kid when he spots something. There appears to be what looked to be a bunch of footprints walking in the direction of the two.

Now, this is strange because of the following:

The floor doesn’t have any dust on it.

The footprints look like whoever they belong to had stepped into printing ink.

There isn’t anybody else here with them in the hall.

And lastly, they weren’t even there before.

What exactly is going on here? There’s got to be an explanation behind this. There just has to.

Wanting to know more about this… creepy thing that just popped up, Kouda goes and checks out the footprints. As soon as he’s beside them, he crouches down to get a better look.

He was definitely right about them looking like they stepped in printing ink. To be sure, he puts a few of his fingers into one. Much to his surprise, it doesn’t feel wet or sticky.

It feels more… leathery. Like part of a leather boot that’s been used repeatedly. Albeit, a bit more rough.

“What in the world…?” he whispers, surprise in his voice. This is really weird he thinks to himself, as he withdrew his fingers from the footprint and looked back toward the boy still sitting there under the window.

He turns his attention back to the footprints before he hears squeaking coming from his right. Noticing that it came from a medium-sized grey rat that had crawled out of one of the rooms he had checked. It looks to be scampering near another one of the footprints, curiously checking it out like he is currently doing right now.

Watching it sniff the footprint for what felt like hours, but in actuality have only been about several seconds, Kouda couldn’t help but get this lingering feeling run through him. What exactly was it or where it’s coming from he has no idea. But something tells him it has to do with the footprints that have popped up out of nowhere.

He watched as the rat, having lost interest in the footprint, turn around and scurry to somewhere else. What happens next is one of the freakiest things he’s ever seen in his life that would be bound to make even the USJ incident look normal in comparison.

The footprint had actually peeled itself off of the floor. That’s right, PEELED itself off. Like a bandage. It doesn’t help that the sound of an actual bandage being ripped off was coming out of it while it was peeling off the floor, either.

It floats there on the spot for a few seconds, right before making a motion akin to starting to stomp on a bug. (Which would be considered fitting in a… morbidly bizarre sense because of the situation.) With the “bug” in this case the rat still scurrying away, of course.

Kouda, still stunned by the freaky thing he’s just witnessed, couldn’t even try to react fast enough for what happens next. He sees the footprint slam itself into the rat, causing it to squeak in surprise before it finds itself pinned to the floor. The rat struggles to get free from being under it, with all of the strength it has in its small body.

It squeals a bit more loudly as the footprint clenches itself upon it, before the thing splays its toes, and grabs hold of the rodent’s head with them. The squealing becomes muffled by this, to get out even more desperately than before.

Snapping out of it, Kouda tries to help the little rat. But he only gets about two steps in before something slams into his side and pins him to the floor. Turning his attention to what hit him, his eyes widen in shock to find more of the footprints to be the culprits.

‘What the heck is going on here? Is this the work of somebody’s quirk?’ he thinks. ‘Because if this is, it’s got to be one of the weirdest I have ever seen in my life.’

He tries pulling them off of him, but they won’t budge. Trying to stand up didn’t help either, because it only led to him being forced down on the ground hard. Even slamming his fists into them proved unsuccessful.

Just when it couldn’t get any weirder for the shy animal lover, another one of the footprints smacks into the side of his face and pins his head to the floor. He can barely move it now because of this. Well, this is just great.

“Come on… little buddy…” Kouda says to the rat still in the grip of the footprint in front of him. “Break free. I know you can do it. I just know you can.”

Whether it was due to the animal lover’s quirk used on it or the words of encouragement sent its way, the rat picked up the pace.

The footprint holding it, as if anticipating this, keeps a firm hold on its head all the while being careful of the claws. No doubt to avoid getting scratched. It does this for a little bit before doing something else.

It was at that moment Kouda felt something off about himself. He all of a sudden felt his strength drain out of his body at a constant rate, & he doesn’t even know how or why. One sign of this being that his body is becoming a bit heavier than usual, despite the prone position he’s in.

‘What the…?’ he thought, grunting a bit. ‘What’s happening now?’

He moves his head into a position where he could get a full view of his body. His eyes widen upon seeing the footprints holding him to the floor digging their toes straight his costume, and all the way into his skin. And from the looks of it, they were doing it in a rather slow pace.

“GAH!!” he screamed out.

‘What the heck is this???’ Kouda yelled in his head, clearly scared out of his wits.

Anyone else in his position would no doubt feel the same way. However, they wouldn’t be trapped under them like he is right now and would try to get help. Which is what he should’ve done when he had the chance.

“What are they… doing… to me?” the animal lover struggles to get out of him. Right before he felt the toes belonging to the footprint on his cheek dig into it, too. If he was honest with himself, it feels like getting a dozen or so needles slowly pushed in.

“URK!” he struggled out next.

It also doesn’t help that his strength is STILL being constantly drained out of him, much to his chagrin.

Before he could try to go back to removing them, Kouda hears footsteps coming his way. He manages to move his head again, only this time to see the boy walking toward him. What is he doing? Why is the kid coming his way?

He gets the answer to both questions when the boy is standing over him. Looking up to see the boy make eye contact with him, for about a few moments it felt like, before raising a bare foot and planting it on top of his face. This action takes him by surprise, as a muffled shout came out of him because of the suddenness.

If it weren’t for the fact that the footprints on his body were still draining him of his energy, he would’ve made a decent amount of effort in trying to get himself free from the boy’s smothering. He could barely hold onto the boy’s ankle without slipping every few seconds.

This went on for a whole minute before he eventually begins to lose consciousness due to the lack of oxygen coming into his system. His struggling gradually slows down to a near crawl because of this, combined with a large portion of his strength having been leeched out of him. His vision gets more and more blurry during this, before blacking out. He stops moving at that point, having just been knocked out cold.

“Well done, my little puppet,” a voice says to the hypnotized boy. It’s the same voice belonging to the person that, unbeknownst to Kouda the whole time, had gotten to Mineta earlier. “I was beginning to worry that I might have gone a bit too far. But now that it’s taken cared of, I guess I’ve did it all for nothing.”

Footsteps could be heard coming down the stairs. Looks like whoever had said that was watching everything that has happened on this floor when they got there.

If Kouda had held on to his consciousness a minute or two longer, he would’ve seen somebody walk over to where he is. Especially when that somebody would then stop within a foot and a half distance from his prone body.

“I will do anything to help, Master,” the hypnotized boy drones out in an emotionless tone. He then grabs the animal lover’s arms, while his ‘master’ gets the legs. The two of them lift his unconscious body up, and take him to where his unconscious body up, and take him to where his perverted classmate is being held.

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“Uggh, what happened? It feels like I got slammed real hard by Bakugo during one of our Hero Exercises,” Mineta groans out once he comes to. He was about to put a hand on his head to help alleviate the headache he’s having, when he notices that he couldn’t move his arms. Confused, he looks down to see his body all tied up with some tight looking rope.

The confusion swiftly turns into fear, as he starts to struggle to get out of his bindings for a bit. But he stopped just as quickly as he had started when he noticed just how tight the knots of the rope were. Both because of the headache and the fact that whoever did it must know exactly what they’re doing.

Sighing in defeat, he looks around the room he seems to find himself in. Didn’t take long for him to realize that he’s in one of the apartment rooms he was investigating. This confuses him, due to how he’d already checked this room and that he would’ve noticed somebody actually being in here.

‘They must’ve been hiding in the last one before I was knocked out,’ the pervert thought. ‘Sure hope they didn’t get to Kouda. The poor guy wouldn’t be able to handle the stress of being tied up by a possible villain. He’ll get even more scared.’

A barely audible groan could be heard coming from his right, catching his attention. Turning his head, the grape hero-in-training is shocked to discover his shy classmate tied up right next to him. Looks like his worries have now been confirmed, for sure.

“Kouda? Can you hear me?” Mineta says to the animal lover. “Kouda?”

Kouda lets out another, more louder groan as he opens his eyes. He looks around groggily before his eyes catch sight of his perverted classmate. He shakes whatever bit of the earlier tiredness out of his system, before he shyly asks him.

“W-where are we?”

“I think we’re in one of the apartment rooms we were trying to find those kids in. I don’t even know how we got here anyway.”

“Maybe I could answer that for you,” a voice said. This catches the boys’ attention as they turn to look at whoever had just talked to them. It was a man who looks to be in his early 20s, sitting on a two-person couch. He’s dressed in a turquoise long-sleeve shirt and light brown khaki jeans. He’s also barefoot, as an added bonus.

He looks to be holding a pair of gloves in his right hand, which he then places right next to him.

“I’m the guy that brought the both of you here,” the man continues. “It was quite simple, really. All I had to do was sent my puppets out to wait for potential victims so that they could lead them to this place. Pretty sure you two know the rest after that, am I right?”

“Wait, so the guy controlling those kids is you?!” Mineta cried out in shock. He eventually calmed a bit, before the shock turned to anger. “You have got to be either crazy or stupid if you were thinking that you could get away with pulling something like this.”

Kouda nods in agreement to his classmate’s statement.

“Gee, thanks,” the man replied sarcastically. “I’m so flattered. Really, I am.”

He then gets up off of the couch, does some stretching, and walks right over to the boys. It was when he had walked about four or five steps that they noticed the footprints appearing from behind him. Kouda’s eyes widened a bit in recognition, due to having seen them before.

“W-what do you want with us?” he stammers out, scared. All the while he keeps his eyes fixed upon the footprints the man’s leaving.

“Oh, nothing much really,” the man replied. “Just gonna make you two my newest puppets once I use my quirk on you.”

“Your quirk? You mean those freaky footprints that’re popping up right behind you?” Mineta retorted. Turns out the short pervert saw them too.

“Oh, you noticed,” the man said. “I always did find my quirk, Imprints, to be quite useful. Especially when it comes to doing something like this.”

Without warning, the footprints rip themselves off of the floor and fly straight at the captive heroes-in-training. Once they get a firm hold of them, they started to dig their toes right into the boys’ skin and clothes. It wouldn’t be long before the boys’ strength is getting sapped out of them.

“Gah… What’s going on…? What’s… happening… to us?” Mineta struggles to get out.

“They’re… d-draining our strength… out of us…” replied Kouda. “T-this… happened to me… before…”

“That’s right. I can drain anybody my prints come into with of their strength,” the man says in agreement. “However, that’s only one of the many abilities that they could do.”

‘One of many?’ That particular question is going through the boys’ heads right about now as soon as they had heard what their captor had just said. What the heck did he mean by that anyway?

They soon got the answer to that question right as they each feel two footprints on top of their heads.

Startled by his, the boys had no idea what was going to happen right at the moment. Because a split second later, their respective pairs burrow their toes right into their heads.

Startled by this, the boys had no idea what was going to happen right at the moment. Because a split second later, their respective pairs burrow their toes right into their heads. Wasn’t long before another one of the many abilities this guy’s quirk possesses is shown for them to experience. The boys’ eyes, once filled with fear and worry, have now become blank and dull. Their expressions followed suit after.

It would seem that the other ability is a good old-fashioned mind control. Guess that explains how those kids were turned into the guy’s puppets now. It’s how LONG they’ve been under his control that’s still in need of answering.

“Now then,” the guy says, having watched as Kouda and Mineta are getting their brains massaged by the footprints. “Better get things started then.”

“Can you hear me?” he continues by asking. “If you can, tell me your names.”

“Minoru Mineta.” Mineta drones out emotionlessly.

“Kouji Kouda.” Kouda joins after.

“Well now, aren’t those rather interesting names,” the guy remarks. “Okay then, Mineta and Kouda, allow me to introduce myself. The name’s Kaori Toransu, and I’ll be your new master. Every single word that I say, every order that I make, must be obeyed without any hesitation at all. Down to. The last. Letter. Do you understand?”

“Yes, master,” the boys respond. “We do.”

As soon as they said that, the pairs of footprints adorning the tops of their heads suddenly burrow straight in. In just about 5 seconds flat, they penetrated deep inside the students’ skulls and have now taken complete control of their minds. It would seem that the massages were there to help with the reprogramming, apparently.

“I cannot believe my luck,” Kaori says to himself, all the while his other puppets come in and untie his latest additions. “My newest catches are aspiring heroes-in-training from the famous U.A. High. Oh, this is just too good.”

Kaori, like Kouda and Mineta’s classmate Izuku Midoriya, happens to be a big fan of heroes. Especially ones that come from U.A. since he’d always wondered what it’s like to be learning from there. Of course, with his quirk, that would be considered an impossibility. Plus, the added fact that he doesn’t do well with crowds.

But neither one of those have ever deterred him out of his fanboy tendencies, however. Not one bit.

“Anything we can do for you, master?” Kouda and Mineta said simultaneously. Their dull blank eyes staring off ahead, their bodies standing still in a soldier-like pose. It looks like they’re both waiting for orders given to them.

Kaori puts a forefinger and thumb under his chin in a thinking pose for a few moments, before he gets an idea. He then says to the hypnotized students: “Let’s start things off by taking off those boots of yours. You two must’ve been quite tired from all of that walking you did before coming here. Am I right?”

“As you wish,” replied the students.

They do exactly as they’d been told, and take off their boots. As soon as their feet touch the carpet, moans of relaxation and pleasure could be heard escaping them. They must’ve spent nearly all day walking about on their patrolling before they came here.

“Perfect. Now go sit on the couch and wait for further instructions while I get a camera,” Kaori then orders.

The heroes-in-training walk right over to the couch, in what would typically be a robotic-like fashion. Once they do reach it, they sit down and get into position. They turn and face each other, mindlessly displaying their feet while they waited for their master.

Speaking of, it looks like he just came back with a camcorder in his hand. Where exactly did he keep one, as well as how long he’s had it, is a mystery. Although, it would not be of any great importance or concern right now.

“Looks like you guys are ready for orders. That’s good,” quips Kaori.

He places the camcorder on the coffee table right in front of the students, before setting it up.

“You guys ready?” the barefoot man says to them. Kouda and Mineta nod in response.

“Let’s get started then. Shall we?” Kaori then says as he pressed the “Record” button and stepped back to enjoy the upcoming show.

Almost as if by some unknown signal, the hypnotized students begin to worship each other’s feet right as the first few seconds were ticking by. They go with rubbing their faces into them first, to get the feel of the texture. Moans of pleasure could be heard coming out of them as they did this, as anybody with a foot fetish would normally do.

This went on for half a minute, before the boys do something different.

Now the next thing to try out would be sniffing their respective feet. Since they have been out there on patrol throughout the day, there’s no doubt about how smelly and musky they can be. Which is saying something considering how much walking time they do.

Like before, Kouda and Mineta made pleasure-filled moans every single time they inhaled enough musk and sweat to almost fill up their nostrils. Each inhalation lasts for about five seconds, before starting all over. That’s enough time for them to get the enjoyment out of it, despite being in a trance.

About a whole minute of sniffing passes by rather quickly, after which they stopped and each let out a rather long, loud moan. It’s followed up by 15 seconds of rest soon after.

Once the rest time passes, the boys would then get to the main part of the show that they’re in.

Mineta grabs hold of Kouda’s right foot with both hands, while the shy animal lover does the same with his. They stick out their tongues, lean in close to their respective feet, and would get to licking.

With the impression of an artist carefully making strokes with a paintbrush, the boys slowly brush their tongues up and down the surface of the feet. The pattern is quite simple, yet effective: from the bottom of the heel, all the way to the sole, and stopping just at the ball of the foot right underneath the toes before going back down again before repeating.

About 2 minutes of this go by, with the pace of the licking increasing every 30 seconds. The boys would moan blissfully during that short amount of time, clearly enjoying themselves despite being hypnotized. The toes of their left feet, meanwhile, would curl themselves for a moment before splaying themselves as wide as they could.

As for the toes on their right feet, they are just about to be licked clean of the sweat and bits of dirt that were collected all day.

Without any given signal, the students both open their mouths as wide as they could. Then, they hover over the big toe for a second before clamping shut on them. Once that’s done, the two start sucking on the big toes.

The pacing was rather slow and steady at first, since they wouldn’t want to rush it for their master. (Who was drooling a little while watching it all happen.) It’s almost like they’re subconsciously savoring it all, or something along that line.

It also doesn’t help that they’re continuing letting out those moans while doing it.

By the time they get to the next toe, about 35 seconds of sucking on the big one have come and passed. As soon as the boys have started on them, they pick up the pace just a little. Barely noticeable to those not watching their foot worshipping closely.

Like before, the boys would moan as they suck on the toes and clean them of the dirt and sweat that were collected, But this time, the time spent on them was about 45 seconds now. That’s about ten more seconds than the previous time.

It would seem that the time spent on sucking on the toes, as has been demonstrated with the first two and about to be with the last three, increase by 10 seconds. Which means that by the time Kouda and Mineta have finished with the pinky toes, about 4 minutes would’ve passed by. So now the only space left on the right foot to lick clean of any dirt are the spaces in-between the toes.

There doesn’t seem to be any way of telling who’s enjoying this more, Kouda or Mineta. Both of them are feeling equal amounts of pleasure as they brush their tongues back and forth.

After what felt like forever, but in actuality was about 15 minutes, the two students eventually finish with the right feet. Said feet were completely coated with saliva by the time they stopped. If there would be any kind of comparisons between the two on whose foot is coated the most, the honor would go to Mineta since his is much smaller than his shy classmate’s.

The purple-themed pervert’s more round and slightly puffy looking toes are barely seen through the saliva, which isn’t the case for Kouda as his toes are much more flatter and bulkier.

Once the boys have had their little break from the worshipping, they get to work on the left feet now. They do what they had already done with the other feet, first rubbing their faces into them and following it up with licking. Same amount of care and pleasure were placed into each lick, again like before.

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Another 15 minutes have passed by for everyone inside the apartment room, with only one of them being well aware of what’s going on. That well aware person being Kaori, who has just stopped recording his new puppets do their foot worshipping. Said puppets have also just finished what they were ordered to, tuning in their seats so they could look ahead across the room.

Their feet are both covered with saliva and are now currently resting on the coffee table. Must be waiting for them to dry off, if anyone was wondering. And it might take a while for that to happen.

“Alright boys,” the barefooter said to the U.A. students. “Now that you two have had your fun, I think it’s time for you both to rest. It really must’ve been exhausting from doing all of that licking, right?”

A snap of the fingers is a signal for the two oldest of the hooded children to move right over to the students. A split second after they approach, the children perform a neck chop to knock them out.

The heroes-in-training roll their eyes to the back of their heads as they flop down onto the couch.

“Sweet dreams, boys,” Kaori says in a sweet tone. “And you don’t need to worry about anyone finding you here. Because by the time any of the pros get to this part of town, we’d all be long gone.”

A creepy schoolgirl-like giggle comes out of him as soon as he says that.

Just goes to show that some people tend to get… very possessive at times. Kaori Toransu is not exception to this.