

Endeavor (My Hero Academia, Full Tour, Scat)

Endeavor

Atop the crest of a hill with his mighty arms folded stood the Flame Hero Endeavor. Roaring fire pulsed and flickered atop his broad shoulders, and the grass underneath him had been scorched by a similar flame emanating from his boots. From his face, the same flame burned, fashioning a beard and long, broad eyebrows that burned so brilliantly that the fire tapered off far from the side of his head. Out on business, he wore his usual hero costume, a navy bodysuit with bright steel gauntlets and pauldrons.

What business, though? Some fledgling hero had come to him seeking a tutor. He'd received a message about it. Now, Endeavor - or Enji Todoroki, which was his civilian name - was hardly the man to take on a student. He was far too focused on improving his own physical prowess to waste the time improving anyone else's. But, it had been a frustrating month, and he needed to take his stress out on someone. So, Enji had agreed to meet with the young hero and see what their skill set was, promising that he would teach them a lesson.

Of course, he had no plans to actually teach them ... just to pulverize them into the ground. The only lesson that Enji planned to teach his 'student' was that he was the strongest Pro Hero in the entire country. Plus, maybe by putting this dumb hero in his place, he'd get a lot less mail from dumb beginner heroes asking him to be their teacher. Like he had the time to read all of that garbage! In the end, it had been a logical and true decision ... one that befit a mighty and wise hero like him well.

So, the meeting had been arranged, and Endeavor stood in the very spot where he had asked the hero to meet him, atop a great hill that overlooked the Academy itself. The kid should be here any second. Without showing a single sign of impatience, the Flame Hero stood atop the hill with stoic, burning brilliance, not so much as tapping his foot while he waited.

"Mister Endeavor?" came a squeaky voice. "Is it really you?"

Enji's shoulders tensed slightly. He had been starting to wonder if this kid would even show. Clearing his throat loudly, he turned around and faced the source of the voice and saw ... quite the curious-looking man. Likely around eighteen, he stood about a foot shorter than the Flame Hero and was far skinnier than him. The fledgling hero wore a plain, white shirt and olive cargo pants, his shoulder-length blonde hair tied up in a ponytail. On the tip of his nose, a pair of wide glasses rested over a fairly plain face. His student neither looked strong, nor handsome. Nothing was striking about him at all.

Behind clenched lips, Endeavor's teeth started to grind together. Did this puny little morsel of a hero really think that he was worthy of being trained by someone as mighty as he? "That's right. I'm Endeavor." Before the kid could say anything more, he lifted a gauntlet covered hand, silencing him. He would lead the conversation here ... and he couldn't be bothered with having this kid kiss his ass. He knew that he was the best hero in the entire country. He didn't need to hear it from some no-name little fish. "I don't want to hear your small talk. Let's get down to business. What are your powers, kid?"

Goodness. Endeavor was just as brilliant as this kid had always imagined! And ... about a thousand times more terrifying. For a moment, the young hero's lips worked without producing sound, his tongue flapping uselessly in his mouth. Then, he smacked his lips together and began to talk. "Well, my name is Okada Azumi. I'm not sure what my hero name is going to be yet," he confessed, unable to stop himself from rambling just a little bit in front of his idol. "My powers are ... s-shrinking, heat resistance, and near invincibility. I figured that's w-what might make me an ideal student for you. Aha, the ... the heat resistance, I mean."

An ideal student? Having near invincibility as a power made him an ideal punching bag, in Endeavor's opinion. And, shrinking ... well ... maybe he could have more fun with this dumb kid than what he thought. "Well then, Okada Azumi. Let's see you shrink. Think you can manage to go down to, hmm ... about two, maybe three inches? Think that'll be a nice, good, puny little size for you to start off at."

If Okada wasn't stood in front of one of his idols, the living legend that was the Flame Hero Endeavor, then he might've thought twice about shrinking down to the size of a bug in such of a mighty man! But, he was eager to impress. He clenched his fists as either side of him and gave his hero a confident grin. "Oh, yes sir. I can do that for you no problem." Of course he could! That, after all, was his power. After a moment of concentration, Okada's body began to shimmer a bright, fluorescent white. Then, after a brief, but bright flash, his form had nearly entirely disappeared ... reduced to a three-inch tall speck upon the ground, nearly hidden entirely amongst the long strands of grass.

Endeavor could see him, of course, because Endeavor had a very keen set of eyes. After exhaling an excited, quiet huff, he unfolded his

arms and began to stride down the hill toward the shrunken Okada. His heavy, flaming boots thumped noisily across the ground on his approach, his bulky, muscular weight making the ground shake violently underneath the tiny hero's boots! "Excellent," Endeavor said. "Time for your first lesson ... learning how to dodge my boot when you're only three inches tall."

With a flaming hot quickness, Endeavour lifted his fiery boot into the air, the scorched sole clearly visible to the shrunken Okada. Shocked that his mentor would assign him such a cruel and odd task, the tiny wannabe hero stood like a deer facing headlights, unable to so much as flex a muscle as the underside of the Flame Hero's boot began to loom over him. Powerless to even move, he could only watch as it descended upon in a mighty, earth splitting stomp, easily squishing his resilient body beneath it.

"Pathetic."

Such a powerful stomp would've killed anyone other than Okada. Thanks to his special quirk, his body was not ground into a paste, but merely squished across the Flame Hero's sole like a piece of gum, his invincible body melted by the intense heat emanating from Endeavor. Flattened like a pancake and completely stuck to the underside, Okada was still unable to move a single muscle ... but not out of fear, but just because he had been defeated with nothing more than a simple stomp! One that he had been warned about in advance. With shame running through his body, the shrunken student could only cringe as his hero relentlessly mocked him while his face was buried in mud.

"Crushed by a single stomp! You really are completely pathetic, you little worm! I've never known a hero as eager to eat dirt as you!"

Chuckling dryly, Endeavor began to grind the tip of his sole into the scorched ground beneath him, smearing Okada's tiny body into the dirt where it belonged. Wet, dirty mud squelched underneath him, warm and squishy because of the giant's flaming boot. Soon, it was all over his face, all over his shrunken, naked form, further exemplifying the feeling of failure and shame that swirled through his tiny guts. He was a fool to have ever thought that he was worthy enough of being in the presence of such a mighty hero, and Okada knew it.

"Stuck to my shoe, like a piece of gum! Or maybe, hmm, a piece of dog shit? Either way, it's clear that I need to remove you from the sole of my perfect boot!"

Then, still laughing, he lifted his boot and reached down to peel the flattened hero from the sole of his shoe. Honestly, this boy's quirk was actually rather amazing. Complete invincibility. His body really was like gum! Pinched between his fingers like a wad of candy that had been smothered in mud, Endeavour lifted him to his enormous, handsome face, his steely gaze directly upon the tiny, defeated hero. Much to the Flame Hero's surprise, Okada's minuscule eyes looked back. Gum he might be, but this hero was very much awake gum. He had expected him to have been knocked unconscious by his stomp, but ...

What else could this Okada Azumi stay conscious through?

"You know what, shit stain? You really are gum. And you know what happens to gum? Gum gets chewed up."

Upon hearing those words, Okada felt a fear like no other. Being scraped off of Endeavor's boot had been bad enough, but now, to hear that there was going to be chewing involved ... well, it was hardly amusing to his ears. With his body as twisted up as it was, made flexible and gummy by Endeavour's intense heat, the only thing that he could do was watch as the Flame Hero's face grew closer and closer. The tiny hero's eyes were fixated upon the enormous lips that he was being carried toward. Trembling as much as he could, he watched as his mouth parted, revealing a gleaming set of beautiful white teeth that knew were going to chew him up and crush him!

But that wasn't the only terrifying thing about Endeavor's gaping maw. Between those teeth was a large, slick pink tongue, and behind that, the deep red void that was his throat. What if Endeavor decided to swallow him? Okada knew that he could survive a lot, but ... could he survive digestion?

"Be grateful that I'm going to even put you in my mouth," Endeavor murmured. Being so close to his mouth, Okada could practically feel Enji's growl vibrating through his body. On top of the fact that he could see great teeth mashing together as his humiliating words were constructed, the tiny hero, naturally, was even more terrified than before. "You're filthy - covered in mud - so, if it makes you feel any better, then just think of this as a bath, gum boy."

There was little chance that Okada was going to think of this an upshot, especially when he could see directly into the giant hero's mouth. But, before he could protest or argue otherwise, he was tossed into Enji's mouth like a piece of candy, his wadded up body sailing through the air and landing wetly upon Endeavor's slick tongue. As soon as he hit it, he felt the powerful, wet muscle underneath him flex, flicking his body from the center of his mouth to his cheek. Okada could only watch as he sailed over the pearly white teeth that would soon crush him before his body squished against the inside of Endeavour's flaming hot cheek.

"You taste like shit!" Endeavor chuckled madly, peeling Okada's flattened body from squishy, hot cheek with the tip of his tongue. With a dextrous flick of his oral muscle, he pressed the tiny, squishy hero against his upper teeth, spreading his body across them with the tip of his tongue. "Fuck, I can't believe that I have a disgusting roach like you in my mouth. I'm going to chew you up and shit you out and make you regret the day that you asked me to train you, worm!" His words came out slightly muffled. Not wanting to chew Okada up just yet, Endeavor was avoiding the use of the left side of his jaw.

Being inside of Endeavor's mouth, every cruel word loudly boomed into Okada's mashed up ears, roaring from a throat that was mere inches away from him. A throat that now, he knew, he would be going down. He was going to be chewed up and shit out ... just like the piece of garbage that he was. It was impossible for Okada to feel any worse than he did now. His idol hated his guts, and his fate was to be turned into shit. As he stared at the huge, boulder-like teeth that lay below him, he did not think of being crushed, but of being squeezed out of the Flame Hero's rectum with the rest of the turds that he'd produced. And, just like those, he would be flushed down into the sewer ... where he now believed that he belonged. He tasted

like shit - and he was going to be turned into shit. It was a fitting fate for a piece of garbage like him. Better than he deserved, really.

But Okada's thoughts really should've been focused on Endeavor's teeth, rather than his bowels. As soon as his thoughts drifted away from the oral predicament that he was very much in, Enji's jaw clenched tightly. With a sound like falling rocks, his lower teeth suddenly smashed into Okada's shrunken, battered body, essentially crushing him between two great, burly rocks. The tiny hero could only scream as Endeavor's enormous teeth began to grind together. To his little ears, the sound of the giant's jaw working as it chewed him sounding much like a mighty saw tearing through a feeble plank of wood.

It was a wonder that his body wasn't torn to pieces, but that was Okada's quirk. Even though he really should've been smashed to pieces, his superpower of invincibility allowed him to stay alive. But it was hardly a mercy. He would rather perish than feel the Flame Hero's mighty teeth raking and grinding against his form constantly. Sandwiched between them, they crushed him from every angle, the pressure, and the pain, getting worse and worse by the second.

But this was his fate. To be a piece of gum. At least he'd been stomped into the ground by the country's number one hero, rather than crushed by some low-tier nobody. At least he was going to be digested by his idol. At least that disgusting mud was being washed from his body by the thick, hot saliva that occasionally splashed against him, before being compressed against his body by giant teeth.

Blissfully unaware of Okada's ruined pride - though he wouldn't care if he did know - Endeavor grew tired of chewing and tired of Okada's dirty, muddy taste. He was a busy hero, and he had plenty of work to get on with. After scraping the hero from his molars, Endeavor tilted his handsome head backward and swallowed, casting the little piece of shit that had been in his mouth right down toward where he belonged ... his waiting, hungry stomach.

Down Endeavor's throat, Okada slid, the hot, mucus-lined walls of his esophagus gently caressing his shrunken. No longer crushed between his boot, fingers, or teeth, the shrunken hero's body began to reform as it was massaged by the constricting clutch of Enji's insides.

As his arms and legs popped back into position, and his slick, slow descent toward Endeavor's stomach began to come to an end, Okada did his best to try and regain his footing with the titan's throat, to grasp onto the slick walls that surrounded him and heave himself up. But no matter how hard he attempted to clutch at them, no matter how hard he kicked his legs, he found no purchase whatsoever. The fleshy void that surrounded him simply pulled him deeper, and deeper, each pulse of the throat that surrounded him punctuated by the thunderous beat of Endeavor's heart.

Soon enough, with a sticky, wet plop, Okada's body was deposited within Endeavor's belly. There was, at least, one relief for the tiny hero. As his body hit the fleshy bottom of Enji's stomach, he realized that nothing was squeezing at him anymore. Nothing attempting to crush him. Sure, the heat inside of here was intense - like being inside of a boiler - and the smell of rotted, fermented food was, of course, entirely unpleasant. But the fact that he was no longer constricted in some fashion was a great relief. Now, he had the time to think.

Around him, he could hear the lining of Endeavor's stomach rippling and gurgling hungrily, making the gooey ground beneath his huddled form quake. The constant, loud beat of the hero's mighty heart, along with his stomach's hungry growl, reminded him exactly where he was. Within his childhood hero's belly, about to be digested.

But, no. He couldn't think of being digested now. All he needed to do was strategize, right? Now that he was within Endeavor's body, he could simply grow back to his original height! That way, he could do a literal internal assault upon the man, and ravage his insides. Yes! It was the perfect plan.

But he'd need to work quickly. Already, he could hear that distance gurgle turn into a squelch, one that signified that a powerful, enzyme infused acid was starting to flood his prison. Grimacing, Okada pulled himself to his feet the best that he could, and set his arms out to his sides in an attempt to keep his balance upon the steadily rippling ground. Concentrating, a shimmering light began to flow over his form.

But nothing happened. No matter how hard he tried, he would not grow. Whether it was his fear, his panic, or simply Endeavor's heroic strength, nothing that he did would cause his quirk to kick in.

Okada was shrunken, trapped. There was no escape. And now, there was acid lapping at his ankles. The tiny hero was suddenly

struck with an extreme sense of panic. What if his invincibility wasn't working, too?

Outside, Enji slapped his broad, muscular stomach, and let out a booming, loud laugh, one that most certainly reached little Okada's ears. "Let's see if your invincibility works against my stomach acid, boy! You'll really be feeling the burn now!"

Not only did Okada hear every word, but he felt the slap, too. It was enough to send Endeavor's stomach jiggling and quivering more than it already was. As if he had somehow stimulated his stomach into producing acid quicker, the walls now truly began to gush with the stuff, sounding like deadly miniature waterfalls. On his knees, now, the acid soon lapped over his body entirely, eventually engulfing him.

But it did not harm him. As Okada waited to be whisked off into the nether, nothing happened. The acid didn't even burn at his flesh, as a matter of fact. He was going to live! But, surviving digestion meant one thing, and one thing only.

Inevitably, little Okada would have to leave his beloved idol in a very, very messy way.

That powerful thought was upon Okada's mind as he - and the potent liquid that he was contained within - was flushed out of Enji's stomach entirely, and deeper into his digestive system. Still whole, and very much alive, Okada was carried from stomach to small intestine, his

tiny body taken upon the most disgusting water slide imaginable. With more wet, gooey plops, he was suddenly inside of the tight, rippling tube that was Enji's digestional tract, forced once more into a state of constriction.

Endeavor now assumed that Okada was dead. He couldn't exactly feel him wriggling around within the tight clutches of his guts, after all. So, satisfied that he had slain a complete and total moron, Enji simply went about his day casually, completing any business that there was to do. Not for a single moment did he feel any guilt for the tiny hero's fate. He had been nothing more than a pest, and he had been dealt like one. As a matter of fact, that insufferable brat should be grateful that he got the opportunity to be digested by a hero like him!

But Okada had not been digested. For several sticky and very stinky hours, his tiny body was churned through Endeavor's guts. He couldn't fight against them, and even if he could, there really was no point! They were taking him toward his one and only escape route. With many gurgles, slurps, and sickly, wet caresses, his tiny body finally made it's way to his large intestine, and then, to his colon. What happened to Okada's body in there was the same as what happened to the rest of Endeavor's waste. Quickly, layer upon layer of brown, putrid waste was beginning to form on top of his body. The foul, liquid shit clung to him, hardening and entombing him within, rather fittingly turning him into a rather large, squishy turd.

Before long, he was entirely bound within greasy, slimy shit, not able to move so much as a single muscle. Now, even if he wanted to fight, he couldn't. Like the piece of crap that Okada was, he was quickly transported to the hero's foul, stinking rectum, the place where he would eventually be deposited out into the world.

After a long and busy day, it was only natural for Enji to feel the call of nature. After returning to his high rise apartment, he felt a telltale gurgle in his gut that told him it was time to go. Letting out a quiet, discomfited grunt, he quickly made his way toward the bathroom, unfastening his belt as he went. Soon, he was above his porcelain throne. His pants were grasped and pulled down, baring a well-defined ass that soon hit the toilet seat.

Endeavor didn't waste time when he shit. He wasn't the type of person to pick up the paper and enjoy the experience, no. This was merely a pesky human function that he needed to get out of the way. With a grunt, he tensed his abdominal muscles, and then ... he began to let his waste flow.

Within, Okada felt the walls of Endeavor's guts begin to ripple around him madly. He watched as the huge anus in front of him spread open, revealing a light that burnt at his shit encrusted eyes. Squinting, he turned his head away and felt an odd sense of dread invade him as he began to move toward the hero's spread back door. Weirdly, Okada didn't want to leave. After being inside of here for so long, squeezed, and so close to Enji's foul, disgusting scent ... he had become used to it. Becoming shit, in a way, comforted him.

There was no comfort for Enji, either. The man, atop the toilet, was grunting and groaning as he efficiently went potty. His tight sphincter stretched around thick, burly turds, each one of them being deposited into the toilet with a plop. Needing to keep his muscle, Enji was quite the heavy eater, and it showed from the thick, meaty shits that he took. The hero was, of course, entirely unaware that Okada was still

alive ... and was currently floating around in his bowl, entirely encased within one of the very same logs that he was fervently trying to evacuate from his backside.

With a loud, wet fart, Okada's shit caked body shot into the toilet below, landing with a loud splash. The water helped free the shit around him. While he stared up at his idol's shitty, gaping asshole, he squirmed within his stinking brown prison. With a flex of his muscles and a kick of his legs, he managed to free himself ... not that it mattered. Even though he could now move his arms and legs, he was still trapped within a dirty toilet bowl.

Not wanting to meet the sewers - because Enji's guts had been bad enough, frankly - Okada started to swim toward the edge of the toilet bowl, desperate to climb up it and make an escape. But, before he could get too far, a huge, brown shit deposited itself into the water behind him, causing the once still waters to become quite troubled! Letting out a loud scream, Okada's body was suddenly pulled into a brown, swirling typhoon. No matter how much he kicked, he couldn't break away from it. Matters were made worse as a wad of shitty toilet paper landed in the water next to him. Weakly, he grabbed onto it and closed his eyes, trying to fight off the dizzy feeling.

Enji, however, heard Okada's screams, just as he was wiping his ass. A brow was raised in confusion. What was that noise? No, it couldn't be ... had he really? Suddenly, he let out a great, booming laugh. Eagerly, he lifted his massive ass from the toilet and looked down into the bowl. And, sure enough, there was a tiny, and very shitty, Okada.

There were very few words spared for the tiny, shrunken hero.

"Let's put you in the sewer where you belong."

And, with that, Enji hit the metal lever on the toilet. With folded arms, he watched as both the shit and Okada swirled around in the bowl below, a rippling, brown whirlpool of fecal sludge and turds. Soon, like the rest of his waste, it swirled down the drain, carrying Okada with it.

It had been a few weeks since Okada had faced defeat at the hands, or guts, of the mighty Endeavor. He laid within his dingy apartment, wrapped up in his duvet, and staring out of the ceiling. Right now, the sun had just risen, bringing about the morning. The fledgling hero hadn't slept all night. He was too busy thinking about Okada.

It had taken him several days to be able to regain his quirk and grow back to his full size. In the sewer, he had swum against rapids, fought against giant rats, and scavenged for food in the stink pit that lay beneath Tokyo. In many ways, Endeavor's training really had toughened Okada, even if it had been cruel. He had learned an awful lot about humility, for one. And surviving within the dank, disgusting sewers had been a growing experience all by itself. But, aside from lessons, he couldn't stop thinking about Endeavor. His guts, in particular.

The smell, of course ... well, Okada wasn't sure if that would ever leave him. While he had taken many, many hot showers since returning from the sewer, the scent of the Flame Hero's bowels still clung to his flesh. Occasionally, he would catch a whiff of it on his skin, or feel those powerful intestines squeezing at him, or his teeth crushing him, over and over ...

But it was not traumatic. Actually, Okada rather missed it. And, more than ever, he continued to idolize Enji. As a matter of fact, he was hoping that, against all of the odds, that the Flame Hero would invite him back for another training session. It was clear from their encounter that he truly hated his dumb guts, but, oddly, he craved that hate. He wanted to feel it again. Endeavor must face so much frustration in his day to day life! If he was the punching bag that he could take all of his stresses out on, then ... that would be fine, right? At least he was serving his hero.

Deep within his thoughts, Okada barely registered the strange rattle that came from his front door, but it was just enough to drag him out of the mire. Turning around in bed, he hopped out of it. His apartment was small, really. It took no time at all for him to take himself out of his bedroom and toward the source of the strange noise.

Okada glanced through the peephole but saw nobody there. Odd. His foot ended up brushing against something on the floor. Something papery? Curious, he looked down and found the most curious little note, sealed in a fancy looking envelope. Frowning, he bent down to pick it up, and opened the envelope, pulling out a small letter. Squinting, he lifted it up to his face and read it.

Okada,

Let's train again sometime.

Endeavor

Smiling, Okada lowered the letter. It really was a dream come true. Perhaps, if he played his cards right, he would be within the clutch of Endeavor's intestines soon.