

# MY FETISH ACADEMIA

## CHAPTER 3: THE OTHER SIDE



### **BAKUGOU KATSUKI.**

Of course class 1-A's rising star was alone at the very moment his name had been called over the intercom. Two names had come before his: Deku's and that annoying Uraraka chick, and it was only a matter of time before he'd be called too. Did Bakugou believe any of the shit that was being spewed? Absolutely not. He knew full well the limitations of Quirks, and altering reality so profoundly was not something they could do. It would break the laws of the universe, much less the laws of Japan. Whoever these villains were? They were blowing hot air.

And Bakugou had decided he was gonna be the first to take them down! He was already rushing down the stairs to the courtyard, intent on sniffing out those losers and sending them running. He was tired of pointless, random villain attacks, as was the rest of society. To be honest though his reasons were a little more petty. He was just tired of having all of his plans ruined.

His folly would be the same as the rest of his peers in that he underestimated the abilities of their attackers, not that any of them had the education to know otherwise. The attack was perfect in the sense that, when it was done, there would be no evidence of any alterations in the first place... largely because there wouldn't be any witnesses to testify to what existed before.

Bakugou bottomed out the staircase in record time and dashed toward the courtyard. His fingers twitched with excitement, fully prepared to blow up some baddies at the first chance he got. But his name had been called when he'd been at the stairs' top, and his deep dive downward had given the transformation Quirk more than enough time to take effect.

Once he broke through the door into the cool night air he froze. All of his momentum faded away at once, along with the burning confidence that plagued his every action. He'd always been near the top of the class, had one of the strongest Quirks, there had never really been reason to doubt himself when he never even doubted his own poor attitude. "**What the hell am I doing!?**" Originally this outburst had been reserved for legs that wouldn't move, but an additional meaning became laced with it. A simple thought, something he'd only considered in moments where he faced overwhelming odds. *'I'm not strong enough to take on a villain by myself'*.

The thought spoke to something in his soul he often forgot existed: fear of his own mortality. A hero couldn't be someone that ran away from danger, it was the most fundamental of fundamentals and something Bakugou had not only accepted but overcome over the course of his training, and yet in that moment he'd never felt so scared. It almost felt like his heart was about to burst out of his chest.

"**Shit... why did I even come out here? My Quirk isn't good for fighting...**" His Quirk? Explosion? That was correct, the ability to conjure explosions through his sweat and yet... No? His sweat produced *sugar* right? Wasn't that his Quirk? It was good for baking but little else, the only reason he was at U.A. was...

It was difficult to think...

Mind already being kneaded by a new reality, it was about time that his body began to show signs of it as well. It began with his eyes, which were always shaped in such a narrow and serious way. Bakugou was an intimidating fellow not just in personality but in appearance as well, but as the shape of his eyes grew rounder and rounder that fear point was rapidly succumbing to erasure. It wasn't merely that they became rounder but wider, pupils expanded as the color of his irises brightened to a blue that was deep and vibrant.

But at the same time his vision skewed. "**The hell!?**" Naturally he'd notice right away, especially when his vision had always been 20/20. The boy had always been spared from wearing glasses like some sort of geek, but even waiting a moment did nothing to alleviate the blur. Instead it almost seemed to *worsen*.

He couldn't seem to overcome his new fears enough to move any farther than he had, so instead of looking around he held a hand before his eyes in attempt to gauge how poorly his vision had deteriorated. Bakugou could barely make out the shape of his own fingers, so of course he couldn't properly perceive how their shapes were changing. Digits became slightly longer, cut nails at the tips suddenly looking choppy and frayed as if he'd been biting them. The years of physical labor that had firmed them up seemed to melt away and in kind both his palms and the pads of his fingers softened. The sweet scent of sugar began to waft off of them, produced by the boy's own sweat.

Arms, swollen with teenage muscle, lightened to cream while said muscle was disposed of. If it wasn't erased in its entirety, but rather repurposed as arms softened appropriately to match the fragility of his finger. It went unseen thanks to both his blurred vision and his jacket, but Bakugou couldn't deny that it all just felt *weird* either. Shoulders soon pinched inward, but despite that his clothing didn't seem to mismatch his frame. In fact they had been shrinking and expanding with his changes, the coloring of said jacket darkening to navy blue at the sleeves and beginning to seep up his arms in pursuit of a total dye job. The collar of his undershirt, which he never buttoned, suddenly pulled together and buttoned itself properly as a red and striped tie seem to raise from the material of said undershirt and tuck beneath his jacket.

The blue had bled brilliantly throughout the jacket now, but more than that it became looser around the chest (*as had his button-up, white shirt beneath*). Bakugou's reaction came swift when he realized just why that was, when nipples grew hard and began to push forward as if propelled by some sort of mysterious force. This 'mysterious force' was nothing more than fat depositing itself into his bosom, mixing with abdominal muscles that had melted away to join the greater stew of fats that were providing the growth of a pair of beautiful breasts. As they boinged forward his clothes were forced to continuously accommodate, the navy blue bottom rising and lengthening as tits took up more and more space.

As much as the boy wanted to rip his jacket off and see just what had happened, anxiety spooked him away from doing it. A fear of looking indecent, didn't a reserved style suit him more? Because he was such an angry and simple boy it had been so simple to mold his personality into the opposite. Demure and reserved, even his concerns about the D-cups that hung from his chest now were voiced skittishly. "**H-How is this possible...?**" He dare not touch them, not where anyone could see.

He didn't want to give *Ochako* ammo to *bully* him more.

Hair, dark and purple, suddenly obscured his vision more than it already was. While he'd been distracted by the growths upon his chest and the uncomfortable sensation of his stomach pulling inward, the top of his head had been busy disposing of spiky, blonde locks in favor of a long and elaborate violet bush that spilled down his back into a pair of loosely tied twin tails. How often was he bullied for his hair? It wasn't his fault his quirk made it hard to take care of his hair properly!

Lips pursed and swollen, from the head down Bakugou looked more like a young woman than a teenage boy. Cheeks round and worn, even for a girl he looked as if he might be in his twenties, and he kept arms wrapped beneath his ample bosom as cowardice kept him frozen. Why did he have the idea to charge in on his own? He was merely helping with cooking courses on recommendation from Ino, he wasn't a combatant!

The vibrancy of his pants suddenly dialed itself up to eleven as light beige rapidly shifted to a bright pink. The legs of the pants quickly rolled upward and thinned, in the process revealing lanky, bare appendages that didn't possess the hair they usually did. Because of course they didn't, he'd shaved that morning! White lines set in against the pink to create a plaid pattern that grew more prominent while the legs opened outward and fluttered, bottom becoming little more than a short cut skirt that revealed much of his thighs and legs.

Even his boxers pulled uncomfortably against Bakugou's body, ultimately forcing his dick back into her body before a pair of fresh pussy lips swelled outward and the boxers themselves became a lacy, white undergarment that hugged her gently. Although that gentle hug was but a momentary one as her thighs and butt began to swell, plumping up to maturity as the gap left between Bakugou's legs was quickly filled by supple flesh. With it all came a bit of arousal, particularly as she felt the back of her skirt lift above the growth of her ass, but she'd dare not do anything in public.

It was unfair! She had a good body, but because of her glasses and her hair she was always bullied by her peers. Ino's girlfriend, Ochako, was the worst for it. *That rude gyaru...!*

Banri Katsuki pushed up a pair of thick glasses that had taken shape across the bridge of her tiny nose, the scent of sugar seeping from her body all the more apparent since her anxieties had made her sweaty. Sheepishly she glanced back at the entrance to the stair case and began to run inside, shoes shifting to loafers that better accommodated tiny feet as she did so. She could fight anyone, she couldn't save anyone!

She was just a coward, a loser, a geek. She just wanted to go play a game on her PC and go to bed!

And then she disappeared until the unlit staircase, but the speaker did not cease.

**TSUYU ASUI.**