

NO MORE IV

MARCH 2021 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Enough students had gone missing now that a full operation had been put into place to retrieve them. Bakugou, Izuku, Kirishima... All three of them had been seemingly snatched away through various means over the past few weeks, and the situation itself had become truly dire. Professional heroes and students alike had been tagged for this operation, all to storm a warehouse where Izuku's cellphone had last been tracked.

Tenya Iida was among those selected on the student side of things to help infiltrate. He was personally invested considering all of those missing were people he counted among his peers, but at the same time he was extremely wary about the fact that, whatever enemy they were dealing with, was tactful enough to corral all three of them without any difficulty. He'd voiced these concerns during the preparatory meeting, only for them to be dismissed. Everyone was confident that they were dealing with some sort of simplistic villain.

They were wrong.

“Let me out!” His body fatigued; Iida shook the bars of a prison cell within the cold depths of what he could only assume was an abandoned prison. The moment he'd awoken, he'd immediately recalled the events that had led to him losing consciousness in the first place. The warehouse infiltration had been successful, except they hadn't found anyone else inside. Before anyone could react there had been an explosion, and the next he'd stirred he was here.

How close was this to the warehouse? How long had he been out? He could be in an entirely different country now, for all he knew. Throw in the fact that he was completely nude, including his glasses, and this was a damp, blurry hell of unknowns to him. **“Is this where Deku and the others were taken?”** This was certainly a possible outcome, but he had no way to prove it. And if he’d been taken here, who was to say that other heroes from the operation hadn’t been as well?

Still, the cold of the room was numbing, so much that it was hard to move properly. Not to mention it was so cold that his little Iida, his Iida Jr... It wasn’t up to snuff. Not that this was of any concern, but in the case that whoever captured him came by? Rather, why had he been stripped in the first place? Had he been captured by some sort of pervert? Perhaps it was best *not* to think about it.

Yet maybe the boy *should* have spared a thought for it. For the moment he pulled his attention away from his dick, it began to act strange. No, perhaps act was the wrong term – it wasn’t like penises had a will. But it was moving, flopping around limply... *withdrawing*.

Now, those who have followed this tale thus far might be wondering ‘what of the barrier?’, and they would be correct to wonder. The Quirk used to transform the others had been isolated and obviously apparent and had frozen the subjects in place. But the range of this Quirk could be adjusted, so what would happen if it were spread over a much larger area?

Say, like an *abandoned prison*?

The barrier was still up, but it wasn’t somewhere that Tenya could see – not that he’d understand even if it could. It’s binding properties, stretched this thin, could only slow him as opposed to binding him outright. But for what reason?

Iida suddenly keeled forward, grabbing the bars with surprise as the inevitable occurred. His cock and balls had moved inwards, a woman’s counterpart wriggling up and into *her* body until everything, including a womb, was fully formed. The sensation wasn’t painful, but it had still felt like getting a big old punch in the ground, and her forward fall had been a result of that. **“What was that...!?”**

Slowly, she pushed himself back up again, although her knees were still wobbling from the sensation. A seed of womanhood planted, now that it had been given water it was causing a bloom at a much hastier pace, and over the matter of the next few moments her masculine visage would melt away entirely.

Iida's chiseled jawline pulled tighter, both skin and bones alike, until it was much rounder and narrowed. With this change came both rising cheekbones that became a little more circular beneath her eyes, and a thickening of her lips to the point that they were irrefutably full and kissable. If there were any doubt that she wasn't quite becoming a female equivalent to her male form, however, it could be seen in her eyes. They narrowed even more than expected and glittered with a bright blue, her blurry vision repaired to a perfect 20/20.

But there was just something about her general facial design that didn't at all resemble an Iida. It was too sleek, too naturally pretty. Even her mother had a blockier aesthetic, so she almost looked completely unrelated by face alone.

Her hair followed suit, and at first it was simply the feel of it. Each hair atop her head became finer, the scent of a woman's shampoo dancing from them gleefully. But then the length came in, and it absolutely poured. Not only growing longer, but thickening immensely in volume, cascading down her still burly back until it stopped just above her butt. Strands shimmered as all at once, the color changed in a sweeping phenomenon, dying black a mix of blonde and purple with pink tips, style rather wild and looking as if it were accustomed to being bunched up in the back.

“Ngh... My voice!? Is something wrong with...?” Iida wasn't sure, as fingers gripped her neck in confusion. She felt no Adam's apple, but also didn't feel as if there should have been one in the first place. Rather, attention was on her fingers, which thinned grossly as nails grew long. Before long, both hands looked more befitting of a young woman, and it was something that had trended into her feet as well. Her toes petite, nails were kept trimmer, but her heels had become much softer.

Not long after, her limbs proceeded to tuck themselves in. Not *literally* in any sense of the word, but they became shorter. She was still gripping the cell bars that kept her housed within the chamber with her free hand, but now it was sliding downward. Iida squinted, not because she couldn't see, but because she was confused. **“Wait...?”** No small part of her wanted to tell her that something was wrong with this, but something louder told her to merely accept it. It was only a loss of two inches anyways, nothing too excessive.

What *was* excessive, though, was the loss of *bulk*. At the back of the young hero's legs, the engines she so cherished as her Quirk caved way to give her completely normal legs. Their bulk was lost, as was that of her torso and arms. Specifically, in regard to the former, her muscles did not completely erase themselves – instead, becoming much leaner and tighter, that tightness appealing as her tummy pinched in from the sides

to give her a narrowed waistline, and much wider looking hips as a direct result.

As if they weren't satisfied though, those hips popped and split wider still, until they their overall gait exceeded that of her narrowed shoulders by a wide margin. But this left a discrepancy, at least in how flat her ass looked relative to the rest of her body... briefly. For it began to fill as if a pair of hoses had been connected them, additional fat sloshing around while they bulged, eventually settling into place, and taking on an undeniable firmness.

Delightfully (*at least to an onlooker's point of view*), her thighs grew pronounced with the very same meatiness that her buns did, each swollen with a mixture of fat and muscle alike that stood to appear extremely tantalizing. Pubes above her pussy became purple and shaved as well, a little something extra in the grand scheme of things.

Tenya bit her lower lip. **“Something’s going on here, but I can’t figure it out! Why am I nude!?”** The woman, as she now resembled one in her twenties, had suffered some severe memory loss. She gestured to her naked form just in time for her chest to explode with a bounce, B-cup tits jiggling from their *‘birth’* without it even occurring to her that they’d sprouted before her very eyes. She couldn’t remember the operation, nor the possible reason she’d been captured. Rather, other things were piecing together. Didn’t she have a *performance* soon? That was the issue with being captured! She was going to miss it!

As if responding to that, a brand new ensemble apparated to conceal her very obvious nakedness. A shiny, blue halter top that showed off her slight cleavage cut out from between it and the black cloth tied to a choker above, paired with a short, open silver jacket with black, fingerless gloves. Tight, leather pants hugged her most appealing features, making her plum-shaped ass stand out all the more beneath them, her thick thighs benefitting from them as well. For a brief moment her height shot up, but only because her feet had been tucked into some heels.



Otherwise, she was accessorized with heavy makeup and jewelry. Lips found pink gloss, and sparkly, blue eyeshadow wrapped around her optics in a way that made them truly glow – eyelashes likewise lengthened, and mascara made Iida’s eyes pop even more. Silver, triangular earrings then dangled from fresh piercings, and her transformation was thus *complete*.

“Heehee! And with that, all of K/DA is complete!” From the shadows, a young girl skipped along, wielding a large set of prison keys. Akali arched an eyebrow at her. At least until she saw Ahri, Evelynn, and Kai’sa, at which point she couldn’t help but relax a little.

“What... is this about?”

Three days later...

A dark stage exploded into a shower of lights and sparkles, a quartet of holes opening to reveal the performers rising onto the stage in the most bombastic of fashions. Their bodies hot, their postures confident, their musical hearts as one, it was the woman with crystalline fox tails that took her mic first, before raising a finger into the air. **“We are K/DA! Listen to our song!”**

A stadium erupted into screams, all of the stands occupied by tweens and teens, all girls. Among them, sitting in the front row, was Shaya. She was the one that had sought to bring K/DA into the real world using her Quirk, and she had gleefully succeeded! She was on the run from the Heroes though, so what was this place?

It had been an abandoned stadium, but by transforming others she could easily seize anything she wanted by distorting their memories and wills. Even now, the entire audience? They were victims of her, including the heroes that had attacked her in the warehouse. She’d transformed them all into young women, regardless of their original sex. Each as nerdy as her. *That* was why her Quirk had covered the entire prison back when Akali had been ‘born’.

Wasn’t it beautiful?