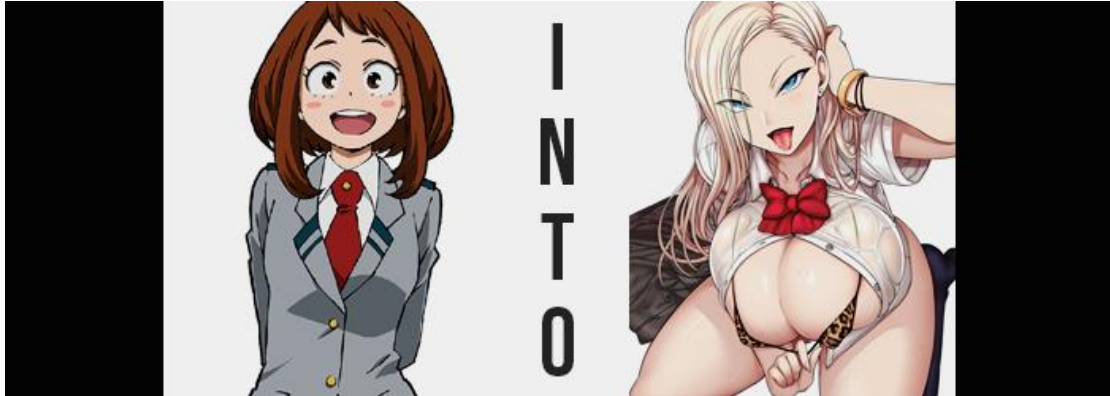


MY FETISH ACADEMIA

CHAPTER 2: DOWN TO POUND



OCHAKO URARAKA.

It was the wielder of the Quirk called 'Gravity' whose name was called over the intercom next. Threats of those that were called succumbing to some kind of change, however, seemed kind of hollow from Uraraka's perspective. After all she was currently standing beside her elder sister, the one whose name had been called previously, and nothing had really happened to her. Of course this point of view was born from the fact that her own perception had been altered to accept 'Ino' as her sister even if she'd once been the boy Uraraka had a crush on.

But fate would have a funny way of keeping those feelings in tact even in this new reality. It wasn't true now, and it would be weird if she had a crush on her own sister, but if they weren't related then it wouldn't be an issue, right? They could do *whatever* they wanted to.

"That has to be a joke, right onee-san? I mean you're the same as you've ever been." Honestly, she was a little jealous of her older sister. She had such a nice body that even though she was a little chubby, she had no issues turning heads. It wasn't like Ochako wanted to be sexy like that, but she'd like to earn the interest of others a little easier sometimes.

Well, it wasn't as if she could just grow up overnight, right?

On the other side of the aisle, Ino felt somewhat perplexed by this whole villain attack. She couldn't help but feel like something was wrong, but she wasn't trained to use her Gravity Quirk for combat like her little sister was. She only wished her girlfriend was here to make this whole situation a little less scary.

And all of these ingredients were enough to set the younger Uraraka on her ensuing transformative journey. The holder of the Quirk that was transforming everyone could also perceive the thoughts of others they could twist into perverse new forms, and the two Urarakas were giving them the perfect recipe at the end of the day. If the new elder sister missed her hypothetical girlfriend then far be it from them to keep them apart!

“Nakamura-senpai? Is something bothering you?” Ino suddenly asked, spoken honorifics changed and unnoticed. She hadn't been using honorifics before, and the last name she was referring to Ochako with wasn't her own. Even so, the younger girl responded.

“Senpai? Didn't I tell you not to call me that when we're alone?” Where Ino didn't find this exchange unusual, Ochako herself was quick to clasp a hand over her mouth after speaking. Why was her elder sister referring to her as senpai? Who was Nakamura? Why had she just spoken with such flirty confidence? She didn't have an answer to any of this, unless... were the threats actually true? Surely it hadn't worked on her sister, but maybe she was more susceptible to the effects? If so, she had to get out before it got any worse.

But she couldn't move. Not for a lack of trying, and not because she'd been paralyzed, but on some subconscious level she felt like this was where she *wanted* to be.

The tips of her hair, from her bangs to the back, all began to lighten at once. It almost looked as if she had frosted tips at first, but upon turning blonde the color began to seep deeper and deeper, heading towards her scalp. The journey almost seemed fruitless as, while it traveled, the length of her hair seemed to multiply. Hair rapunzeled until it was most of the way down her back, straight with subtle waves apparent in no location more prominently than her bangs, which she idly pulled to the left of her face.

Ochako's eyes shone from brown to baby blue as the Uraraka blood seemed to drain from her body only to be replaced by another's. She couldn't look like Ino, not if she was to be her girlfriend, no. She had to look like the Nakamura she was becoming.

She'd always had extremely wide eyes and a very round face. It was part of the Uraraka charm to look so naturally cute. But no longer was that *her* charm. Eye shape began to thin significantly along with her eyebrows, which might as well have been drawn on with how thin they were in the end. Her nose grew slightly larger and took on a sharper point at the tip, while lips below swelled as the taste of bubblegum was prodded by her tongue. Idly, she began to chew the source of this taste as if it had been there all along, and as if it was completely natural.

With these fundamental changes out of the way, it was no surprise that the name 'Uraraka' didn't apply to Ochako anymore. She was Ochako Nakamura now, at least

that was how her DNA was set up... and that was how her mind was working as well. She felt like her name felt wrong some how, but the transformation Quirk had already taken away her ability to exactly identify just why it was wrong.

"Hello? Earth to Ochako?" Ino used the girl's name with honorifics as requested, and honestly she wasn't sure why she looked so spaced out. The Nakamura she knew never had her head in the clouds. She was loud, boisterous, and she had a bad habit of being rude. She was kind of an odd fit for the peppy and kind Ino, but the two tended to cancel each other's worst traits when they were together. Not to mention she had a pretty mean sexual streak and wasn't afraid to vocalize those impulses.

"Haa!? I'm fine, I'm fine. Just thinkin' about this shitty villain thing, you know?" Ochako spat back, the sound of her gum chewing filling any silence that followed. It seemed Ino's expectations were becoming reality. Like how the girl she was dating had an excessively bombastic figure that went along with her very gyaru aesthetic stylings. Even though they were both college-aged, sometimes Nakamura dressed a little like she was still sixteen, but Ino found it endearing. Nakamura was the shorter of the two despite her figure, too!

Her body feeling a little hot, Nakamura unbuttoned and removed her jacket. Hadn't they been planning on going on a beach date or something? Why go dressed so heavily? Or... had they? They'd definitely planned on going to the beach together but as siblings...? Was Ino into that kind of weird as fuck role play?

Upon stripping her top she couldn't help but notice how soaked her shirt was. With sweat? She *had* been feeling pretty warm for the last little while, so it was no surprise. But her shirt shouldn't really have been that translucent from a little bit of water, you could even see her bra through it! It was small and leopard print, a far cry from the plain and white brassiere Ochako had actually put on. What she was wearing now barely contained her breasts, and that was before the top button suddenly popped off as her bosom surged forward. **"The fuck is happening!?"**, she shouted aloud, but now it was Ino who was spacing. Actually, shouldn't she be noticing something like this? It almost looked as if Ino's mind had been hijacked a moment.

Still, the burgeoning of her breasts did not cease, and another button and another were ultimately sacrificed as a pair of tits that had been slightly above average at best now hung off of her like a duo of basketballs, each rivaling if not greater in size than Ino's own. And it was arousing her.

It went without saying that Ochako had seldom thought about sex. She was in her mid-teens and didn't have a successful relationship under her belt. She wasn't the type of girl to dabble in such lewd topics and had a very reserved personality. At least, *Ochako Uraraka was*. Ochako Nakamura, as Ino had remembered, loved to fuck. She was something of a dog, but at least she was loyal to her partner. In that moment about a million sex acts came to mind that she could use her knockers for,

and the more she mused their usage the less bizarre they seemed. Hadn't her tits always been this huge?

Wasn't she always such a slut? It was kind of her rep. But Ino saw past it and accepted her in her entirety, that was why she'd ultimately decided to get with such a goody two shoes gal.

She took Ino's hand in her own and tugged her into the private room that branched off of the dorm's lobby, not caring if her 'girlfriend' responded or not. She didn't notice that her fingers had become decorated with fake nail extensions, bright pink in color, nor was she bothered when she quickly stripped her skirt and shirt off. Leopard print bra held her huge tits in place, and her pussy was shielded only by a matching thong that wedged itself deeper and deeper in her ass crack as her butt cheeks ballooned to a size suitable enough to match those bouncy breasts of hers.

Thighs shook as weight piled onto them, leggings adjusting to their new contents as Ochako laid her largely naked self out across a table in the middle of the room. There was nothing left of Ochako Uraraka now, and all that remained was the slutty girlfriend her transformation had meant her to be. She no longer had any questions about her identity, nor could she even remember changing. As far as she could remember: the villain attack had brought her and Ino into hiding, during which Ochako had suggested they pass the time by...

"Here!? Really!? I mean I'm not opposed, but what if someone walks in?" Ino, regaining her awareness, blurted out. She couldn't deny that she was enticed by the way Ochako was sitting on the table, sweat dripping into the cracks and curves of her body.

"Fuck 'em if they do! I'm here to visit my babe, right? So we can fuck where we want! Besides, no one is gonna come looking in this room as long as villains are attacking, right?" And that seemed to be all it took for the two to begin exploring one another's bodies upon the table. But through muffled moans and cried, another name was announced over the speaker.

BAKUGOU KATSUKI.