

MY FETISH ACADEMIA

FINAL CHAPTER: THE FAIRY QUEEN



KYOUKA JIROU.

“Are you sure three of them snuck inside, boss?” Within the security room of U.A. a group of shady looking individuals had gathered. All of them were women, most of them hadn't been prior to this assault. In fact, most of them had been faculty at the academy. A buxom woman with the white ears of an animal having been the principal, and in the back a lanky girl in a princess costume had been the once formidable All Might. Attacking the faculty first had ensured the success of their plan, since with the power they possessed anyone they touched could be rewired to support their goals.

In the middle of the room sat the 'Boss', her eyes trained on the rows of security cameras that gave them a live feed of every body moving within the school. Incidentally she was a child, a little girl corrupted by the distorted possibilities of her own Quirk and the touch of an evil organization in the background. It was the Boss, in her oversized hoodie with her long, silver hair, that everyone had underestimated. They thought her Quirk an 'impossibility'. Everywhere she'd gone she'd been told she was a freak. But who were the freaks now? She'd just make everyone in the world more freaky than herself!

“Gah! Todoroki is an idiot! Why did he think the three of us would be enough to deal with this!?” Three students of the school raced down one of the building's many hallways with the security room as their goal. Everyone else was probably still back at the dorms and they hadn't seen a teacher or staff member since they'd infiltrated. Kyouka Jirou led the pack, her Earphone Jack Quirk not particularly useful on the combat front where raw power needed. It was lucky that she was accompanied by both Mina Ashido and Eijiro Kirishima, whose poison and

hardening abilities were much more practical for a head on conflict. But even then none of them were as talented as Izuku, Bakugou, or Shouto. They weren't exactly teeming with confidence.

Because she was in the front, eyes trained on her destination, Jirou was left unaware of what had befallen her two, better equipped companions in the process; only noticing when the sound of their footsteps had faded entirely. It didn't help that the two had been left wholly incapable of expressing their shock as they found their bodies diminishing dramatically in stature.

Mina's pink skin became less vibrant as her height dipped beneath three feet, limbs becoming shorter and stubbier as any definition to her chest melted away. Skin with a much more normal glow to it, tiny horns poked up from her forehead and split bangs that straightened and took on a bright teal color. She was swallowed by the size of her own clothes as ears became pointed and dragonfly-like wings emerged from her back. Eventually, a pixie with a blue leotard and gloves fluttered out from the pile that was her uniform, a mischievous fang emerging from her lip.

Eijiro suffered a very similar fate. His developed muscle dropped alongside his height as he quickly barreled towards the ground, an expression of shock slowly turning up into a bright smile he couldn't dismiss as his clothes grew looser and looser. Pectoral muscles faded, but in their place a squishiness took shape that developed into a very tiny set of breasts perhaps more befitting of a little girl than a young man. And yet his dick was eaten away as she was swallowed by her own clothing, ears pointing and spiky crimson hair lengthening as a pair of butterfly wings sputtered from her back. A fairy eventually emerged, a bright and cheery smile on her face as she gave chase to the pixie, which seemed to be racing after ~~Jirou~~ *their queen*.

"Wait up, your majesty!" Jirou didn't *actually* stop until she heard a child's voice chirping behind her. Heels dug into the ground and she spun around, the ruby-haired fairy that was once Eijiro almost flying into her face in the process. The funny thing was, or at least the thing Jirou hadn't realized, was that the fairy and pixie she was staring at weren't products of the Quirk that had supposedly changed many others. They'd changed due to the influence of her own presence. Being thought of as a queen by the fairy wasn't just a funny quirk...

The flower crown she didn't realize was atop her head served to recognize her royalty, and her body was beginning to confirm to that role as well. Already the jacks that dangled from her ears had begun to recede, the tips of said ears pointed and beginning to peek out from the dark hair on either side of her head. Most couldn't hear the voices of fae-folk, but because her form was conforming to the mold of their leader she could hear them quite acutely.

Which left Kyouka with one important question: **"Huh? Who're you? And what happened to Mina and Eijiro?"** Basic math could easily explain it, but without seeing anyone transformed yet herself she could only assume that was *impossible*.

The fairy merely blinked in response, as if she was thinking really hard to try and remember the answer she needed to give here. The name 'Eijiro' sounded familiar to her, but she knew herself as Erin the fairy now!

"I dunno! But since when did you care about humans, your majesty? The queen of fairies, Titania, should care only for her people!" The fairy shot a glance at the pixie, who was wordlessly hovering around Jirou's chest as if she was waiting for something. Erin puffed up her cheek, understanding her behavior. The pixies were much more depraved than fairies, the two races only bound by similar physiology. Even so, they always seemed to flock around Titania...

As if sensing what she was waiting for, the pixie Maya suddenly charged at the human's collar and began to squirm through the gap between her neck and her undershirt, a comical lump seen squirming down into Kyouka's bosom. Kyouka was ticklish and alarmed all at once, trying not to laugh as tiny hands grabbed and tiny feet kicked in her shirt-- wait, did the creature just unhook her bra?

Left with no choice she began to unbutton both her jacket and undershirt in the middle of the hall, shedding her outer layer and opening the lower one just enough for the pixie to poke its head out of her cleavage before it hoisted Jirou's white bra over its head and tossed it over the side. **"HEY! I NEED THAT!"**

"It won't fit!" Maya exclaimed as she waved her arms in the air. Arms that Erin quickly grabbed to yoink her out, wings fluttering rapidly to gain the momentum needed. It was a good thing she had, too, at least for Maya's sake, because it had been no sooner than the pixie had been pulled out of her cleavage and Jirou had bent down to pick up the discarded undergarment that a warmth began to gather around each of her breasts. The button still bound just under the curvature of her chest was forcible popped off as an abundance of weight best the mass of her bosom. She'd never had much of a rack, though she was still in her teens and had time to grow, but full-on teats practically flopped out from the confined of her undershirt as veins became more pronounced around swollen nipples.

The pixie tried to latch onto one as Jirou stumbled forward, but the fairy once again intercepted. **"What the hell is happening to me!?"** In a panic Jirou straightened her posture, tits bouncing up and smacking painfully against her body as she did so. The weight was more than her back could bare at first, but correction was found as her muscles tightened to accommodate them. She couldn't help but cup one in her hand, its size still swelling just a little to properly match the boob beside it. They were both hefty, both erotic, and why was that pixie still staring at her with such a depraved look?

But she almost felt like she knew this two from somewhere. Familiarity, however, was not born from her own memories even if she technically *did* know them.

The jacks on Jirou's ears were completely gone now, giving way for a pair of pointed orifices that gave her an elven look. They were paired with strands of wavy blonde

that had begun to cascade down Jirou's shoulders, her eyes almost Caucasian in shape while their color took on the value of an almost supernatural purple.

Her breasts looked peculiar in the sense that they were so large for a girl of such a young age, with such a short stature. Fortune shone upon the girl only when her body began to lengthen. Legs, firming in the process, led her closer to the ceiling as the black uniform socks upon her legs were forced farther down her leg. Her skirt looked increasingly shorter as limbs became lengthier, but her thighs took on a new, seductive glow as they grew plumper around newly firmed muscles. Maya eventually broke free of Erin's grip at this point, and the pixie flew into Jirou's thighs with her arms wide so that she might cling to and rub her cheek against a leg.

Jirou's hips widened, skirt eventually given no choice but to tear as Maya fluttered up to help pull it off... before doing the same to the girl's panties, leaving her pussy fully exposed. With the organ treated to the free air it was possible to see her black pubic hairs lighten and curl, the organ itself becoming thicker as the pixie went to taste its nectar... only to be swatted away by a feminine hand belonging to the woman she was trying to suckle from.

Very little of the face of a young Japanese girl remained across the agitated expression of the supposed fairy queen. Jirou still retained recollection of her true self; although her memories were becoming more and more muddled. Despite her body becoming more adult, despite how her back arched to give a bubbling ass a more mature aesthetic, her mind seemed to be doing the reverse. It was becoming harder to think calmly, maturely, and more fleeting thoughts took their place. She wanted to play with these two. These two that she'd known for a very long time. Maya was a handful but she meant well, and Erin was her most loyal partner and vassal. It was almost unheard of that they'd enter the human world... and so why had they?

"No... I'm a student here...!" Purple eyes were clenched shut as the girl - *woman?* - struggled with a transfigured mental state. Why was she alarmed by being in a place she was meant to be? But the queen of fairies attending a school? Why? No, had she been taken here? Abducted? Bare toes wriggled on the floor with a sparkly, purple manicure as socks and shoes dissipated along with the remnants of her earlier costume. Instead an elegant dress took shape, translucent purples that left her tight stomach on full display and left almost none of her breasts to the imagination.

"No... No... I'm Jirou... a human... I'm not a fairy... or a queen...!" But the fiery spark of who she once was in her eyes was ultimately forced to fade when a pair of large, brilliant butterfly wings erupted from her back, their very presence bathing the hall in a glow that seeming attracted more and more fairies, and more and more pixies. But neither had come from nowhere, her aura had affected all of the untouched in the school building, effectively transforming everyone else that hadn't been touched by the Boss' Quirk.

...Including the Boss herself. The little girl and her allies had been changed into pixies and fairies and had been attracted to Titania, ultimately bring the villain

attack to a close. Titania seemed perplexed by her own power, and yet comfortable enough with the circumstances to release a hearty giggle. "**Oh my, I have so many friends to play with!**", she chimed as she spread her arms wide, fairies and pixies alike clinging to her body before they all disappeared. Where to? A nearby forest, one that would be later said to be haunted. Fairy tricks would ultimately lead to those tales.

This attack on U.A. was unprecedented, and in its wake there were more questions than answers. What had happened to all of the students? The teachers? And who were all of these undocumented individuals that existed in their stead? With no culprit found and no witnesses untouched by whatever forces had been at work that day, it would go down infamously as an unsolvable mystery.