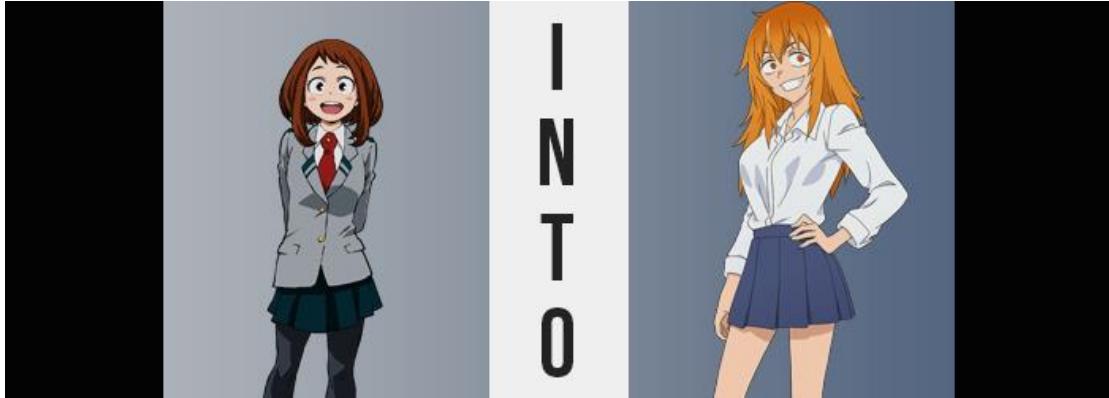


SOMETHING NEW

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Ugh, romance is *hard*...”

Then again Ochaco Uraraka wasn't even sure if she could consider what she was dealing with to be *romance*. At least not officially. She was just an awkward teenager with a crush doing what awkward teenagers with crushes did best: she had been being incredibly *awkward*. And it definitely *hadn't* been helping things that she had been acting that way. It was just incredibly difficult for her to maintain her composure when she was in his company!

And who was this lucky boy? It could only have been Izuku Midoriya, or 'Deku' as everyone called him. Uraraka had been close to Deku ever since he had joined their class, and she had witnessed his personal growth firsthand while helping and cheering him on from the sidelines. Her crush was so obvious that basically everyone *except* for Deku seemed to have realized, and yet...

For some time she had decided to put those feelings aside. She was an aspiring hero, after all, and that meant that those feelings would only really get in her way! Uraraka had stuck with that mentality for some months, certain that it was for the best. But recently? She had fallen back into old habits. Making cute comments at him and often wearing an expression of yearning that couldn't be ignored.

Feelings are hard! That was how she excused it. She could hardly be faulted for acting her age, she knew that... But it was growing *hard*. Should she confess to him? Keep attempting to hint at it in more discreet ways like she had? But for better or for worse Deku didn't seem to be receptive to her flirting attempts. Not that he was rejecting her. It

was more like he didn't seem to ever get the hint. Considering his personality perhaps she shouldn't have been so surprised about that though.

“Mina-chaaaaan! What should I dooooo!?” In the end Uraraka had decided to do the only thing she could. She turned to a close friend of hers for advice! Mina Ashido may have been pink as could be, but when it came to matters of fashion and romance she had a good head on her shoulders. At the very least the other girls in their class trusted her when it came to matters like these, so the girl with the hero name of ‘Uravity’ finally decided to vent to her.

Not that Mina hadn't been encouraging her behavior this whole time.

Mina hummed to herself. This meeting was transpiring in her own room. She'd noticed that Uraraka had been bummed out and had invited her over to talk, but she hadn't realized things had been going quite *that* badly. Was Deku as dumb as a rock or what!? Well, no. **“Knowing him, it's probably his low self-esteem convincing him that your flirting isn't actually flirting. So he's probably avoiding it to avoid being awkward.”** A fairly intuitive and likely accurate assessment, all things considered.



“Hmm... Ochaco-chan! Why don't you go sit down in front of the mirror for a sec!” She shuffled off into her closet in the meantime, digging around for a second to look for something specific. Uraraka seemed a little confused, but she ultimately did what was she was told. Was Mina going to put an accessory or something on her? Well, in a *way*. She returned with what looked like lip gloss. **“This is one of Mei Hatsume's inventions! Or, uh... I asked her to make it. But you can use it to change your hair color! Maybe if we tried a different color he'd notice you? And if you liked it we could dye it for real!”**

Uraraka reached up to grab a strand of hair. **“My hair...? I don't know if that would really *work*, would it?”** She knew of Mei Hatsume of course. But she didn't know how effective this plan was. **“If it's only temporary, I guess it wouldn't— M-Mina-chan!?”** Before Uraraka could even finish her sentence Mina had taken the stick and rubbed it against the strand Ochaco was holding. Before her very eyes it lit up with a bright orange.

“See! Isn't the color nice!? Now we just need to... Huh? Wait. One sec, I need to take this!” Apparently Mina's phone had gone off

in her pocket as she pulled it up, looked at it, and then ran out of the room along with the faux dyeing stick. Uraraka was left with the singular strand of orange in her hair. As a girl who had never had a dye job before, she was somewhat enamored with the sight of her hair possessing a different color. She was kind of excited to see how the rest of it ended up looking once they finished!

But that time came sooner than she expected. And without any further help from Mina.

Wordlessly, Uraraka stared at her reflection for a few moments longer. *Not* because she was interested in continuing into that singular dyed strand. But because something about her reflection struck her as unusual otherwise. **“Didn’t.. Didn’t Mina only use that pen on *one* stand of my hair?”** The question almost felt surreal to ask seeing as she had born witness to that fact with her own two eyes, so why was she suddenly doubting what she had seen? She would have needed a very good reason to do so, right?

Well it just so happened that she *did* have a very good reason for it. Because another strand had lit up with the same orange color elsewhere atop her head. Then another. And another. The teen stood up and looked around in a panic. **“M-Mina-chan?”** She must have been on the other side of the door on the phone, so she had been hoping that her pink skinned friend would hear her. Unfortunately that *didn’t* seem to be the case. And to make matters worse? By the time she looked back at her reflection even *more* of her hair was orange.

Ochaco moved closer to the mirror and put her hands down on the table in front of it. **“It’s not just the color...?”** From a distance it had been hard for her to see, but now that she was inches away from her own reflection it was a little easier to see. The fact that every dyed strand was growing longer, that is. As these effects ramped up in speed and intensity it began to look like her full head of hair was growing outward, an increasingly ginger head of hair becoming a long mess that reached the center of her back before long. **“M-M-MINA-CHAN!?”**

She looked towards the door as she yelled *this* time. That should have been loud enough for her friend to hear, and Uraraka was too worried about looking away from her reflection for too long to actually go and physically grab her. Unfortunately not only did her cry once again fall on deaf ears, but there was a dull *crack* to her voice at the end that left it sounding a little *deeper*. **“Oi! What’s with my...? Oi?”** Her voice aside, since when did she talk like *that*?

“Oh *crap!*” When her attention was turned back to the mirror once more, she remembered why she hadn’t wanted to look away. Her

intuition had been correct – it was a bad idea to look away. Because now her reflection appeared even more unfamiliar to her. Just as unfamiliar as her voice shouting ‘crap!’ felt. This time it was her face itself though. Her irises? She watched them turn an even brighter orange than her air, and eyelashes appeared a bit thicker.

The teen watched with concern as the roundness of her face was pressed away, giving it a more angular and notably longer shape. It didn’t take long at all for any semblance of her parents’ DNA to be stolen from her looks. Fuller lips, a bigger nose, a stranger iris-to-eye-size ratio, thicker brows... **“Who the hell am I!?”** Was this question a rhetorical one? For the time being yes, but perhaps not in the long term. She was prettier than she had been before but there was almost a boyish charm to it... though that charm was seemingly conveyed more by her expression.

Why couldn’t she stop herself from giving a beaming smile?

Was this really something to be *smiling* about? She looked like a completely different person! How would this help with Deku? Or maybe... Wouldn’t this help? If all of her old approaches didn’t do anything then maybe this was exactly what she needed! To look different! **“Wh-What the heck am I thinkin’?”** Her linguistic skills continued to deteriorate notably.

Whether this situation was good or bad didn’t exactly affect that it continued to unfold... and now in areas where Uraraka was typically self-conscious. **“Wah!?”** Bundled up properly in her uniform, the sight of her dress shirt and jacket (as well as the sensation of her bra tightening) as her chest seemingly perked up and out took her off guard and almost smacked her face into the mirror. **“Did my tits just get bigger!?”** With cautious *optimism* she cupped their mass, which had increased enough that her shirt had become untucked below. They were *definitely* bigger. Probably two cup sizes larger? **“Wow...”** She couldn’t even see past them anymore!

And in a way this explained why the teen hadn’t really given the same attention to what existed *beyond* her chest. She wasn’t exactly privy to the view of her waistline crunching in on itself, becoming several inches thinner along with her tummy. Uraraka was a relatively toned girl muscle wise, but no matter how strong she got there had *always* been a little bit of fat to her tummy. Well, that didn’t seem to be the case any longer.

This narrowed waist not only created the optical illusion that her hips were wider, but there was actually some additional girth to substantiate this claim. It was only an added inch, but considering her tummy it

certainly *seemed* like a lot. Not to mention this added gait gave her thighs and butt room to swell out a bit. Her rear in particular was nice and perky, but both legs and rear alike also contained a touch more strength. Like she was used to running or, perhaps, swimming.

“This is supposed to be a bad thing, right? But like... Hmm.” Uraraka felt uncertain. Were there any real cons to this? She was getting prettier and sexier. Deku wouldn’t be able to look away from her if she was like this, right? What the girl didn’t notice was that her thoughts were becoming vaguely more aggressive, something that was displayed via her body language. Her priorities were shifting too. She had been such a hard worker before but now she just wanted to chill and slack off.

Her shirt came untucked. **“Hm?”** She hadn’t stretched or anything that *should* have caused that to happen, but with her boobs in the way she couldn’t really figure it out at first. A little dumber now than she had been, it took her a second to remember the mirror. **“Hey! I’m getting taller!”** She really was! And not even a *little* bit!

Uraraka normally stood at just over 5’1”. She was pretty short even among her peers. But moments later she might have become one of the tallest girls in her class! She could feel her limbs stretch and her torso rise, arms pushing out of her sleeves and her tights pulling down off her ass where they’d already struggled with her swollen rump. Not to mention how her shirt and coat were lifted to show off more and more of her tummy. *I wonder what I’d look like with a pierced navel?* Staring at her reflection somehow *that* was the thought that had crossed her mind.

Even though she had grown to the height of 5’6”!

The tall high school girl stared at her own reflection for a moment, hardly able to believe her eyes even *after* bearing witness to the entire thing... because she had been the center of it, after all. **“Whoa...”** It wasn’t *merely* her appearance that had changed so dramatically, but her personality and even *name* as well. Yet the history of Ochaco Uraraka remained in this world. It was *Maki Gamou* that shouldn’t have existed, and yet she found herself incapable of avoiding thinking of herself with that name.

“So did, like, one of Mei-chan’s inventions go haywire or what?” The manner in which she spoke was very casual, more befitting of a teen with a sense of style that seemed vaguely like a gyaru’s – though Maki was very sporty in nature too. Unfortunately she was also quite dull intellectually, far much more so than Uraraka had ever been. She was also something of a bully. **“Maybe if I shake her up a bit I can get her to fix it!”** ...Case in point.

But at the end of the day did she really *want* to return to normal? The more she thought about it, the more she kind of liked her new self. Her appearance in the mirror was one of beauty and she definitely *felt* tougher than she had ever been before. She was a weakling before, right? At least when it came to matters of the heart. She also had the benefit of retaining Uraraka's Quirk despite having been transformed into another person. Something that she could still recall how to use.

Couldn't she be a much better hero this way?

“Maybe I should just stay like this? Haha! I bet I could get that pipsqueak Deku to like me more if I pushed Kacchan around!” She didn't even possess any fear relative to the idea of pushing Bakugou around! Plus if it scored her points with Deku then who really cared in the end? Bakugou definitely deserved it. Far more than anything *she* could dish out to him at least! **“But how the hell am I gonna explain this to anyone?”** Her friends? Her parents? Would Deku even want to stay friends with her since she was such a different person now?



She shrugged at her own reflection. **“Eh, I'll cross that bridge when it comes to it.”** She still had all of her old memories and so it shouldn't have been *that* hard to convince anyone, right? They'd come around! But before anything she had to start by convincing Mina! And so she poked her head out of the room to find her still chatting on the phone. **“Oi, Mina-chan? Got time to talk?”**

Mina blinked at the unfamiliar face. All unfamiliar except the *color of her hair*. **“Um... I'll call you back...”** She slowly lowered her phone and stepped closer, before pulling the two of them back into her room. What was she looking at here? Uraraka had been the only person in her room and there had been no chance for anyone else to slip in. Plus that hair color was like the pen, wasn't it? So... *Wait*.

“OCHACO-CHAN IS THAT REALLY YOU!?”