

“So did you bring it!?”

“Uh..y-yes...” Izuku Midoriya stammered as Hatsume Mei’s face burst through the door to her workshop, a large, excited grin splitting it in twane.

“Excellent! Gimme. Gimme. Gimme!”

Izuku gulped as he sifted through his backpack and pulled out a small brown parcel, gently handing it over like it was a newborn child. “Here...just...be gentle with it, OK?”

Mei scoffed, “Of course! Any hero’s costume as great as this deserves the utmost respect.” With that she tore into the packaging with such fervor that it made the green-haired boy squeak in terror. “Ahhh! It’s the real deal alright!”

As the last of the scraps of paper floated down to the ground, the Support engineer held up the garment contained within: a genuine All Might hero suit. Golden Age to be precise. The most recent rendition to his line-up and the one Izuku was most familiar with. It had taken him a little bit of effort to convince All Might to let him borrow it for the night. Thankfully the hero mentor had more than enough spares stored away that he was able to miss one for the night.

Mei sighed as she ran the suit through her fingers, her body practically shuddering at its touch. She was practically giddy just holding it, something Izuku knew all too familiarly. “Ohhh...to think of the craftsmanship that went behind this suit. The sleek design, the suppleness of the interior as to not chafe, the hardened durability to withstand galeforce punches! All of this combined and yet so airy and light! The genius behind it all!”

“Uh...Hatsume-san...” Izuku meekly tried to interrupt the manic engineer.

The girl’s eyes snapped over to him, a wicked gleam shining in her eyes as she bore into his sole with her stare, “So...are you ready to become the genuine article yourself?”

Izuku gulped, his heart racing at the intensity Mei was boring down on him, “Y-Yes...But how are we supposed to do that? You never explained that...”

“Come inside and I’ll explain everything!”

Mei grabbed Izuku’s arm and hauled him into the workstation, snapping the door shut behind him. Inside, the room was dimly lit with only a few desk lamps providing ambient illumination. Izuku had to be careful where he stepped so as to not accidentally trip or step on someone’s project. Especially Mei’s. He turned around to face her, but she had vanished from sight, the doorway bolted fast behind him. Fearing he was trapped, Izuku started to search around for another exit, only to find Mei staring at him, barely an inch away from his face.

“So! Here they are! My latest babies~” She exclaimed happily.

Izuku took a startled step backwards and looked down to see that she was presenting a pair of golden boots to him; a perfect replica to the kind All Might typically wore when on duty. They were large and far too big to fit him; though, perfect for All Might, but he would be swimming in them if he were to slip them on. Though, to be fair, he’d be swimming in the costume too. All Might had over a foot and a half and a

couple hundred pounds of muscle on him when in his prime. There was no way he could wear it comfortably and yet Mei had assured him that it was possible.

Izuku shakily reached out his hands to take the boots, but Mei quickly snatched them away, wagging her finger. The look of confusion on the boy's face seemed to spur her into an explanation, "Nuh-uh-uhhh. Not quite yet. These are special babies and they must meet certain conditions." Her eyes lit up once more as she harkened back to a few days prior, "I spent hours trying to perfect them. Scouring countless books and a few ancient tomes here and there. It was the most wonderful project ever! You asked me to make you the perfect All Might costume and I've succeeded!"

A nervous grimace spread over Izuku's face. He hadn't actually asked her to do anything. She just happened to overhear his plans for the big Halloween party they were throwing at the dorms for all of the students. All of calls 1-A and 1-B were going to be there, celebrating the festivities to break away from the stresses of hero school life. There was even supposed to be a big contest for best costume. Izuku had just been talking with Ochako and Iida about costume ideas when he happened to let it slip he wanted to be All Might just as he had as a kid. Hatsume took it upon herself to "turn him into the real deal" all on her own.

"So what are these conditions...?" he nervously asked.

"Well..." Mei began, "first we need you in costume. These boots combine the latest state-of-the-art Mei-ware along with a liiiiiittle bit of black magic I found tucked away in the back of the school's library. Very small, barely noticeable, really. Just enough to give enough of a special Halloween boost to my already miraculous creation!"

"B-Black magic?" Izuku stammered as he suddenly realized what Mei was wearing. She was dressed head to toe in long, flowing black robes topped with an old, battered black witch hat.

Hatsume waved off the question, "Don't mind the details. Just know that for one night alone, you'll be just as strong and powerful as All Might himself at the cusp of his virility! Just don the costume, don the boots, and BAM! One of the best and most realistic Halloween costumes in the world!"

The green-haired boy stood agape as he took the schpiel in. "So...So all I have to do is dress like him and I become him?" His eyes grew wide at the thought of becoming his life-long hero and now mentor.

"Almost." Mei responded. "You'll still retain a few of your...personal characteristics...but fear not! I have things for that!" She suddenly tossed the nylon suit at him, the material flopping heavily over his face before he could haphazardly pry it off. "Now hurry up and go get suited up. And no clothes underneath it! That's one of the conditions."

Izuku blushed profusely and was about to object when Mei shoved him into a dark corner of the workshop before dashing off in the opposite direction, leaving the nervous fanboy alone in the dark. He wondered just how alone he actually was with her, though. No doubt she had some sort of night vision she could use to peep on him as he changed. He gulped down his nerves, mustering up enough courage to put his worries aside. This was his chance. He was going to blow everyone out of the water at this party.

He fumbled around a bit in the dark, trying to locate the zipper in the back so that he could step into it. Once found, he unzipped the costume and began to slide out of his school clothes, folding them up individually and stuffing them back into his bag. He hesitated when he got down to his boxers, but

eventually even those were off with a surge of determination. As he was shoving his shoes into the bag he heard Mei shouting from across the room telling him to hurry up. He honestly didn't need to be told this. Not only did he not want to be naked for very long, but he actually wanted to know what it felt like to wear All Might's suit. He had never had the real thing in his hands; only paltry mock-ups one could get at a costume store. He slipped his leg down into the suit, shivering slightly at how smooth it felt against his skin. Slightly cool to the touch and yet it seemed to match his body heat immediately.

Izuku quickly pulled on the rest of the suit, finding that he really did swim in the thing. As he zipped it up the back, he could feel how many loose folds and extra material was hanging off of his body. He had to pull the sleeves and pant legs up, a good six inches in either of them dangling over past his appendages. He looked like a kid trying to wear his father's clothes. He had to marvel at the way the suit wore on him though. A lot of costumes, even his own, seemed to rub against his skin when he moved, but the interior of All Might's suit was like pure silk. He couldn't even feel it half of the time.

He blushed as he felt his way down to his crotch, finding the other "fine touches" to the suit which encased his cock within a protective sheath behind the belt. It not only provided covering, but also helped to hide it from the world; leading his cock upwards and along the left side of the belt. He couldn't help but notice that even this was immensely inadequate compared to the man himself. He was nothing to scoff at, but All Might had to have been a good foot long down there if he had to go off of how much material was left. Suddenly the lights flashed on, causing Izuku to yelp in surprise and shut his eyes from the blinding sensation. He could hear Mei slinking up behind him as he rubbed his eyes, trying to ease the burning.

"Took you long enough," she sighed. "Man...you can really tell the difference between you two."

Izuku blushed as he blinked a few more times and looked down at himself. The material looked just as ridiculous as he imagined. His bare toes just barely poked out from beneath the extra folds covering his legs.

"I feel ridiculous..." he muttered, his confidence in the plan quickly plummeting, "maybe this was a bad idea..."

"Nonsense!" Mei clapped him on the shoulder encouragingly, "When have any of my babies steered you wrong? Don't answer that." She held up her hand as Izuku was about to go into a few examples. "Just put on the boots already. You'll see for yourself."

Izuku sighed and followed Mei's instructions. He took the boots from her and placed them on the ground, pulling up one pant leg before sliding his foot inside. As soon as he had his foot into one of them, he was met with a strange tingling sensation that quickly died away. Maybe it was just the static of whatever electrical components Mei had build within them. There was certainly enough room for sparks to fly between his skin and the innermost edge of the interior. He wiggled his toes and judged he had to barely fill two thirds of it. It was just so much larger on him.

Throwing his nerves once more to the side, he tugged up the other pant leg and stepped into the other boot, tucking the material into the sides to keep them contained. Again he was met with the tingling sensation, only this time it didn't subside. He looked over at Mei who was simply staring at him with eager eyes.

"So now what?"

“Just wait~” She smiled coyly.

Izuku was starting to get tired of her antics and sighed, looking down at himself as his feet tingled. He couldn't see anything happening, though, and it was starting to wear on his confidence. After almost a minute of nothing, he growled and walked off to pace his troubles away. He stumbled more often than not. The boots were huge on him, even with his over-average sized feet. The clunks the boots made echoed around the empty shop with each clumsy step. He always wished he could fill his idol's shoes and so far he was failing.

Eventually his wandering found him in front of a large full-length mirror which he used to inspect himself. He looked himself over, spaying out his arms to see how much they were dwarfed by the suit. He looked down at the boots, finding them wrapped slightly snug around his calves. The width of the boots were the only thing that gave him the appearance of having muscle thanks to how they contoured inwards around the ankle and out again as they continued up his shins. He made a silent wish to himself that Mei's invention would actually work, praying that he could be the hero he always dreamed to be.

The tingling in his feet was starting to grate on him, distracting him from his mental pleas. He wiggled his toes to stretch them out, feeling them starting to cramp from the electrical stimulation. Something seemed a bit off to him now. Like he wasn't feeling the same part of the boot he was before. He looked down at his feet, but couldn't see anything amiss, the hardened leather stopped him from being able to press his toes up high enough to see where they were along their length. He suddenly realized that he was actually managing to reach the top of the cavernous interior with the tip of his toes. It was like they had gotten a bit longer. He kept staring at his feet, his heart racing as his toes continued to wiggle. To his amazement, he could feel them starting to slide inside of them, taking up more and more of the inside.

“Ah! Wh-What's happening!?” He cried out loud, panic starting to choke his voice.

“Oooo! It's starting!” Mei jumped for joy, suddenly behind him and taking notes feverishly.

Izuku looked back at her in fear, ready to coax some answers from her, but he was much too invested in what was happening to him. His feet were now meeting the sides of the boot as they continued to stretch longer and longer. Within a minute his toes finally touched the far end of the boot before slowing to a crawl until they had a perfectly snug fit. He took a few tentative steps, raising and lowering his feet, finding them much more capable of walking in the large boots than before. He felt much more stable now.

“Hatsume-san...what...”

“Up-bup-bup!” Mei hushed him. “Don't speak. Taking notes.”

Izuku gulped and watched himself in the mirror as the tingling began to move up his legs. He could now see exactly what was happening to him. Muscle was being added to his frame rapidly, filling out the floppy material containing them. His feet began to slowly move further away too as his calves grew longer. He began to hyperventilate as he watched his calves inflate until it looked like two footballs were implanted on either side of his leg, each one corded with dense muscle and sinew. Just the slightest twitch turned what would normally be a plump, yet undefined mound into a canyon of ridges.

The same began to happen to his thighs as the tingling rose upwards. His legs continued to lengthen as they ballooned wider, his quads defining themselves into three perfect teardrop-shaped heads and bulged

and swelled thicker by the second. He found that the mass of material he had stuffed into the boots was now gone, the fabric now stretched tightly across the spanse of his legs, covering them in deep blue hues while his hips sported the pure white flare of the classic hero's garb as they flared out to the sides, his waistline growing wider with dense muscle.

Izuku was staring at his reflection, jaw on the floor as he watched his upper body begin to match his lower half. His abs pushed out from his gut one by one; muscles the size of his fist inflating like loaves of bread under the red crest lining his gut. His lats spread outwards, pushing his thin arms away at an angle, his shoulders being spread apart by this thickening and widening back. He could see the material draped across his chest being filled with a breathtaking set of pecs. Every breath he took seemed to inflate them more and more each time, their expanse filling the new width of his chest and surging forward to block his view below. They were quickly accompanied by a set of traps that rose up behind his head, giving him a powerful pyramid behind his thicker neck.

Finally the tingling moved down into his arms. He held his hands up in front of him, watching as muscle filled in on them. In a matter of seconds they were as thick as his thighs once were. A few seconds later and they had stretched to fill the remaining loose material around his arms. The sleeves no longer dangled past his hands. Instead they gripped his wrists firmly and properly, the yellow cuffs adorning his bulging forearms as they continued to swell. Even his hands were thickening, his fingers plumping up with strong muscle as he clenched his fists. He slowly flexed one arm, watching the bicep rise up on his arm, growing to the size of a cannonball as the growth came to a stop.

The tingling subsided and Izuku gazed at himself in the mirror. He quickly noticed that his head was no longer contained within the mirror and he took a step back. Sure enough, attached to the stunning display of might and power was the same verdant green bush of hair and freckled face. It was like someone had photoshopped his head onto All Might's body. It looked unnatural and yet he could tell, deep down, that it was him. He stood to his full height, puffing out his basketball-sized chest as he flexed both arms. The muscle acted like it should; biceps rose up on his arms, his triceps dipping downwards to add to their already immense bulk. Their mass combined rivaled his head, even with his massive bush of hair. He experimentally bounced a pec, his breath catching as it too reacted to his will. It rolled upward, nudging his chin a bit before he lowered it and did the same with the other. He laughed breathlessly as he took everything in.

"This...this is amazing!" He finally managed to exclaim, running his hands over his chest and down his abs. "I'm...I'm really All Might"

"Well..almost..." Mei half-agreed. "We still have a few touches. Now sit down so that I can get over to my own party."

Izuku did as he was told, sitting down on the floor in front of Mei. He loved the way the muscles crowded into each other with each movement, something to which he was only vaguely familiar with his new workout regimen giving him more bulk than he had in middle school. He noticed that sitting down his head was just in line with Hatsume's chest. He was almost as tall as she was just by sitting down!

Mei ignored the boyish glee that was emanating from the hulking muscle boy before her. She slipped a comb out from her pocket, slid a small slider contained on the bridge and began to quickly run it through his flowing curls. As the comb slipped through the follicles, they began to change color, turning into a brilliant golden hue.

“Whoa! What’s that!?” Izuku exclaimed as he watched his green locks quickly turn the same shade of gold as All Might.

“Temporary coloring comb,” Mei explained, “It’ll wash out when you shower. Just another of my babies.”

Izuku laughed as Mei continued to stylize his hair, combing a number of locks of his bangs up into the same antenna’d flare that All Might sported while leaving the rest of his bush alone to keep some semblance of himself. A little gel was added to keep them firm and prominent until he was the spitting image of the man himself save for the emerald green eyes and unkempt bushel of curls in the back.

“There!” Mei declared with one final swatch through Izuku’s hair. “One replica All Might costume. Complete with realistic muscles!”

Izuku stood up and admired himself in the mirror. “Hatsume-san...thank you...This...this is awesome!”

“Save your thanks. Just make sure to keep diligent notes tonight. I want to see if I can use this for later babies. Now just remember...this is only going to last until midnight. Something about the spirit of Halloween and yadda yadda. So enjoy it while it lasts.”

“Oh I definitely will,” Izuku laughed, giving himself another proud bicep flex to see the thick muscle writhe beneath the now-taut costume.

“Good. Now get out of here. NOW!”

Mei quickly smacked Izuku on one of his perfectly round ass cheeks, causing him to yelp in surprise rather than in pain. The blow barely registered on him, but it was enough to get the point across. He quickly strode for the door, amazed my how swiftly and fluidly his body was moving, and hopped back out into the late afternoon sun. From his new 7’2” vantage point, everything looks so different. The halls were completely empty with it being a Saturday so he would have to settle for the awestruck faces of his classmates once he got back to the dorms. He giggled at the potential looks on their faces as he strode down the halls and out onto the grounds. Izuku couldn’t help but marvel at his new and improved musculature with every step. Walking seemed so effortless and yet he could feel just how heavy the muscles were. He knew All Might’s statistics to the letter and he could tell he was matching him pound for powerful pound. He occasionally found himself flexing for himself or running his hands across one of his engorged muscles. A few students he passed out on the main grounds stopped in their tracks to gawk and stare. He just gave them a shy, yet confident wave as he passed by, leaving them with only his toned ass and sprawling canyon of a back to look at.

As he got to the dorms, he could hear the commotion going on inside. The party was already getting started with most of the 1-A and 1-B students inside the main living room. Excitement thrummed within Izuku’s chest as he readied himself to make his entrance. Maybe it was the thrill of having such an astounding body or just the spirit of Halloween, but he was wanting to make a flashy appearance. He steeled his nerves, tightening his face into the iconic All Might grin, his facial features warping to match the man himself just as he had practiced.

“HA HA HA HAAA!” He let out a deep laugh as he flung open the doors, thrusting himself inside. “I AM HERE TO ENJOY THE PROTECT YOU FROM THE HAUNTS AND SPECTRES OF THE NIGHT!” It was honestly the cheesiest thing he could say, vying for classic All Might entrance lines.

“ALL MIGHT!?”

The entire room exclaimed out at once, all of them staring bug-eyed at the man walking into the room. Izuku merely loosed another iconic laugh as he strut into the room, standing proudly in front of the entire room. He scanned the stunned faces, all of them a mixture of awe and confusion. Ochako and Hagakure were the first to rush up to him, wonder in their eyes. Ochako was dressed in classic witch attire and was constantly hovering on a broom thanks to her Quirk while Hagakura was dressed as a nurse. Both of them began to fawn over them, their childish adoration getting the better of them.

“Whoaaaa!” Ochako exclaimed. “All Might! You’re really here!?”

“But how can All Might be here when he’s right over there?” Tsuyu chimed in with reason, pointing towards the side of the room where the true All Might was standing, aiding in the chareponing of the night’s festivities.

The realization quickly struck Ochako, “Ah! You’re right! Th-Then who could this be?”

Izuku let out another hearty laugh, “As expected of young Tsuyu! Always calm and collected. I guess my plow was doomed to fail with such perceptive eyes.” He relaxed his face and his features returned to his original soft contours. He flashed a sheepish grin as he rubbed the back of his neck.

If the entire class was startled to see a second All Might, they were even more startled by the reveal. A chorus of “Izuku!,” “Midoriya!?” and a few other namesakes the class called him littered the room. It made the young hero blush being the center of attention, something he was still not really used to being.

Ochako herself was now downright flustered, wobbling on her broom as she tried to make sense of the figure before her. “D-D-D-D-Deku-kun!? That’s really you?!”

“That is an amazing costume!” Hagakure exclaimed with more poise, though Izuku could here a little hint of admiration in her voice.

“Is that really you inside that thing?” Tsuyu inquired as she hopped up towards him, joining the other two girls in inspecting Izuku’s new body. She was dressed as a rabbit, her normal hair bow tied up into a long set of ears. She poked and prodded Izuku’s abs curiously, Izuku making sure to keep the muscles relaxed so that they felt less solid and could act like padded stuffing. He didn’t want to reveal the true nature of his Halloween garb.

“Indeed,” Franken-lida chimed in as he too joined the collective growing around Izuku. Izuku felt a bit light headed as he actually had to look down at the boy when normally he was having to look up at him. “I must say that this is a superb costume! Truly one fit for first place in the contest! You really went all out!”

“How did you get the muscles to look so real?” Hagakure inquired, nearly giddy as she poked at his chest.

Izuku blushed again at the mentions, “Thanks. I guess I managed to get it just right.” He flexed an arm and the crowd around him oohed and ahed as the ball of muscle rose up hard and firm. “I had a little help from the Support division though. They helped me out with some of it.”

“Well it was certainly worth the effort,” lida gave him a prideful smile of admiration. “Always good to see everyone putting their all into the festivities.”

Izuku nodded, beaming happily as more of the class gathered around him, all of them investigating his costume; some poking and prodding at his muscles, some asking how he had managed to create it. He'd always give vague answers, keeping the true secret to himself. Nobody really seemed bothered by it and eventually the excitement dies down to where it was just him, Iida, Ochako, and Tsuyu standing together.

"I have to admit," Ochako mentioned, her voice now more calm and collected, "I was not expecting this."

"Oh yeah?" Izuku asked curiously?

"Yeah, I expected you to be some sort of ghost or something," Ochako giggled a bit to herself and Izuku could understand the nature behind it. He was always a bit lacklustre in that regard.

"Yoooo! Is that you Midoriya!?" A voice suddenly called out from behind and Izuku turned around to see four more students enter into the room from the halls leading to the dorms. It was Kirishima specifically who had called out to him.

Izuku strode on over, the four too stunned to move otherwise, "Hey guys. Yeah it's me. How do I look?"

He gave them a quick flare of his lats, the group's eyes sparkling in awe. The group consisted of the Baku-Squad: Kirishima, Kaminari, Sero, and Ashido. All of them were dressed similarly. Each one was in a copy of their own hero costumes, but they were torn and shredded in various places. It was like they had been clawed at in some parts while stretched and ripped in others. This was made evident by the pawed hands and feet they possessed and the triangular wolf ears poking up from their hair. It was clear they were a group of werewolves.

"Looking pretty manly, there, Midoriya!" Kirishima was the first to speak up, giving Izuku a wink and a thumbs-up. "You're sure to win the award for Best Costume tonight."

"Thanks," Izuku blushed again, "Though yours looks really good too!"

"Thanks, man!" Kirishima beamed.

"Yeah! You might win the main event, but we're getting the group prize hands-down!" Kaminari hopped in, draping an arm around Kirishima's shoulder, beaming with a toothy grin. Izuku could see they all had elongated canines to increase the wolf aesthetic. Even Kirishima somehow.

"Yeah! As soon as our 'Alpha' gets here, you won't stand a chance against the Wolf Pack!" Ashido exclaimed happily, joining the group.

Izuku was sucked into their excitement, "Yeah, you guys definitely should win. But...who's the Alpha you mentioned?"

"Move aside, nerd!" A harsh voice came from behind Izuku and the boy knew exactly who they were referring to.

He moved out of the doorway he was inadvertently blocking to reveal none other than Bakugou, the boy snarling up at him with a fanged sneer. Just like the others, he was dressed as a werewolf, but he was not in his own hero attire. Instead he was also dressed as All Might, though his paled in comparison to

Izuku's. Dressed in All Might's Silver Age rendition, the costume was similarly torn across his body, but without the claw rips. It was evident that it was torn solely from being stretched over a much larger form, giving Bakugou's standard musculature more of a chance to emerge through the various rips and tears. He didn't need any padding to look bigger and more menacing. It was clear he had put thought and effort into each location of the tear to accentuate his own muscular body to make him appear bigger without needing to fake it. Down below he was sporting a pair of boots that had burst open, revealing a set of blonde paws. Just like Izuku, his hair was painted a more stark shade of blonde, though the antenna's flair was not as majestic as Izuku's own, the boy having less hair to work with.

"Whoa! Kacchan!" Izuku exclaimed, "You look awesome!"

"Shut yer trap!" Bakugou snapped, striding past him, "Leave it to you to try and upstage me."

"That's our 'Alpha Might' for ya," Sero sighed.

"Sorry, bro," Kirishima whispered, stepping on tip-toe to get into earshot, "Shoulda told you about this. It was the only way to convince him to join the group."

Izuku chuckled nervously, "It's fine. I didn't tell anyone about my plans either."

The group bid him good-bye, all of them following Bakugou into the living room where they quickly dispersed into the crowd after the traditional excitement of seeing new costumes. This allowed Izuku some time to walk over to the concessions area and grab a small bite to eat. It was there that All Might himself was standing off in the corner, watching him intently until Izuku strode up to him, a sheepish blush on his face.

"I see my costume fits you perfectly, "Young Midoriya," All Might smiled warmly. "I hope you do not mind it, but I too wanted to go as the #1 hero for the night."

It was at that time Izuku realized who All Might had chosen to dress as, causing him to flush bright red and his heart nearly burst from his enlarged chest. The familiar green garb met his eyes which welled with tears. Before him was none other than himself, complete with the iconic red shoes he always wore. All Might had even painted his own hair a verdant green to match his own. His heart swelled at the gesture.

"All Might...."

"I hope you do not mind that I also took the liberty of ordering a more stretchable set of your garb for the night!" All Might exclaimed as his body inflated to the same proportions Izuku possessed, only covered within the green jumpsuit of Izuku's costume. "Your request led me to wanting to go a little Plus Ultra tonight as well! HA HA HA!"

Izuku beamed and joined All Might in posing, his face contorting into the same contours as All Might's, both of them laughing as they posed and flexed for each other up until a spurt of blood escaped All Might's mouth and he was immediately deflated to his now-current form.

"Could you two make it even more obvious?" A dry, tired voice sighed next to them as Aizawa strode over, a little Eri at his heels. Both of them were wearing a pair of cat ears, though Eri was a little more fashionable, an adorable pink dress having been chosen that added a small cat tail behind her. Aizawa himself just wore his usual black sweats and white scarf around his neck.

Both men blushed as they looked at each other, scanning the room to see a number of students giggling at them, their relationship evident to the crowd. Izuku spied a vampire Todoroki on the far side of the room eyeing him suspiciously; no doubt the display rekindling old theories.

Aizawa sighed, "Just go enjoy the party. I don't care who you choose to dress as."

Eri toddled up to Izuku who bent down so that he could be more on her level. It was difficult since he was so much taller than her now. She looked up at him with wide, curious eyes. Izuku was a bit concerned he might scare her but she held up her hand and flashed a small present wrapped in a bow, "Trick or Treat?"

Izuku chuckled, "You got the saying right, but you give gifts to others on Christmas."

Eri nodded, "Deku looks so biiiig!" Her eyes scanned his body, almost unblinkingly.

"You like it, Eri?" Izuku inquired, holding an arm down for her, allowing her to grip it and feel it. She nodded as he gently wrapped his arm around her, lifting her up on his arm as she gave a startled squeak. "Here, now you can be big too!"

Eri giggled as she looked around the room, set atop Izuku's flexed bicep, gripping his forearm for safety. Izuku allowed her to look around the room before he moved her to behind his head, ferrying her across the room like a protective elder brother

As the night went on, Izuku found himself awash with emotions, most of them blissful joy as he was one of the star attractions. Even after Eri had been deposited with Ochako, he was still drawing eyes across the room. He would occasionally get asked to do something All Might-y which he was happy to do. He even got into a flexing contest with Kirishima which he obviously won. Everything was going perfectly. It was still a few hours before midnight when the party was set to end after all.

It was when he was finally finding himself alone near the patio doors that he was suddenly pulled backwards out of the room and into the night air.

"WAAHH! What the-" he exclaimed before a hand clasped over his mouth, the face of Bakugou appearing at his side.

"Shut the hell up, Deku," Bakugou growled. "We need to talk."

"Kacchan..." Izuku muffled before the hand was removed from his mouth and he allowed himself to be led off to the side of the building. He stood up against the wall, looking down at Bakugou with a nervous grimace.

"Alright, spill." Bakugou snapped. "What's the deal with the costume?"

"Uh-N-Nothing, Kacchan!" Izuku stammered, trying to keep the secret.

"Don't give me that crap! There's no costume that would give a shrimp like you a body like that and still allow you to move so easily. Care to explain why I nearly pulled a muscle just now trying to pull you out of that place?"

Izuku gulped, knowing he was caught with someone just as astute as he was. If anyone was to see through his disguise it was Kacchan. "Alright...fine...It's the boots. They make it to where I become who it is I'm dressed as. Hatsume-san from the Support team helped me invent them."

Bakugou's eyes narrowed as he looked him over, "You expect me to believe a crappy story like that!?"

"It-It's the truth!" Izuku exclaimed defiantly.

"Like hell a pair of boots would turn you into someone like All Might!" Bakugou snarled, a set of explosions going off in his hands. "You've just been hiding it like he has all this time, haven't you?"

"Kacchan...think about this reasonably," Izuku pleaded, trying not to let his old cowering habits resurface.

"You seriously expect me to believe it's just the boots? Fine! Let me wear them. I'll see it for myself."

Bakugou reached down and gripped one of the boots, but Izuku fought back, "Kacchan, no!"

"I'm not about to let you beat me in this contest!" Bakugou roared as he tugged at the boot harder.

The two of them struggled against each other into a back alley between the dorms, Izuku having the upperhand, though Bakugou's perseverance was worrying. He tried to keep the smaller teen off of him, but that only made him angrier. Small pops and crackles were starting to fly from his palms until an explosion went off in Bakugou's hand, sparks flying from the damaged inner mechanisms shortly followed by a pulse of energy that blasted the two of them apart and washed over the dorm grounds.

Izuku coughed as he picked himself up into a sitting position, holding the boot up in front of him to see the damage and sparks flying, "K-Kacchan...Look what you did..."

A growl came from a few feet away, Bakugou was already on his feet, his head hung low as he kneaded his shoulder, "Deku...you bastard..."

"Me!? You're the one to damaged my costume!"

"What did you just do to me...?"

Izuku was confused as to what Bakugou was referring to until he saw the boy's form suddenly hunch over, looking starkly different than it had been a few moments ago. It seemed...larger.

"Kacchan!" Izuku cried out in fear as Bakugou took a staggered step towards him. Suddenly the toes ripping through his boot looked a lot more lifelike.

"Deku..." Bakugou slowly rose his head up, his eyes flashing in the night's moonlight, glaring as if a feral wolf was boring down on its prey. "What's happening to me....?!"

With each step he took, Bakugou's form shifted, muscle packing onto his body in massive amounts. His back surged up behind him as his chest billowed out ahead of him. His body slowly stretched upwards, his pawed feet tearing through more of his boots as they swelled thicker and meatier. By the time he was in front of Deku, he was nearly six and a half feet tall and practically just as big as Izuku. Only he was still

growing. He grunted in pain as he collapsed to his knees, a crack of bone spitting the air as his spine heaved backwards into a burly hump and his feet snapped into a more digitigrade appearance.

Fur was sprouting across his body, covering his bulging muscles as they swelled larger. The costume around his body was ripping and tearing all across his body, unable to contain the swelling masses. Izuku tried to comfort his friend and rival, but was met with a savage snarl, the boy glaring at him as his face began to stretch forward, fangs growing longer to fill the new muzzle with a row of feral teeth. He snorted a few times as his nose turned black and its senses became more pronounced. He could smell the fear in Izuku and it actually made him chuckle.

He was starting to enjoy this especially as he found himself looming over the fake All Might even when on his knees. His musculature was billowing outwards still, his shoulders nearly four feet across to hold the monstrous pec cleavage ripping through the tattered remains of his All Might costume. Mere fragments of the material draped over him still, the boots around his ankles being the only thing remaining that wasn't mostly decimated. He huffed as his height shot up again and he felt his body swell outwards even more. He was strong...powerful...better than All Might in his prime now. Werewolves were always the more superior being after all.

Bakugou looked down at Izuku, grinning arrogantly at the terrified face the boy possessed. He rose up to his feet, towering over him. Towering over everything. Even hunched over like he was he was still bigger by a longshot. He was a brutal ten foot monster now, covered in nothing but muscle and sinew. He stood up straighter, adding another foot in height as he proudly flexed his biceps for the smaller teen before him, his costume now in scraps across his chest, thighs, and groin which even that was bulging obscenely.

"Whatever you did, Deku," his voice was a low, feral rumble that quaked the ground, "It looks like I am clearly the superior being! I told you I was not going to lose to you!"

Izuku was breathing heavily, his own massive chest heaving in and out as he gazed up at the beast before him. It had to have been twice his size now, his biceps alone probably as big around as he was tall when this whole day started. His fur-covered pecs were like slabs of concrete, shadowing his eight deeply-carved abs in pure darkness. He grinned wolfishly down at him as he lowered himself to be more on Izuku's level.

"Too scared to speak? Can't admit that you've lost?"

Izuku couldn't speak, it was true. He was having too hard of a time processing what was in front of him. It could only scan the monstrous visage before him, taking in the large clawed paws that could palm his chest currently, its feet the size of a compact car and bursting with muscle.

"You know...you actually look good enough to eat..." the beast mused, his tongue lolling out from its muzzle in a coy grin.

Izuku was confused at the notion until he glanced down at the bulge pressing forwards between his thighs. "K-Kacchan..." he blushed, "Th-This is not the time!"

The Baku-Beast dropped to all fours around him, its muzzle mere inches away from Izuku's face, a wicked smile splitting across it, "Oh I think it's the perfect time. I need to show you exactly who the alpha really is here."

There was a rip of fabric as Bakugou slowly tore a long slit into it with a serrated claw, unleashing the thick sheathed member and a pair of cantaloupe-sized testicles into the open. Izuku could feel its weight on his stomach as he was pinned beneath the stronger wolf.

“Get ready, Deku,” Bakugou purred into his ear. “And don’t expect me to go easy on you...”

Izuku tried to fight back, but Bakugou was now too powerful. Even initiating One For All seemed to fail. It was like the Quirk itself was telling him to wait. He could only watch helplessly as the canid’s cock began to emerge from its sheath, a long, thick tube of meat that burned at his skin even through his costume. In a few seconds it was so hard and erect that it seemed like a steel girder. It all but confirmed All Might’s original virility as the enhanced canine’s member was over a foot and a half long.

With a gulp, Izuku prepared himself, feeling Bakugou start to slowly buck his hips, driving the cock into his chest, the pointed cockhead grinding into the valleys between his abs and pecs as the wolf above began to huff in heat. Pre was leaking out in droves from the wolf’s member, soaking Izuku and his beloved costume. It wasn’t much longer before Bakugou shifted his stance, pressing the head of his cock against Izuku’s anal sphincter.

“Kacchan...” Izuku pleaded, “please don’t...”

Bakugou didn’t listen nor bother to respond. He simply plunged the thick rod up into Izuku’s ass, the boy yelping in pain as he was penetrated by the spear-like phallus. “Fuuck you’re tight...” he moaned as he felt the interior of Izuku’s anus clamp down around his cock, sending waves of joy through his being.

He began to thrust, plowing Izuku roughly as they both huffed and moaned. Izuku was quickly melting into Bakugou’s touch, the teen wolf expertly managing to find his pleasure centers even in the heat-induced frenzy. He began to coax Bakugou on, something that greatly pleased the latter. They were unaware of the commotion occurring in the dorms or the consequences that were about to unfold.

Izuku was out of his mind in bliss, aching from the jackhammering phallus plowing into his prostate. His own enhanced All Might cock was rigid, trapped between their torsos, Bakugou’s stiff fur grazing the head. Then it hit him, the tingling was back. The same tingling he felt back in the workshop. The same feeling that caused his body to grow to match his childhood hero.

And it did just that.

Izuku’s form rapidly swelled upwards, muscles forming onto his frame as he stretched upwards and outwards. His pecs became more pronounced, his biceps filling the nylon sleeves even more, his thighs straining his pant legs.

Bakugou growled down at him, continuing to thrust deep inside, “No! Why are you growing!?”

“I...I don’t know!” Izuku cried through his panting.

Suddenly his mind cleared for just a moment and he quickly realized what was happening. Whatever was happening to Bakugou was happening to everyone in the dorms...including All Might! He was still “Izuku, Deku, Midoriya” afterall. His current size was now what All Might’s costume was reflecting. That meant that All Might’s true form, the one reflected in his costume, was over 300 pounds and a foot and a half larger than Izuku was naturally. This meant the costume he had on was going to grow him to match.

“Answer me!” Bakugou roared as he furiously pounded the swelling boy with renewed vigor, finding it harder to keep dominance with the swelling mass.

Izuku didn't answer. The truth was far too terrifying. He just hoped that it would not last much longer. He felt himself swell further and further, All Might calling out to him as the same was happening to him as well. It was a positive feedback loop from hell! Deku All Might grew to match All Might who then grew to match Deku in an endless loop. The stretching of fabric filled the night air as his bulk continued to surge in all directions.

“Fuck!” Bakugou roared as he realized what was happening. “All Might just had to dress as *you* tonight didn't he?”

“Sorry Kacchan...” Izuku moaned as he continued to enjoy the pounding the wolf was giving him, though it was starting to falter as the wolf was losing heart.

He had quickly surpassed Bakugou's enhanced form. He cringed as his feet felt tight within the boots, the hardened leather and metal compacting his toes until one stretch was enough to burst them free. He continued to feel his muscles bundle up all around him. His back and ass slowly lifted him off of the ground while his shoulders took up more and more of the alleyway.

“I won't...let...you beat...mee!” Bakugou growled as he returned to his previous fervor, desperate to assert his dominance over the swelling teen. “Why are only you growing though!? We're both wearing All Might costumes!”

“Because you're one age too early,” Izuku said simply, his mind now much clearer as the wolf's pounding was no longer hitting the same pleasure centers thanks to his increased height. “I'm wearing the most current outfit...straight from All Might's closet.” Izuku was starting to feel a sense of confidence now as his swelling form continued to increase in mass.

Onwards he continued to grow. Ten feet became twelve, then fourteen. His costume was thankfully in tatters now, nothing but thin wisps clinging to the smallest parts of his thighs, wrists, and ankles. As he hit the fifteen foot mark, a titanic hulk of muscle and might far surpassing anything in the world save for All Might himself, the last shreds of fabric began to snap. It would have been the end to it, but in a fit of primal rage, Bakugou bit down onto Izuku's neck, the fangs puncturing his skin.

Izuku yelped in shock, “K-Kacchan! D-Do you realize what you just did!?”

“Yes...” came a response a few moments later, “I told you I'd show you who the Alpha was...”.

Izuku grimaced as he looked down at himself, his chest covering the view of his lower body by over three feet. Bakugou was staring at him, a painful look in his eye, but one steeled in determination as he continued to trust up into him. Izuku couldn't help but lean forward, planting a kiss onto his lips as he felt his body start to shift.

“Thank you Kacchan...I won't let you down...” He knew the magic was only going to last until midnight, but for the moment he didn't want Kacchan's feelings to go to waste.

Bakugou just scoffed, "Whatever Alpha Nerd. I'm not going to stop until I surpass you anyway."

Bakugou slid back down Izuku's chest, allowing him to plunge the full length of his meat into Izuku while the boy began to grow once again. Izuku groaned in pain as he felt his body transform, green fur spreading across his body while his hands and feet bulged into the same paws Bakugou was using to dig into his sensitive cockflesh.

The two wolves rutted in heat; Izuku slowly stretched up to seventeen feet, muscles ballooning all over his body, when two new forms appeared in the alleyway. Both of them were lupine in nature, one covered in blood-red fur while the other in an electric yellow. They seemed to be debating with themselves for a moment as they passed through the alley in the direction the two were hidden. Just like Bakugou, they were amplified versions of themselves, Kirishima was the bigger of the two while Kanimari seemed leaner yet still a good 400 pounds to pure wolf beef. Kanimari might have only been level with Kirishima's chest, but his shoulders were a good six and a half feet above the ground, a massive increase to his original size.

The two looked around, sniffing the air as they honed in on a familiar scent. As they drew closer, Kirishima attempted to call out just before they turned the corner to see the two rutting beasts.

"Baku-whoa...."

The two stopped and gawked at the massive creatures before them. Bakugou was now half the size of Izuku, his cock barely anything to the massive 20 foot beast he was trying to lay. In front of him was a towering monolith of cock, spearing up into the sky just as tall as Bakugou himself. He was trying to wrap his arms around its girth to get the green beast up to climax. Izuku, meanwhile, was gripping at the ground, his large paws and claws digging into the asphalt like it was simple dirt.

"Don't just stand there!" Bakugou snapped as he caught sight of the two down below. "Get up here and please your Alpha!"

Izuku looked over, his muzzle twisted in a desperate grimace, sweat soaking his brow, "Please..."

The two wolves needed no further command. They leapt up onto the giant beast and began to stroke at the titanic pillar, using their bodies and now rigid cocks to provide as much pleasure as they could. Unfortunately it was not enough. The three wolves were barely registering to Izuku now, his body having grown so massive that he was as wide as the dorms themselves. He had to take matters into his own hands.

He slowly stood up, gingerly taking the two smaller wolves in his paw, gripping them against his rigid cock. He looked down at the world below him, a sense of pride flowing through him as he loomed over everything. A quick flex of his arm was all he needed to get his cock to spasm. He was power incarnate now. He used the one hand to slowly grind the two wolves in his clutch up and down his shaft as he flexed for himself. He couldn't help but get enjoyment seeing the muscles bulge under his fur, the sinew wrapped around his arms rippling and writhing with even the slightest of movements.

A surge of confidence welled up within him as his cock splashed pre onto the pavement below. He was getting close now that he could see just how powerful he was. His pawed feet dug into the ground; each toe the size of a pick-up truck wiggling in joy as he dropped his head down to engulf the head of his cock. The hot, wet maw felt good against his flesh. His testes swelled up between his knees, priming

themselves to unleash the deluge they contained. Izuku did his best to deep-throat himself, taking every inch of his godly cock into himself, the two wolves planting heated kisses to his muzzle as he reached his knot.

The ground itself seemed to rumble as Izuku's testicles finally released the flood up into his mouth. He did his best to swallow what he could, but the stream was far too great. After three hearty gulps, he had to pull the spasming cock from his mouth, sending torrents of seed flying across the campus. He unleashed a bellowing howl as he stroked himself through his orgasm, the three wolves below dousing his cock and ass in their own cum as they joined in on the action. They cared not for who saw them now. Izuku was suddenly keen on showing the world his new form and making the place his territory. His cock continued to fire rockets of sperm, coating buildings, trees, and any random passersby in the sticky fluid.

When he eventually came down from his high, Izuku collapsed to the ground, his ass creating a crater in the center of the road. He huffed and panted, as the other three clambered onto his chest, two of them starting to lick his fur clean of his own cum while Bakugou rested himself across his pecs, smirking arrogantly. They shared one more passionate kiss before the three small wolves ran out of steam and fell asleep just as the clock began to strike midnight and their forms began to dwindle.

Izuku; however, found himself still the same colossal hulk he once was. Worry set in, but it was quickly replaced with new ideas. He delicately picked up the three heroes and raised them to his face. The night was still young, after all. Who's to say they would not care for round two? Something much more...permanent...