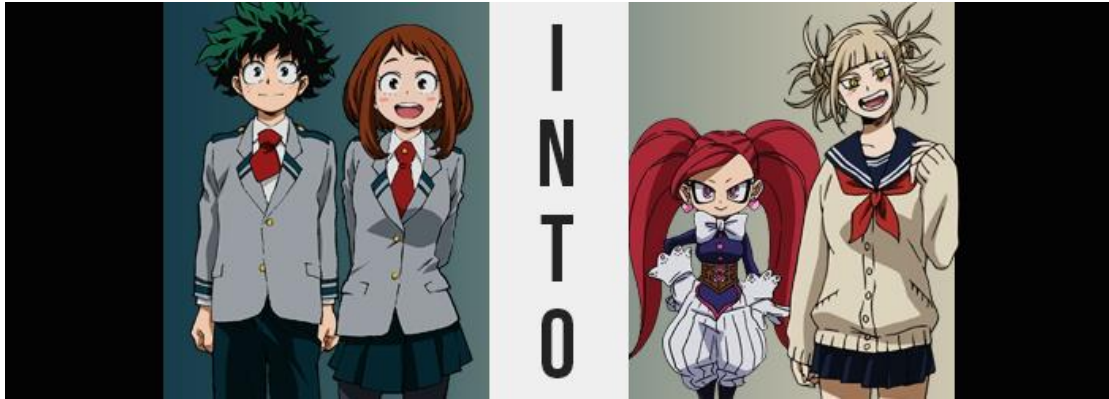


# MANY FORMS OF LOVE

BIWEEKLY STORY #62

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The hissing of a shower rang throughout the men’s bathing room within U.A.’s dormitories late that night, well after three in the morning. It wasn’t a normal time to bathe for the students, but both Izuku Midoriya and Ochako Uraraka had returned from a late night mission given to them by some of the Pro Heroes, and Deku had really wanted to shower before going to bed.

**“That was tough. I wasn’t expecting to find criminals robbing a women’s beauty shop of all things.”** It had been a simple patrol job at a glance, without any expectations of anything *actually* happening. That had turned out to be farther from the truth than expected, and some common thugs had been trying to steal the incoming stock of a beauty store. Being the boy he was, he’d never considered that stuff like that might be worth all that much.

*Then again, his mom often did get mad at him for using her shampoo when he was little.*

It also explained why Uraraka hadn’t been as surprised as him.

They’d even received a reward from the shopkeeper for their hard work. It hadn’t really been all *that* difficult though. The thieves weren’t well organized, and their Quirks didn’t cause many complications. Even so, the shopkeeper had been grateful and had gifted the pair of them their own bottles of shampoo. Apparently, they came from a new, limited line simply titled ‘*LOVE*’.

The packaging was pink and gaudy, so much that Deku thought it was meant for girls, but he was reassured that he was unisex. And while he

hadn't intended on using it in the shower? He'd been so tired that he'd hoped over to the bathing room without going back to his dorm to fetch his own soaps. It'd been all he had.

Thankfully, it didn't smell like flowers or anything. So he cleaned himself with it, nonetheless. Just the name, 'LOVE', was enough to remind him of his encounter with La Brava earlier that year, and how her Quirk was built around the idea of using her love as its power. But those recollections were only brief.

Eventually, the boy got out and dried out. But as he reached for his locker in the attached locker room? Something gave him pause. "**Where... did they go?**" The use of *they* was in reference to all of the scarring that should have been spread across his fingers and hands from misusing his Quirk in the early days of having received it from All Might. He had been told that those injuries couldn't be healed, yet now?

Holding out both hands in front of him, they were completely clean of any blemish.

Not only that, but did they look a little smaller? Not just his fingers, but his hands as well. "*Um...*" The subtle scent of the shampoo he'd used, fruity rather than flowery, hung heavy in the air as his eyes widened in response to what he was seeing. His hands were shrinking before his very eyes, all while fingernails grew substantially longer.

No! It wasn't just his hands! Looking back to the locker he'd gone to reach for originally, the handle that had been at his chest before was now at his eye level. "**W-Wait! What's happening here!? Is this—!?**" Was it the result of someone's Quirk? Was he being shrunk? Even if that were the case, that wouldn't explain why his nails had grown so long though... or why his fingers, looking back down again, had seemingly been cast in a relatively girlish design.

His height continued to spiral downward even farther. Already, Deku was about 4'5", but to keep his proportions from looking out of whack, there was more at work here than a simple shortening of his bones. Weight that no longer fit upon his frame was quite clearly slurped away by an unknown force, cast into a void to leave his body trim.

Unfortunately though, this didn't merely apply to the fat in his body. Muscles, which made up most of his mass, were significantly weakened as well, seeing his arms and torso diminish to almost waifish sizing. By the time all was said and done, the boy's legs were like twigs without an ounce of physical strength to show upon them.

**“NO! A-Ah!?! My voice too!?”** The voice that called up from his throat was certainly feminine but was just as high pitched as his shrinking frame might suggest as well. He’d been so shocked by his lack of strength, and it had definitely translated into his lessening energy as well. It certainly didn’t help that he felt completely at a loss regarding how to stop this.

*If only Gentle was here. Surely, he could help!*

**“Gentle? Like as in Gentle Criminal?”** He wasn’t actually confused as his height ducked beneath 4’. Deku knew that was exactly who he was thinking of, and for some reason in his panicked state he couldn’t get that man out of his mind. Surely, he’d left an impression on the boy back in the day, but this felt more like an impromptu *obsession*. One that made his heart race. Was this *attraction*?

Height finally bottomed out at a meager 3’8”, giving him a height that was comparable to a child at best. But he certainly did feel like a child. He felt like a— **“NGH!?”** Well, like a *woman*. The cock and balls that had regressed along with his height promptly found themselves pulled up and into *her* body the very moment her height had stopped changing, and the lips of her puss twinged with an excitement spurned forth by her thoughts about Gentle Criminal. Above it, the fluffy bush of green hair found itself dyed crimson, and tiny legs wobbled as hips widened alarmingly.

**“I’m... a girl...!?! A little girl!?”** Both confused and aroused, one couldn’t blame Deku for making this mistake considering her height. But hips spread far too wide to belong to a child, and they even grew plumper around the thighs with soft and supple meat earned through puberty. Even the cheeks of her ass jiggled and bounced, fat added to them to bolster their shapes and make them quite abundant and round. Well, comparative to her 3’8” height anyways.

Her face was actually more revealing of her true age, for while cheeks grew a little puffy, the general appeal it gave off was that of a young woman perhaps in her twenties, rather than a youth as a person of this height might typically be. It could largely be seen in her eyes, which widened and took on red irises, but also earned dark markings around their embiggened shapes that almost looked like permanent mascara. But it could also be seen in her lips, plump and red as they were.

**“No... I’m not a kid. This voice! I know this voice.”** Realization finally struck; too little, too late. The red that had claimed the tiny woman’s pubes was already in the process of sweeping through the hair atop her head – likewise, painting and thinning her brows. Deku’s natural perm straightened and lengthened while the red consumed it,

cascaded far down her back and to her ankles, completely straight as can be. Considering her height, it would likely be troublesome to not have hair of this height tied up – *is what she was thinking*.

*Because La Brava always had her hair tied up, and she was La Brava!*

This realization left the tiny woman stunned, and petite fingers cupped her own cheeks. **“I’m not. I’m Izu... I’m... Manaka Aiba!? Wait, no! I’m Manaka... I’m... That’s not my name!”** She could recognize that the name was wrong, but regardless of how hard she tried to state her old name, she merely blurted out the new one. *La Brava’s legal name*.

Just in time for the last of the feminization to settle into place. Her already teeny waistline narrowed, giving her hips an even more adult sway despite her height, and her chest? Well, once again with her height in perspective, it was surprising just how big they grew. They swelled to life into full sized apples – which, against her short stature, might as well have been small coconuts.



Standing without even a towel to cover her body, the tiny woman was naturally panicked. Internally, her identity hadn’t shifted at all. She knew who she *looked* like, and she knew who she was *acting* like, but this *Manaka Aiba* was still Izuku Midoriya at her core. **“I-Is this really me!?”** Her body, clean, had long dried since she’d left the shower, and so hands explored her naked flesh with confusion and, shamefully, no shortage of curiosity.

Petite as she was, she was an adult woman. She had breasts and a bottom – both areas she’d squeezed as cheeks burned red. A tinge of arousal struck her as well, but the moment it had hit? Her mind had begun to wander to a certain mustached man, and she couldn’t get him out of her head.

**“Gentle...”** She sighed *dreamily*.

**“Wh-Why can’t I stop thinking about him!? Why do I feel so...  
Mm...”**

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Around the same time, Uraraka had engaged in showering in the girl’s bathing room. It wasn’t too surprising. Ever since receiving that limited edition shampoo, she’d been excited to try it out as soon as possible.

Students couldn't usually use the showers this late, but since she'd been out for work, she'd been given special permission too! So, a shower all by herself when the room was usually crowded with other students? It sounded like a much needed chance to unwind!

As she always did, the brunette waited until the end to see to her hair. It had been the sequence of events for her since she'd been a little girl. Soap up first, then do hair last! Washing it took the longest, after all, and she could only imagine how long it might take her to do if she grew it out as long as, say, Momo's hair was.

Still, it took her a few minutes to finish!

If only the shampoo's name hadn't been so haunting. 'LOVE'? Her feelings for Deku aside, whenever she thought about love these days, her mind tended to wander to that villain, Himiko Toga. The way she claimed to love and be friends with not only herself but Tsuyu and Deku as well... She just didn't understand what that girl was thinking, or why she did the things that she did. **"I wonder what will happen the next time I bump into her... I feel like I hurt her feelings last time."** She was still a murderer though, so perhaps it wasn't productive of a hero to care for a villain's feelings.

As had been the case with her friend, it wasn't until Uraraka had completely dried off that anything had gone amiss. But *unlike* Izuku's situation, the shampoo's effects didn't begin in a way that was immediately recognizable to her. For it swept throughout her hair initially.

Perhaps it wasn't all that surprising, considering the fact that as a girl with long hair she'd needed to use more of it *in* her hair, that this might be the case. But a dirty blonde had beset the fluffy, brown glow of her hair – a color that had been more or less been passed down from her parents.

But no longer. It only took the time needed to finish completely drying her hair with her towel for the girl's mane to be of a completely lighter shade. But despite the fact that she'd just showered? It almost appeared *dried out* as well. All of the fuwa fuwa that she prided in her hair, completely flat. Perhaps even worse, the styling looked more mangey? As if she hadn't properly brushed it in a long time, clumps coming to points at the tips. It even hung farther past her shoulders, with bangs even across her forehead short of those that framed her cheeks.

**"Blood!?"** Not even Uraraka herself was sure about why she'd just blurted this word out. It was as if it had come to mind out of nowhere, and now that she was thinking about it, she couldn't stop! She stopped

getting ready to get dressed in her pajamas and stood there idly as drool of all things began to pool at the corner of her lips. **“No, blood is gross! Why am I thinking... Why would I taste it!?”** There wasn't even any blood here to speak of but poking out from between Uraraka's lips was a set of fangs that had evidently grown both longer and sharper.

*Almost like a vampire.*

Adding to the supernatural eeriness of it all, her typically brown eyes started to glow gold, pupils stretched wide until they were practically slits. The hero-in-training could definitely tell something was wrong now, because the more she thought about blood – despite her best efforts not to – the more her body began to shake, like it was going through with some sort of withdrawal. Not that this was too far from the truth.

The cause was her Quirk being ejected and replaced with something new. Out was her Gravity Quirk, innocent as it was, and in? A Quirk that promoted a fixation with blood, with *consuming* it, was wedged in its place. **“D-Deku...!”** He suddenly came to mind. Her friend, the boy she had a crush on. In many ways he was her hero, and she'd been about to cry out for help from him. But instead?

**“I want to be you so much!?”**

Confusion and excitement alike settled in as she was left perplexed by what she had just blurted out. **“N-No! I don't want to be him! I'm not like... I'm not...”** *Oh no!* Golden eyes shot down at her body, which retained its height but looked notably *thinner*. Not in a natural sense, but in a way that suggested she hadn't been nourishing herself properly. The healthy weight of her body was being sapped away before Ochako's very eyes.

Her arms had become thin, various knicks spreading across her skin that looked to be caused by knife wounds – likely brought about from a life living among the world's shadows. Her fingers were still shaking from the blood craving, but they looked almost unhealthily bony and worn, the tips of her fingers hardening with callouses that created the impression that she was used to wielding a weapon. Like a *knife*.

**“Am I... Am I becoming h-her!?! Himiko Toga!?”** Hearing the depravity in her own voice, she was almost certain of the fact. She didn't know what that girl looked like naked, but she could assume she was malnourished based on the life she'd chosen to love. And this blood fixation? Her Transform Quirk required she drink blood to activate, not to mention how she now found herself beginning to obsess over Deku mentally.

But not just him. Tsuyu as well! *Ah, how would it feel to finally become them? The people I love!* “**N-No! I’m not... It’s not... But it would feel the best, wouldn’t it!? The truest expression of my life!**” Bony fingers, plagued by nails that now sported signs of being chewed, sunk into her breasts, which she could feel grow a cup size smaller beneath her touch. Even though she hadn’t grown nor shrunk, thanks to the weight loss her body looked *much* lankier now.

It could even be seen in her face, where once chubby cheeks faded away to leave her complexion narrow, and where lips had not only shrunk a little but looked *very* chapped. Because boy, did she feel parched? *For blood.*

Likewise, the curvature of her lower body had greatly diminished as well. Butt cheeks remained round, and thighs remained taut, but they didn’t sport the same abundance that had come to be expected from Uraraka’s frame. She’d always been a little pudgy, but as of late muscles had started to make up some of that bulk. Now? Even those were more or less gone.

Her mind was more or less a stew of impulse and instinct, drool dripping from her lips as her bloodlust grew more intimate. Her loins burned as she thought about drinking some fresh, warm lifejuice, and the part of her that was still herself had become completely incapable of subduing these urges. Sloppily and with a loud slurping sound, she rubbed an entire arm past her lips to wipe away the drool.

The girl’s tongue hung down from between sharp fangs, Uraraka’s head in a tizzy. Much like Deku on the mens’ side, she could still remember who she was supposed to be. But looking at her reflection in the full-length mirror? The depraved and violent thoughts swirling around within her head? They spoke to a different identity. That of *Himiko Toga*. Even if she were to introduce herself with the intention of calling herself Uraraka, but the name that matched the body.

“**I feel... good! It feels so good to feel this good! I just wanna show my love!**” Chipper as could be, a luminescent blush spread across both of her cheeks, posture slumping in slight while an all too haunting smile spready across her lips. She knew it was wrong, but her head was swimming



about thoughts about Deku, about Tsuyu, and about Uraraka – *herself*. She loved them. She loved them so much. She wanted to *be* them.

Even though she'd just been one of them, but her mind couldn't seem to sort that feeling out.

**“Is Deku here...? Of course he is! Then maybe I could suck his blood, and...”** She *knew* Deku was here. She even knew which room was his. Uraraka, her personality now painted in Himiko's colors, slipped out into the hallways without even bothering to get changed in search of that room.

*She'd certainly be surprised when she found a naked La Brava masturbating to a picture of Gentleman on her phone in Deku's room, though.*