

NO MORE

DECEMBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

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Bakugou Katsuki was in a bad mood.

Then again, when wasn't he?

The school festival had gone on without a hitch, with the boy himself (naturally) believing himself to be the shining star of their class' band performance even though that title should have rightfully gone to Kyouka. He had expected to be able to bask in the limelight for a little while after the fact, but no one was approaching him to gush about how cool he was! In the end, he'd wandered off into town in a huff – largely to grab some snacks for the evening to eat away his anger.

“Shit! I was just as talented as anyone else up there! Where the fuck was *my* praise!?” Hands stuffed in his pockets, he walked in the direction of his favorite corner store while barking angrily about what was bothering him. It shouldn't have been very surprising to hear that he absolutely wasn't the type of guy that could keep what was bothering him to himself. Never had been, never would be. Unless of course, that thing made him look week. Such was Bakugou's simplistic nature.

“Are you Bakugou Katsuki!? I'm your biggest fan!”

Passing an alley only one block away from his destination, a woman's voice had suddenly called out to him. Offering him the praise he'd been so desperately seeking, against his better judgment (*with the confidence he could kick her ass if she tried anything*) he stepped into the shadows along with her. **“Who the fuck's askin'!?”** She was a girl around the age of thirteen or fourteen, probably. Long pink hair, wearing what

looked like a kpop shirt and skinny jeans, pretty short. Weird that a girl like this would be interested in a *totally badass rock star* like him!

“My name’s Shaya, and I was thinking of starting a band! Uhh... I guess more like a unit? And I’ve chosen you to be the first member! Welcome to K/DA!” She was speaking so matter of factly, like it was an inevitability that he would agree to such a bizarre offer. He wasn’t interested, particularly not when it sounded less and less like a band, and more like a girl group.

Bakugou clicked his tongue. **“Like hell! I ain’t joining some girly-ass sounding group! Find an actual girl! I wanna be in a band, not whatever the fuck a ‘unit’ is!”** Having said his peace, and not caring if the girl was upset, he spun around to leave... before walking into some kind of barrier. **“WHAT THE FUCK!?”** Spinning around he could perceive four walls and a ceiling, all made of the same translucent, light blue energy. Looking back at Shaya? Her eyes were glowing the same color. Was this her Quirk?

“Sorry, onii-san! I’m not taking no for an answer! My Quirk needs people with raw talent to work! It lets me change the talented into others, repurposing that talent however I’d like. There aren’t a lot of good K-pop bands right now, so I was thinking I could make one! Starting with *you!*”

The boy couldn’t be sure if it had been an effect of the girl’s Quirk or not, but he’d found himself incapable of yelling back at her this time. His entire body had seized up, posture stiffening as the light of the barrier he’d been trapped within ended up showing signs of glowing brighter. Gradually, it was all so bright that he couldn’t even see Shaya on the outside – even though she could *certainly* see him.

Although if he could speak? It probably would have been something along the lines of:

LET ME GO, YOU STUPID BITCH! DON’T YOU KNOW WHO I AM!? I’LL KICK YOUR FUCKING ASS WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE!

...Something like that.

But as things stood, he was *completely* powerless. Thoughts were all he had as the light began to spread its influence throughout his body, the process of bending his shape into Shaya’s desired form not one that would happen instantaneously. Unfortunately for him, the most jarring of changes was what came first.

Bound of not, one couldn't blame a man for grunting uncomfortable as their junk was handled like a mound of putty. Bakugou's dick was pushed up inside him, the feeling almost like he was being violated by an invisible hand as his genitals were shoved up and into the woman's slit that took its place while merging with the lining. If *she'd* had the ability to move, she absolutely would have squirmed from discomfort while cursing this girl's name to the high heavens.

The application of sexual change in this case seemed to be pretty consistent though, much to the new girl's dismay. She could feel an itchiness build upon her chest, and as a result her nipples grew swollen in both width *and* depth. This, of course, was merely the precursor for what came next, and a bosom flourished, rising to attention quickly only because it wasn't particularly abundant. A large A-cup? Maybe she'd fit into a small, B-cup brassiere? They were none too impressive, but then against she was only sixteen years old.

“You're starting to look really pretty, Kai'Sa!” Shaya's voice called mockingly from beyond the other side of the barrier, ticking Bakugou off more. She had some control over her expression, but even scowling with all her might now didn't have the same effect it might have had in the past. And was Kai'Sa supposed to be *her* name? It didn't even sound Japanese!

On the whole, her entire facial structure had entered a reconstruction phase. Enforcing femininity had been a priority, and it was certainly seen in how Bakugou's features rounded, softened, and become plumper wherever it was needed to get that effect across. But? Evidently it hadn't been the *only* priority. She'd been right to think that 'Kai'Sa' name hadn't sounded particularly Japanese, and yet her body was naturally changing to match her name.

The end result was a face that didn't look at *all* like Bakugou, even if it had vaguely appeared at such even after the first wave of changes. The shapes of her eyes were the greatest tell at first. They bore sharper slants than the girl's ever had before, and her irises ultimately ended up sporting a sparkling purple that really popped against the background that was her paling skin. Her brows ended up being standout affairs too, with the hairs darkening and the shapes reached up and thinning out to the sides.

Bakugou's nostrils flared and then tightened again, the overall size of that nose narrowing with a sharper bridge to position itself with nice contrast to the lips below. Her lips had already become a little plumper once she'd turned female, but now they were swelling to outlandish sizes. As if to add insult to injury (*from Bakugou's perspective*), lipstick

ultimately caked her face as well. Pitch back eyeliner, purplish blush, and dark red lipstick accentuated these new, lean facial features. She really looked like a performer straight out of a K-pop music video.

But if her face gave off that impression, the rest of her changing shape would only sell that image further. Her spiky, blonde hair for example? Not only was it growing progressively less spikey, but it was also just *progressively growing*. From the girl's point of view, it felt like someone was yanking on her hair over and over again, but from Shaya's vantage point she could only see the once-boy's hair reaching towards her feet while streaks of shimmering blue swept throughout the mane, ultimately consuming it in its entirety.

The scent of hairspray filled the barrier space, new tugging sensations yanking at the changing girl's scalp as all of this thick mane was stylized in a pulled back ponytail, held in place by a silver clasp on top, and a crystal hairclip on the right side. All of her bangs were held back as well, short of one small stretch to the left of the center which flicked up and down again. Continuing the accessorizing, diamond earrings rattled from her lobes – the weight not present without notice.

“You definitely look like one now, ‘specially from the neck up. But your age, your height, and your clothes... Just a little more now and it’ll be done!” She was mocking Bakugou, Shaya was *definitely* mocking her! But what was she supposed to do!? She still couldn't move, and her body was still subject to the whims of that damned Quirk!

As if to rub that much in, her point of view steadily began to rise. Arms, legs, torso; it all inflated in height alone as the mass of her muscles began to redistribute themselves. Surprisingly Bakugou hadn't lost all of his muscle mass during his initial sex swap and it had merely lessened in thickness. That made things easier now, for her limbs and belly became incredibly toned without appearing excessively so. This was highlighted in her belly specifically, since a lengthening spine yanked up her jacket and revealed her gut in all of its fit glory; while also demonstrating the fact that her waistline had pinched in to give off the impression of an hourglass.

Her hips flared, and as if to supplement their new width the padding in the attached areas – predominantly her ass and thighs – fluctuated immensely. Ass cheeks spread and pressed up against the backs of her U.A. uniform pants (*which were looking more like long shorts since the growth spurt had hoisted them up in terms of their fit*) in an undeniable bubble butt, as swole as it was fat. And as if to match? Bakugou's thighs became much shapelier, pressing the pants to their utmost limits with their abundance curvature born of fat and muscle alike.

From her wide load to shrunken feet, her lower half was essentially complete. This allowed the clothing change to proceed smoothly, uniform pants pulled high to her navel while all of the color washed out. The material lightened and earned a reflective sheen, pantlegs stretching back down to her ankles as the entire set of lower wear became skin-tight pants rife with style for an on-stage performance – complete with two sleek belts and blue siding.

And her shoes? It didn't take long from them to become a classy pair of matching, heeled boots. Bakugou had no idea how to walk in heels, but he'd certain do so effortlessly once things were done; each step provoking a sway of that sexy rear in those even sexier pants.

There wasn't actually an incredibly significant jump in growth for her tits, not that the woman would complain about that. They *did* jump a single cup size, though it was clear much of her appeal would be in her lower body. Instead, the B-C-cup breasts she did have were granted appeal by her new costume. Her uniform jacket and undershirt fused together, material thinning as the lower portion turned to a black leather and the upper segment, which covered her cleavage, was a softer mesh.

On the whole it was sleeveless crop top, fanciful with its silver breast plates and the choker around her neck that held the mesh in place. And while it didn't have any attached sleeves, she was decorated with a cleverly designed *detached* pair, sparking blue from her wrists to her elbows, where they fanned out into spiked cuts. Around her right wrist dangled a silver bracelet, and on her left hand was a fingerless, black glove.

And that was it. Body and costume, her physical transformation was entirely complete. Her taller body and her more mature face sold the look that Bakugou was now a woman in her twenties, a sexy performer in even sexier attire. But her mind? It was still largely in place. She was still going to ream Shaya out once she could move again – even though, unknowingly, Bakugou's *own* Quirk had been erased.

The light of the Quirk's barrier began to dull and so Bakugou readied herself to pounce. She was going to kill her. Blow her up into a million pieces! Or so had been the intent, but the duller the barrier's glow became, the harder it became to think. Instead, a rhythmic beat began to fill her mind. She became more passive, more at peace, and as control found its way back into her body, *Kai'Sa* ended up humming a song she knew to be awfully familiar.

K/DA's newest single, "*More*".

Her past life? She could remember no such thing. And yet she did not know where she was, either. Who was this girl staring at her? A fan? Beautiful or not, the confusion on Kai'Sa's face spoke for itself.

Shaya saw it as an opportunity.

“Don't worry, Miss Kai'Sa! I'm your biggest fan!” It was true. League of Legends was a game in this world as well, and of course that meant K/DA and all of its characters were common fandom knowledge. Shaya was a big LoL nerd and idolized K/DA more than anything in secret. Her plan had actually been to create the whole group in her world using her Quirk. Kai'Sa was only the first, which meant...

“If you come back to my apartment, I'll gather the rest of your group!”

There had been quite a few good performers at the school festival after all.