

# THE NEWER NEW LEAGUE OF VILLAINS

## CH6+FINAL: JUST GELING



This trip had been a disaster. Why had they not sent the students with more supervision? Why had they allowed *Eri* to attend? Aizawa blamed himself mostly for eventually caving to her request, thinking that everyone they'd brought would be enough to shield her from any potential danger, but as things were he was wholly incapable of doing that.

The teacher hadn't been lashed or bound like many of his students had been, rather he had been placed in a confined location - a tiny room of mirrors, or he'd thought them to be simple mirrors at first. Clearly the intention had been to make his Quirk, which was vision based, wholly useless. But a projection suddenly came on the ceiling above, a familiar girl, small with a single horn atop her head, on display. "*Eri...!*" But she couldn't hear him, she was somewhere else with a shadow encroaching upon her as her tiny form scrunched up in fear.

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"**B-Back... Get back...!**" The child squeaked and squawked as a hulking man approached her, a strange pair of glasses upon his face. Eri was probably more confused than most about what had happened but when it came to dangerous situations she had a keener sense of when she was in one. The problem was that she was only six years old, she didn't have any real means to defend herself and had been shown this man's Quirk used on the others firsthand. On her own, personal heroes.

The man merely smirked. "**Don't worry it won't hurt. Plus you'll get along with you friends again when it's done right? So why don't you let this shy, sheepish self of yours take a rest? Kukukukuku!**" His creepy laugh did nothing for the

ambiance, but she could see a dull green glow begin to emanate from beneath his glasses, and a power wash over her body.

**"I don't want to be... a villain...!"** She shut her eyes closed but that didn't change anything. All bundled up in rags she could do nothing but cower as she felt her *'self'* begin to reach its inevitable end, a new *'self'* being built over it. Physically speaking, the most prominent and immediate changes came to the scars that painted her arms from the years of being experimented on by Chisaki. Dead flesh was rejuvenated and filled in, and despite there being no bandages to conceal those old wounds her arms were now completely clean and free of any of the damage from past traumas. **"I... don't..."**

But there was no one to listen to her now that she knew of. The man whom had cast his Quirk upon her had disappeared as quickly as he'd appeared, and she had no knowledge of the fact that her transformation was being broadcast to Aizawa just as Deku's transformation had been broadcast to her. Eri refused to open her eyes though. She didn't want to see what was happening, she was *scared*.

Just because she wasn't acknowledging it didn't mean it wasn't happening though, and the tips of her silver hair, these tips stained blonde, were slowly sliding up her torso and growing closer and closer to her scalp. Were her eyes open it would have been more evident, but the reds of her eyes had taken duller blue-ish grays that, paired with the clear blonde that was bleeding towards her scalp, was giving her a more Western visage than an Eastern one.

Those eyes slammed shut, their almond-cut design would be far wider and rounded the next she opened them. It had even plagued her nose, giving it a sharper point with narrower nostrils. American? European? Her facial design could have easily passed as one or the other. **"I don't...?"** Eri's stammering, on the other hand, seemed to be coming to a halt as rather than pure fear, some confusion about her own feelings began to settle in and make her unsure about why she wouldn't *want* to change.

Wasn't she tired of being a hindrance? Wasn't she tired of having to depend on everyone else all the time? At least if she changed neither of those things would be problems. If anything she might even be seen as an equal, right? And then she'd be able to hide in the back lines free of any danger for the rest of her-- *wait*. Where were these thoughts coming from!? They didn't sound like her! *Not at all!*

The blonde in her hair in the meantime was essentially at her roots, having completely robbed her head of both its silver and the general length so that it rested just above her shoulders in a delicate bob. The horn on the right side of her head had obscured weightier bangs at first, but as it regressed into a nub and then disappeared entirely it didn't continue to be much of an issue.

The girl's eyes finally opened as courage that didn't belong in her heart burst forward. She looked around, noting that she was alone again... but instead of

considering how she might escape like she had been before that man came in earlier, she was instead beginning to wonder how she could best game this situation in her favor. Eri's withdrawn posture seemed to straighten out given more and more time, but ultimately it wasn't afforded much of a choice but to do this in the first place seeing as how the burlap attire she'd been stuffed into was beginning to feel smaller and smaller across her body.

That wasn't to say Eri was really getting all that much bigger though. She wasn't becoming an adult woman like Izuku had, her destined form was only slightly less of a child than she was already. It was the mental part of her that was aging the most, and with every tick of the clock her intellect was sharpened further and further, maturity guiding her thoughts despite her tiny body. She almost felt like this wasn't the first time she'd been given a body that wasn't her own, strangely enough.

But back to her body proper, both arms and legs had been gradually lengthening ever since her hair's transformation has finished. Forearms, thighs, they were all more abundant, giving her a slightly lankier appeal than the small and stubby body she was used to. She still very much looked her part of the child, but as opposed to being six, as her tummy stretched just a little bit and budding puberty became apparent in her butt and across tiny lumps on her chest, it would probably be safer to say her physical age had essentially doubled to twelve.

**"What was I so afraid of just a moment ago? I don't have anything to fear... except that Being X. And this stupid outfit!"** The bolder personality of the girl's new identity bled in quite strongly now, and she was speaking of existences that Eri had never even heard of before. An existence that called itself a god, taking a dead salaryman and turning him into a little girl in a world of magic. Oh she'd have her revenge. Revenge on her name as Eri... *Er...* Tanya? Tanya Degurechaff? Wasn't that her real name? Or was it still Eri? Much like many of the students that had been changed, the seed of her old identity had still been left to be buried.

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Aizawa was forced to crane his neck downward as the girl that had once been Eri on the screen above began to pull the tiny garment from her much larger body, leaving herself completely butt naked as she searched for what she assumed was a nearby military uniform. He couldn't believe what he'd just witnessed - had the same happened to his students? Would it happen to *him*? Near the end, appearance aside, Eri wasn't even acting like herself. Had he failed as not only a teacher but as a guardian as well? **"Dammit!"**

An uncharacteristic emotionally outburst accompanied his fist colliding with one of the four mirror panels that kept him trapped in such a tiny space, but peculiarly enough he felt the punch reverberate. Not just through his hand as one may expect, although it was strongest there for sure; no, he felt it throughout the entirety of his body like it was an earthquake rippling through gelatin. Considering he'd been stripped stark naked before being tossed into this space while unconscious, he could

actually see the quivering run through him from his head to toe. Biologically speaking that shouldn't have been possible at all, human flesh didn't work that way.

But as he caught sight of a strange phenomenon in his face in his reflection he became aware that, much like with what had happened to Eri, any laws of science probably didn't apply to whatever was happening to *him* either.

At first it looked like his usually blank expression was curling into a frown, except that frown was growing deeper and deeper. In actuality his face was becoming ghastly as the skin sagged and thickened, almost looking like someone had melted Aizawa's face and it was beginning to fall towards the floor. It was accompanied by a strange, moist feeling that wasn't like sweat at all, but plagued him across the entirety of his form. Whiskers on the teacher's face were absorbed by the sagging mass that should have been his face, and he couldn't even enunciate a word as he panicked. He just wanted his face to return to normal, and that feeling provoked the emergence of a piece of knowledge.

One that told him how to tighten his face once more. All at once he felt as if he had control over this creepy condition, and the skin tightened against his skull once more so that it didn't look like a deteriorating facial mask. The only issue? Despite desiring to return it to 'normal', the face that now looked back at him surely wasn't his own. Cheeks were too soft, lips too pink and plump, the shape of his eyes not even speaking to the Japanese background he knew he had. There were even two rosy circles - one upon either cheek - that looked like the better belonged on a cute anime character than a grown man. But Aizawa couldn't deny that his face looked wholly like a woman's. "**This can't be good...**" Even his voice already matched, deep complacency instead replaced by high, bubbly voice that almost sounded passively air headed. Sp he really was under the influence of that Quirk already?

*DRIP... DRIP... DRIP...*

No sooner than he'd gotten a good look at his face did the man begin to feel something wet dripping onto his forehead from above, but it didn't take much of a look to realize what the culprit was. His own hair had begun to melt, blacks replaced by a slimy pink that largely retained its shape but was also so wet that every so often a piece of the slime fell onto his body or the ground below. The man's hair already long, it grew even lengthier and heavier as the pink slime replaced it all in its entirety, some even swelling atop his head to give him a pair of sticky bunny ears. "**I look ridiculous...**", he grumbled with that same floaty voice, its pitch a total mismatch for his agitation. Her looked like a grown man with a slimy, bunny girl head. It absolutely *was* ridiculous.

The drip of the slime hair eventually began to accumulate around his chest, an area that had been feeling somehow warm but wet for a while now. While he'd kept hands free of the area, the sudden sensation of one of his abs groped pulled attention downward. There really was a hand grpong him - a pair of them actually - but they were not the hands attached to his arms. Instead they were hands that had

formed from the gelatin hair that had spilled down and onto his chest from the sides of his head, each a functioning appendage that seemed to have a will of its own. **"What the hell?"** Was there anything else he could really say to this? To have a pair of hands extending from your hair wasn't exactly a *normal* occurrence, but then again the head of 'hair' he now possessed wasn't really '*normal*' at all. He had no control over them really, and they began to touch and fondle his chest for some reason or another.

The problem was it felt *good*, distractingly so, enough to make him erect where it mattered. He made a bold attempt to pull the slime appendages away from his body with his real hands, but doing so only found them sucked up by the slime until he yanked them free -- but when he did so they didn't look the same. Fingers had become more slender and nails well trimmed but sharp. For all intents and purposes they were quite clearly a woman's hands.

Which made sense considering the swelling that had begun to occur underneath the grasp of his second set of hands. In a manner that was similar to how his face had melted earlier, it seemed contact from his slime hands had softened the muscles across his chest and they'd begun to sag under the grasp of the pink digits. Except this, for some reason, only made them feel more sensitive. As flesh began to gather under their grasp, it seemed Aizawa had become to distracted and hadn't been able to keep one of his feminine hands off his dick, though release came almost immediately as a feminine moan escaped his lips.

But it wasn't semen that shot out. Just more pink slime that splattered the mirror and didn't seem to stop, his entire sack feeling as if it was emptying itself as the dick between tiny fingers seemed even more difficult to hold until there was nothing left to grasp in the first place. Not that this stopped him. He had ever reason to expect a pussy had opened up between his legs considering the fact that the melted flesh upon his chest had been thickening and swelling into a pair of breasts that only surged forward more and more as they were played with.

*She* was right of course, and fingers plunged into a bright pink pussy just in time for loose flesh around her legs to suddenly tighten into a soft and springy pair of thighs that looked as if they could melt again at any given moment. Ripples ran through them as the woman's back splattered into the mirror behind her, sticky hair compressed as she used the wall as support since the stimulation from his slime hands massaging growing tits was becoming more and more intense. The arc of her body had grown more pronounced as well, and like an hourglass her tummy curved inwards from growing chest to wider hips.

Aizawa didn't realize. She'd been thrown too deeply into pleasure by the finger in her slit and the two slime hands groping a pair of ivory, F-cup breasts, but her mind was melting just as her body had. Memories ran together into an indistinguishable mass as a satisfied giggle escaped her lips. Thoughts of heroism? Of teaching? They were essentially nothing now. She was just thinking about her body and how good it felt. How she could bend it to look like the body of any other woman and just have

even more fun. She didn't really care about morals. Why would she? Wasn't evil a better life to lead with a body like this?

Pink spewed from her pussy as she climaxed for the final time this session, a trail of pink sliding down the wall behind her as overflowing ass cheeks pooled beneath her on the cold ground of the space. With all the pink caked onto the mirrors it looked like she'd absolutely exploded... not that this was too far from the truth. Exerting her own power, the slime all proceeded to jump against her body and become one with her again, leaving the space spotless. **"Phewie! That was really fun! But I wonder what kind of things this League of Villains has planned for me!?"**

***"I really hope I get to *play around* some more."***

The licking of her strawberry lips really sold that line in the end.

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It was a new era of villainy in the world. The villains the League had summoned using the bodies of aspiring heroes ran rampant, many with powers that had never been seen before nor could they truly be contended with. Someone wondered if there had been a correlation between the missing bus of U.A. students and the emergency of these monsters, but there was never really enough evidence to prove that theory correct one way or another. Not to mention that anyone that was vocal about this theory was found dead.

Chaos took Japan, but would it last forever? Would new heroes rise to the task? Or maybe they'd be summoned? Perhaps time would tell, or perhaps this story isn't quite over yet...

**TO BE CONTINUED?**