

Momo turned the corner in a hurry only to find a woman before her, blocking her path through the streets. She didn't recognize her immediately, but she didn't need to. Just the fact that she stood there blocking her way told her that they were on opposite sides. The wide grin on her face was another big clue.

"Going somewhere?" the girl called to her gleefully, her pink pigtails blowing in the evening breeze. She was easily shorter than Momo, clad in striped, candy-pink clothing. She didn't appear to be armed, but the heroine knew that that made little difference here.

"I'm going after your boss," Momo called back confidently, coming to stop a good distance away from her. She didn't need to know who this woman was to know that her sudden appearance hadn't simply been a coincidence.

The sharp smile that the girl displayed in response confirmed it. She brought a finger up to scratch her chin, as if considering the thought briefly before turning back to the dark-haired woman flippantly with a clap. "*Nahhhhh*, I don't think so. He gets to have all the fun. You're going to stay and play with me!"

Momo sighed resolutely, dropping into a combat stance. "I don't know who you are, but I'll go through you if I have to."

"You can *try*~" the girl said with a flourish. "My name is Sweets, and I know *all* about *you*." She stretched her arms in front of her and laughed. "Boss said I could do whatever I want with you."

Momo didn't let the girl's words unnerve her and instead brought her hands to her thighs, drawing out a pair of knives seemingly out of nowhere. Then, without warning, she dashed towards the other woman.

Sweets watched her gleefully, and for a long moment, Momo thought she wasn't going to bother to dodge her initial strike at all. She slashed, only to have the dainty woman step right out of the way effortlessly.

Momo turned her head, in order to be ready for the woman's inevitable counterattack, only to meet the woman's glowing, outstretched palm instead. Before the heroine could so much as react, a torrent of something thick, sticky and sweet erupted from the woman's hand, thoroughly coating her face.

"Mhuhh..?!" Momo fell backward, blinded and disoriented by the thick pink goop that clung to her features. Her knives clattered to the ground beneath her as she scrambled to clear the cream from her face, growing even more frantic as she felt it beginning to sink in to her skin. The other girl watched and cackled as the heroine tried unsuccessfully to wipe the sticky coating from her features. The motions only succeeding in covering both of her hands with large dollops as well.

Sweets wasn't content to simply watch and let a golden opportunity go to waste, though. While Momo struggled fruitlessly on the ground, the overly pink woman walked over to her and began spraying the rest of the heroine's body with more of the substance. Momo made every effort to get away as the villain gleefully coated her arms, legs and even her hair with the sticky cream, but she was still blind and only grew more uncoordinated as her limbs were thoroughly coated. Before long, Sweets was standing triumphantly over an oozing, pink, sugar-coated

likeness of the woman that had challenged her.

There wasn't much Momo could do, but she knew that something was *very* wrong. She felt sick to her stomach and overwhelmed as the cream started to sink in all over her body. As the last of the topping on her face soaked in, she felt her skin grow thicker and stiffer, her lips and cheeks plumping out unnaturally. Perhaps the most distressing was how heavy her hands felt and how her fingers didn't want to respond when she tried to move them to her cheeks.

When her vision returned, she looked down in shock to see that both of her fists had fused into misshapen lumps of what looked to be golden brown pastry. The breading mirrored the skin of her face, where aside from her puffy cheeks and even puffier lips, she still looked like herself. The rest of her body was still changing under the dissipating coating of topping when she looked up to the villain in outrage.

"Whuhd yhuu dhuh?!" She spat, struggling to make coherent words with her thick, breaded lips.

Sweets beamed at her, leaning down to pick up one of the knives near Momo's changing form. "My *quirk*..." She ran her fingers up and down the weapon with expertise, carefully coating it with the same thick sugary substance that still covered the woman before her. "...is *icing*." She held up the frosting-coated knife and they both watched as it seemed to shift and compress in her grasp. "Anything I cover with my special icing becomes sweet, sugary treats~" She said, holding up the delicate little cupcake that the knife had finished shifting into. Then she looked back down to her prey with a darker grin. "People take a bit more time, of course, but you're coming along nicely!"

Momo looked down to herself in horror to see the last of the icing start to disappear. Whatever the strange cream had done to her, it had gotten rid of her clothing along the way. Her shoulders and arms appeared bare, made of the same golden, fluffy pastry that now made up her face. Her hair, too, had stiffened and was that same golden brown. Trying to shift her position brought about an unruly squishing sound. She looked down in surprise to see that her chest and midsection had become a fluffy white custard that oozed and continually replenished itself and reacted to the weight of the rest of her body.

"Yhuu mhhd mh fhuud?!" Momo exclaimed, trying to ignore how ridiculous she sounded while trying to command her unwieldy lips.

Sweets chuckled at the heroine's struggle to be understood. "Not just *any* food." She gestured to how the woman's lower half was also pastry-like. "A cream puff!" She said with a clap, admiring her work.

Momo tried to ignore her and struggled to get to her feet, her movements notably more rigid as she tried to battle the stiffness in her limbs and how her midsection squished about. She *wanted* to rebuke what the woman was saying, but she knew trying to talk would only bring more mockery and her changes were so bizarre that she couldn't exactly refute them. Even changed as she was, maybe she wasn't done for yet.

Sweets, of course, had other plans. The villain had taken to walking around the pastry-fied heroine in a circle, inspecting her. "Hmm.... you're not really *squishy* enough to be a cream puff, though... Oh, I know!" With a snap of her fingers, she moved toward her again, from behind.

Momo was still in the midst of fighting with her new body, so she wasn't in any position to try and fend off the woman as she felt her touch from behind. Sweets eagerly groped the fluffy cheeks of the poor heroine and once again drew her power to her hands. This time, the gooey pink icing seemed to sink into the fluffy golden flesh instantly, causing the woman's ass to swell unnaturally.

Momo was immediately met with an overly pleasant sensation as her hips and thighs ballooned, and found that she couldn't pull away from Sweets' touch even if she wanted to. The woman guided her to sit on the ground as she grew even larger. Sweets continued until any notion of Momo's legs had disappeared and merged with the giant, fluffy buns and shapely curves that now made up her bottom half.

It was only when the girl pulled her touch away and Momo was freed of her influence that she realized just how useless and massive her bottom half had become. Trying to move offered nothing, and the weight of her own curves kept her sitting right where she was. She panicked as the girl moved around her, eagerly climbing up onto the breeding of her thigh in order to reach her breasts.

Sweets giggled and sunk her hands into Momo's semi-solid breasts and the heroine almost lost it. She could feel every pulse of the woman's quirk and how her body reacted in kind, creating more and more cream to add to her curves. Her eyes rolled up into her head as the woman worked, as her creamy torso shrunk and simplified and her chest grew in turn. When all was said and done and some of her senses returned to her, the former heroine found herself staring down at two massive mounds of custard, both of which were already threatening to spill off of her shapely bottom fluff.

If she couldn't move before, she was helpless now under the weight of both sets of expanded curves. Not only that, but her useless arms were somewhere lost in the mess, likely only adding to her new, sticky, curvaceous form.

Sweets wasted no time crafting herself a platform of hardened frosting so she could reach Momo's face. The heroine tried to draw back, panicking, while trying to ignore how *good* the sensations that rippled through her breasts felt.

"Plehvh domht..." She tried to plead as the pink-haired woman leaned in menacingly.

"Almost dooone~" She reached forward, placing one hand on the woman's lips and the other on her forehead.

Momo tried to fight it to no avail. She felt her lips begin to balloon as she tried to stave off the mental assault, only for the rational part of her to be buried in wave after wave of thick sweetness.

"Just tell me if you want me to stop..." Sweets teased, and though Momo was far beyond making any recognizable word with lips as large as hers were becoming, she still didn't even try. Her hair lengthened and thickened, fusing with her head and what remained of her shoulders to become a proper top pastry to match the giant curves that served as her bottom one. As Sweets finished and pulled away, Momo's face remained, half-lidded eyes inset behind pouty lips that

easily consumed half of her face. She drooled a dribble of cream as Sweets climbed down.

“There, that’s not so bad!” Sweets said, dusting herself off as she looked to her masterpiece. A massive cream puff sat before her, the shape of the former woman grossly exaggerated but still present in the giant confection - her ass largely made up the bottom pastry, while her face and plentiful lips still adorned the top. Her creamy chest was squished between both, the gooey mounds spilling out onto the street. Momo herself was still confined in her prison of a body, caught between the strange, sweet euphoria of being *done* and her former, more rational mind. Sweets, however, was nothing but pleased.