

SHOUNEN HEROINES

CH1: VIRTUAL REALITY



It had been a strange phenomenon that had claimed Izuku Midoriya as he'd laid asleep that night, although unbeknownst to him at the time it was a phenomenon that had claimed not only himself but a number of heroes across both time and space. It robbed their souls from their bodies and gave them physical form in an unfamiliar realm. Unfamiliar in design, perhaps, but not in function. It was a paradise designed for a certain type of hero. The hot-blooded, the tragic, the leading members of the shounen field.

All abducted by a mysterious evil. A force that had watched the heroes prosper in their own stories and had decided on something: that these heroes weren't fit for their roles. Where were the heroines? How come even when they were in leading roles, they didn't really *lead*? So this evil had a genius idea that was allowed to them thanks to their own unique powers. Was it a Quirk? A Ninjutsu? Alchemy? None would know in the end.

Because once the age of Shounen Heroines began, the past wouldn't matter in the least.

"WHAT THE HECK!?" When Izuku became conscious of his new surroundings he was immediately thrust into a panic for one very good reason: he was up high. Very high. The first view he had was of a vast crevasse that opened up wide before him like a maw, centered down the stretch of what looked to be an abandoned city lost by time itself. Plant life had overtaken cement, trees sprouted on rooftops, and the sounds one might expect from a city were essentially absent.

Deku quickly took a step backwards but encountered another problem -- there was no land behind him either. He was standing on a tiny spot of land that rose high into the sky. The remnants of a tower perhaps? Regardless there didn't look to be an

easy way down, and even if he used One For All's power he wasn't guaranteed a safe landing. "How do I even get down from here?" As if there was someone to answer that question even if he spoke it.

But eerily there came an answer. A disembodied voice that was spoken with such distortion that it was impossible to identify anything about the speaker's true identity, from gender to personality. It merely boomed a statement as if mocking the boy. "**WhY NOt Do a BLiNd JuMP?**"

"**Huh?**" But the young hero didn't have much of an opportunity to search for the voice's source before his vision was entirely obscured by something. It was accompanied by a heavy weight on the front of his face; a mask of some sort? But a force pushed him from behind and he toppled unseeing over the edge of the backless cliff he occupied, his screams ringing out. Before he fell, Deku thought he'd heard the voice say one more thing.

"bETTer gROW WiNGs QUicK!"

The sensation of falling robbed the boy of any other concern, and fingers reached up to try and rip whatever had been stuck on his face off of it. The darkness of the blindfold suddenly lit up though, and he was greeted by a message as he tumbled to his doom. *WELCOME TO <<ALfheim ONLINE>> LEAFA*, it read in bright letters as a tunnel of blue light sucked his attention in.

Izuku's downward spiral seemingly came to a sudden halt the moment this screen popped up, the sensation of falling coming to a complete halt as his posture turned upright. But even then... his feet weren't touching the ground? He hadn't taken notice, not yet, but the game booting had provided him with a pair of translucent, green fairy wings that emerged from his back but didn't quite seem to be attached to his body either. They granted him the ability to hover, stopping his descent.

What had gripped his face was a VRMMO headset, an AmuSphere as it was known in the world that it came from. It allowed the users to full dive mentally into virtual reality, but Deku hadn't really been pulled into such a place -- nor did those wings on his back have any business existing outside of ALfheim.

"**Why did I stop falling?**" There was a peculiar distortion to the Quirk holder's voice as he spoke his confusion aloud. It wasn't like his voice itself was changing, but it seemed to hold the echo of another's voice, like his own was being overlain with the sound of another. It was the sweet voice of a young maiden, one he didn't recognize, and yet considering the shock from the tumble he was able to convince himself that he was merely hearing things.

Even as the tips of his ears began to pull backwards, a single point sharpening at the furthestmost stops. Even as curly locks of green were plagued with straight and shimmering strands of bright blonde. All indicating his physiology was beginning to change.

Deku was afforded very little time to dwell on what was happening outside of the headset however, as the AmuSphere began to display a number of images that snapped his attention completely away from his suspended state. Images of a thriving fantasy world that must have been the 'ALfheim' the intro screen had alluded to. Fairy folk of all kinds flying freely in the air. In a way it looked kind of fun? He would have loved to try it himself if he was given the opportunity. *Which he soon would be.*

But the images of ALfheim suddenly cut away and some much more realistic imagery replaced it. Images of a simple Japanese home that the boy had never been to before, yet just seeing the display seemed to stir inappropriate nostalgia in his heart. Images of a young Japanese girl with short-cut hair likewise stirred something of an emotional response. She seemed... strangely *relatable*. It was as if Deku could feel what she was feeling in every scene. The determination she felt as she practiced kendo, the comfort she felt in her own simple bedroom, the longing she felt for the image of a boy that inevitably came next.

A boy dressed in black. "**Onii-chan...**" Completely unprompted and out of character, this phrasing left the hero's lips with the foreign, feminine voice now overpowering his own. Izuku was an only child, never once having had a sibling, so why did the sight of that boy stir such a powerful emotion? It was love. Maybe it had been mistaken for romantic love at some point, but it was clearly the overwhelming love of a sister that looked up to her older brother. They'd gone through plenty together, and yet...

The image changed again, and this time it was accompanied by further change to Izuku's form. Dull eyes brightened to shining emerald as they became more substantial and expressive with enhanced lashes, the AmuSphere tightening against his face as the size of his head began to dwindle to better accommodate shifting facial features. As lips turned to a pout in response to the newest image they demonstrated their new, feminine plumpness atop a narrowing chin. Bangs, blonde and straight, tickled his forehead without him knowing as he was fixated in midair at this one image.

The image was of the brother with a girl. This girl was incredibly beautiful, with a head of orange hair. They seemed happy together, *very* happy. It stirred a feeling in the boy's heart that he hadn't felt in a long time, not since he'd been Quirkless. An overwhelming jealousy, that Asuna would take Kirito away from *her* even if *she* had come to terms with it.

It had been such a systematic change that Deku hadn't even noticed that he was beginning to think of himself as a girl, that the names of these people were starting to become familiar as his own memories were made obsolete. When thinking of Uraraka or Iida now, two girls named Rika and Keiko came to mind -- two fellow ALO players?

The AmuSphere's purpose completed, it fell off of One for All's user's face and tumbled down towards the cement graveyard below, finally giving Deku a view of the great expanse he was now hovering. Perhaps out of a sense of new found longing, fingers reached to grab the headset as it fell only to fail, but as he'd reached fingertips had stretched and thinned while a shiver had run up either arm to rob it off the muscle he'd so tirelessly worked to train with his Quirk.

"Ah!? I'm not falling? I'm... *flying!*?" There was no longer a single trace of Deku's voice, which was unsurprising consider the shape of his body. His face was all but that of the ALO avatar named Leafa right down to the bright blonde hair that fluttered in a ponytail down his back, and his uniform looked mismatched with a body that had gradually softened and simultaneously shrunk and expanded in various areas to give him a more feminine visage.

Looking back with bright green eyes he could see the artificial wings jutting from his back. Just like ALO... even though this wasn't ALO? Which was extra confusing because he couldn't sort out where there memories of that game had even surfaced from in the first place.

His clothing began to vibrate, from his U.A. jacket to the boxers he was wearing under his pants -- it was beginning to reshape to best match a frame that had narrower shoulders and wider hips, though fortunately his height had changed very little. "I feel so weird!" The coloration of his entire outfit seemed to turn to monochrome as all of the cloth became a singular mass that began to re-layer, re-color, and re-texturize itself in a form more fitting of this avatar's general fashion sense.

White shorts ultimately hugged his hips playfully, cloth panties pressing his dick against his pelvis with such intensity that it became an utter relief when a gaping hole opened up in its place only to be covered by protective, sensitive, fleshy folds. The thigh-hugging design of the shorts merely promoted healthy change to *her* legs, and fat grew succulent and enticing around either thigh as this volume was likewise promised to her ass as well.

Knees were left bare, but the same lacy pattern began just below them in the form of matching socks, and likewise the mass of material grew weighted around her feet as toes were crunched inward to accommodate a pair of brown adventurer's boots. Flowing down to the boots from behind was a green, skirt-like tail that was clearly attached to Deku's top, which was likewise reshaping in tandem to become a largely green top with puffy sleeves and a white chest area, though oddly the front of the chest seemed to hang loosely even as white gloves covered her arms.

The false fae seemed to grasp her flight control with a little more coherency now and began to descend to the ruined city below. With the AmuSphere's corruption it had been a simple feat to phase out Deku's old personality and phase in Leafa's own. Memories of U.A., or Quirks, or her old friends? They were pretty much gone

now. She couldn't even remember her real name. Wait! That wasn't true! Her real name was *Suguha Kirigaya!*

As if this final realization was the trigger, that empty space in the chest of her clothing quickly bloomed with overwhelming abundance. Nipples stood ripe and erect as they hardened and thickened, and the skin beneath them strained as fat swelled in to replace where muscle had once been. These sacs quickly ballooned, rounding perfectly as they ultimately pressed up into the white cups of Leafa's top and provided desirable sex appeal for any that might leer at her. ...Even though she was mid-teens.

A final piece of clothing took shape: an elaborate hair piece that held her ponytail in place as bangs at either side of her head braided into cute, blonde twirls just in time for her boots to settle down on a ruined road at ground level. Leafa immediately began to tap at the air, with no surprising results. **"I can't access my inventory but I have my sword. Magic...? Looks like I can use it. But where is this...?"**

The Sylph's eyes skimmed her surroundings once more, as if looking for something or someone. **"I wonder if onii-chan is here...?"**