

TOGA'S LOVE

BIWEEKLY STORY #149

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“What am I going to do if I see her again?”

In terms of the journey that Ochaco Uraraka would embark on as a student of U.A., she was still essentially a greenhorn. Despite all that she would come to be in the end? She was still practically a newborn getting her footing. That is to say that at the time that the girl had *asked* herself this question, she still hadn't come face to face with the greatest horrors of the hero world. But she'd seen *enough*. It was only a couple of weeks ago that they had dealt with Overload and rescued Eri.

And what was bothering the student was relatively *unrelated* to that incident, though it *did* involve a villain. *Himiko Toga*. A girl around her age that had attacked her class during their summer training experience. *Apparently*, she had shown up during the Overload incident but had more or less avoided involving herself with Uraraka. All she knew that this girl would probably approach her again at *some* point.

It was this thought that had motivated her to tend to a little *extra* training. Else she wouldn't have been in the girl's locker room outside of U.A.'s gym at such a late hour. While she hadn't had her phone on her while she'd been hitting the treadmill or lifting weights, she had to guess it was around 9pm by the time she reached the door of the locker she'd stashed all her stuff into.

“I guess a fight is probably inevitable so I *should* be ready. But there's just something about her...” It was her *age* for the most part. Seeing a villain that she could liken to herself in age had prompted a great deal of introspectiveness. Was a villain like that too late to save? What had even turned her onto that track of life in the first place?

Whether or not there was anything she could *do* for her, she supposed it didn't matter if Himiko *killed* her first.



The girl plucked a towel out of her locker without giving it a good look inside since she was familiar with where she had placed all of her stuff. She used it to wipe all of the excess sweat off her body, or at least what was bare while wearing a black tank top, a sports bra, and a pair of grey trackpants with running shoes. “***Phew!***” For now? She’d push her worries about Himiko Toga aside! She was *exhausted* from her workout.

“...***Eh!?***” All it took was her fingers pressing down against what *should* have been her school uniform for Uraraka to realize something was off. What she pulled out of the locker *wasn’t* her uniform at all, but instead a... leotard? One that was black but largely translucent with *thin* shoulder straps. Matching tights, boots, and detached sleeves were also present – along with an eyepatch and hat. It looked like a *costume*. “**I-Is this the wrong locker? I could have sworn I was using this one...**”

Was someone pulling a prank on her, or...?

“***Ow!?***” Actually, Uraraka hadn’t been certain if she had *felt* pain or not. It was more like a shock or anything, and her brain had just associated the sensation with pain even if it hadn’t *necessarily* hurt. It had been *shocking* enough that her kneejerk reaction led to her practically *launching* the clothes that she’d been holding back into the locker for the time being. “**W-Was that just a static shock? Ahaha...**” The girl laughed it off seconds later, thinking that maybe she had overreacted. “**Maybe I’m misremembering the locker after all!**”

She closed the door and reached for the locker right beside it. She *had* been training for a while, so perhaps the girl really *had* just forgotten? But her fingers didn’t even reach the locker door before something stole her attention away. “***Uh...?***” Her stomach had let loose a rather *pronounced* gurgle. Was she hungry? Sick? The hero-in-training didn’t even feel like anything was happening to justify that gurgle!

Her body, on the other hand, *disagreed*. “**Wait...**” It took Uraraka a moment to realize. Her clothes felt a little *loose*, didn’t they? She wasn’t necessarily *chubby* by any means, but she certainly wasn’t *as* trim and fit as the other girls in her class. Or she *should* have been. Upon pressing her hand to her stomach, she realized the truth. “**Did I lose weight!?**”

She rubbed up and down against her tummy through her black tank top, her expression one of shock. Her belly was *definitely* flatter! But it was more than just that. It was slightly more muscular, and upon wrapped around the side of her stomach she found... she could grab it closer to the center of her body's mass? Her waistline had pinched in several inches? It probably would have made her appear daintier if not for her tank top being as loose as it was.

“How is this possible? It must be related to that zap, but—Hehehe!?” A free hand flew up to cover the girl's own mouth, her eyes now dancing from side to side as their irises were steadily illuminated by a hot pink coloring that she couldn't perceive. Where had that laugh come from? Was anything *funny* about this? And why did it sound so unsettlingly *unstable*? As she had laughed, her teeth had briefly been visible. *Visibly lengthening* that is, at least when it came to her canines.

Uraraka felt woozy all of a sudden. Her mind felt *groggy* and her gym clothing continued to feel more and more illy fit. Some of this *was* loss. She didn't realize that one of her hands was pawing at her own chest, subconsciously recognizing that changes were happening there. And lo and behold, the cups of her sports bra had been *loosening*. She had an above average breast size for a girl of her age, but they diminished until they were a pair of perky B-cups instead!

At the same time, it wasn't *all* losses. The bodily fit of the girl's pants were compromised in the *opposite* direction of her shirt, which had become looser. Her pants instead came to feel tighter. Much, *much* tighter. Uravity *was* wearing trackpants so they *were* stretchy, which was an *extremely* good thing with how her hips swung out roughly *three* inches.

“Something's really – hehe! – wrong!” Uraraka could acknowledge as much, but what could she even *do*? **“Gack!”** She was speaking strangely, and her mannerisms were becoming strangely *dramatic*. There had been no reason for her to cry out like that and lurch forward – well, maybe there *was* a valid reason. The unchecked expansion of her hips had been done to prepare for how the *rest* of her lower body would grow.

And it did so *substantially*. It began with the girl's thighs before bleeding into the cheeks of her butt too. Her skin was pulled so tightly around an increasingly abundant amount of fat that it began to reflect light so that it would bear a shine – at least if it hadn't been covered by trackpants that were struggling to wrap around them as they continued to burgeon. Either thigh was ultimately left *thicker* than her waistline, and with this width as a base? The cheeks of her ass contributed to the heart shape of her lower body in the back.

Incidentally, Himiko Toga was an ass and thighs girl. But surely that was just a coincidence!

“GRRR!” Ochaco was *never* an aggressive person, and yet with a low growl she *ripped* her pants off into tatters with a newfound strength. The discomfort had agitated her, making her scowl with lips that had thinned. Her face had thinned on the whole though, giving it a narrower design that wore a more mischievous grin seemingly naturally. She also appeared to be vaguely younger, perhaps around the age of *eighteen* or so?

She was a little unsteady on her feet, likely because her mind hadn’t completely caught up with how *bottom heavy* she now was. **“Hm~! Just as thick as always!”** She’d kept her panties on, though they were digging into her cheeks, but you could definitely see that she had a new beauty mark on her inner left thigh. One’s eyes might have naturally fallen down *to* those thighs at the time, tracing the route her *hair* was taking for it lengthened and curled, falling down to her knees as a bright blonde replaced her usual brunette. Her bangs had a sharp diagonal cut.

But that cut was disturbed by the protrusion of two skin-colored horns that grew out from above bushier, blonde brows and curved towards the ceiling.

“Hehehe! I can’t believe my infiltration of U.A. was such a great success! My beloved Himiko-chan will be ecstatic!”

It didn’t take long at all for the villain teen, *Oniee-chan*, to get all dressed up in her cute little costume. She was eighteen years of age and had an Oni Quirk that gave her the horns. The wings and tail were just ornaments that had been given to her by her beloved Himiko!

After peeling off what remained of her old outfit, she affixed them to her body from the locker first with a special adhesive, and then pulled the leotard over her torso. On went the thigh highs that left her hips and thick upper thighs entirely bare, while the eyepatch and puffy



sleeves were affixed in the appropriate places. The hat went on last, completely a look she believed she sported *all* the time!

Everything that had just happened to her? She didn't realize it had even occurred in the first place. But that had been by design. Himiko Toga's Quirk had undergone a *sudden* and *strange* mutation about a week ago. It now allowed her to alter the form and mind of another person if their body came in contact with her blood. What had just happened to Oniee-chan was *part* of that trap.

The villain, her corrupted mind and motives now clear to her, danced around the locker room while delivering her tiny fists into lockers and walls alike. The slightest bit of force was enough to smash them, a benefit of her Quirk. **"KYAHHAHA! How long until those stuuuuupid heroes hear me and come running? Then I can punch *their* faces in!"** She couldn't get *too* ahead of herself, though.

**"I need to make sure I can run home to Himiko-chan for
kissies!"**