

The U.A. Faculty Gathering

After making his way through the strictest security checks U. A. had to offer, Oko managed to gain access to the school grounds. Considering that everywhere he went he was adorned in a grey, hooded robe, he wasn't too surprised by the reaction. The extra scrutiny was expected treatment for a man with a black and white eye painted on his forehead. Taking his time to fix his buzz cut black hair and ensuring that his equipment was still carefully stowed in his bag, he put on his friendliest smile and entered the gym.

Wandering along the bright grey floor, Oko marveled at the quality of the building's structure. The thick blue walls and reinforced supports along the ceiling ensured that the gym could handle just about anything the heroes in training could throw at it. His marveling at the architecture was shoved to the side when his gaze fell upon the person approaching him.

The spiky blonde hair, stylish sunglasses and finely groomed moustache seemed to be familiar. The same went for the man's black leather jacket and matching pants. After a bit of deliberation, Oko finally called out, "Present Mic?"

"You got it," the blonde haired hero replied, giving a thumbs up to the robed man. "And you must be Oko."

"Oh, yes. How did you know?"

"We did our research," spoke up a voice from behind.

Turning around, Oko flinched at the sight the weary eyes belonging to a man with long, black hair standing a few feet from him. Beneath his stubble covered chin was a white binding cloth that contrasted against his solid black outfit. While the hero's appearance was much less flashy than his companion's, his tired mood made it easy to identify him as Aizawa, otherwise known as Eraser Head.

Before Aizawa's glare could become a little too much for Oko, he and the other men were nearly knocked to the ground by the force of something landing outside. Peeking his head out the door, Oko's eyes went wide at the sight of a dragon standing before him. He better understood the situation as the creature began to shrink down and revert to a human form. No longer adorned by wings or a tail, Ryuko took a moment to fix her long, red dress. The only leftover signs of her draconic quirk being her sharp teeth and the claw like headband covering up the right side of her face that kept her short, blonde hair in place

"Sorry we're late," Ryuko said as she stepped inside. "We got stopped by some fans along the way."

"We?"

Oko's question was answered by the appearance of a woman adorned with a red eye mask and a skintight, dominatrix outfit. The sight of the riding crop in her hands plus her long locks of spiky, black hair identified her as Midnight, the R-Rated hero. Blowing a kiss, she strolled into the gym upon her high heeled boots.

"Pleasure to meet you," Midnight said, blowing the robed man a kiss before joining her fellow heroes.

"This is so exciting," Oko said, closing up the door and turning to address the group. "I can't believe I get to try out this training exercise with staff from THE famous U.A. Academy."

"I'm actually just a substitute for the day," Ryuko said, raising her hand. "Thirteen had to call out sick."

"Oh, well it's still good to have such a high profile hero for this," Oko said as he dug through his supply bag. "You were informed of the purpose of the exercise, correct?"

"Something about preparing for any scenario, right?" Ryuko asked.

“It’s a bit more complicated than that,” Midnight corrected. “With all of the different quirks out there that can change a person’s size, shape, and mind, you need to be able to adapt to whatever gets thrown at you.”

“That’s why this guy is going to be putting us through a random assortment of different forms,” Present Mic announced.

Aizawa let out an annoyed sigh. “I understand the purpose, but it doesn’t mean I’m thrilled at the prospect. How exactly are you going to change us?”

“With this!” Oko announced, producing from his bag a strange device that looked like a handheld bingo machine. The upper sphere resembled that of a 100-sided dice, with the sound of small balls rolling around with each shake. For the experienced heroes, there was a strange, unsettling aura about the eye logo on the front.

“We’re already a bit late, so who wants to start?” Oko asked.

“I’ll take the first hit,” Present Mic said, walking up and hitting the button to make the device flash number 38 right above the eye. “What does that mean?”

“That I apologize in advance for your jacket,” Oko commented as the eye on the machine shot a crackle of black lightning towards the blonde haired hero.

Reeling back from the surge of energy, Present Mic was forced to lift up his sunglasses to try and figure out what had been changed. On instinct he looked down at his hands to see if there were any obvious differences. To his confusion there didn’t seem to be anything out of the ordinary about his fingers. Except for the fact that he had about twenty of them now thanks to the extra set of arms that had ripped through the sides of his jacket.

“This isn’t too bad,” Present Mic commented as he flexed his four arms. “This might actually come in handy.”

Aizawa let out an audible groan at the awful pun. “Let’s get this over with,” he said as he pushed the button to bring up number 9. “What do you have for me?”

“Not so much for you,” Oko began as he moved away from Aizawa, “but a warning for the others to step back.”

The other heroes took the robed man’s advice to heart as another crackle of energy shot out towards Aizawa. While Present Mic’s outfit had gotten away with some minor tears, his clothes were completely torn asunder as he rapidly filled with air. The excess of helium brought his bloated, rounded form floating higher and higher. Bouncing his literal bubble butt up against the ceiling, made the sound of his plastic-like skin echo through the room. It took some considerable effort for him to see past his puffed up cheeks and lips to fully understand his inflated figure. Seeing the way that the others gawked at his bare, balloon-like belly, he could only uselessly flail about his arms and legs in an effort to control his slow drift through the gym.

“Would make for a pretty good addition to a parade,” Present Mic commented, giving his inflated companion four thumbs up.

“Er, that might not be the best idea,” Ryuko commented as she saw the engorged “thing” sticking out from between Aizawa’s legs.

“This is exactly why I wanted to do this inside,” Oko said as Ryuko begrudgingly stepped up to the bingo machine. “Shame that he already took up a quarter of the room with his size, but we’ll be fine.” Pausing for a moment he looked at the number 7. “Well, hopefully. I’m not sure how far this one will go.”

Ryuko’s dosage of energy started with a primal yell to coincide with an intense pulse of strength. Unsure of what to do with its newfound power, her body expressed it by making her arms and legs bulge with muscle. Her loose dress grew tighter as her shoulders broadened and

her chest doubled in-size. Gritting her teeth from the sudden rush of testosterone, she barely had a chance to register that she was three times as tall.

“I’m used to being big,” the dragon hero commented as she clenched her fingers, “but this is... different.”

“Hmm, so far we’re two out of three for usefulness,” Midnight said as she strolled up to the machine. Pressing the button, she stared intensely at the number 12. “How was my luck?”

“Er, I think that depends on your personal preferences,” Oko replied as a bolt flowed into the R-rated heroine’s body.

The trail of energy that enveloped Midnight’s body eventually focused on the area between her legs. Before she could examine what was going on, she was thrown off by her attempt to stifle a moan. The euphoric cry was followed by the tearing of fabric as her pants were ripped asunder. With a loud, squishy thud she fell down to her knees. Letting out a series of heavy pants, she stared down at the mass of meat that was her engorged, melon-sized womanhood. Hovering her hand over her thick clitoris and labia, she was dissuaded from further exploring her increased sensitivity by Oko clearing his throat.

“As much as I would like to give you a chance to get used to your new forms, we do have a schedule to keep,” Oko said as he made his way over to Present Mic to start round two.

“Let’s see,” Present Mic muttered aloud as he chose which arm to use. “This one,” he finally announced, picking his lower, left hand to make the device show number 20.

The bolt of energy that struck Present Mic made him pause for a moment. A strange aroma began to surround his body as his ears migrated to the top of his head. His new set of triangular ears emerged from his hair just as it turned jet black with a long, white stripe down the center.

As the formerly blonde hero used his extra limbs to examine his modified follicles, he shuddered at the feeling of something emerging from his lower back. Glancing at the bushy, black and white tail that swung about, his first instinct was to give it a tug. Though the pull did confirm that the new appendage was real, it also let slip a PHHHHHHHRRRRRTTT from his backside.

“Sorry,” Present Mic said, trying to wave away the foul stench, but only succeeding in spreading it further with his tail. “I’m not used to being part skunk.”

“With some training your spray could be useful,” Oko commented, having preemptively covered up his face with a scented rag. “Aizawa, since you’re unable to reach it, I’ll go ahead and activate the device for you.”

The muffled calls for denial from Aizawa’s puffed up lips did little to stop the bingo machine from showing number 74. As he was enveloped by another shot of energy, his ballooned up body began to lose some of its mass as it appeared to condense in on itself. It’s modest decrease in size came alongside his figure becoming more distorted. His facial features were spread all across his body to intermingle with his limbs and hair. With a light thud, he bounded against the floor, his meatball-like form down to the size of a car. Though he couldn’t say anything with his mouth hidden amidst his flesh, the singular eye he managed to glare at Oko got him the answers he was looking for.

“This came from a young man from Shiketsu High School by the name of Shishikura Seiji,” Oko stated. “Just one of many quirks we sampled for this Gathering.”

“What do you mean by a Gathering?” Ryuko asked.

“Oh, that’s the name my master calls this type of ritual.”

“And who exactly is your-“

Ryuko was interrupted by another BRRRRRAAAAAPPPPP spraying out of Present Mic's rear. Keeping one muscular arm over her face to block the skunk hero's stench, she bent forward to carefully press her finger against the device. Bolt 53 encompassed her strong build to start compressing it down. Quickly losing her height with each passing second, it was only after she had been reduced to no more than two feet tall did her form stabilize.

While Ryuko had retained her extra bulk, it was considerably denser to match her contracted body. Shrugging off the remnants of her stretched out dress, the dragon heroine was shocked by the red color of her skin. The bright crimson was a stark contrast to the green, scale-patterned bra and panties keeping her engorged assets covered up. So concerned with the spaded tail sliding across her toned buttocks, she almost didn't notice the pair of red devil horns peeking out of her hair that just barely exceeded the extra inches added to the tips of her ears.

"I'm some kind of imp?" Ryuko asked as she took a shaky step forward.

"Yes, but this could work in your favor," Oko pointed out. "All of that power in such a small package could make you quite the unstoppable force."

"Excuse MMMPPPH me," Midnight called out as she struggled to contain her lust. "Can we get a move on?"

"Right, of course," Oko said, hurrying over to her to let her trembling finger pick number 2. "Oh... sorry."

"Wait, why are you-MMMPPPH!"

Reeling from her moan, Midnight turned her attention towards the tightness afflicting the top of her outfit. Her already impressive breasts swelled up to triple their size in the process of destroying the top portion of her costume. The heavy, udder-sized mammaries sunk down to hang just a few inches above her puffy womanhood. Unable to control her curiosity, she dared to

let her fingers gently poke at her plump teats. The single touch was enough to make her leave a puddle on the floor as she climaxed once more.

“I’ll have to remember to thank the cleaning crew once this is all over,” Oko commented, tightening up the cloth around his face as he re-approached Present Mic for round three.

Shuddering from his body letting out a pungent BRRRAAPPPP, Present Mic was able to maneuver his lower, left hand to pick number 68. In the wake of another PHHHHRRRRRTTTTT rumbling out from his backside, his ass cheeks came close to popping apart his pants as they were layered on with blubbery fat. His upper body went through a similar growth spurt as he developed a belly made up of 500 pounds worth of flab. Stumbling around on his thickened thighs, he hazarded to let his plumped up fingers press into the sagging man boobs that were now his.

A single press against his body was enough to force a loud BWOOOOOORRRPPP from Present Mic’s lips. The resulting shivers that went across his form brought forth more gas bubbles to wreak havoc on his fattened form. In the wake of belches rolling up his thick throat and more farts rumbling out from his rear, a strange flush began to appear on his chubby cheeks. Purposefully jiggling around his gut with his four arms to produce a truly putrid fart cloud, the newly made slob seemed to revel in his weight and stench.

“Get him away from MMMPPPHH me,” Midnight shouted out, with Ryuko rushing over to her side to assist.

“I’m *cough* trying,” replied the muscle bound imp, doing her best to ignore her fellow heroine’s moans as she shoved them out of Present Mic’s gas clouds.

“Hehehe, stinks UUUURRPPPP good,” the skunk hero said as he continued to use his multitude of limbs to feel up his fatty form.

“Let’s get a move MMMPPPHHH on,” Midnight demanded of Oko.

“Right away,” he replied, pointing the bingo machine at Aizawa’s figure as number 10 showed up.

The relatively compact form of Aizawa rapidly swelled to make him equal the size of his inflated self once more. A significant difference was the sheer awe of seeing his various body parts grow to titanic proportions. The gigantic limbs sticking out from his form allowed him the privilege of controlling his meatball body. The added size gifted to him gave him the opportunity to have both his eye and mouth point towards Oko.

“Is this Mt. Lady’s quirk?” Aizawa struggled to get out.

“Indeed it is,” Oko commented. “I’m impressed by how its affected you. Makes me wonder if we would get the same result if she ever fell under this quirk’s-“

An uproar of gassy expulsions, strained grunts, and moans from the other participants brought Oko back to the task at hand. “Apologies,” he said as he ran over to allow Ryuko to pick number 11.

The imp blinked a few times to ensure she was correctly seeing her red skin turn into a deep purple. Staring down at her violet hands, she felt something begin to form around her mouth. Collecting the droplets from her lips, she managed to take a whiff of the sweet droplets of juice moments before she started to swell.

Ryuko’s dress was pushed to its final limits as her engorged breasts began to leak with more of the blue liquid. The fabric was torn asunder as the same fluid turned her rock hard abs into a rounded gut that quickly overtook most of her figure. Though she could still move her hands and feet, her new status as a blueberry imp meant that the most she could manage was rolling herself around by pushing against the floor with her tail.

“Wait don’t MMMPPH go,” Midnight called out, watching Ryuko’s tail flail around as her rounded form left a trail of juice in her wake. “Ugh, give me the next one. I need something to MMMPPH help me get my mind off of this overactive lump of meat.”

Letting go of her breasts, Midnight slammed her palm up against the machine to bring up 14. She only got a moment to see the apologetic look on Oko’s face before she became overwhelmed with pleasure again. In the throngs of her ecstasy, she could feel her womanhood surge with even more heft. When she managed to bring her head back and her vision re-focused, she realized how the lips of her labia now stuck out several feet from her body. Gritting her teeth at the sight of her clitoris waving about like a different kind of genitalia, she turned her gaze towards Oko.

“The s-same one?,” Midnight stuttered out, the trembles going across her body wreaking havoc on her overly sensitive pussy.

“Technically, no,” Oko replied. “The first was a general, genitalia expansion. This one was specifically for vagina growth. If one of the men would have received this, they would have developed their own-“

“BWOOOOOOOOORRRPPP,” Present Mic belched out as he waddled over. “My turn again”, he said as he waddled forward to slap his pudgy hand against the button.

The number 57 showed its effects on Present Mic by replacing his blubbery flab with soft fabric. As more of his body became filled with stuffing rather than fat, there was a certain stiffness that afflicted his limbs. No longer able to move under his own weight, he ended up slumping against the floor. With his skunk ears and tail taking on a fuzzier texture than the rest of him, his lack of concern was shown in the sewn on smile and the button eyes that made up his face.

Curious, Oko hazarded to approach the giant plush toy. Pressing into Present Mic's belly, made a shudder go through the transformed hero's body. In the wake of a plume of flatulence releasing from the skunk plush's backside, a pre-recorded line sounded off from a speaker inside of his head to say, "I'm a cute little BWOOOOORPP stinker, huh?"

"Well, he's not wrong," Aizawa replied, just barely able to wriggle around his giant fingers to have another chance to activate the device himself once more.

By the time Aizawa managed to roll himself over to let his eye see the number 73, his sclera had already turned black to match his yellowing iris. The change in color came alongside a bright, pink hue that appeared along his fleshy mass. Amidst his clumps of hair turning the same shade of light red and becoming fluffier, a pair of curved horns sprouted out from his spherical form.

"You got Mina to agree to this?" Aizawa asked, well acquainted with the unique appearance of his student.

"She was quite eager," Oko replied, squatting down to stop Ryuko from rolling away. "I'll have to let her know that her quirk was picked and had some interesting results."

Wriggling around her sunken fingers, Ryuko managed to summon number 75 from the device. Her boldness was rewarded with two, feathery wings sprouting out from her back. The bright, purple feathers provided extra limbs to help her control her juicy body. On a whim, she managed to flap her newly acquired wings to lift herself into the air. Though it wasn't the most graceful of flights, with a trail of juice leaking behind her, she did manage to hoist herself up into a proper sitting position.

"This is Hawks's quirk, right?" Ryuko asked, receiving a nod from Oko in return.

“MMMPPPHHH obviously,” Midnight interjected, the overwhelming pleasure pushing her patience. “Now come on and give me something,” she said, experiencing another orgasm as her fingers pressed the button.

Number 3 sent shivers through Midnight’s body until it settled on her backside. A silent “no” left her lips once she felt the first surge of growth. She realized how dire the situation was for her as she felt her panties grow tight around her swelling buttocks.

Though Midnight had attempted to avoid putting too much pressure on her engorged vagina, that was made impossible as the surge of extra mass around her butt cheeks pushed her forward. In response, the thickness of her tits and womanhood sent her leaning back to smother the floor with her excess ass meat. Bouncing back and forth between her equally large bosom and bubble butt, there was little she could do against the near constant euphoria her enhanced assets brought her.

“Oh dear,” Oko commented as the engorged, hourglass figure woman completely gave into her plump pussy’s desires. “Hold on just a little longer, we only have one round left.”

To at least give the semblance of giving Present Mic the ability to pick his fate, Oko chose one of the skunk plush toy’s four arms to press against the button. He only had a moment to see the number 29 show up before he had to back away from a fart cloud erupting from the hero. Making it to a safe distance, he watched as the friendly face sewn onto Present Mic’s face took on a more sinister and malicious appearance thanks to a grin made up of sharp, yellow fangs.

Chaotic laughter interspersed with burps echoed out from Present Mic’s voice box as his skin became deep red. His tail flailed around as it reshaped its fur to resemble the point of an arrow. Fearsome claws appeared at the tips of his fingers to match the talons along his feet. A

pair of curved horns sprouting up contrasted against the fluffy ears they flanked. Daring to stare into the glossy, black eyes of the demonic toy, Oko found it best to move along before the giant, gas filled plush could give into his more nefarious urges.

“Come UUUUURRRPPP and play with me,” Present Mic spoke. “Skunky, the friendly gluttony BWOOOORRRPPP demon.”

“Don’t worry,” the Aizawa blob managed to speak as he reached a giant, pink finger towards the device to be zapped by bolt 42. “He’s nothing we can’t handle, dude.”

“Dude?” Oko asked, watching as Aizawa’s pink hair took on a lighter, blonder tone to make it take on a color akin to strawberry lemonade.

“Yeah bro,” Aizawa replied, flexing the extra muscles that emerged around his arms and legs. “We can totally take whatever the evil skunk doll can do. Or my name isn’t... uh...”

Stretching out a muscular limb, Aizawa managed to scratch at one of his hair clumps. “Wait, give me a sec, dude. I know it’s something head. Egg head? Yeah, that’s right. Because I’m so smart about stuff.”

“Er, thank you,” Oko said, before departing from the himbo ball.

“Why am I not evil?” Ryuko asked, flapping her wings to keep her droplets of blueberry juice from spilling on Oko’s head.

“My best guess is that the transformations mental changes attempt to match a person’s appearance,” he said, unwilling to directly comment about the heroine’s impish, musclebound form looking adorably huggable.

“What decides that?” she asked, carefully lowering herself to activate number 52 on the device.

“My master,” Oko answered as the energy flowed into her body.

“Well who in the dang gummit is-“

Ryuko paused for a moment as the southern drawl-tinged words left her mouth. Though she couldn't see the freckles on her face or the brighter, red tone of her curly hair, she could certainly feel that something was off. This and the sensation of her breasts and buttocks going up a few sizes was helped along by a hazy feeling in her head. The concern on her freckled face slowly shifted into a smile as she looked up and down Oke's form.

“Well, ain't you a tall glass of water,” Ryuko commented as she purposefully jiggled her juicy bosom.

“Um, thank you?” Oke replied.

“How bout we get outta here and find a barn for a roll in the hay? I can show you what dem city slickers are too afraid to try out.”

“I appreciate the offer,” Oke said, leaving the country blueberry woman to hover in place, “but I really have a lot to do.”

“Ah well, you're loss pardner,” Ryuko replied.

Coming off of another orgasm made it hard for Midnight to realize that the bingo machine was right in front of her face. Wobbling her engorged breasts and buttocks, she managed to get herself into a proper position. Slamming her hand against the button to bring up number 43 was the most she could manage before her womanhood sent another shudder of pleasure through her body. Fighting through the euphoria, she hoped that she would find something to help her deal with the overwhelming lust she was trying to fight against.

The next moan that left Midnight's mouth came with a noticeable lisp that splattered spit across her bosom. The silky locks making up her hair became more frayed and unkempt to partially obscure the acne spreading along her face. Her eye mask, the sole remaining piece of

her hero outfit, reshaped itself into a set of thick rimmed glasses that went alongside the set of braces that laid themselves across her buck teeth.

Letting out more lisps, the nerdy Midnight proceeded to purposefully agitate her massive mammarys. Waving about her unkempt locks, she wobbled around her backside and shuddered at each pulse of pleasure. Managing to make a few passes along her engorged clit, she managed to call out, “MMMPPPH Erasher Head-shan!”

“Nah, that’s not me,” Aizawa replied. “I’m Egg Head.”

“You’re a fine mound of meat if I’ve ever seen one, darlin’” Ryuko commented.

“Such good BWOOOORPP friends,” Present Mic spoke aloud. “Let’s all play together,” he added, not even trying to hide his sinister laughter as a PHHHHRRRTTTT sprayed out from his overstuffed backside.

While Oko was trying to keep things in order there was a knock at the door. Rather than wait for someone to answer, the woman on the other side poked her head and pair of long, white rabbit ears in. The sight of the familiar hero sent a shudder of regret down Oko’s spine.

“Hey, is this where the sparring match was supposed to…”

Mirko trailed off as she glanced at her fellow heroes.

“Wait, who are these people?”

“Um, just some heroes-in-training,” Oko quickly explained to her as he rushed over to the door. “Apologies, we had to reschedule the match for another time.”

“Alright, but do you need some help training these guys? They look a little bizarre.”

“No, no, I should be able to handle this fine on my own,” he replied, gently pushing her back before shutting the door. “I’ll call you when we require your assistance.”

Letting out a sigh of relief only once he heard the rabbit heroine's footsteps get far enough away from the gym, he made his way back over to the group. "Well, better get started on the clean up," he said as he prepared to undo their various changes. "Even if it wasn't what we hoped," he continued as he started up the bingo machine's reversal process, "I can't deny that it was an interesting Gathering."

Results:

Present Mic: 38. Multi-Arm, 20. Skunk, 68. Slob, 57. Plush Toy, 29. Demon.

Aizawa: 9. Massive Uber Inflation, 74. Meatball Quirk, 10. Giant/Giantess, 73. Mina Quirk, 42. Himbofication.

Ryuko: 7. Muscle Growth, 53. Imp TF, 11. Blueberry, 75. Hawks Quirk, 52. Country Gal.

Midnight: 12. Genital Expansion, 2. Breast Expansion, 14. Vagina Expansion, 3. Butt Expansion, 43. Nerd.