

# MY FETISH ACADEMIA

## CHAPTER 5: SHE WAS A SKATER GURL



**TENYA IIDA.**

Tenya was a good boy, one that would always follow orders and protocol to minimize the risks made to himself and others. Well... this was generally true. Going after the Hero Killer and following Izuku to save Bakugou from the League of Villains were notable exceptions. But with this villain attack being one apparently free of violence (*as internal reports suggested*) and the methods threatening them being implausible, he found little need to leap into action without a teacher's express permission.

He'd been enjoying his dinner in the cafeteria when the announcement over the intercom had gone live. Faculty and students remaining shuffled out in kind, but Iida wasn't going to rush himself out, not when he had a plate full of vegetables remaining. His Quirk expended a lot of energy and so food was a necessity to keep it optimized, and if by chance this attack did become violent he wanted to be in tip-top shape.

If they'd monopolized the intercom system it meant they were likely in the main school building anyways, which in itself was a good jump away even with his Quirk active.

The boy didn't bat an eyelash upon hearing the names of his classmates called, and thus far they were peers he knew could take care of themselves if they were targeted by some sort of shadowy enemy. But once his own name was called paranoia grew. If there was any credit to their threats, it was that they would attack them in some manner once names were called. It was unlikely the foe had a Quirk that could reach them from all the way in the school building, which meant if there

was any credibility to their assault they would have to approach the students personally.

The cafeteria was big but empty, Iida sitting in the room's center so that he could watch each and every corner in the case that this threat came to fruition. No noise, not even the humming of the vending machines in the corner of the room considering the power was out, leaving only emergency lights casting the room in a dimmer glow than normal. Perhaps it was nothing after all?

A sound from above suddenly caught his attention, one of the hanging lights that lined the ceiling of the room creaking and shaking before it suddenly fell into the table, placing the boy's life at risk.

When the dust and debris cleared however, he found himself standing just a few feet from the drop zone, chest heaving from how quickly he'd had to move to escape. If not for his Quirk he surely wouldn't have possessed the speed necessary, and as if in confirmation of this he looked down at his calves to check on the engines that had sputtered him to safety.

That was when he was first struck by shock. From the moment his Quirk had developed in his youth, Iida's calves had swollen to a size to best accommodate the engines being stored inside them. That phenomenon seemed to be no more at the moment, having slimmed down to a much more mundane size. The exhaust pipes that usually protruded from his flesh? They had fallen off, each piece littered in a trail between the crushed table and his current point of standing.

This all would have been strange enough if not for the fact that he also realized he hadn't moved on his own power but instead because of a pair of bright pink roller skates that were, somehow, strapped to his feet. "**What? How?**" Words were stated firmly not only out of shock towards the new accessories but with the ease he was standing idly on them. His legs the way they were, he'd never done things like roller blade nor skate for leisure or even training, it just didn't work with the center of balance his body had.

Even as a queasiness beset him did his balance not wane, as much as he thought he might tip over or slip. Why? How? The human body wasn't so well formed even if his calves had sported their usual form. '*Oh, right. Isn't my Quirk to have perfect balance at all times?*' Was it? Wasn't his Quirk actually... Like... *Vroom vroom*...? A car? No, it had always been Balance. It was a little unconventional and had no use in the Hero business, but he hoped when he took the entrance exams into U.A. he could at least get in as a regular student.

.....?

Glasses spilled off the bridge of Iida's nose as his body showed signs of shrinkage to accommodate the new reality being forced on his mind. Oddly enough, he found the

spectacles wholly unnecessary as he gazed at the shadows of the room with perfect clarity. 20/20 for sure.

U.A. uniform grew baggier and baggier against a frame that, while once broad, tall, and muscular, was showing signs of being untrained and almost waifish in its design. If anyone was around to observe the transformation they surely would have assumed that the boy was sick and had suffered substantial weight loss as a result. Arms and legs became skinny and short, the slightest bit of meat left on the latter from all of the roller skating he supposedly did. The most noticeable shrinkage came around his shoulders, which had always been incredibly broad when compared to his peers. Shirt had no choice but to slide down each arm as this broadness subsided, eventual width of his torso practically half of what it had been before.

Even as toes wriggled beneath looser socks, each losing volume as nails crept subtly forward and were painted with bright pink and baby blue in rotation, the skates were the only piece of attire to conform to Tenya's new frame at first. Compressed between then and over-sized men's socks it brought a general discomfort, so it was fortunate that the whites of the lining begun to dye themselves a bright pink as the material tightened to the appropriate size within and fluffed up over the cusp of the skates themselves. Still, aesthetically they went unnoticed with baggy pants clipped over top.

It wasn't just the boy's body proper that had seemingly shrunk, becoming a little younger in the process. His big old noggin had softened and mellowed as well, features brightening as his face came to resemble himself more as a preteen than the sixteen years old he was. Or had been? His memory as still a little jumbled on that front, but he was fairly sure he was only twelve?

Iida swayed a moment, muddled memories showing no sign of correcting themselves nor holding back on damage as his surroundings took the forefront. This was the cafeteria in the U.A. student dorms, so why was he, a non-student, *there*? He'd come here on roller skates for some reason. He needed them to travel... part-time work? Delivery! That was right! He was working deliveries between the school and a shop in town part time. It was convenient since it let him explore the school he wanted to attend.

**"Why am I wearing such baggy clothes? These are totally gross."** The pitch of his voice was much higher, words not only simple but bordering slang he never would have used in his life. Tenya Iida was a proper young man after all, not some casual brat. Right? *Right...*? And while he really wanted to go to U.A., he definitely *wouldn't* jack someone's uniform to cosplay being a student, and if he did he definitely would *not* choose one that was so big.

The material just above the thighs of his pants thickened in response to this new debate, grays becoming white as the cloth rose. As if cut by a sharp blade, all of the pants below on either side suddenly fell to the ground, pooling around his skates and leaving the full length of his legs on display. What remained around his torso grew

tighter still, color died blue and soft fibers solidifying into authentic jean that clasped a butt that looked a little more defined while confined.

Tenya pulled feet out from fallen pant legs, questioning them only momentarily before attention was drawn to his uniform jacket. Its design bled pink and quickly hugged the new curvature of his torso, undershirt following suit and turning gray. Both layers pulled up from his navel in tandem, putting tummy on display from how thin it was to how peculiarly it pinched inward. It was almost feminine with how it swelled out to his hips, hips that somehow seemed to carry budding definition. Hot pink bands poked up from underneath, indicating his junk might have been being held in place by little more than a colorful thong.

While the fabric of the jacket grew looser, and the design began to resemble a hoodie more than a formal jacket, the cuffs of the aesthetic grew more prominent. What's more, various decals and emblems hardened across the arms; and he somehow had recollection of embroidering them on himself. The cut of the new sweater stopped just below his chest, brand name '*PUPPETEER*' etched in the front and the v-neck showing off the gray undershirt which had become little more than bindings for his chest.

Dark hair having grown shaggier since his shrinkage, said hairs pooled in the hood behind him a moment as growth became more evident. Not only that, but the coloring turned exceptionally vibrant. Hightlights of pink and baby blue (*not unlike the colors that had painted themselves across his finger and toe nails*) wound throughout the swelling mass of hair, split evenly down the center and winding outward as cute little hair ties held them in a pair of loose twin tails. But he felt a little naked without his hat... where had he put it?

Eyes sparkled an icy blue, lips licked to taste cherry gloss. "***Where is my haaaaat?***" He whined, and whined, and whined, skating around the cafeteria in pursuit of the accessory. Distracted, the rest of his identity was tossed aside along with his natural sex. Somewhere down the line the thought of 'I'm not a delivery boy, I'm a delivery girl' had been enforced, and his junk had re-shapen into the feminine alternative and thighs, while already defined, had taken on budding volume that matched the tiny but perky pair of breasts upon her chest that would someday blossom into full and voluminous set.

But *Tenha*, as she now thought her name to be, wasn't so concerned with adulthood. She wanted to become a U.A. student but had a terrible attitude. Her family didn't like her punk lifestyle, and so she spent a lot of time hiding from her own home. And now she'd gotten caught up in a villain attack of all things?

She rolled out of the cafeteria, kneepads and fake tattoos of rainbows and checker boards dancing upon her legs as she made a bee-line for the dorm's exit. She really wanted her hat, but she'd almost been crushed by a hanging light! This place was scary.

**"I'M OUTIE!"** Tenha exclaimed as she flew through the front gate of the dorms, preparing to report the attack to the authorities as she skated down the street. She wasn't gonna get caught up in something like that, she was just a twelve year old girl! Her big brother had been attacked by a villain recently too, so trauma was too fresh for that. Maybe U.A. wasn't really a good idea after all? Maybe she'd just become one of the public masses that thought heroes were becoming obsolete? Only time would tell, but Tenha's fate had been undeniably changed that day.

**MOMO YAOYOROZU.**