

The “Marvelous-Auto-Scaler” was going to be one of her best. A small versatile capsule that would extend a users quirk to another object, no longer would hero’s like Mt. Lady, and Class 1-B’s Itsuka Kendo be forced to fight unarmed in order to use their quirk. In theory, it could work for any transformation quirk as well with a bit of modification, but resizing was a beginning.

“Come on baby,” Mei Hatsume smiled in the dull morning light that was pouring through the window. Was it morning already? She might get in trouble for sneaking in and working all night. Again. But this was going to be so worth it! “Show me what you got!”

Her greatest baby buzzed as an electrical current passed through it. The pencil her M.A.S. was attached to a simple pencil, matching its motion for motion. She turned the knob the slightest amount, Ahh! There it was the pencil was bigger. Just the slightest bit! The screen showed a one percent increase in size!

The excitement was too much, she wiggled her hips wiping the need for sleep from her eyes. “Alright, let’s shoot for ten percent.”

The nob moved forward and her M.A.S. began to vibrate even more so that it’s humm could be heard from outside the casing. The pencil surged, good, it was still maintaining its shape and durability.

“Okay,” she purred unable to contain herself much longer “And fifty percent.”

The machine began to vibrate to match her M.A.S. The current growing strong enough to start arcing off it like a miniature lightning storm. Then she heard it. The lightest of pings coming from somewhere inside the machine.

It was a noise she was all too familiar with. Eminent failure. Of the catastrophic kind. More pings followed and Mei felt her heart sink. This was not going to be good. The M.A.S. shot out of its container, separated from the pencil and zipped around the room like a cross between a bee and a bouncing ball as it’s vibrations caused it’s trajectory to vary wildly.

Mei could do little more but duck for cover as the object bounced off of every surface available. She was going to be in so much - the sound of shattered glass echoed from the far side of the room - if her baby broke something expensive.

She heard it ping bouncing off the ceiling above her and had just enough time to look up and see it dart right into her cleavage. Despite its velocity being great enough to shatter glass the device fell into her waiting breasts like a feather, much like the time she bumped into that Deku boy, Izuku.

Going braless was common place for her, often time it was just another thing to wash if she ever remembered to actually put them on. Besides, she didn't technically need a bra, with how perky her breasts were.

The buzzing continued inside her cleavage she felt it then. A tightness in her chest that forced her onto her ass, eyes transfixed on her boobs as they moved in rhythm with the M.A.S. Each jiggle there was more. Just the smallest amount, like her breasts, were filling the space that they once occupied before they could retreat.

And it felt really really good.

"It," Mei moaned tossing her head back, her wool tank-top stretching around her breasts as she went up a cup-size, their growth unhalted by the comfortable fabric. Her nipples were hard, and the jiggling was just making things worse. "Shouldn't be working on orgasmic... organic tissue."

The M.A.S. didn't care and continued to fulfill it's purpose, making her breasts swell more. Already she could feel the hem of her top brushing against her waist. They were so huge now, the size of her head. And growing bigger. And bigger.

She needed to get it out of her cleavage! If her breasts got too big then she wouldn't be able to work on any of her other babies. Forcing herself on to one leg Mei kneeled shaking her breasts to try and get the device to shake loose. It was stuck. Her once loose top that had caused several slightly lewd nip slips was now stretched tight across her growing mounds forcing them together. It was going to burst at any moment.

Sticking her hand in proved to be both a bad idea and a good idea. Bad because she couldn't get her hand in and good because it felt really really good. "Grow, come on girls grow for me."

Did she really just say that?

With great effort She put both legs under her, cupping her growing tits now twice the size of her head - damn high-quality U.A. clothing - and tried to jump. An action that only succeeded in making her moan.

The Vibration began to spread, first in her chest, waist, hips, then into her hands. Her pants began to grow tight, and her shows felt one size too small. "Come on, babies," She purred petting her breasts as holes began to appear in her top. "Just a little more, you can do it."

A tear along the middle formed, the stretching of the fabric making her feel so alive as her breasts continued to grow, she was beyond any cup size now, she'd need to make a custom bra. One that could stimulate her.

Her pant legs felt tight at her thighs, and half of her calves were now exposed, her shoes uncomfortably tight. Binging a hand down to her stomach, she still found it as flat as normal, at least the growth hadn't spread there.

There was a tear like paper and her breasts bounced free, slapping against her toned stomach and against each other. They were so huge now. And absolutely wonderful, her pink nipples stood proudly on her mountains of flesh.

The M.A.S. fell from her breasts vibrating helplessly against the ground as it finally lost its charge. Her pants burst open as she leaned down to pick it up. She was an extreme example of an hourglass now, with hips that flared out from her narrow waist with a round butt and meaty thighs. But her breasts were the showstoppers, still retaining their usual shape and firmness they sat on her chest as proud monuments of female sexuality.

She ran a hand over one of her breasts as she examined the small capsule enjoying the sensation of her freshly expanded flesh and the way it moved with every motion. "I wonder-"

"Mei!" The door slammed open and she saw Izuku Midoriya, shirtless, his body thick with sweat and dirt from his early morning training. "I came running as soon as I heard the- what the fuck!"

"Ahh, Izuku," The sight of him was driving her wild. She needed a bit of stress relief, and he looked to be just her type. Male and Muscular. She hefted a breast at him and swayed her hips. She towered over him by at least a foot now. "Want to give my new babies a go?"