

BLOWN UP BEAUTY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Ugh. This is a pain in the ass!”

Honestly? It wasn't all that unusual to find Bakugou Katsuki agitated. In fact there was seldom a time where he *didn't* find something that pissed him off. And when he wasn't visually expressing his anger? He was internally bottling up feelings of agitation that he would express later. This was simply the kind of guy that he was, and this nature of his had led him to do some pretty terrible things – as well as get himself into all manners of trouble as a direct result.

This whole *thing* was nonsense! Of all the people to be stuck in the Provisional Hero License Course to make up for a previous failure, why was *he* one of the people taking it!? Well... He knew the answer to that question, of course. During the official examination he had been too crass with the examiners and so he'd been denied his attitude based on that attitude alone. And so far? He wasn't showing that he had learned anything in *that* department.

It was bad enough that he had to take the stupid course in the first place, but to have to do it alongside *Shoto Todoroki*? Frustrations unique to this specific pairing had flared up. In terms of temperaments the two of them were completely incompatible. Plus it felt like that no matter where they went, if the two of them went there together? Todoroki was always hogging the spotlight. And Bakugou *hated* having his spotlight stolen.

Huh. Maybe that had some sort of correlation with his bad attitude?

SLAM!



And that agitation had eventually reached its boiling point, because with a shout and a slammed door, he had isolated himself during break time within one of the small classrooms of the facility that was used for the training course. **“Why doesn’t that chick leave him alone!? She’s so damn annoying!”** It seemed that the situation he had taken issue with was about as minor as everything else

that ticked him off, too. But there certainly wasn’t anything unusual about *that*.

There was a woman there. One who was of interest to Bakugou not because he had any romantic interest (ew), but because he knew *why* she was there. Camie Utsushimi hadn’t been able to take the original test because she had been captured by Himiko Toga, who had used her appearance as a disguise to sneak in. Not that it really *mattered*, but he *was* being unnaturally wary with her. Like on some level he thought she might once again be Himiko Toga, even though that was probably impossible.

It was more likely he was just telling himself this to justify his agitation.

You see, he was annoyed with Camie for an incredibly asinine reason, and it all went back to Todoroki. That chick hadn’t left Todoroki’s side since their remedial course had begun! It was beyond obvious that she was flirting with him at each and every turn, and she was so grating while she did so because she was so obvious. And why hadn’t that idiot told her to buzz off by this point? There was no way he hadn’t realized at this point, right?

“Don’t tell me he likes her too!?” No, knowing Todoroki that probably wasn’t right at all. He was much too distant of a person generally. **“Tch. Or maybe he just likes the attention? Maybe I should tell her to knock it off myself!”** The only reason he *hadn’t* was because he risked being failed again if his attitude was too far out of line, and he was already pissed that he was a step behind Deku seeing as the nerd had his license but Bakugou still did *not*.

It was then, when he had finally settled in the classroom, that he noticed something on a nearby desk. **“What the hell!? Are these her**

clothes!?” The black, cuffed catsuit that Camie wore for her hero costume was folded up neatly with the choker and hat she accessorized with resting on top. Did that mean she was walking around in civilian clothes? Was she *naked*? Nah, he had just seen her during their class. These clothes must have just been spares.

Sure is a cute outfit though...

“HUH!?”

Under no circumstance should that have been a thought that crossed his mind. Bakugou was a guy who was always trying to seem ‘cool’ even when he was just being loud and obnoxious. So the idea that he might find a girl’s outfit ‘cute’, or *anything* ‘cute’ for that matter, was completely out of character. For once his loud and obnoxious shouting was warranted, though he was also blushing slightly because it had embarrassed him that he’d even thought something along those lines. **“Like hell I’d find those clothes cute!”** He even felt the need to verbally double down as if to reassure himself that this was the case.

“I’m not into girly shit!” Nor was he even really into girls themselves. Bakugou’s sexuality was a complicated thing, but it was more like he wasn’t really interested in *anyone*. He was much more interested in furthering his own potential career and beating Deku in the grand scheme of things. It’s not like he’d be interested in *wearing a cute, tight pink dress that showed off his curves or—* **“FUCK!”**

It happened again!? What the hell was going on!? His face was turning beet red because he was both angry and embarrassed, but what was he supposed to do about this? Approach someone and go *‘Hey, I’ve been having girly thoughts and I don’t know what to do about it’*? Bakugou would sooner die than say that to anyone!

Mind you, there were already bigger issues in the works – albeit ones that he couldn’t exactly be blamed for not taking notice of. The sandy blonde of his explosively spikey hair was one of the earliest victims, for its color gradually darkened to something within the same range of hue. It was a more orangey, fawn color that surfaced in place of the blonde, and it wasn’t even *just* the hair atop his head. The hair within his boxers, as well as his eyebrows, were dyed the exact same.

Simultaneously, while Bakugou’s eyes were small and their usual crimson color hard to perceive because of this, a change in the colors of those eyes slowly became more obvious. Their reds were muddied towards a plainer brown, yet the amount of iris that surrounded his pupils likewise appear to increase. No... It was more like his eyes were

getting bigger in general? Bigger, rounder, and sporting lashes that were not only *longer*, but...

They looked like they had been properly cared for. Was that *mascara*?

“**I... *Like*, why is my face so *darn* hot!?**” He finally leaped from the desk he had been sitting on and began to pace, frustrated with how he was thinking and acting. While he would have usually sworn in situations such as these, there was a clear intent to use a less controversial word when shouting. Not to mention his manner of speaking felt a touch more *casual* now than it used to.

In the meantime, his fawn-colored spikes began to flatten and thin, eventually matting atop his head while growing longer at the back and sides. It didn't take long for it to tickle his shoulders, cast over the sides of the hero mask he was wearing and rested on his costume's metallic neck brace. His gaze eventually tilted downward, and looking at what he was wearing? *There's nothing cute about this at all!*

“**WHY WOULTH I CARE ABOTH THATH!?**” Another outburst, but in the aftermath Bakugou was left to pause. What was with that lisp? Why had it felt like his lips were slapping against each other in a way he wasn't adjusted to? It was because his lips had *bloated*, and they were fairly pronounced in their swell now. Not to mention how glossy they looked between a smaller nose, upon a face that was longer and narrower now.

From the neck up you couldn't really say he looked like Bakugou any longer. Could you even say he looked like a *boy*?

Shocking as this realization was, the young man on the other hand... “**Mm... Why am I getting so, like, mad?**” The changes had clearly possessed his vocal chords, for his voice sounded far too much like a girl's now. But he was also strangely questioning the anger he had rightfully felt. *There's nothing cute about being angry all the time! WHO THE HECK CARES!?* An internal war was being waged, and it left him feeling disoriented.

The weight of the hero-in-training's costume had begun to feel a little excessive. Almost like all of that muscle he had spent years training could no longer bare its weight? This was *legitimately* what was happening, for it was easy to see how his extremely bulky arms were narrowing. Before long there wasn't a single bulge in his limbs whatsoever. His arms and legs had become twiglike, and fingers were now just as slender as his toes were tiny.

With longer nails to boot, Bakugou soon found himself subconsciously peeling his hero costume from his body. It was too heavy and sweaty and *gross*, why would he wear it? The gloves came off first, and next the boots. As he went to undo his pants, the sight of how feminine his hands now were was in full view. Each finger had nails that were an inch past the fingertip and were very clearly cared for.

“What?” When he went to push his pants down past his hips though? He found a bit of resistance that he felt like shouldn’t have been there. It agitated him, and he groaned as he pushed down more forcefully. The cause had been a change in his gait. His hips had stretched wider so the sides of the pants were getting caught. He eventually got them down and stepped out of them.

But when he got to his boxers? **“Ew, why'm I wearing these?”** The were boys’ underwear, right? Was he not a boy? His confusion didn’t override his desire to be out of this *uncute* outfit though, and fingers grabbed the waistband and pulled *them* down too. But they also struggled, this time getting caught on a combination of thighs that were thicker around than the had been moments before, and a rear end that protruded several inches farther out behind him with how perky they were. Even with this additional mass his hips were so wide that there was a gap between both thighs. But there was also something else. Something missing.

An absences of something between *her* legs.

While removing the boxers her sex had changed, and by the time she stripped so that she was naked from the waist down, she was completely smooth between her legs. By this point though, not only had Bakugou’s rage been quelled, but she was actively perceiving her new sex as ‘accurate’. All she cared about was peeling away the mask that didn’t fit her properly and tossing it into the pile forming in the back of the room so she could step into something *cuter*.

“Okay, just this *fugly* top is left.” She was right since she’d just removed the heavy neck guard. Lifting the base of the shirt so that she could pull it over her head, her tummy, still toned, was revealed just in time so that you could make out her waistline pinching in dramatically. Paired with those impossibly wide hips, it almost looked like she had an hourglass figure.

Once the top got caught around her chest, though? That hourglass figure became a reality. Her chest had been puffing up, nipples erect and thicker than normal as a one flat chest swelled into a pair of perfect, D-cup orbs that bounced energetically once they were finally freed from

the shirt's cloth. What's more, she was notably quite a bit shorter by this juncture. About four inches had been shaved from her height!

Once she tossed the shirt away, the teen was hit with a moment of clarity. It was like a bunch of memories, including those of the past five minutes, had been completely and instantly wiped away.

“Huh? What the heckie was I like, doing again? Gotta get back to the course soon, but hmm...” The vapid and arguably ‘stupid’ way that the teenaged girl was speaking, which had sounded so *wrong* to the speaker in the midst of the transformation that had befallen her, now sounded *and* felt entirely natural. **“I should totes get dressed first, right? Gotta look my cutest for him!”**



She eyed that duplicate of Camie's hero costume on the nearby desk, sauntering over to it without even an iota of shame remaining in the fact that she had been standing there in the nude. In her 'own' words she was '*totally hawt*', so if someone saw her before she had gotten changed? Well, if they didn't get in trouble she could definitely extort them! Not that Camie would like that very much.

And therein was a betrayal of how everything seemed. This girl that looked identical to Camie was *not* Camie. As far back as she remembered she was the *twin sister* of Camie Utsushimi. But the two were so alike in terms of looks, personality, and preferences that it was *really* easy for them to be mistaken as each other. They even wore the same hero costume to capitalize on that! It was *hilarious*!

Not wearing any underwear under the catsuit, *Kiki Utsushimi* placed either leg inside and pulled it up tightly against her body, eventually putting arms into the sleeves and zipping the front up so that her cleavage was exposed. Of course, she waisted no time in clipping on her choker and adorning a hat that perfectly matched Camie's aside from the red band actually being *pink* on hers. **“There we go! I'm a real super cutie, totes just as cute as Camie! Maybe even cuter!?”**

Kiki licked her lips seductively after speaking. Being *cuter* than her sister in this situation would be to her benefit. Why? Because they were both *totally* thirsting over the same guy! Shoto Todoroki, was it? If Bakugou's will was still anywhere deep down under all of that vapid vanity, then no doubt it would be screaming at this realization. **“That**

guy is so totally spicy! I wanna mash lips with him soooo bad!”
But so did Camie, and that was a problem.

It was clear that neither of them were making progress with him, presumably because they were both so similar. Which *wasn't* the truth, because the reality was that Todoroki just wasn't interested, nor had he caught on. But there *was* a backup plan. Being identical twins they could always *both* date him while pretending to be the same sister. Or maybe he'd be into polygamy? Kiki certainly didn't mind! **“Oh, shoot! I'd better get back to sis soon or she's gonna like, make plays!”** And that would've been the worst thing, so she ran out the door in a hurry.

Fortunately reality had changed to accommodate her new identity just as her memories had. She no longer could recall her past life, now believing that she had always been Kiki. But so did the rest of the world. So when she found Camie at Todoroki's side? **“Hey! No fair, I thought we said break time was off limits!”** At least *today*, because Kiki had felt sweaty after their first lesson and had wanted to change.

But Camie just replied with a smirk.

“You snooze you lose, Kiki!”