

MY FETISH ACADEMIA

CHAPTER 1: SISTER DEAREST



It had all happened so suddenly. It had merely been another day of studying at U.A., nothing amiss despite increasing tensions after the fall of All Might. But if Izuku Midoriya had learned anything over the past year, it was that if something bad was going to happen, it was going to happen the moment you were most vulnerable. Villains didn't generally send a calling card and strike when you're armed, they'd always make their move when everyone was at their weakest.

Already after 7pm in the evening, the student body had all returned to their dorms for the night. Class 1-A all lived in the same building and so it had its conveniences. There was almost always someone to talk to, grab food with, help with homework. And Izuku was out spending that time with Uraraka Ochako, one of his closest friends. The two had been alone in the lobby when the power was suddenly cut.

ATTENTION STUDENTS OF U.A. -- YOUR CAMPUS IS UNDER OUR CONTROL NOW!

A loud, nasally voice boomed over the intercom. The two students quickly stood, and it was a reaction that took place all across the campus. It wasn't unlike villains to attack the school, but this was a pretty brazen attempt.

I WOULDN'T GET TOO FRISKY IF I WERE YOU. AFTER ALL, YOU'VE ALREADY BEEN CAUGHT UP IN THE QUIRK OF ONE OF OUR ASSOCIATES. ONE BY ONE YOUR FORMS WILL BE TWISTED, YOUR MINDS CORRUPTED. WHEN YOU HEAR YOUR NAME SPOKEN, THAT WILL BE THE END OF WHO YOU ARE. ISN'T THIS A FUCKED UP ROLL CALL, IZUKU MIDORIYA?

"What!?" The boy was quick to react to his name. Both himself and Uraraka had begun to beeline for the exit at that moment, but hearing his name called had

frozen him in place. Who were these people? What was the nature of the quirk described? Some form of illusion-based power? Bending forms and minds was not something a regular Quirk could do, not unless they'd been specifically bred for those purposes. At the same time it could have simply been a bluff, at least that was what he'd been hoping for up until that moment.

"Deku-kun? What's wrong?" But he couldn't make his legs move no matter how hard he tried. It was like he'd been frozen in place, and Uraraka responded with the appropriate level of panic. **"There's no way a Quirk could have that kind of power, right? Let's go, we have to get the others!"**

"I can't move, Ochako-chan! Huh?" It wasn't like him to be that casual with Ochako. Rather, for a moment he felt more like he was speaking to a younger sibling than one of his friends. It was a strange sensation since he was an only child, but it seemed the one spoken to was *also* confused by this.

"What did you just say, onee-san?" Both stopped again. Uraraka had definitely just referred to Izuku as her elder sister, and there hadn't been a spot of sarcasm or irony in her tone. **"Wait... something really weird is actually happening here..."** Their minds were being muddled, much like all of those of the peers and teachers across the academy. There would be no escaping the effects of the Quirk unless the culprit was found, and *fast*.

But that would only be to spare future victims. Deku had already been enthralled, and signs of reformation began to show upon his body. The boy's most recognizable traits quickly faded into obscurity as the freckles upon his cheek gave way, the rosinness fading to a lighter coloring of skin rose in its place across the entirety of his body. It wasn't merely his freckles being claimed, but every blemish seemed to up and disappear as his new skin color settled into place, from the scars around his hands to those across his body.

Izuku himself couldn't help but marvel at how rejuvenated his hands looked *and* felt. Repeated misuse of One For All had seen their condition deteriorated and integrity threatened, but flexing his fingers it felt as if nothing had really happened in the first place. But that wasn't all he observed in his hands, and before his very eyes the condition of his digits began to shift. Fingers grew longer as callouses softened into the tips of his fingers. While nails grew longer, they did so evenly as bright pink accompanied by the scent of strawberry painted itself across their surfaces.

"What's...!?" He wanted to ask what was going on, but somehow he could recall applying that nail polish this morning? Thoughts of a physical Quirk like One For All just felt *weird* too. Like his little sister he was a wielder of *Gravity*, right?

He shook his head, seemingly perplexed a moment as bangs of rich black smacked him in either cheek. Uraraka herself looked completely stunned, not out of shock but because the Quirk affecting them both had to take special care to maintain consistency. If one target freaked out it jeopardized the process, and so it was easier just to *'turn the brain off'* of any viewers while the ability worked its magic.

These long locks of black, silken and straight by design, had all but replaced the curly green that Izuku normally sported atop his head. They grew longer with each passing moment, tickling his neck and creeping into the collar of his uniform. Something told him he needed to shed his jacket, and so he did, leaving him standing only in pants and his white undershirt. Forearms now exposed, their daintiness became all the more apparent. He'd come a long way since receiving One For All, having built up his physical mass despite his short form, but all of that muscle was gone now. Pale, pudgy arms were all that remained, and narrowing shoulders only made that look more prevalent.

His pants likewise began to feel uncomfortable as they seemed to climb up his leg. Not because the pants were shrinking, but because his legs were growing just the slightest bit longer. While exposed ankles would usually reveal hairs poking out, what was shown instead was smooth, white skin. If someone were to give his skin a sniff, they would undoubtedly note the fragrance of sweet-smelling soap. Where knees seemingly grew knobbier, their points focused inward as hips swelled outward, the flesh above them became anything but. Like he'd been compelled to shed his jacket, he also dropped his pants to make way.

To make way for just how thick his thighs were becoming. Fingers traced their surface idly as his boxers strained under added mass that mushroomed over the edges of his underwear, soft and supple. It seemed the theme of his new body was not fitness, but marshmallowy softness. The same could be said of his ass, which in just a matter of moments practically tripled in size. While the cold air nipped at exposed skin, it didn't halt a bead of sweat from rolling into the cleavage of an ass that tore into undergarments.

A name suddenly struck Izuku as the sensation of suction finally claimed his dick, leaving a pair of thick pussy lips in its place as pubes straightened and darkened above. Ino. *Her* name was Ino Uraraka? That felt wrong somehow. Or maybe it was right? As she dwelt on the relevance of this memory, a glossy sheen suddenly overtook ruined boxers as they retreated to reveal more and more skin, settling as a blue bikini bottom that wedgied the hell out of her ass.

The same soon became of her white shirt, which began to darken to blue and pull upwards to reveal both her stomach and her back. Falling in line with the theme, stomach lost its hardened edge and grew incredibly soft, so much that she muffined over her bikini line just a slightest bit. The curvature of her torso grew more defined, and before she knew it she was cupping her own chest. Not because it had changed, but because her bikini top seemed a little... *loose*? Wasn't she going to the beach with her precious little sister? Why would she wear an ill-fitted swimsuit?

Nipples turned erect as correction set in. They started as little mounds first, but soon a full pair of breasts suddenly bounced outward literally, their size barely contained by bikini cups as size spurred forward with each consecutive lurch and bounce. It was arousing, but in the company of her sister she wouldn't show it.

Before long a pair of ample DD breasts rested upon her chest, each a teaser into how Ochako's chest might swell one day.

Speaking of... "**Ochako-chan? Earth to Ochako-chan?**" Manicured fingers were waved before the glazed eyes of her little sister as confusion set in. They were going to the pool and... villains attacked? Ino wasn't a proper student of U.A., not anymore. She was 21 and had graduated years ago, but she was working there as a teacher's assistant.

She licked her lips as she prepared to call out to her sister once more, tasting cherry upon their pump surface as big, wide, brown eyes blinked with elongated lashes. A single piercing rested in her tiny nose, and all aside her facial structure resembled an older Ochako. She hugged her body close a moment, breasts bouncing jubilantly before she undid the wedgie hugging her ass crack. God, she wished her girlfriend was going with them.

"**Huh!? Wha!? Onee-san!?**" Uraraka seemed to suddenly snap out of her trance, confusion claiming her. Her sister was here, but she felt like... hadn't someone else been there? Was she forgetting something *important*? "**We need to find my classmates and get out of here!**" Something... *important*. A person? A friend? A boy... She was getting there, but she wouldn't be allowed. After all, the intercom fired up once more.

OCHAKO URARAKA.