

THE NEWER NEW LEAGUE OF VILLAINS

CH3: WEIRD BEGETS WEIRD



The head of Nejire Hadou buzzed painfully as she was tossed into what seemed to be a glass holding cell by a villain she did not recognize. While it was glass, and she could see through from the outside, upon opening her eyes once within brought the realization that it was only transparent from that side. You could not see out like you could see in, and considering all she'd been given to wear by her captors was but a loose-fitting, white robe, she was a little hesitant about this entire situation.

Though was she supposed to be happy about it? Everyone had been captured by the League of Villains. As a senpai she'd... failed. She was one of the Big Three and was supposed to be one of the strongest up and coming villains, and yet she'd come to ultimately let everyone down. All of the students of 1-A had been taken to different parts of this underground facility, and Nejire herself had been dragged off to make her *'less of a threat and have her join us'* as one of the higher ups had put it. They surely knew of her power.

But joining the villains? That didn't sound like something she'd ever do, not in a million years. But the heroine was worried for a simple reason: she'd received an injection against her will. The shoulder where she'd received it ached just as much as her head, and in a tizzy she was left alone in that small room. Had it been a drug to knock her unconscious? She'd had the ability to speak sealed temporarily by another villain's Quirk just moments before the injection so she hadn't been able to inquire.

Not that she was confident that they would have given her any answers to begin with. There was plenty she'd wanted to know, and just as important as their plan

was the desire to know where her underclassmen had been taken so that she could move to save them if possible.

But saving them? Was clearly easier said than done since her Quirk was... *not quite functioning*. Nejire imagined it was related to the injection -- why else would they toss her in a room? What were the odds of that? "**Calculating...**" Brief pause was given by the girl as she found herself muttering a word despite the supposed seal on her words. It had been such a calm use of language that didn't line up with her typical personality. It was almost *robotic*.

That was when she began to notice it. The weakness that had kept her on the floor was beginning to fade slowly but surely and she was finally able to push herself up onto wobbling feet. But she felt... strangely light. Ever since she'd become a teenager she'd had a hefty feeling to her form. That really wasn't all that surprising. Her figure was abundant, curves gratuitous even with the muscle she'd earned from training.

The girl was now standing with a hand planted against the wall, and she was drawn to the fact that her fingers were slipping down the padded tiles even as her posture remained upright. Blue eyes went wide as she looked around frantically, attempting to understand just why she couldn't keep herself stable despite no additional adverse effects to her balance.

The feeling of the robe she'd been bundled in grazing her knees was what ultimately tipped her off. It had originally sat just above them, and the only things she could think of that would change that were the robe getting bigger or... "**My size is diminishing at a rapid pace.**" Words were once again found, her tone even more robotic than before. Nejire was an inquisitive girl full of so much energy and life... yet she didn't come off that way at all. In fact, despite the expectation that she should be panicking about a Quirk clearly manipulating her body, there was no panic.

Could she panic? Everything felt weird, and a settled ease stood out as the strangest feeling of them all.

Ultimately not much of her height was lost. It was a few inches at most, and if that was all she would have had to endure then it might not have been such a big deal. But that weightless feeling still persisted and she could tell the robe she was wearing was beginning to settle against her body in an even more different way. Looking down at her chest, where the feeling of cloth constantly shifting was most prominent, she could clearly see why.

Now, Nejire's breasts? Anyone that saw her as an attractive, young woman would undoubtedly see them as one of her charm points. They were large without being ridiculous, a notable feature upon a body that was generally lean short of the aforementioned tits and the thighs that accompanied them.

No longer was *that* the case. The robe, at first, had just barely been able to contain these breasts. They had strained the cloth and the cold air of the room had pushed her nipples to poke up and against the material. But that was merely *at first*, and now with her height slightly less than she was accustomed so too did her breasts begin to regress, though in a much more substantial manner. The robe became looser and looser in the front as the two bulbous sacks of fat were drained, nipples beneath growing slightly smaller and a little darker as they came to better suit the new found size of Hadou's bosom.

Just as quickly as her breasts shrank though did the cloth of the white robe soon follow. The curvature of her stomach had also narrowed, and despite that the robe itself now clung to her body like a second skin, showing off both the curves of her torso and her B-cup tits as the white cloth darkened to a glorious crimson with black, vertical stripes that were extraordinarily narrow. "...**Ha. Everything. It's changing.**" Sentences broken into fragments now, she could only marvel at her smaller form. There was something about the dress the robe was becoming that triggered feelings in the back of the girl's mind. Pride? *Loyalty?* To M--

The red moved both across her arms (*in turn giving her long sleeves that matched the dress*) while likewise heading south. As it began to nibble at the robe's skirt, so too did that flesh that was beneath it diminish much like her height and torso had. Surprisingly her ass retained its notable size, becoming the clear sexual charm point of this new body as the robe tightened around it to match the rest of the long-sleeved dress. Her thighs however did not fare so well, and as they were stuffed in beneath the dress' thigh cut they were pressed into each other before some weight was siphoned to leave an attractive thigh gap.

Nejire stood in a daze as she looked down at herself. Nothing was familiar? Or was everything familiar? Like a set of blinds that had just been pulled up, the long blue hair she was so proud of jolted up towards her skull, length lost for good as a dark purple coloring absorbed the blue that was left not only in her hair but in her eyes, which became more circular and Western to indicate she was no longer a woman of Japanese descent... though maybe she was and that was just lost in the localization of her character.

"**This... space. Captured? Hah hah...!**" It almost sounded like she was having a meltdown as more fragmented thoughts bled from her lips -- lips that had seen themselves grow plump with age. The quality of Courtney's skin overall had waned ever so slightly, an indication that she had grown into her late twenties, but it was the most clear in the structure of her face. It was narrow and pointed, her ears likewise less rounded than Nejire's ever had been.

Memories flowed in. She understood her purpose. She had been taken here to serve a leader. Not Maxie. She wanted to serve Maxie. Why wasn't Maxie here? And what were these thoughts? It was like... She had been someone else. That was impossible. She was Courtney. The kind of woman that said things like 'Slurp' after being defeated. She was a Pokemon trainer. A member of Team Magma. But where were

her Pokemon? Did this world have Pokemon? Target. Identify more about this world. Serve this 'League of Villains'? Begrudgingly. Until more information can be found.

Her thoughts went a mile a minute, and through it all she found herself garbed in a Team Magma hoodie that had descended from the ceiling so that her entire ensemble was completed. At that point, the door finally opened, giving her access to the attached laboratory. She had her reservations about this, her loyalty not to these people but the Team Magma Admin. The only silver lining was that she might find something to ultimately help with Maxie's plans.

"Hah. ♪ This could be. Very. Interesting."