

Ochaco's Mirko-brand Bunnysuit (Clothing TF, Hypnosis)

The light bulb buzzed; Mirko's ears twitched irritably.

For the fifth time in as many minutes, she seriously considered storming straight out of the waiting room. Screw this stupid program, and screw her agent for putting her up to it. She couldn't believe she'd ever accepted such a ridiculous request.

The light bulb buzzed again. Mirko considered kicking something at it.

Just as she was about to launch herself at the ceiling, the door crashed open, and the world's most fashionable woman threw herself into the room. "Hello there, like, darling," said Hawt Couture, flicking a lock of long blonde hair with an exquisitely-manicured hand. Her costume looked like a peacock—knowing her Quirk, it might have *been* one. "Mirko? Mirko! Can I call you Rumi? Aahaha, it's so, like, good to meet you. Would you follow me? We're ready to process you now."

That word, 'process', made Mirko's ears twitch. 'Process'. So dehumanizing. The exit looked more tempting with the second. Only the thought of her agent's anger kept her from turning on her heel and fleeing. She'd waited too long. Now she had no choice but to suck it up and go through with it...

...No matter how embarrassing it would be to be turned into *clothing*.

The door of Hawt Couture's office slammed behind her with a click. "Like, thanks for coming," said the Fashion Hero. "I can't believe I'm getting to work with such quality materials—I mean, like, such a professional hero." She grinned, perhaps a little too strongly.

Ears twitching, Mirko decided not to comment. "So," she said, looking around, "where's my, uh, *student*? Isn't she supposed to be here? ...If she doesn't show up, this whole thing gets called off right?"

Hawt Couture laughed, loud and mellifluously. "You're so, like, funny, Mirko. Don't worry, she's on her way!" she said, holding up her phone. "In fact, she just texted to say she'd be here aaaany second."

She paused as if expecting something to happen. It didn't.

"Huh," said the tailor. "For some reason, I expected her to show up just then. Oh well, maybe she'll appear in a—"

She cut off and turned to the door, clearly expecting it to open. It didn't.

Screwing up her eyes, the tailor double-checked her phone. "Huh. Maybe she's *not* com—"

The door flew open. "Sorry, sorry, sorry I'm late!" Face red and covered in sweat, Ochaco Uraraka threw herself to the floor and knelt there like a penitent. "I'm sorry! ...I couldn't afford to catch the bus."

Mirko winced.

"Wow! What a pleb!" said Hawt Couture. "It's okay though—you're right on time."

Pulling herself up, Ochaco wiped some of the sweat off her brow and finally realized who she was sharing a room with. Her face went pale as she looked Mirko up and down. "M-M-Mirko?! *You're* going to be my mentor?"

A creeping dread seeped through Mirko's veins. When her agent had first proposed this stupid idea, she'd asked she at least be paired with someone who fit her. A brawler. Someone with guts. A high-spirited fighter, not this... this little powerpuff.

She did her best not to show it. "You got it!" she said, giving Ochaco a big thumbs up.

"Wow!" said Hawt Couture, grinning widely. "It's, like, great to see you're both so enthusiastic! Not everyone on the Costutor program has been quite so happy with it." She leaned in close, a smug grin on her face. "You should have seen Mt. Lady's face when she found out she'd been paired up with that blueberry boy. Ahahaha."

"Ahahaha," said Mirko, bitterly.

The tailor cocked her hips. "Anyway, shall, like, we cut to the chase? ...I'm sure there's a tortoise and the hare joke in here somewhere, but I can't be bothered to find it. ...Do you two wanna take your clothes off?"

Ochaco squeaked. Even Mirko went a little red. "T-Take our clothes off?"

"Of course!" said Hawt Couture, looking confused at their confusion. "My Quirk only turns animals into clothes, not animals *and* clothes into clothes. That would be ridiculous!"

"Why do *I* have to take my clothes off?" asked Ochaco.

"Fashionable symmetry, darling! Also, I have to take your measurements first."

Ochaco blushed.

"Don't you have any changing rooms or anything?" said Mirko, through gritted teeth.

"Oh no no no. That would be far too expensive. But I understand your need for privacy, so I'll just be standing over here... behind this camera." She stepped behind a tripod-mounted camera. "Don't worry, I promise it's broken!"

Ochaco and Mirko shared a glance and gulped. "I-I guess there's no point being shy," said Ochaco, pushing her fingertips together shyly.

The second part of this statement went unspoken...*Because soon enough we'll be closer than even the most intimate of lovers!* She shuddered, suppressing the urge to retch.

Fuck it, she thought, reaching for her glove. *Since when have I ever been afraid to show a little skin?*

Throwing off her gloves, Mirko peeled off her thigh-high socks and slipped off her leotard—she'd never bothered to wear anything else beneath.

Beside her, a blushing Ochaco disrobed with slightly less enthusiasm, pulling down her pantyhose with trembling hands and struggling to unclasp her bra. As she finally came to her panties, she froze. "D-do I really have to take everything off?"

The camera made a clicking sound. The tailor poked her head from behind it. "Oh yes. It's absolutely *essential*." She ducked behind the lens again. *Click*.

Shuddering, Ochaco stepped out of her tiny pink panties and placed them oh-so-delicately atop the pile of her clothes. Stripped bare, she hugged herself and shivered in the cool air of the office.

Standing beside her, refusing to conceal herself, Mirko looked the younger heroine up and down and groaned inside at just how *soft* she was: Uravity was all jiggly fat without the slightest hint of muscle. Her agent hadn't heard a word she'd said, had he?

A final click sounded from the camera. "Perfect," said Hawt Couture. "Absolutely perfect."

Mirko frowned. "I thought you said that thing was broken?"

The tailor shrugged. "The lens is a little, like, dirty. Anyway." She bounced across the room to Ochaco. "Now, let's take your measurement." She wiggled her fingers like an octopus's tendrils.

"W-w-wait!" said Ochaco, stepping back with her hands raised in fear. "Aren't you going to use a tape meas—AIIIIII?!"

Mirko watched, pale in shock, as the tailoress worked her hands down Ochaco's body, paying extra attention to the jigglier, fleshier parts that Mirko had picked out a second ago. As the woman's fingers kneaded her flesh like dough, Ochaco whimpered and tried to pull away, blushing like the virgin she almost certainly was.

Her squeals only doubled in intensity as the tailoress continued downward, wrapping her hands around Ochaco's buttocks, claspng her thighs, and giving her clit a tentative poke.

"D-Do you really have to touch my—?"

"I have to know your pussy size! Jeez, have you never shopped for lingerie before?"

Giving Ochaco's butt a final slap, Hawt Couture stood and clapped. "Excellent," she said, blood dripping from her nose. "I think I have all the measurements I need." She stepped back and raised her hands, thumbs and forefingers extended to form a square. "Now, if the two of you would like to take a step closer."

When no one moved, she scurried forward and pushed them both together. Mirko winced and Ochaco squeaked as their thighs met with a smack.

"There," said the tailor, stepping back and holding up her hands again. "Now, saaaay 'Real Fur! (That's my Quirk's name!)"

Mirko's heart pounded in her chest. "W-wait a second—you're not just going to do it like—?"

The tailor's hands flashed. Pink light filled the room. Mirko gasped and held up her hands to shield her face, but the light passed straight through her arms and eyelids. Her gasp turned into a little moan.

In an instant, all the strength went out of her legs. It was an aberrant, alien feeling, something she'd never felt since awakening her Quirk, and it shook her more than any villain ever had.

Heart pounding, Mirko tried to cry for the tailor to stop, only to find her lips stuck together as if stitched. With a muffled gasp, she opened her eyes and looked down. The pink light had gone, but what she found wasn't much better: her lips had run together like wax, and when she tried to pull them apart, thick strands of sticky flesh kept them glued tight. "Mmmphf! Mmmphf!"

"This part *can* be a little traumatizing," said the tailor. "I've got some, like, pamphlets for a counselor in my desk. Give me a second and I'll find one for you."

As Hawt Couture disappeared, Mirko's legs gave way beneath her. With a silent scream of shock she dropped to the floor and lay there wiggling as her legs trembled and shook.

With a little *snip*, her feet fell from her ankles, hardening into a pair of dark high heels. Behind them, her legs deflated like punctured balloons. Finally, with a *pop*, they tore free of her entirely. Mirko could only stare as they wiggled on the floor, her magnificent limbs reduced to two squirming gray condoms.

As she watched in horror, they fused by the mouths, and it finally became apparent what they'd become: pantyhose. *A pair of pantyhose!*

Mirko watched, eyes shaking in their sockets, as her vulva grew wide, wide, wider, expanding as if to swallow the whole room. By the time it came to a stop, it was large enough to fit her shoulders through. To her horror, Mirko realized this was exactly what it was for—she wanted to scream in horror.

Before she had a chance to even attempt it, her arms raised themselves and planted her hands on her face. She moaned, struggling to pull them away, but they were stuck fast, glued—no, fused—to her.

As Mirko fought against her changing body, she heard a pop, and something strange happened to her hearing. All of sudden, it felt strangely disconnected, as if she were listening to the world through a microphone a meter away.

“Um,” said Ochaco. “Oh no.”

Through her splayed fingers, Mirko looked up and saw the younger hero holding a bunny ear headband. “Mmmphf!”

As if someone had spilled a can of paint, a wave of color washed over her body, turning her skin as white as alabaster and as glossy as plastic. Where it passed, all the strength went out of her. No matter how hard she struggled to move, she simply wasn’t able.

At least, not willingly—her body was happy to move on its own. She moaned inside as her head and arms stretched and thinned, merging into a single indistinguishable strip of fabric and temporarily blinding her in the process. Her sight returned to the feeling of her pussy shaking. Mirko could only moan inside as the tailor’s Quirk hammered her former labia into a bodice of a leotard.

With a pair of little pops, tiny chunks of her new body split off, growing and settling into the shapes of cufflinks. Finally, pink and navy lines appeared all over her to better match Uravity’s color scheme. To her horror, Mirko thought of the Moon Rabbit. *Ah ha, ha ha*, she thought, half-delirious, *she’s going to have to change her theme a little!*

With that, the transformation came to an end. Mirko fell still: reduced from a professional hero to a bunnygirl’s leotard, a pair of pantyhose, two sleeveless cufflinks, a bowtie, a pair of high heels, and a bunny ear headband.

Ochaco, looming over her, stared in horror. “Um, um, um, I think there’s been some kind of mistake. I can’t—” She swallowed. “I can’t wear something like *that*.”

Through the haze of pleasure afflicting her altered body, Mirko felt half-insulted, half-sympathetic. *That’s right! Tell her you refuse! Have her turn me back!*

“You can’t?” said Hawt Couture. “Oh, well, that’s too bad. I can’t reverse my Quirk until a month has passed.” She shrugged apologetically. “But, hey, if you’re not interested I can always send her to that mulberry boy like Mt. Lady. I’m sure he’d find something to do with her.”

Mirko wanted to moan in horror. Oh no. She’d rather be recycled than end up in the hands of *that* kid.

Ochaco was clearly sympathetic. “Oh, um, in that case.” She swallowed. “I don’t want to just abandon her. If I have to wear her, I guess I will...”

The tailor clapped. "Excellent. In that case, I'll give you some privacy." She retreated behind her camera.

"Shouldn't I put some underwear on first?" asked Ochaco.

Hawt Couture simply rolled her eyes.

What little relief Mirko found in her fate not getting worse soon vanished as Ochaco's naked form loomed over her, hands raised. Instinctively, Mirko tried to pull away, but she couldn't make herself move to—

Seizing Mirko's legs-turned-pantyhose, Ochaco gave them a tentative tug. To Mirko, it felt as if the younger hero were caressing her former legs. The slightest touch sent pangs of pleasure rolling through her limbs.

As Mirko shivered in silent delight, Ochaco struggled to pull her over her ass. Finally, releasing her with a snap, she turned her attention to Mirko's leotard.

Ochaco's hand tightened on the bodice of her leotard, making Mirko squeak in shock. *Ah! Ah! Let go of me! Let go of me!* It felt as if Ochaco had grabbed her by the sex.

As Mirko moaned inside, Uravity pulled her into the air and held her up for inspection. Her face turned as bright pink as she realized how skimpy Mirko was.

Looking out from her new crotch, Mirko wanted to moan in anticipation. How could this situation get any worse?

With a deep breath, Ochaco pinched Mirko's former vagina tight and stepped inside her.

Mirko's scream—if she'd still had lungs—could have been heard miles away. As Ochaco's fat legs slipped inside her, it felt to Mirko like two of the world's fattest cocks being plunged deep into her pussy at once. *Aiii! Get out of me!*

Ochaco, of course, couldn't hear her. Tightening her grip on Mirko's neckline, she pulled her up, up, up, forcing her fat thighs deep into the professional hero's body.

Stoop!

Ignoring her, Ochaco gave Mirko a tug, bringing the former hero's bodice up to her breasts. If Mirko had still had a mouth, she would have gasped to feel them settle into her cups. *Nnn~!* They hadn't looked so heavy before!

Worse than the feeling of Ochaco's fat bust inside her pussy was the inverse, however: as Ochaco tugged her up and up, Mirko found her former face and arms pulled *deep* between the younger hero's legs.

A pair of warm, wet lips slammed into Mirko's face, instantly drenching her with something awful. The stench overwhelmed her in an instant, making her want to squirm and retch. Worse than the smell, however, was the taste: Mirko's material sucked the stuff up like an expensive carpet drinking wine, and as it percolated through her, the substance's taste assaulted her mind, making her wish she could throw up.

Eh! What am I tasting?

As Ochaco gave her another sharp tug, pulling her even deeper into the folds of her stinking pussy, realization dawned. *Oh no. Oh, fuck me, no! Turn me back! Turn me back! Turn me baaaaack!*

"It—she's a little tight," said Ochaco, face redder than when she'd arrived.

"She's a leotard, darling," said the tailor, adjusting her camera. "Don't forget about the rest of her!"

"O-oh," said Ochaco. Still blushing, she reached for Mirko's shoes.

Internally, Mirko swallowed. She'd never dared to reveal it—she knew how the internet would react—but her Quirk also made her feet a thousand times more sensitive than normal. It was one of the reasons she loved running and jumping and fighting—the tactile sensation of her feet being touched was even better than sex.

As such, as Ochaco slipped her own feet deep inside Mirko's former legs and picked up her feet-turned-shoes, bringing her soles ever closer to Mirko's most sensitive point, the professional hero found herself shivering in anticipation. *Please don't let this feel—*

With a grunt, Ochaco slipped a foot into Mirko's heel.

Mirko screamed as Ochaco's soles slammed into her feet, instantly striking her nervous system with the erotic equivalent of electrocution. Pleasure coursed through her body, making her wish she could scream and shudder. Worse, it only dulled a little as the younger hero adjusted her.

By the time, Ochaco had put on Mirko's other shoe, the older hero felt as if she'd been fucked by fifteen men. *Stop...!* she thought feebly as Ochaco reached her leotard.

Finally, Ochaco forced her hands through Mirko's cufflinks before picking up her former ears and slipping the band over her head with a shiver. "All—" She swallowed. "All done."

Hawt Couture clapped. "Excellent, darling. You look wonderful. Here, take a look at yourself..." Picking up a giant mirror, she dragged it across the room and planted it at Ochaco's feet with a grunt. "What do you think?"

From between Ochaco's legs, Mirko groaned in realization. No wonder she felt so stuffed—Uravity was practically spilling out of her, boobs threatening to pop out of her bodice

and thighs trying to tear through her pantyhose. Hadn't this idiot tailor taken her measurements?!

Ochaco looked as if she were seeing herself in a new light, and Mirko didn't blame her: it was one thing to have a body like theirs and another to cram it into a bunny outfit. Mirko's first time wearing one had felt like a second puberty.

"D-do I really have to wear this?" she said, eyes locked on her overflowing cleavage.

Hawt Couture shrugged. "As I said, I can always send her to that raspberry boy."

Ochaco shuddered. "I'll wear her."

Mirko sighed in relief.

"Excellent," said the tailor, clapping her hands and grinning in amusement. "Now, I've got Midnight and that boy with the grenade-arms arriving in two minutes, so if you'd kindly like to grab your things and leave."

"W-wait, why isn't she speaking? Shouldn't she be able to talk?"

If Mirko had still had eyes, she would have blinked in shock. *Why couldn't* she talk?

"Talk?" said Hawt Couture. "Oh no no no, the Costutors can't *talk*."

"Then... how is she supposed to tutor me?"

Hawt Couture shrugged. "Do I look like a teacher? They can kinda, like, twitch a little. One for 'yes', two for 'STOP!' and so on. I'm sure you'll figure something out, darling. Now..." she pushed Ochaco towards the door. "...If you'd kindly return to the streets where you belong."

"C-Can't I at least change back first?"

"So sorry, darling!"

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The cold autumn air whipped against Mirko's leotard as Ochaco walked, her every step a little torture for the both of them.

For Ochaco, each new step meant attracting a new man's attention. The streets were packed, and no one could fail to notice Uragivity's new outfit as she strode through the town, assets bobbing with every step. Wolf whistles and leers came without pause. By the time she'd walked half a mile, Ochaco had turned as red as Red Riot's costume.

As for Mirko...

When she'd accepted her agent's request to join the Costutor program, she'd assumed it would just be a stupid gimmick. She'd show up, spend half an hour wrapped around some

new hero's body for a photoshoot, and then everything would go back to normal. She hadn't known it would last for a month! Or that it would feel like *this*...

Every step Ochaco took strained Mirko's altered form, stretching her legs-turned-pantyhose and forcing her head and arms even deeper into the younger hero's taint. Ochaco's assets jiggled and bounced inside her—she could feel every inch of Uravity's body in intimate detail, from the wet lips kissing her face to the hard nipples digging hard into her rubberized vulva. With each fresh motion came a pang of fresh delight, as if someone had hooked her clit up to a generator. She wanted to hiss and spit and scream for someone to release her.

Her torturous new state did have *one* upside: she could still see and hear. Unfortunately, even that had become a fresh source of annoyance. Trapped looking out from Ochaco's crotch, Mirko couldn't help but notice how much attention the younger hero was getting. With every step Ochaco took, her unsupported breasts threatening to pop out of Mirko's bodice, a new pair of eyes turned to look at her. Most of them were male. And most of them were *hungry*.

Mirko roiled in sullen envy. She'd *never* gotten as many looks as this.

As a fresh whistle faded behind them, Mirko felt Ochaco shudder. "M-Miss Mirko?" she said, voice trembling. "I-I don't know if I can wear you for a month. Not when..." She gulped. "Not when people keep looking at me like..."

She came to a stop, voice trailing off. Mirko, mind swamped with pleasure, took a second to realize why.

"Hey there," said a man in a suit and sunglasses, looking Ochaco up and down with exactly zero subtlety. He wore his shirt open to expose his tanned pecs and the stylized heart tattoo covering them. Mirko recognized it from somewhere, but she couldn't remember where.

Ochaco shied backward, trembling. "Oh, um, hi," she said, voice quavering. "Sorry, could I just get past? You're, um, you're blocking my—"

The man placed a hand on her shoulder. "Hey now," he said, voice deep and rich as a vintage wine, "*calm down now. There's no need for you to panic.*"

At once, Ochaco stopped shivering. She laughed. "Sorry," she said, sounding genuinely happier, "wearing this new costume's making me a little nervous."

"I'm not surprised," said the man in the suit, adjusting his glasses with practiced style. "That's an explosive outfit for a little firecracker like yourself—I'm surprised you had the confidence to choose it. Hey, it looks good on you though. You should feel a little more *confident*."

Ochaco snapped upright, all the nervousness gone out of her pose. Mirko felt the sudden motion as a blast of red-hot pleasure. *Nn~!*

"Thanks," said Ochaco, grinning widely. Someone nearby whistled at her, and without a pause, she spun and blew a kiss at them.

The man in the suit laughed. “That’s the spirit! Say, don’t I recognize you from somewhere? Ain’t you one of those new heroes? Gravity Girl, right?”

“Uravity,” said Ochaco.

“*Uravity*,” said the man, rolling the word around his tongue like a grape. “That’s a pretty sweet name, but I don’t know if it suits a beauty like yourself.”

“B-beauty?” Ochaco went red.

The man laughed again. “Hell yeah. You taken a look at yourself recently? You’re sexy as hell. You should be *proud* of it.”

Ochaco’s blush faded, and her smile returned to her face. “I *am* proud of it.” She stuck her chest out—Mirko felt it like a kick to the pussy.

The man raised his glasses to get a better look at Ochaco’s cleavage. “Say, er, I don’t suppose you’re interested in doing some extra work in your—I dunno, whenever you’re not out saving people or whatever?”

Ochaco cocked her head. “Extra work? What kind?”

The man laughed. “I’m glad to hear you’re *curious*.”

“Seriously, what kind?” asked Ochaco. “What kind? Come on, you have to tell me.”

Mirko felt a growing sense of horror. Something was wrong.

The man rummaged inside his suit, pulled out a little red card, and handed it to Ochaco.

Ochaco squinted. “The *Rabbit Hole*?”

“You got it,” said the man in the suit, “that’s the name of my fine establishment.”

“What kind of place is it?” said Ochaco, grinning eagerly.

“Well,” said the man in the suit, “let’s just say it’s the kind of place where you could put that beautiful body of yours to good use.”

Ochaco’s blush returned. She took a step back, and Mirko felt a sudden shiver of realization pass through the younger hero’s form. It matched her own one: The *Rabbit Hole*. She recognized that name. She remembered why she recognized this guy and his heart tattoo too...

“*Don’t be afraid*,” said the Pimp Villain, Whorebinger. “Say, why don’t you come with me and take a look at the place? I promise you’ll *enjoy* yourself.”

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Whorebinger. If Mirko had still had a heart of her own, it would have been pounding. Of all the villains Ochaco could have stumbled into, Whorebinger had to be one of the worst. He might not be the most violent of villains, but his crimes were by far the most perverse.

High heels clacking against the stage—down in the pits, men hollered and whistled and hooted. The red lights of the strip club made it difficult to see, but Ochaco’s stammered reactions told Mirko everything she needed to know.

“This—this—” Ochaco sounded like she wanted to throw up. “This is a—” A woman in little more than a pair of boots strolled past them, body jiggling. Ochaco’s voice cut off.

“Hey now,” said Whorebinger, placing a calming hand on Ochaco’s shoulder. “There’s no need to freak out. You’re *happy* to be here, ain’tcha, doll?”

Ochaco stopped shaking. “Of course I am,” she said, all the fear gone out of her voice.

Whorebinger smiled.

Mirko wanted to kick the smug fucker in the teeth. His Quirk, Heartstrings, let him sense and control the emotions of anyone he’d touched. It wasn’t much use if you knew who he was and what he was capable of, but if he got the drop on you, like he had Ochaco...

“So, how do you feel now?” he asked, squeezing Ochaco’s arm. “If you’re anything like me, just bein’ here probably makes you feel real *horny*.” He laughed.

Salty fluid splashed Mirko’s face. Through her disgust, she felt Ochaco’s body heating up inside her, hard nipples poking into her bodice.

Ochaco gulped. “Y-yeah,” she said.

“What d’you think of being up on that stage yourself?” Whorebinger continued. He pointed to the main stage and the woman swinging around its central pole. Watching her ass spiraling made Mirko want to throw up. “I bet you just *love* the idea, don’t you, doll?”

Ochaco blushed and rubbed her thighs together.

Whorebinger laughed. “Come on, there’s *no need to be shy*. You should have the *confidence* to admit your desires.”

“You’re right!” said Ochaco, eyes flashing. “I wanna climb up on that stage and spin around that pole like... like... like a whore!”

“Atta girl,” said the villain.

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“Now, remember,” said Whorebinger, rubbing Ochaco’s arms like a couch about to push a boxer into the ring. “You’re a sexy, *horny* fuckbunny, and you just *love* showing your body off to all the men in the audience. You got that?”

Ochaco nodded, grinning. “You got it, Mr. Whorebinger.”

“Good girl,” said Whorebinger. “I love a nice, *submissive* doll like yourself. Now give out there and give it your all!” He gave her a push.

As Ochaco regained her balance and strode forward, Mirko shuddered inside in horror.

Making her way to the center of the stage, Ochaco seized the pole to a rapturous cheer from the men down below. Scarcely an instant later, a fresh blast of salty fluid splashed Mirko in the face. She tried to pull away and retch or spit it out, but of course, she could do nothing.

Pressing her breasts into the pole, Ochaco came to a stop, panting for breath. Her body felt as if it were on fire, while her heartbeat sounded like a volley of cannon fire.

This was bad. This was really bad. Whorebinger’s Quirk wasn’t dangerous in short bursts, but if allowed to affect someone for an extended period, it could have serious effects on a person’s personality.

“Go on!” called Whorebinger from backstage. “Show them some *passion!*”

Ochaco made a stifled sound, as if suppressing a scream. Taking a deep breath, she thrust her crotch forward, slamming Mirko’s face into the pole. As the former hero struggled to react, her ‘student’ wrapped her thighs around the pole and spun. It was clumsy—Whorebinger’s Quirk could only make her *feel* not like a stripper, not know everything one should know—but if the hooting from the crowd was any indication, it did the job all the same.

The more Ochaco spun, the louder the crowd became, and the hotter Ochaco’s body burned. Mirko felt it, tasted it: every drop of salty sweat and juice. She wanted to scream and retch and throw up and moan. She hated it, but at the same time, she couldn’t deny it felt good. Hawt Couture had made her new body so intensely sensitive that even the slightest twitch of Ochaco inside her sent Mirko spiraling into a fresh abyss of lust.

Fuck, fuck, fuck. Someone, help!

Ochaco twirled on, growing hotter with the second.

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As her time on the stage finally came to an end, Ochaco laughed and dismounted the pole, bending over to scoop up some of the bills on the floor and giving the crowd an excellent view of her cleavage in the process. Whistles pierced the air as she turned and strode away, butt cheeks bouncing in Mirko’s grip with every exaggerated step.

Wrapped tight around her form, Mirko could only shudder. Ochaco's body blazed inside her like a furnace. No, a boiler. A *leaky* boiler. The taste of salt on her lips was... ugh. She'd never get it out of her.

Backstage, Whorebinger gave Ochaco an enthusiastic slap on the butt that sent Mirko's mind reeling. "Nice job out there, hot stuff. How'd it make you feel? I bet it made you feel *reaaal good*, didn't it?"

Ochaco took a deep breath, bit her tongue, and nodded.

"That's the stuff," said Whorebinger. "Since you've enjoyed your taster, I take it you'd be *enthusiastic* about signing a more permanent contract?"

"Of course I would!" cried Ochaco, practically jumping on the spot.

"Excellent." Whorebinger clapped his hands. "Well, why don't we take a stroll over to my office and work out the finer details, huh?"

Ochaco nodded eagerly.

Whorebinger's office looked less like an office and more like a luxurious bedroom. It took Mirko a second to realize this was because that was exactly what it was. And by the smell, it was meant for one thing and one thing alone... The fucker even had lubricant on the beside cabinet!

"Take a seat," said Whorebinger, planting Ochaco's ass on the bed. "Atta girl. Now, before you sign, I should make you aware that there are some... *ancillary* duties involved in this position." He adjusted his belt. "It's not all strutting and spinning on the stage. There are some clients who want a more personal performance, you know?"

Ochaco nodded. Mirko swallowed.

"And of course," Whorebinger continued, "when I say personal performance, I'm not just referring to a private lap dance, you know? You *understand* what I'm getting at right? Well, you should feel you do, anyway." He smirked.

"Of course I know," said Ochaco, utterly confident. She paused. "But could you explain anyway?"

Whorebinger smiled thinly. "Not all our clients are gonna be okay just lookin' at that beautiful body of yours. Some of them are gonna wanna touch you. And some of them are gonna want to go even further."

Ochaco's false-confidence splintered, and for an instant it seemed as if Whorebinger's Quirk had lost its power over her. She looked around, eyes widening in shock at the bed, the bottle of lube...

...Whorebinger's pleasant smile. "...Of course, *you're okay with that*, aren't you?"

Calmness returned to Ochako's face. "Of course," she said, smiling blankly.

"Atta girl," said Whorebinger, planting his ass beside her on the bed. "I knew you were the kind of woman I needed from the second I set eyes on you: a *horny, submissive slut who's happy to attend to the needs of any man who catches her attention, no matter how perverse*. Ain't I right, doll?"

Ochako giggled. "Of course, Mr. Whorebinger! You're the boss."

Whorebinger grinned. "Perfect. Now, lemme give you a little lesson in taking care of the clientele."

Fuck, fuck, fuck! thought Mirko, as Ochako sauntered across the room.

Spreading his legs, Whorebinger bared the swollen bulge beneath them.

Fuck, thought Mirko. Did he have a cock-enhancing Quirk too?

"First of all," said Whorebinger, unzipping his fly. "Why don't you take that pretty outfit of yours off and let me take a look at the beautiful body beneath?"

Ochako paused. "Oh," she said, "I would, but I'm supposed to keep her on..."

A dangerous silence filled the office. "...Her?" said Whorebinger.

Fuck! thought Mirko. *Fuck, fuck, fuck!*

"Oh, um..." Ochako looked torn. "I'm taking part in the Costutor Program. It's run by the Fashion Hero, Hawt Couture. She's using her Quirk to turn professional heroes into costumes so they can mentor people up close."

It took several seconds for Whorebinger to respond. Finally, he cocked his head and smirked. "No kidding. So that sweet bunny costume o' yours is a professional hero, huh?" His eyes settled on Mirko's stomach. "Can she hear us?"

Fuck!

"Of course," said Ochako. "They have to be aware or they wouldn't be able to mentor us."

Taking Ochako's hand in his own, Whorebinger pulled her in close. "Who *exactly* are you wearing, doll? Be a *nice, submissive* girl and tell your new boss, will ya?"

Fuck!

"Okay!" said Ochako, voice sounding a little slurred. "I'm wearing Mirko the Rabbit Hero!"

Fuuuuuuuuck!

Whorebinger's eyes flashed through a wide range of emotions and finally settled on something Mirko *really* didn't like the look of. "*The* Mirko?" he said, voice tight. "As in, Japan's No. 5 Pro Hero?"

"That's the one!" said Ochaco.

Whorebinger stroked his wispy beard, the smile on his face growing wider with the second. "No. Kidding."

Grabbing Mirko's cups, he wrenched her forward. Mirko squealed as the feeling of his hands against her former sex.

"Ah, now I can feel her," said Whorebinger, rubbing his hands all over her. She shuddered inside at the feeling. "You like that, don't you, you slutty little fuck bunny?" Releasing her with a snap, he threw back his head and laughed, covering his eyes with his hands. "Man, I've had some good luck today!"

His eyes tightened on Mirko again, and the look of them made Mirko want to shiver.

"I wanted to get my hands on your body for a *long* time, Fuckbunny. You wouldn't believe how many times my men have tried to catch you. And then, out of blue, you waltz right into my club wrapped around the body of some stupid greenhorn slut." He threw back his head and laughed again. "Man, the stars are really smiling on me today."

As Mirko shuddered in horror, struggling to escape her own body, Whorebinger turned his gaze back to Ochaco once more. "On second thought, doll, you can keep the outfit on. I love a good threesome."

Mirko watched, wanting desperately to fight, as Whorebinger spread his legs and unzipped his fly. "You see this, doll?" he said, guiding his cock out. "I bet it makes you feel *real good*, doesn't it? *Reeeeeal horny*."

Ochaco gulped. Mirko felt her heating up.

"I bet you're *hungry* for it, ain't you, doll? Betcha want nothing more than to bend down and wrap your lips around it, doncha?"

Ochaco's jaw dropped. Drool poured from her lips. Eyes wide, she fell to her knees and sniffed Whorebinger's cock like a dog scenting a bone. Moaning, she opened wide and—

No!

—wrapped her lips around Whorebinger's erect shaft.

As Ochaco slurped hungrily, the villain stroked his beard and laughed. "I'm glad you're here to enjoy this with me, Mirko. It's not every day I get to fuck a pro hero's student while they watch!"

Mirko roiled in the confines of her own body, desperate to escape her own flesh, as Ochaco slurped eagerly at Whorebinger's cock, gliding her lips up and down its shaft with the confidence (if not the skill) of someone far more experienced.

Whorebinger gripped the bed, biting his lip. "Faster," he said. "Go on. Aren't you *desperate* to make me cum?"

Ochaco jolted as if told she was carrying a bomb. With a muffled affirmative, she picked up speed, slurping with a series of exaggerated wet smacks.

Whorebinger closed his eyes and lay back. "That's the stuff."

Trapped around Ochaco's body, Mirko could only watch in horror. How could things have possibly gone so badly. From Ochaco's crotch, she had an excellent view of Whorebinger's cock as Ochaco's lips slammed down its length, its veins pulsing with virility.

Finally, Whorebinger screwed up his eyes and grunted, penis throbbing even harder. Mirko had been dreading this moment from the start, but what followed was far worse than she'd expected. Instead of cumming in Ochaco's mouth, he pushed her off of him, took his cock in his hand, and aimed its tip at Mirko's chest with a grin of malicious delight.

No!

Semen—thick, sticky, and hot—splattered Mirko's bodice, slathering her cups and sliding down her front to meet her crotch. She reached as it rolled over her former face, her material absorbing just enough of the stuff for her to get a taste. Strongly salty, it overwhelmed her taste buds. She moaned inside, desperate to throw up.

Whorebinger simply laughed. "Aw, sorry about that, doll. I was aimin' for your face, but I got it all over your outfit instead." Ochaco stared at him happily. "I bet it makes you feel *real sad* you didn't get a taste of my cum, doesn't it?"

Ochaco's eyes shook. Screwing them up, she covered her face and wept into her hands, wailing loudly.

Whorebinger chuckled. "Aw, *cheer up*, doll." He gave her an affectionate pat on the head. "There's plenty more where that came from."

As Ochaco wiped her eyes, Whorebinger turned his attention to Mirko herself. If she'd still been human, she would have kicked his jaw off, but the best she could manage now was to retreat inside herself.

"So, you didn't like that, huh?" said Whorebinger, sounding more amused than confused. "I woulda thought you'd be pretty used to the taste of cum, by the looks of you."

Mirko wished she still had teeth to grit.

“Well, don’t worry,” he continued, grabbing her by the stomach and pulling her closer. “You’ll get plenty used to it working for me.” He chuckled. “Hey, doll? When’s this bunnyrag going to turn back?”

“Oh, um...” Ochaco looked as if her brain had melted. “I think she’ll stay like this forever unless I take her back to Hawt Couture.”

Whorebinger laughed. “Is that so? Well, that puts me in a kinda bind, doesn’t it, fuckbunny? I’d like to turn you back so I can whore out the famous Mirko, but it’d be a lotta risk to put you on the stage, would’n it? You’re pretty recognizable, after all. I wouldn’t wanna bring any other Pro Heros down on my head. So I think I’ll just keep you like this and enjoy knowing you’re in there. How’s that sound to you, bunnyslut?”

Mirko strained against the confines of her own body. She wanted to scream, to thrash, to kick him in the face. Anything other than sit here like a piece of clothing!

“Wow, you’ve got a lot of spirit for a slutty little bunnysuit, ain’t ya?” Whorebinger laughed. “You realize what kinda situation you’re in, right? You should show a little *fear*.”

Crushing horror flattened Mirko’s thoughts. In an instant, she saw her future outlined before her: no one would come to help them. No one even knew they were here. Whorebinger would rent out Ochaco like a common prostitute, and *she’d* spent the entire time wrapped around her body, a simple, slutty bunny outfit... and nothing more.

All of Mirko’s fighting spirit vanished, extinguished like a little flame in a typhoon. She wanted to cry, to whimper, to beg for mercy. Only her lack of a mouth kept her from pleading desperately.

Looking down at her, Whorebinger laughed. “That’s the stuff. I think I’ll keep you like this for a little while. In the meantime... Doll, get on the bed and spread your legs. It’s time for that threesome I promised you...”

Red lights burned on the ceiling, their dull glares casting strange shadows across the stage. Down below, the crowd sat murmuring expectantly round their tables as the current dancer finished her routine and the clacking of high heels against the floorboards sounded from backstage.

“That’s all from Galaxy, folks! Hope you enjoyed her! Now, get ready to empty your wallets, because it’s time for our weightless wonder... Moon Bunny!”

To a round of whistles and a flurry of bills, Moon Bunny strolled, hips sashaying, along the stage. Her boobs bounced in the confines of her leotard, threatening to pop out with every step.

As her owner came to the pole in the center of the stage, Bunny Suit shivered in anticipation. She could feel Moon Bunny’s body heating up inside her, perky nipples stabbing into her

cups, moist pussy leaking into her crotch/face. Once, this would have disgusted her, but Owner's master had told her to feel good about her new role as a slutty bunny outfit, so she did. She wanted nothing more than to make her owner look as sexy as possible.

Seizing the stage's pole, Moon Bunny pushed her chest forward, slipping it between her breasts and earning a few fresh whistles from the men in the crowd. Once they were done, one would almost certainly pay for a private session with them, which would end in the way they always did: with Bunny Suit listening from the floor as the clapping of Moon Bunny's asscheeks sounded from the bed.

Back in the present, Moon Bunny tightened her grip on the pole, moaned suggestively, and spun, wrapping her thighs around the shaft and sticking out her ass for the crowd. The act forced Bunny Suit's crotch deep between her Owner's cheeks, the pressure on her fabric making her shudder in silent ecstasy.

As they danced on, Bunny Suit started to feel as if she and her owner were one. She felt the motion of Owner's body as if it were her own, of the pole in her hands and between her thighs as if she were the one dancing. The feeling triggered a memory of something long buried in the past, of the time when Bunny Suit had had her own legs to dance and kick and run with.

But the memory made Bunny Suit start to feel a little sad, so she put it out of mind and focused on the present. She was her owner's sexy Bunny Suit, and she wouldn't have it any other way.