

# MY FETISH ACADEMIA

## CHAPTER 4: YEEHAW



TSUYU ASUI.

When the villain attack had begun, Tsuyu had been studying alone in her room. Hero training course or no, they still had to learn the fundamentals like math and geography, which meant plenty of time had to be spent making sure they learned the fundamental building blocks of society. A hero could be the strongest person in the world and still be worthless if he was an idiot... which was why she assumed Bakugou actually bothered to get good grades.

She didn't want to act until she had a better idea of what was happening within the dorms. Were they here? The main school building? What did the teachers want to do about the situation? But names were called out one after the other. Izuku, Ochako, Bakugou... Naturally worried about her peers, the frog hero had been quick to send Ochako a text. What she received back was surely a text but... the language was so crude and confusing she could only assume the girl's phone had been stolen or something. Weird.

As for whether or not Tsuyu thought someone could have a Quirk that could do the things they'd said over the intercom? She'd doubted it. Her studies had taught her that such a thing was impossible after all. **"A Quirk that could do that would be rarer than a cattle jumpin' a fence, kero."** Not one to monologue to herself, this weirdly uncharacteristic phrase suddenly blurted out without prompt. **"Kero?"** Ribbiting again, a thick, froggish finger was brought up to her chin. What a weird thing to think of, let alone say. And it had been spoken in perfect English too... short of a thick western accent.

Big goldfish eyes blinked, over-sized froggy-faced pajamas kicking off her comforter and the books resting atop it before she threw her feet over the bedside and moved

towards the mirror. Because of her frog Quirk Tsuyu didn't quite look like a normal human. Big eyes, seemingly swollen hands and feet, and an elongated frog tongue were prominent features that wouldn't have appeared on a person before humanity had evolved to support these special powers, and while society had moved away from it for the most part there were still those that harassed or looked down upon those whom had their human appearances tampered with by something they were born with.

Because these features were closely tied to her physiology, it was only natural that a disturbance in her physical makeup would become obvious from the get-go. Her weird Texan outburst aside, her skin was feeling tingly and her body all warm.

Back hunched as always, she stood before the mirror. **"Huh. That's weird. Didn't think I was dyeing my hair."** Naturally? She wasn't, but she was too calm of a person to panic at something like the emergence of platinum blonde hair strands mixing with her amphibian green. She'd never thought to wonder what she'd look like with a different hair color since green was just kind of her aesthetic. Fingers reached for one of her discolored bangs, rubbing it between them as it seemed to spread to the next one and the next one. Color aside, they also felt softer and silkier, and it seemed like they were beginning to curl just a little bit.

**"Kero? Uhh..."** Rolling strands within her hand, another change caught her eye in that very same area. The fingers themselves. Larger than human average, that seemed to quite not be the case any longer as tips thinned, gap between each finger widening before they were pulled down into a proper size as palms followed suit. Tsuyu's nails grew long and sharp as crimson paint applied itself as if by a ghost, and with her hand so close to her nose she could catch both the paint's fragrance and the fragrance of something else. **"Course that's gun powder,"** came her own affirmation, voice cracking into a weird accent once more.

Gun... powder? She knew the scent, yeah, but why did her hand smell like it? *'For my gun, obviously'*, was the natural answer, but Tsuyu was trained with firearms. In fact she was vehemently against their use... or was she? Nothing was more reassuring than a Colt Navy in your hand for shooting up outlaws. **"K-Kero?"** Her mind was in a tizzy, confusion worsened by her own reflection once more. The blonde had seemed deeper into her hair, its main body much wavier than it had been a moment ago, but her eyes...

Her big, vacant eyes had begun to shrink!? Even her vision was affected a moment as white space lessened and constantly dilated pupils normalized, a bright blue settling in the irises behind them. Even worse: they didn't even look like the eyes of a Japanese girl anymore! While she hadn't necessarily had the slanted look of an Asian girl with how wide they were before, as they'd shrunk they'd become naturally Caucasian. Her nostrils flared in a panic, point of her nose sharpening while crimson to match her nails was applied to thickening lips.

While this was all very dramatic, the most dramatic change to her head actually occurred within her mouth. It began with the taste of cigarette smoke of all things. It settled in against the roof of her mouth, the insides of her cheeks, and against the frog-like tongue that tucked naturally with in. Tsuyu opened and closed her mouth in disgust, trying to fish the flavor away, yet it just wouldn't subside. There was another that she didn't recognize as well, but her mind told her it was the taste of alcohol? Whiskey? While she could imagine what cigarettes tastes like by the scent of smoke, she had no prior knowledge of what whiskey even tasted like to compare.

Tongue cringed from the undesired tastes. While it tucked into her throat, that reserved space slowly filled as the shape and size of her tongue was sharply reduced. While it was normally several feet long when extended, the bulk became one with her neck or rather, was absorbed by it, leaving only a few inches remaining within. Tsuyu stuck it out, noting this right away, while also noting that the taste of whiskey and cigarettes no longer seemed to bother her. **"This ain't good. I need to talk to the other--"** Reasonable, not guided by emotions, Tsuyu was the first to respond naturally. She had to tell the others, even as her verbiage did another backslide. The problem was... *she wasn't allowed*. No risks were being taken with this operation.

The moment she thought to resist it was the moment her mind blanked. It was only momentarily, but as if it was being rebooted she suddenly came back to life with her baby blues looking around in confusion. The thought of *'I'll tell my friends'* had been forcibly erased.

While she struggled with her own consciousness, physical change didn't so much as halt. Her thick feet met with the same feet as her hands, toes crunching in and wriggling as the flats of her feet narrows. Crimson polish was spread across a set of perfectly manicured nails. While Tsuyu normally stood with a slouch thanks to her Quirk, without any of the physical characteristics of a frog she ultimately stood upright, pajamas not fitted for the posted and revealing her navel in the process. Although even if it had still been covered it would be for much longer.

**"Would ya look at that. I'm gettin' just a 'lil bit taller huh?"** Concern already lost, it seemed the rewiring had made Tsuyu lean emotionally into the changes as opposed to consciously oppose them. She almost seemed excited to see what came next as her pajama pants rose from her ankles and rapidly hugged her hips as she grew upwards. Arms and torso followed, navel on full display as her top now looked skin tight against her breasts. **"This outfit ain't right though, I wanna wear somethin' a little more saucy."** One of the benefits to giving into the change was that she could manipulate it in minor ways. Wishing for clothes of her own accord would come to change her current outfit in a sweeping fashion.

Though her body had grown nearly a foot taller, her breasts weren't an area that had grown at all. That became incredibly evident as her pajama shirt receded even more, buttons melting into the fabric as it both darkened and hardened into a tight but flexible material. Cleavage, not exactly ample but nothing to scoff at either, was pinched into prominence as all that remained was a latex bikini top that was perhaps

just a size too small for her tits. The collar of the top had remained around her neck, becoming a black collar with a skull medallion dangling from it.

Tsuyu slid a manicured finger under the bikini's center strap, giving it a quick and mischievous snap to loosen it while nipples stood erect beneath. With so much skin on display, it was clear her skin tone was that of a Caucasian woman as well. From the mole that appeared under her lips to the moles and freckles that now dotted her form, it gave her the appearance of an American woman in her twenties, not a Japanese girl in her teens.

The overly tight pants she was baring grew looser as black stained their froggy face pattern as well. While the material thickened into leather on the outside, dangling there in a pair of open chaps that revealed a pair of shapely legs that swelled with inviting flesh and muscle, the area around her pelvis clung tightly to her pussy to the point that it cameltoed, a thin bikini bottom leaving very little to the imagination in the front as the back dug into a swelling booty that was fondled as she tried to un-wedge the bikini bottom from within. **“Yeehaw! That’s lookin’ a lot better! Now to accessorize and I’ll be takin’ names and ridin’ cowfolk!”**

On cue with her declaration, her outfit was completed with a silver, snakeskin belt that rested on her bare hips, black fingerless gloves that wrapped her hands a leather torso holder that propped her breasts up even more, and naturally a brown cowboy hat that rested atop her head.

**“Yeah! Lookin’ good Tarra Ashley, American cowgirl!”** Tarra framed her own face in the mirror, stomping a pair of brown cowboy boots into the floor beneath her. All at once the room changed, quickly shifting from that of a teenage girl to one decorated almost like a Wild West movie set. Though there were plenty of adult things strewn around like magazines and... *toys*.

Memories of Tarra's Quirk came to mind. She didn't have anything like a frog Quirk, no. Her Quirk rested in her eyes. The ability to shoot anything and hit it, the ability to see super long distances! Maybe it was unconventional, but as she reached for the gun in her holster and gave it a twirl she knew it was perfectly fitting for her. **“Alright girl, let’s go catch us a group o’ villains!”**

You had to look good to fight crime, you know.