

# THE NEWER NEW LEAGUE OF VILLAINS

## CH4+5: A MORE ICONIC DUO



It took some time, but Eijiro Kirishima's blurred vision ultimately came to clear. He had been left stunned for some time now, the feeling of being suspended and what sounded to be crashing waves against a shore the only clues to where he was. Much like the others he could remember: they'd fallen into a trap. What was *unclear* was what had happened just *after* that.

Bright light from above made him keep eyes half shut as the surrounding area very slowly came into view. It seemed his suspicions weren't too far off the mark. Crystal blue water was sprawled out just below him, his neck craning upwards revealing that his arms were bound by some incredibly thick chains. They looked like they were designed to bind something *much* larger than just a human lad. While he didn't have the energy to properly react to the fact, looking down again brought to his attention that he was completely in the nude. At least, he didn't have the energy to react until he saw something pink sticking in the air on the sandy shore nearby.

*It was a butt.* Mina Ashido's butt to be exact. She was passed out still with her face in the sand and ass in the air, body completely naked much like his own. Putting any immediate shame aside due to the urgency of the situation, he had no choice but to call out to here. "Oi! Ashido! Hey! Ashido! **WAKE UP!**" He was only a few feet away from her in the end, but she didn't seem to hear him or stir at all. Instead he found the chains dropping and his lower body submerged in the water, water that was lukewarm.

Actually... what were the chains bound to? Looking up it was like they just faded into the sky. Was this setting the concoction of someone's Quirk? An illusion? Or could this be an artificially created space? Considering how expansive the sea

behind him seemed to be and the circumstances leading up to this situation, he was definitely doubting the authenticity of this setting.

**"Earth to Ashid--"** Being dipped in the water hadn't stopped him from trying to reach out to her once more. After all, she wasn't bound and her Quirk could probably melt the chains that held him up. But that plan didn't go as he wanted, not as his skull was suddenly subjected to a shooting pain that seemed to culminate around the center of his forehead. **"The hell!?"** It almost felt like when he used his Hardening Quirk, at least around that singular point. But using said Quirk was never painful, and certainly not like this.

Thankfully the water below him had turned still and so he could see the reflection of his face. He watched as the skin on his forehead was strained like a sock being put on a foot as bone hardened and rose. And rose, *and rose*. It took a point after shooting up almost an entire foot, the skin on the tip dyed black as a pair of glowing, red bands appeared beneath and transitioned into a ghostly white. Nothing about that looked remotely *right*. It was a whole ass horn, and the white from its base begun to bleed into the rest of his face otherwise erasing his typical complexion.

He was left dumbfounded as he watched his face not only pale, but its general structure warp before his very eyes. His firm jaw softened, wide nose narrowing. There was a notable femininity about it all that was even more prominent as eyes softened only for pupils to dilate and the irises around them to turn a glowing red that matched the bands on his new horn. But the white did not cease and continued down past his neck. **"Is this a Quirk? What's happening to me!?"** His voice now, too, had a strange quality to it. It was like his words were being run through a distortion filter that also made his voice sound more like a woman's. Though noting how the white had spread through his hair, which seemed to have lost its spiky design only to grow longer and longer, he wondered if a woman was exactly what he was becoming here.

The creaking of the chains above suddenly brought Eijiro's attention back to his hands. An overall feeling of discomfort had taken hold of his body, but it was again a pain accompanying the sensation of his Quirk activating without his intention. His hands were hardening. But not only that, they were *growing*. They felt swollen temporarily as the chains seemed to readjust themselves to keep thickening wrists bound, fingers and palms drained of their color until only porcelain remained.

Were it just his hands getting bigger then it might not have been cause for alarm, but various cracks forming where his joints should have been gave fingers an inhumanly bony and disjointed look, while the tips sharpened into claws that looked unfit for mundane usage. Having swollen approximately ten times their normal size before the pain was abated, they looked very out of place. They looked like *weapons*. Compared to the rest of his body they were practically--

**"Huh?"** Looking down, Kirishima had expected to find his torso as he'd left it, but it was just a pale as the rest of his body now. But that wasn't really what had shocked

him. Toes now brushing up against the sand beneath the water, he came to the realization that his entire body had grown. He was probably five times the size he'd been before, although his proportions had been preserved. Compared to the tiny Ashido still unconscious on the beach, he might as well have been a giant.

Hair, long and white, cascaded down and into the water now where it floated to the surface. Kirishima wanted to be shocked by all this, to yell, but opening his mouth? All he could muster was a croak despite his alarm. "**Wh...at... iis?**" Words were slow because he was finding his ability to process his own thoughts a little more difficult. Pale thighs rubbed together underneath the water, their increased size now complimented by additional muscle and fat that gave them a rounded edge and had them touch even in a resting position.

The chains above creaked. Kirishima's weight was steadily growing, flesh remaining flesh but becoming far more durable than one would expect. At the rate things were going they would inevitably snap despite their thickness, and the monster claws they bound twitched and attempted to grasp idly at them in hopes of crushing them subconsciously.

After growing so much, the water came up to just below the young man's chest. It had been tickling the base of his nipples for some time, and so they'd grown erect despite their newly found paleness. His body overall had become plumper as a woman's appeal settled in, but the plumpness that beset his bosom promptly expanded, pushing the water beneath them forward and causing ripples through the liquid. If it had just been a little bit of weight added then it might not have been so bad, but in the end Eijiro was fortunate the water was surrounding him to provide buoyancy as his breasts grew in.

He could merely look down in silence as pale flesh was padded and padded, a chest once ripe with rippling muscles reduced to a pair of soft orbs that only grew larger the more he watched them. Water was displaced as the bottoms of his soft tits were submerged in the ocean, darkening nipples standing firm above the surface even as each tit ballooned to be even larger than his head. "**Wh...y...?**" He was slowly but surely trying to comprehend what was happening, and wondered why it was happening to him. He could feel a similar expansion engorging his rear, seeing ass cheeks grow big, round and full. A passing fish nibbled at one cheek before fleeing from the ripple the contact produced.

All that was left of Eijiro, really, was his dick. Much like the rest of his body it had become huge, but by the time his ass and tits had grown in it was little more than a nub before it was absorbed by what was now her clit. Because she was such a huge woman, though, it would take a special tool or individual to pleasure her.

"**Ah... N... NNN... No...**" The chains holding her claws in the air finally gave way, and as the full weight of the monster's body fell into the sea water splashed in every direction -- catching Mina in the process. Eijiro could barely process things now. Complicated thought had faded, and instinct seemed to guide her instead. Even her

name... did she have one of those? Not knowing brought her anguish, and then forgetting why she'd becoming anguished in the first place made her cry a pained cry. "AAaaaaAAAHH...!" Cracks began to form across her extremely thick and durable form, a red glow resonating from beneath. They frayed her claws and split the left cheek of her face, the rest most prominent across her thighs while one ran down her right ass cheek. Each crack hurt, and that pain distracted her every time her mind attempted to wander back to processing her surroundings.

All so that her original self never resurfaced.

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"**Five more minutes...**" Contrasting Eijiro's loud reaction to waking in a strange place, Mina barely stirred even after being splashed by the water from her classmate falling into the ocean. It wasn't until the Harbor Princess had cried out that the pink maiden jumped up to her feet, the wet sand that had clung to her body going flying at the same time. "**Who!? What!? Where am-- WHAT ARE YOU!?**" Any other question she had was lost the moment her gaze fixated on a woman sitting in the water beside her. She was... naked? No, wasn't the bigger concern the fact that she was gigantic!? With that horn, those glowing eyes, and the claws that grasped at the beach sand, she looked more like a monster than a person.

"**And why am I naked?**" Since she was in the presence of another woman she didn't get too worked up about it, but she didn't really realize that the beast was Eijiro to begin with.

The Abyssal merely stared blankly at the tiny, pink human. A small part of her wanted to crush the girl like a bug, but something else made her stop. A familiarity? No, a kinship? This girl was... her handler? The one in charge of her, because she couldn't function on her own.

*THUD. THUD.*

Mina's head lurched forward and the sound of two somethings crashing into the sand below brought golden irises to see what had just happened. Her stomach churned when she realized it was... "**MY HORNS FELL OFF!? HOW IS THAT EVEN POSSIBLE!?**" She ran her hands through her hair hoping that it was just a trick and the horns she'd had since childhood were still there, but much to her despair there was absolutely no resistance from any protrusions. In fact, it was like her head had healed completely. She almost wanted to cry.

And while she didn't actually cry, the skin around her left eye was suddenly marked by a black teardrop tattoo. The pigmentation of her skin was quickly changing too, the pure pink hue seeming paler and paler, pink more purple than anything. While one could argue her usual pink was healthy looking... could the same really be said about this skin tone? It looked more like she'd died and was likewise reanimated than anything.

**“Wait... Weren’t we captured? Then where are the others? I need to find those vermin--”** And crush them myself! That was how she’d planned on finishing that sentence... *for some reason*. Mina didn’t make it that far though. She’d stopped the second she realized she’d referred to her classmates and friends like they were rodents meant to be stepped upon. She didn’t feel that way! She loved her friends more than anything! But why did she feel like she’d love them more with their expressions in distorted agony? *And why did that excited her sexually!?*

Much like her skin had lost its pink, so too did her hair. A vibrant ginger beset her spiky styling, points smoothing downward as lengthened bangs did their best to obscure her right eye just in time for both orbs to take on an undoubtedly-evil crimson red. Almost like one might expect from a vampire. Although Ashido was no vampire. **“Hey do you uh, feel weird too?”** Her question was pointed at the Harbor Princess, the beast seemingly not processing the question in time. This provoked some uncalled for, uncharacteristic frustration from the human still fumbling on the sand. **“Damn, you’re dull as a damn rock aren’t you!?”**

Red eyes stared around the space. This was some kind of magic-born illusion, wasn’t it? She wasn’t sure *why* she was so confident that this was the answer, but she was almost one hundred percent convinced. Something about being involved with dark sorcerers in the past? Maybe one that killed her for his own selfish gain? Of course Mina Ashido had never experienced such a thing before, but memories that pushed her old ones out of the way like a speeding truck sure seemed to suggest that she had.

A hand idly jiggled her right breast. Her body felt *wrong*. The skin here was too loose, and on cue her tits seemed to firm up while perhaps even growing a little more pronounced in both shape and size. Her nipples were thick and a darker purple than the rest of her skin, and *Minya* couldn’t help but give one a little tweak between her fingers as she thought about the things she’d do when she got out of this shithole illusion.

The skin around her stomach tightened soon after, curvature of her tummy hardened and muscles more defined as the breadth of her hips flared outward to the sides. There was a supple maturity to the shape of her torso now, despite the fact that her face might suggest she was still in her late teens at best. Pale lips curved into a wicked smile as she caught sight of the monster in the sea staring at her ass from the side. She could tell why. A ripple had run through the fat there, bringing cheeks in tighter thanks to hardened muscle while likewise seeing her ass bubble up in size. Not that she cared much for earning the attention of anyone sexually, but she could tell she might be able to have some fun with this ocean princess later.

**“Are you looking for a show you piece of shit?”** She couldn’t help but give her ass a little wiggle, just to show it off and seemingly fluster the giantess.

Mina’s pubes were always pink and curly, but before long they were ginger and straight, standing out more prominently against her pale-purple lap. The huge gap

between her thighs which had been left when her hips had flared was quickly filled as muscular flesh expanded while retaining a tender appeal, though there was still quite a prominent thigh gap left that would allow onlookers to see the cheeks of her ass poking inward if they were to stare between her legs. Monya bent over and stuck her bare ass in the air, running fingers with nails now painted black against the smooth skin of her legs, ultimately massaging painted feet with a flexibility she hadn't possessed until her transformation. Tongue ran across her lips before something in the sand caught her attention.

With her new flexibility she stomped a foot forward and onto this newly revealed switch even while leaning down, and the moment she did the entire space around them shifted into a large, dark, gray room. So the spell had an off switch, hm? But it hadn't been there before. Perhaps it only revealed itself when the subjects involved were completely taken by their new lives? And *Kronya* knew she had once been someone else. That personality, however? She'd mentally driven a knife into it so that it could never surface again.

The clown-like villainess sighed as she stood upright once more and glanced over at the Harbor Princess, whom was confused by the changed surroundings. Kronya wasn't surprised. She could recall it now. She was in charge of this beast, and this beast was dumb as fuck. She was a slow thinker too, but that big body? Those huge claws? They were irreplaceable weapons for whatever shtick this League of Villains had planned. But would she go along with it? She'd have to see for herself.

Either way, who else could say they'd fucked a giant monster woman? Because she was about to *crush* that record.