

# NO MORE II.

JANUARY 2021 REQUEST STORY

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It had been several days since U.A.'s culture festival had ended, and people were beginning to grow worried. Out of nowhere, Bakugou Katsuki had gone missing. The fact that it was alarming wasn't that surprising. After all, he had been kidnapped by the villains earlier in the year. Back then, they hadn't intended on taking 'no' for an answer when it came to him joining their ranks, so teachers and students alike were concerned.

And yet, not a single clue turned up. The last Bakugou had been sighted had been as he'd left the festival that day, and he hadn't told anyone where he was going. The authorities were stumped, and without a proper way of tracking him, many were liable to give up hope.

But not Eijirou Kirishima. He was Bakugou's best friend. As far as he was concerned, he was the best equipped individual to find him, but most of the adults continued to push his efforts away. So he decided to take the search into his own hands. **"If Bakugou left and went in this direction, then he was probably..."**

Having walked a good ten minutes away from the school gates, Kirishima thought it might be best to retrace the boy's potential steps. But as he neared a busier part of town, the thought dawned on him. **"The convenience store?"** Bakugou was a surprisingly picky dude, and only liked shopping at specific places. If he was burnt out after the festival, or if something had frustrated him, then he would have developed the munchies by the end of the day. So, then, did he head towards his favorite store?

Eijirou broke out into a run. Now that he had a lead, that narrowed down the search area. It didn't take him long to reach that part of town, but he stopped suddenly. **"I should let Midoriya know so he can pass it on to a teacher..."** Stopping before a certain alley, he began to type away at his phone. But before he could text send?

**"Are you looking for Bakugou Katsuki?"**

A voice that sounded as if it belonged to a young girl called from the darkness of the alley, giving Kirishima pause. He stopped short of sending that message and put the phone away, before moving into the darkness. **"Huh, yeah? Do you know something?"** There was definitely someone here. She was short, but the space was so dark that he couldn't make out much more than that. Yet, before he could get close enough? His face hit an invisible wall. **"Huh!?"**

**"Don't worry, you'll be reunited very soon."** The voice was more sinister this time, and the boy then stepped backwards... only to collide with another invisible wall. Was he trapped? Then he'd just have to activate his Quirk and bust out of h— **"I don't think so! Our group needs a second member, but I think we can put that Quirk of yours to good use in its final moments, Eijiro Kirishima!"**

The speaker finally stepped out of the shadows, and Eijiro was surprised that... she looked fairly normal. Her hair was long and pink, so maybe *that* was a little strange, but she was just a girl in her early teens wearing a K-pop shirt and skinny jeans. **"Who are...? Is this your Quirk? You can let me out, you know."** He had steadied his panic. If the cause was just this girl, then maybe this was just a prank of some kind?

**"Yup! But I need you to just sit quiet while we get your ready, Miss Ahri!"**

Kirishima had been on the cusp of asking the girl who she was speaking to when a pale blue light suddenly shone down on him from all four corners of the barrier box he had been trapped within. He wanted to cry out in shock at it all, but strangely enough he could not speak. Rather... he couldn't even move? His gaze was fixed forward, and his arms were stuck at his side. The only thing that showed any signs of movement was the sole bead of sweat that rolled down the side of his face.

Naturally, activating his Quirk was out of the question too. But, out of nowhere... it felt like something had set it off. His Quirk was *'Hardening'*, the ability to turn his flesh into jagged rock if need be. It almost felt like it had been activated just above his butt? Where his tailbone was? But it wasn't as if he could move to check to see if this were true either.

Besides, it felt as if something was being constructed? His Quirk couldn't create matter, nor could it affect matter that wasn't a part of his own body, yet... was something growing there? *Yes*. He couldn't see it, but flesh was body growing and crystallizing behind him in quick succession, the point of origin being his tailbone as he had assumed. It wasn't a single growth, but nine of them that were similar by design and sprawled out in every direction as they grew and grew.

Considering their positions it was quite clear that these were tails, yet not tails of flesh, blood, and fur. They were shimmering blue crystals, as jagged as Kirishima's quirk typically made his body. Each tail reached roughly six feet in length with a thin base and thick tips, and despite being made of apparent stone they gracefully swayed from side to side. There was no real weight to them either, but the back of Kirishima's uniform? They'd torn through a great deal of the back of his jacket and pants.

This was all according to Shaya – *the girl's* – design. Ahri was a nine-tailed fox woman, and as a member of K/DA her tails were like that. But then again, what was a fox without her ears? Kirishima could feel his own begin to slither across his skin as if they were fish breaching the waves, settling atop his head where they began to stretch and pull. As they reached upwards towards the sky, they folded outwards so that they better resembled an animal's ear, with platinum fur growing around the outside and a bright pink on the inside. They drastically enhanced his hearing capabilities, so much that he could hear the girl's breathing as if she were standing right beside him.

But what was this? Was there someone else among the shadows? Their presence felt *familiar* somehow.

Not that he was afforded much of a chance to dwell on it. He couldn't even comprehend what was swishing around behind him, much less whatever had happened to his ears. But there were much more miniscule things that were making a big difference while at play as well, and many of them were present in his face.

Considering the nature of his Quirk, perhaps it was unsurprising that he had a *very* rugged jawline. Or, well, *had possessed* one. The shape of his face had begun to look quite smooth, with the arch of his chin gentle and the stretch of his face both slender and long. Raised cheekbones wrought change with his eyes, which were surprisingly just a little smaller as their shapes retained an arch, but one that seemed to tilt more towards *Korean* than Japanese.

Likewise, his nose shrunk (*but had it somehow grown more sensitive?*), and his eyebrows thinned while their crimson coloring seemed to fade into a platinum blonde not unlike the fur upon his new ears. What actually stood out most of all was the shape of his lips – or, at least, their thickness. For a moment it might have been possible to confuse their growth with an allergic reaction, but their plumpness lingered and settled into a sensual and constant pout that beckoned to those that glanced upon it.

And if they wouldn't attract attention on these merits alone, they certainly would as makeup began to surface. A sparkly, pale pink gloss upon his lips meant they shone when light reflected off of them. Meanwhile, dark blue eyeshadow was swept across his eyelids and extensions were added to his lashes. All in all, Kirishima's face was a young woman's through and through.

The spikes of the boy's crimson hair actually began to flatten in no small part because of the platinum blonde discoloration that had begun to seep into it from his roots. It was the same color seen in his thin eyebrows, and just as they were neat, so too did his hair tidy up into a much trendier style as the color swept through to the tips – even seeing them lengthen past his shoulders and far down his back, touching his crystal tails. About one third of the distance away from these tips to the tips themselves, a bright pink color ultimately mingled among the blonde as well. A floral fragrance was filling the barrier, a mixture of hairspray and women's deodorant that the boy could help but think smelled rather nice.

A stretching sensation in his spine came next and had he the faculties to do so he might have groaned uncomfortable as he felt his flesh pull and tear. It was a phenomenon that had *begun* with his spine, but soon moved into his arms and legs as well as bones elongated, giving him a lankier frame that wreaked havoc upon his uniform. The jacket and undershirt were tugged away from his belly, leaving it bare – while lower down? His pant legs were pulled up to his shins.

Were that not enough, he was being given a dancer's frame. That meant all of that excess muscle he'd developed through his hero training? *It had to go*. Arms and legs thinned rapidly, his tightened jacket emptying out while abs were reduced to nothing. Among these changes was something uncharacteristic of the rest, though; unless one's waistline typically pinched inwards to a more feminine cut with the intent of keeping him a man. Kirishima's waist almost seemed impossibly thin when all was said and done, and it made his hips appear all the wider for it.

...Or was that not actually a trick of the mind?

No, even though he had thinned, the waistband of his uniform pants felt tighter than they ever had. The cause? His hips had swung wide, practically doubling in width so that the pants would not fall from his waist. It all seemed quite preparatory, and that was indeed the case. Shaya knew Ahri's charm points well, and a shakable booty was among them.

Kirishima could feel his boxers tightening as fat bled into the cheeks of his rear, seeing them bloom vigorously so that they pushed out the back of his pants as well. Because the tops had been torn up when his tails had grown, it was much easier to get a look at the creamy white ass cleavage that bulged beyond the hem of his boxers – a ripe and smackable ass that would be the envy and point of lust for his fans-to-be.

The legs of his pants tightened as well, and they ended up generously progressing into the new thigh gap that had been left by his widened hips. Thick and rounded, skin tender and supple, they completely filled the legs to the point that removing these pants would have been a major issue, and that they threatened to crush his balls.

Or would have, had *she* still possessed them.

In that moment, something in her mind had just *realigned*. Her cock and balls replaced by a pussy; she could no longer think of herself as a man much less remember being one. In fact, her head was swimming with memories that seemed nonsensical. Thoughts of hero training were replaced by recollections of performance practice, her childhood swept away to be replaced by one more befitting of her newer, foxier heritage. She learned to use her beauty to her advantage at an incredibly young age, and how many men and women had she courted to those ends?

But to court, one needed an attractive body. Her lower half already fit the bill, and there was no face more beautiful than the one she now possessed, and yet? Her chest felt strangely empty. *The changes were getting there.*

They began with an itchiness that plagued her nipples, but only because Shaya's Quirk was teasing them to see them grow. They became both engorged and erect, and with the upper layer prepared mass began to amass beneath them. At first, what decorated her chest couldn't be considered anything large than a pair of bug bites, but over the course of twenty to thirty seconds they expanded quite magnificently, pushing out the front of her oversized shirt and jacket while the contents within grew weighty and round. Perk, D-cup tits eventually mounted her torso completely, which only left the aesthetics of it all.

The barrier soon diminished, but not before the clothing that hung from her body with the illest of fits crawled, stretched, and dyed themselves. Fortunately, most of it became a single piece of attire. The tops and pants merged at the hem, and majestic blues saw their colors change from the dreary to the fantastical. The top was of the darkest blue in the ensemble, hugging her breasts tightly with a translucent cleavage window. A single sleeve flowed to the right from here, climaxing in a tight glove with a crystal pauldron over her right shoulder – otherwise, the left arm and hand were more or less bare short of a fingerless, black glove.

Around her firm tummy, the dress was a lighter blue and so tight that you could see her navel's imprint upon it, while the silky skirt itself carried a blue that was the midway point between the top and the bottom. Beneath the skirt were a pair of spats that left *Ahri's* thighs completely bare short of a single belt on her right thigh, and her feet had been done up in black heels. Selling the ensemble was a sparkling choker around her neck that was silver in color, and a set of baby blue, diamond shaped hair pins in her hair.

And just like that, she could move again.

**“How do you feel, Ahri?”** It wasn't Shaya that had posed this question, but a more mature voice from within the shadows. It was the other presence Ahri had sensed during her transformation, and she now knew why it was familiar. It was a fellow member of K/DA.

Well, at the time, it was more like Kirishima had sensed Bakugou, but now none of that truly mattered. **“Mm... It's as if a fog has been lifted from my mind. Thank you, Shaya.”** The crystalline fox rang her tongue along her lips as she looked down at the teenager, planting a hand confidently against one of her hips. Had she just been... someone else? No, that was a strange thing to think. **“And Kai'Sa, stop lurking in the shadows. We need to collect the rest of our group with Shaya's help, no?”**

Not long after, the three retreated towards Shaya's hideout. But not after Shaya found Kirishima's phone laying on the ground. The text he'd written to Deku detailing where he was going? It was still there.

So she figured, *why not send it?*