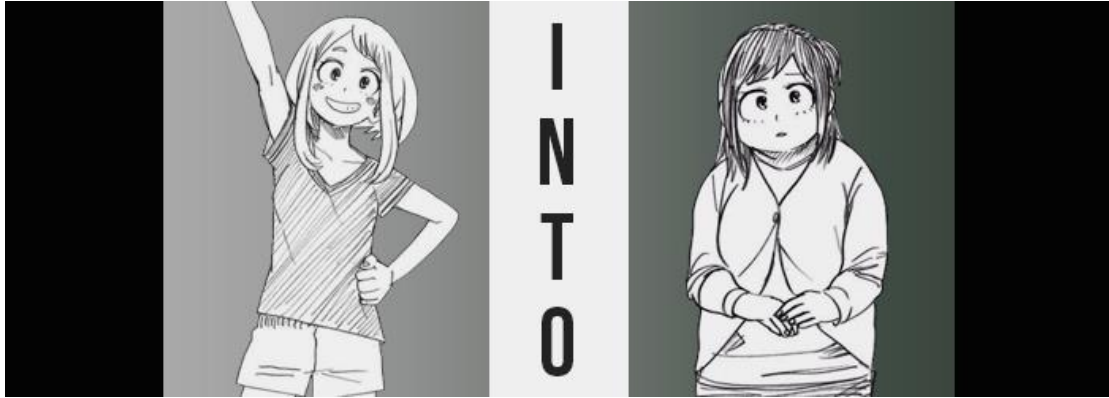


CLOSE AS CAN BE

MARCH 2020 REQUEST STORY

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She'd found herself more and more distracted each day. The doki doki of her heart that Ochako Uraraka had been trying so hard to ignore, that respect and pining she felt towards a certain individual. It grew more and more with each and every feat he made, every heroic action he took. Yes, she was crushing on Izuku Midoriya *hard*. One could hardly blame her of course. On the hero scene he was a rising star. No one worked harder than him, no one had *come* farther than him.

But Uraraka? She'd always been at a loss with what to do with these feelings. Expressing them to Izuku proper was out of the question, and ultimately she'd come to terms with the idea that she needed to focus on her hero career rather than a potential love interest. After all! Deku was doing his best so she had to as well!

That didn't really stop her from thinking about him though. Time and time again her mind would wander when it wasn't inconvenient for her to do so, and sometimes she'd even fall asleep red in the face because her last thoughts were about him. The eve of this incident had been one such night, where her dreams were plagued with yearning for the boy she crushed for.

There was nothing abnormal about that. But abnormality struck when she awoke the next morning.

“Huh? This isn't my room!” It certainly *wasn't*. She could tell the moment she'd stretched her legs beneath a comforter that was heavier than she was accustomed to. A queen sized bed? Ochako had been waking up in the same single bed ever since she'd moved into U.A.'s

dorms, and she could certainly recall falling asleep in that very same bed the night prior. The bed aside there was plenty that was foreign about this space. The alarm clock that had woken her up, the bright green drapes over an unfamiliar windowsill. The antique vanity... but atop that vanity was something she did recognize. It was a picture of Deku as a kid, plain as day. It practically made her heart skip a beat. After all:

He was her precious baby boy!

Wait. “**What!?**” The outburst was a warranted one. She should have thought of Izuku as her crush, but that oddly maternal sentiment had bubbled up in its place out of character. Ochako was lucky the house was vacant considering the only other tenant was a U.A. student, because her shout of surprise had been gratingly high pitched.

The shock was enough to finally make the student crawl out of bed, the girl pleasantly surprised to find she was still dressed in her slightly over-sized, floral pink pajamas despite the place she woke up becoming different than where she’d fallen asleep.

One thing she *did* notice that seemed out of place when she’d gotten to her feet though was a uncharacteristic sluggishness to her movements. Uraraka, typically, was a bouncy and energetic lass that was always raring to go as soon as she woke up. Yet that energy? It didn’t seem to be there at all. She just felt exhausted, like every movement of her young and fit body was more of a chore than anything.

Looking down nothing really seemed to be amiss. Not at first. But she was also looking beyond where the problem was first formulating. The skin beneath her shoulders on the upper parts of her arms was looking much fatter than the rest of the area around her, that trend beginning to flow down either arm and see the fleshy walls strain the pink cloth of pajamas that had fit with ill-purpose only a moment prior. Those arms grew heftier and heftier, any muscle Ochako had built during her training evaporated and melted into the fat that made each limb bloated.

Of course she’d finally notice, but it wasn’t until she went to bend her arm to grab the picture of Deku, when she was forced to look after she felt her arm strain against the fabric. “**Woah!? Why are...?**” ‘My arms so chubby’ is how she wanted to finish that question, but didn’t like to poke fun at people for their weight either. She struggled to reach one hand over to poke the opposite arm, but when she did that finger sunk into the fabric and skin like a memory foam mattress.

But the rest of her body didn’t seem to be affected yet which was weird. Was this a dream? The effect of someone’s Quirk? The first possibility

was certainly more reassuring than the second, but even for a lucid dream this felt all too real. There was a nearby vanity with a mirror settled on top, so she did her best to move over to it even as the movement of her legs began to feel more cumbersome in the meantime. The skin of her inner thighs, by the time she reached the reflective surface, had begun grinding together as rolls of fat decorated legs that had once been relatively fit from her focused work ethic.

She almost felt winded.

Her posture slouched a little more forward than normal, Uraraka was shocked to see herself in the mirror. **“How is this possible? My body is all... all weird!”** Against her regular looking torso the arms and legs that had become proportionally larger almost looked comical. Raising a hand, the fingers were not only fatter but seemed to be a little shorter than she was accustomed to as well. But maybe it wasn't just the weight of everything? With plumper arms came the sleeves of her pink pajama top riding higher up her arm, and it wasn't difficult to see the forearm as well. The skin there? It looked a little worn. Aged? Rough? Speckled freckles she didn't have before dotted them as well which only added more mystery to the debacle.

Ochako felt more and more bloated as time passed, no favors left for her to examine things in detail as she noticed the width of her neck filling in and the weight of her cheeks becoming more abundant as well. There was an obvious puffiness to her cheeks that accompanied an unfamiliar and stale taste in her mouth as her teeth shifted and became older by design. **“Is this someone's Quirk? There must be a way to-- Oh...”** She might have caught how her voice sounded a little deeper if not for a tingling in her loins that brought a brief second of pleasure, pussy fattening and virginity erased as it grew past the ripeness of its teenage years, insides widening from a childbirth sixteen years prior.

The thing was, the aging of her pussy had gotten Uraraka's motor running so to speak. Round cheeks felt warm as her nipples grew hard -- no, not just hard, but bigger!? They didn't typically poke through her pajamas with such vigor, and chubby hands were guided to the buttons on the front of the top so that she could finally shed the ill-fitting garment. It was difficult to work the sleeves off her now chubby arms, but flabs of skin bounced around once the pink was discarded to the ground, the plump design of her lower half standing stark contrast to the fact that her upper portion was still thin aside from her arms.

But the fact that her nipples had grown so engorged was the first step in seeing her torso comply to the rest of her physical shape. Her breasts were typically a little above average but kept trim thanks to her average physique, but fat was quick to pour in beneath the erect nipples that

stood strong atop them. Her chest was completely bare and her loins still adequately stirred, and so she couldn't help but begin to rub at the tits with her now stubby little fingers, tweaking the hard nips as she kneaded the growth into completion. Breasts were essentially triple their normal size when they were done, but the plumpness was over-exaggerated by a middle aged woman's weight.

They only flapped against her thin tummy for but a moment before the bottom of her stomach began to peer over the hem of the pajama pants that just *barely* fit. It started as nothing more than a small peek, but as a mole rose beside her bellybutton so did the belly itself. *Dramatically*. Her tummy bloated forward and around to the sides, rounded shape certainly no match for her pajama top had she still been wearing it.

“So much weight...” Having noticed her tummy potbellying out beyond her tits, a hand had reached down to press fingers into her stomach. They sank in before hitting a firm wall, said tummy gurgling with both hunger and anxiety as she did so.

Uraraka returned her attention to the reflection after she pulled her hands away from pleasing herself. She could barely recognize herself in the mirror any longer, not as longer hair took on strands of a familiar dark green and her complexion sported various crow's feet and signs of oncoming wrinkles. **“I'm old too! But I look kind of like...”** *Deku?* She didn't look like him exactly. But the hair color, the green of her weary eyes, and barely in the design of her pudgy face... it kind of looked like him.

That was when it sounded. A phone ringing. Thankfully it was already located on the vanity, and the name caught her attention. 'Izuku'? **“H-Hello!? Honey, is that you!?”** Despite not losing her recognition that she was indeed Uraraka, her mouth was seemingly moving on autopilot. Thinking of Deku as her 'baby boy', referring to him as 'honey', these were essentially the extent of what had afflicted her mind without her realizing.

It was definitely Deku on the other end of the line. **“Um, mom? Is everything okay? I guess this is a little weird, but a classmate of mine wanted me to call you kind of suddenly...”**

She could hear a girl screaming behind him. **“GIVE ME MY BODY BAAAAACK!”** Oh, so *that* was what had happened. She was Deku's mom, and Deku's mom was... *her*? That had definitely been her own voice. Wait...

“I'M YOUR MOM!?” She was going to need therapy.