

HE'S A BEAUT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



U.A.'s school festival was a time of great excitement for the student body, but also a time of great turmoil. Not in the traditional sense – there was no danger to speak of, but as they were all students in the end, sometimes there were things that were far scarier than fighting evil villains, sometimes to the death.

Homework? Well, that was one of those things, but in this case it was a little more specific to the festival. It was the *preparation*. There was so much to do over such a short period of time that the festival prep period could be just as daunting as a villain attack to some of the kids. This was doubly true for Izuku Midoriya, who was not only helping with the prep, but recovering from the most recent incident with Overhaul, all while trying his best to provide aid to that event's greatest victim, Eri.

In fact, to those ends he had broken away from his classmates earlier that morning. It was the day of the festival itself, and he knew Mirio would be bring Eri once things started up later in the day, but because he was busy with his own class performance, he wanted to leave a treat he'd bought for Eri with his senpai.

...Which was turning out to be a lot harder than he'd expected. Mirio hadn't been home, and Eri wasn't in yet – could he give it to one of the other Big Three members? *That* was what had brought him all of the way out to the pageant dressing room. The door had been unlocked, and so Deku had hoped that Nejire Hadou might be in putting some finishing touches on her costume, but alas... No one was there.

“Hm... I wonder if I can just leave it with a note?” He weighed the small packet of candies in his right hand. There was a small table in

the corner of the room with a notepad upon it, so he wandered over. Once the boy got close however, he realized there was a clothing bag draped over it, taking up most of its space. **“Is this for one of the outfits the contestants are wearing?”** He put the candy down beside the notepad while his other hand touched the bag. There was no way Deku would open it – that’d be rude. He was just going to hang it up because he was afraid of it getting wrinkled.

Izuku was only able to lift the clothing back several inches before he dropped it though. Not intentionally, not even *accidentally*. It was as if he had just been paralyzed, struck by some unusual phenomenon. But what was the cause? Was this a Quirk at work? Had someone been watching him? He couldn’t imagine why halting his movements would help them though...

Caught up in the hows and whys, Deku was actually forgetting to consider the *whats*. Namely, *what* was happening to him in the meantime. He was under the assumption that he’d simply been paralyzed, but that wasn’t quite the case. Already there was something taking root within him, but that something? It was really more like *nothing*.

A void at the very core of his being, one that had been birthed at the epicenter of his very existence. It wasn’t a void that swallowed, but one that expanded, working its way great and greater in size. And every piece of the boy the void touched? It was erased from existence. Quickly, painlessly, without the boy himself realizing that it was even happening in the first place.

If anything, he just felt strangely full? It wasn’t *quite* a fullness as it was so much an absence of a stomach to really *feel* hunger in the first place though. Izuku just wrote it off as a side effect of whatever had paralyzed him, for he’d been in such a rush that morning that he hadn’t been provided an opportunity to eat breakfast. He’d been starving on his way there.

He was also *naked*. Was that why it was so nippy?

For a moment it felt as if his feet were falling asleep. It wasn’t unusual for this to happen to one, but both of them at the same time? Under normal circumstances he probably would have fallen over, he figured. In this case? *Was he getting taller?*

Incapable of moving his head downward to get a good look, perhaps it was for the best he wasn’t able to, for he undoubtedly would have ended up *freaking out*. After all, the cause for his sudden, if not slight height increase? It looked as if two, blue, glass spikes had shot out from the

bottoms of his heels. This wasn't correct though, not wholly. They hadn't erupted *from* his heels, they'd been *born* from them.

The glassy texture and blueish color were running across his feet in their entirety, crunching toes together until they fused, and leveling out his soles so they angled upwards from the toes into the bases of what were very clearly a set of high heels. Their exteriors ultimately changed, free of any fleshy color or blemish, they resembled a pair of fancy high heeled shoes. But inside? There was naught.

Flesh, blood, and bone alike were erased by micro-voids that had appeared within, and from an observer's point of view it was easy enough to see the results. After all, the peaks of the feet around his ankles had remained fleshy, but... Slowly, it was almost like the skin that had covered the shoes was disintegrating, revealing the opening for one to deposit their feet into these glass heels. And that phenomenon? It just kept rising.

Before long, his ankles were completely obliterated, beginning the immediate question of '*how did he not fall over?*'. It seemed that the answer itself was as simple as 'just because', or at least it was a boon of whatever was transforming Deku in the first place. It didn't take much longer for everything to be erased as far as he knees, but the student himself didn't even realize! It just felt like his legs were numbing, albeit a little more intensely than his feet had; he could still kind of *feel* those.

THUMP! THUMP!

'*What was that!?*' Deku couldn't help but wonder as the sounds of two objects hitting the ground from his sides suddenly struck his ear, but even then? He couldn't possibly have been prepared to the reality of it. The origin of those two thumping sounds? It was his arms. The void within his torso had hollowed him out for the most part, though the form of that torso itself had been retained thus far. Once it had nibbled away at his shoulders though? Without binding them to anything, the arms had just *fallen off*.

He could still feel them, more or less. But they were numb just as much of his body was, and even then they were going the way of what existed beneath his knees. Slowly but surely, little to no feeling remained until there *was* none at all.

So, then, what *was* left of Deku? His torso, his upper thighs, and everything from the neck up. Were one to look in where his arms were, or look up his legs, though? They'd find nothing. He was completely hollow, void of any bone or organ. His mouth was dry and his beating

heart inevitably subsided – for there was no heart to beat in the first place. But he remained conscious, and his eyes and brain remained working.

It was bizarre, but a semblance of a reason soon bled into his skin. Not literally, for there was no blood, but in the sense of a juice bleeding into a cup of shaved ice. Put less confusingly: short of his neck and head, the color of his remaining skin had begun to change. From his shoulders to his chest, it took on a pale green entirely before fanning out to the sides, while everything in the center of his torso eventually turned a far darker and more vibrant shade of emerald, fanning out all of the way down to where his legs had been *'cut off'*.

Upon closer inspection, it was easy to see that this wasn't simple a dye job. All of the hair had been swept from the surface of the boy's skin, and it didn't even *look* like skin anymore. You could readily make out the integrated grooves that composed it all by looking closer, interlock fibers you'd see on a piece of clothing far more prevalent. This texture began to rob the boy of any humanoid features that remained, assimilating his nipples, and filling out his bellybutton so that everything was even.

ZZZZZZZZZZZZIP!

Izuku couldn't make sense of it, but it sounded as if something was being pulled down and up again behind him. It was, in fact, a little zipper that had appeared there. Meant for ease of access if anyone were to want to *put him on*.

A gentle breeze fluttered through the room, and in doing so it ruffled Deku's body. As loose as the dress it was slowly resembling, the material his form was made of rippled – and as it did, it was made apparent that the pale green material was actually a separate layer from the darker one beneath it. Not only that, but the fluttering felt somewhat pleasurable? It certainly made it hard for him to think.

And then, out of nowhere? The sensation that Deku was falling. His gaze bottomed out suddenly, turning to black for a brief period where his anxiety reached *new* peaks. But in the meantime? There had been a cause. The void had stolen the flesh of his neck, and his head had dropped into the void itself. It was a necessity, for the neckline of the dress that was now his only matter of existence in this world had dipped, reading to accommodate large breasts and show off more cleavage as the humps rounded outward.

Otherwise? Down at the bottom of the dress, what remained of his thighs merged into a single piece, becoming a fluttering skirt that would look absolutely magnificent on a young woman with pale skin thanks to how bright and rich the green was.

'Huh!?' The next Izuku's vision returned, it felt as if he was floating. The morning breeze was flowing through him, and— 'Wait, what's up with my eyes?' It was certainly difficult to piece together. It felt like his vision had improved. The field of it all was much more expansive, and it seemed to change as his body rippled. He also had eyes on the floor somehow? Maybe he could use those to look up... A dress? And looking down he could see... high-heeled shoes? So he was still in the changing room the— '...Oh no!'

Seeing both pieces at once, it allowed him to finally figure it out. There wasn't a dress and shoes here, he *was* the dress and shoes. The fluttering feeling was because he was hanging beside the open window, the morning breeze rippling through his thin fabric.

'THIS DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE AT ALL!'

Twenty or so minutes passed, and before long it was already around 8:10 in the morning. It was around the time that most of the students started to come in, today likely in greater droves because of the festival. For the entire duration of that time, the fashion ensemble that had once been Izuku Midoriya had been doing his best to hold onto his ego. Slowly but surely it felt like it was all slipping away, and more than anything he feared that he would become little more than a dress in consciousness, just as he already was in body.

That twenty minutes had been spent trying to figure out how this had happened. People didn't just become clothes, and clothes couldn't think or feel like he seemed to. Was this an attack? An accident? *Could a Quirk even do this!?* He could ask as many questions as he wanted to, but he had no answers.

"Hmm... Oh, there it is!" The room had been dark, but as if illuminated by the voice of the girl alone, Deku's vision was finally restored as the lights above came back on. Still hanging from the window, he found a familiar face both looking at him and reaching for him. It was Nejire, and she was already stripped down to her pale blue lingerie at that!

For a brief moment, Izuku felt hopeful. He wasn't sure how, but there was a chance that Nejire might notice something was wrong, right?

Maybe, before it was too late— ‘*Ah!?*’ The moment the young woman’s fingers laced around his straps and pulled him free of the hanger, the dress was overcome completely by an unusual feeling. Pleasure? Perhaps that was the best way to describe it. He felt the warmth of her fingers keenly, and it was so stimulating that his vision blurred as his consciousness clenched up.

From that point on, it became increasingly difficult for the dress to keep track of *what* was happening. He could tell he’d been pulled close to the girl’s body, and he could both hear and feel the teeth of his zipper in the back being drawn down all of the way (*that, in itself, felt so incredibly good*). Nejire then put leg after leg in through the dress, and Deku’s ‘body’ was hugged tightly against herself while the zipper was pulled back up in the rear, stimulating his ego tenfold in the process. He could feel himself hugging her body, cupping her breasts, rubbing her butt, resting across her thighs. It felt good, it felt... *right*.

But he stubbornly resisted the ego assimilation that the transformation was, even now, pushing. Whatever had transformed him, it wanted him to embrace this form! And, as Nejire slid her toes into the matching heels – heels that were still pieces of Deku’s ‘body’, it became even harder. He could feel those toes wriggling against his insides, and with every step she took, ripples of longing ran through his consciousness as the heels clacked against the tiled floor.

“Wow, Nejire-chan! You look super cute!” Nejire stopped walking, and the moment she did? Deku’s vision stabilized. The dress found itself staring at two girls. He recognized them as seniors but didn’t know their names. All he did know? Was that he felt extremely good hearing those words. **“That dress is perfect! Where did you get it!?”** Every complimentary word did more to push him over the edge than any of Nejire’s movements – and there were *plenty* as she posed mischievously for her friends.

‘No... wait... Stop complimenting me...!’ It felt good, but Deku could feel it. That was dangerous. Every time he heard a compliment, his desire to resist waned, he felt bubblier, he felt more comfortable. But it didn’t matter how hard he cried out, he had no voice to communicate that.

“It really is fantastic! I’ve never seen one that adorable!” The two girls continued to fawn, the psychological damage super effective. *‘I’m... I’m adorable...? No... I’m... Super duper cute, right~! I’m a lovely dress—AGH!?’* While the change was a minor one, she had begun to think of herself with feminine pronouns, for women were what she typically associated with dresses. She was screwed, she was *so* screwed. **“Totally, super adorbs! There’s no way you won’t win with a dress that nice, Nejire-chan!”**

'I'm Deku, I want to be a hero. I'm D... D... a dress! I'm going to be the most beautiful dress in this pageant and take my owner to victory! We'll be so super cute, an unbeatable duo! Kyaa! I can't wait!' Perhaps it had been inevitable, but it was still tragic. Deku could take it no longer, and her ego finally collapsed so that a dress' true purpose could root in its place.

Of course Nejire hadn't a single clue. She was just excited to go out on stage. **"Thanks guys, I feel it too~! I'm totally going to win this year! ...I hope!"**

And win *they* did.