

# SOMETHING TOO

## COMMISSION STORY

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Maki Gamou was a free spirit.

Even if she *had* once been Ochaco Uraraka, that didn't change who she was *now*. A girl who had somehow ended up in a different world and different school, whose existence teetered between her new memories and her understanding of this world that carried over from her 'past life'. That understanding was just enough for her to fit in *somewhat* well.

She knew where everything was on U.A. High School's campus because of these 'memories' and so navigating it was a cinch. She could also remember who individual people were and the kind of relationship she'd had with them as Uraraka, much like how she knew all about Mina. At least before she shot her with the hair dye device. "**I wonder what happened to her anyways? I bet she feels *way* better now!**" Nami surely did. Better enough to *escape* the school at least.

But Maki wasn't *really* interested in using Mei Hatsume's little device more than 'necessary'. It wouldn't really be fun to turn *everyone* she recalled knowing into someone else, right? It would have been way too confusing! Not to mention that if everyone had the same hair color as her then the hair products she needed would probably be in short supply, right? That would be *extremely* annoying! And so she had pocketed the device for the time being.

As she walked through the school's halls, she took in all of the attention she was receiving. Her uniform didn't properly fit her body and so she was showing off more skin than most of the other girls. It didn't really bother her, and in the first place? That wasn't *really* what the others

were chattering about. It was all commentary on how no one had ever seen her before. In the eyes of her peers? Maki essentially seemed to be an exchange student. Which worked for her! It was probably less of a hassle to go with the flow there than when she would inevitably have to explain her identity to Uraraka's parents!

Her fun little exploration adventure finally found pause though. She had stumbled upon a boy around her age with a burn scar around his left eye and his hair split between white and red. Maki could *remember* who he was. "**Hey there Todoroki-kun! You're cute as always!**" She definitely *couldn't* deny that he was extremely attractive. The kind of guy that she would date! And so she had been hoping to smooth talk him. Surely he'd give her a response to such a *heartfelt* compliment, right?

*Wrong.* A mere "**thanks**" was all that was offered and he just walked past her. He didn't even really *look* at her! His response was curt because not only was this just how Todoroki was, but because he didn't recognize the girl. He'd gotten a surplus of fans lately and couldn't really keep up with the attention. The boy didn't really *care* about romance nor being seen as cool or attractive. He just wanted to get on with his day and he had no familiarity with the girl that had spoken to him.

So he was a little alarmed when she shouted after him. "**HEY! YOU DON'T GOTTA BE THAT COLD, YOU KNOW!? MAYBE YOU NEED AN ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT!**" He turned around just in time to feel something *splat* into his hair. The stranger was also holding some kind of *strange* machine. Unfortunately he didn't really get a very good look at it because the girl in question had stormed off, leaving him wordless as a hand reached up to find that his hair was... *dry?*



**"Todoroki-kun? What's going on with your hair color? Did that chick throw paint at you or something?"**

If Todoroki hadn't *already* been confused then he certainly would have been more so at the words of a random passerby. A classmate. "**Huh?**" So he hadn't been feeling things? So why was his hair completely dry when running his hand through it? "**One sec.**" It was fortunate that he was only a short walk away from the chambers that the boys in the dorm used for bathing. They should have been unoccupied since it was the middle of the day, and it probably had some of the biggest available mirrors on campus.

He slid in while noting the eyes of others he passed by looking up at his hair. *Just what did she do to it? From the sounds of things she sprayed me with some kind of paint? But why did it feel dry?* Not that he had to wait very long for an answer. Once he got himself in front of a mirror it was *obvious*. The side of his hair that was usually red? It *wasn't*, at least not anymore. It was a dark orange, not unlike the hair of the girl who had yelled at him in the first place. And it seemed to be spreading into the white. **“Hm...”**

*That isn't normal.* Shouto Todoroki wasn't the kind of guy who liked to state his thoughts aloud unless he had a good reason for it. Part of his (unintentionally) mysterious demeanor was that he was difficult to read, and even when facing this particular issue he didn't seem to react too much. At first. Sure, his hair color was changing to a dark orange. That was *concerning* but probably undoable. He must have been sprayed with some kind of odd dye. Maybe something created in the research and development section. Ultimately he wasn't really *that* concerned.

“...” But that assessment *did* begin to change. It wasn't difficult to see that, once his full head of hair had taken on this orange coloring *including* his eyebrows, that the length and style of his locks had begun to be *compromised* somehow. Before his very eyes they lengthened, creeping past his chin and shoulders before the lengthening ramped up its speed. Thickened strands fanned out behind him while his bangs? Those hairs were swept to the sides to show off his forehead, scar and all.

Kind of. **“Wait!”** So long as the changes had been limited to his *hair*, Todoroki had been able to keep his concern subdued. It was at the first sign of things escalating *beyond* that prevue that it then began to set in that he might have been in some serious trouble. And what was it that had finally led to this realization? **“My scar...”** Even though he kept his bangs down normally he *knew* the burn scar's full shape. But with all of that skin exposed? He could see that it was smaller. No, it was *shrinking*. The damaged skin rose and was recolored to the very same pink as the rest of his facial skin. Little by little the surface area of the damage regressed until, finally, *there was no damage at all*.

**“That's impossible... Unless. Was that item related to that girl's Quirk?”** A Quirk that could change the bodies of others? Considering the raw breadth of what Quirks were capable of doing across the board there *must* have been cases of Quirks like that. But what was the extent of the effects that were plaguing him? The healed skin, and in fact all of his skin in general, seemed to feature a healthier glow than he recalled. Like he'd been using a different treatment product on it? Was that a strawberry scent he smelled in the air all of a sudden too?

As much as he probably could have kept his attention fixated solely on his face, Todoroki could only gasp as something *far* more severe than anything that had transpired thus far wrestled his attention away. It was kind of hard to ignore and he didn't need to mirror to notice it. Because how could you *not* notice *seven inches* peeling off your overall height? It was almost like someone had just pushed down on him from above and everything had caved in on itself, dropping him down from just over 5'9" to a mere 5'2" by comparison. "***I-I shrunk!?***"

Equally shrunken hands jumped up to cover his mouth even despite the resistance of now too-long sleeves. Those fingers seemed smaller and delicate than they should have been either way and had manicured nails, but the boy? He was much too concerned with the soft and feminine tone he'd spoken with. Not to mention the uncertain *stutter* that was so uncharacteristic of his usual confidence.

**"What's happening to me?"** Try as he might, he couldn't force his voice to return to normal. Was it related to the fact that his Adam's apple had smoothed away? *Possibly*, but there were more telling signs, once more, in his face. Not only did it seem even softer now that he was smaller but it felt like pieces of himself were fading away. His lips weren't supposed to be so thick and glossy, right? Nor was his nose usually so small? Even his heterochromatic eyes lost that feature for they had widened and rounded and now offered only a monotonous brown color between the two. "***I look like a girl...***"

But do say that didn't sound *wrong*. It felt... *right* somehow?

He couldn't really process why initially, but a consequential change made it clear. "***Ngh!?***" A change between *her* legs. "***Wait... Am I really? Did I just... become a woman?***" She certainly *did*. What had once left its mark on Todoroki in a way that defined her as a man had folded in like a deck of cards, providing her with the opposite set and defining her as a woman instead. Not that all of the signs hadn't already been trending in that direction in the first place. "***But is there anything wrong with that?***" Now that it had happened to her she couldn't find any issues with it. Todoroki felt strangely *at home* like that.

Even as her body changed in equally dramatic fashions from here on out it didn't really seem to weigh on her mind all *that* much. She was still a little distressed but not *too* distressed. There was almost something strangely soothing about her body continuing to change now. Like something deep down was registering as 'wrong' in a different sense. The fact that any parts of her at all were still 'masculine' felt a little *odd*. So it was perhaps fortunate that beneath her oversize boy's uniform, her

waistline had pinched inward and her hips had swung several inches wider.

It was all preparatory for the last remaining masculine features to, not dissolve, but the *opposite* of that. *Flourish*, perhaps. And the girl could *feel* it. **“Oh, I feel oddly... heavy.”** But was that a *negative*? Much of it was felt gathering upon her chest, and peering down? She could see the fruits of that weight beginning to surge forth. Little by little a once flat uniform was pushed forward, albeit in a way that continued to hide the *true* shapeliness of the orbs that were ‘adjusting’ the top she was wearing.

Space was necessary accommodate what was clearly a boisterous bosom building within the button up shirt’s confines, and that space was taken in a way that lifted the base of her shirt more and more so that her smooth tummy – bellybutton and all – was ultimately rendered entirely bare beneath breasts that pushed *well* beyond an average size and to a hefty *G-cup* pairing that left her posture to sit slightly forward. **“They’re heavy, but I should be used to this, shouldn’t I?”**

For Todoroki to be speaking of her breasts *felt* clear enough, but she was actually speaking in a broader sense of her body as a whole. Because it wasn’t *just* her breasts that had grown and there was realistically only one other region that would have benefited from a touch of feminine *weight*. Namely her butt and the thighs that those cheeks gingerly kissed. Much like her bosom? Weight pooled in these regions, seeing her rump bubble until her boxers and pants were wrapped snugly around their hump, whereas bunched up legs of her pants soon struggled to contain the hairless, taut bulging of plump thighs within.

For a girl who was only *seventeen* she had quite a bombastic figure. But with new memories substituting her old ones? She didn’t find this *weird*. This is just how my body developed after all! On a delicious diet! A diet of some *very* interesting flavors, it seemed.

Any distress that the teenaged girl had been feeling essentially evaporated once a loud rumbling gurgled from her tummy. **“O-Oh! I guess I need to eat something, huh? I wonder if I can get peanut butter and rice balls somewhere...”** There were few individuals out there who had the awry tastebuds of *Orihime Inoue*, who seemingly had the same cravings of a pregnant woman at all times despite being a teen who absolutely was *not* pregnant.



She blinked at her reflection. **“Can I really... go out dressed like this?”** Mind you, the young and orange haired beauty would have had this concern even *if* her personality and memories hadn't changed, but she was far more sheepish in her tone of voice than she would have been as she tugged at her uniform top to try and cover more of her tummy.

Her hips were so wide that her pants were digging into them and it felt like one wrong move would bring about a tear down her butt crack or around her thighs, whereas her boobs were so big that her tummy was largely exposed since they lifted up the rest of her ensemble. **“Mmm... Is there anything else around here I can wear until I can find something that fits?”** She was in the boys' bathing room, right? Maybe there was a towel? This was making her increasingly aware of the possibility that a boy might pop in to find a girl standing there in a boy's uniform. Which would have caused *all kinds* of misunderstanding.

But even then, what would she do if she got back to her room? It was a boys room and no one would recognize her! She definitely wouldn't have any clothes that would fit her there. Were there any girls who were proportionately similar to hers? **“Can I make it to Momo-chan's room without being seen?”** Momo Yaoyorozu probably *was* her best bet. If someone saw her on the way there though? Orihime would probably *die*. There was also the issue of trying to convince the girl about what had happened in the first place.

And for some reason she didn't even *want* to bring up her old name. That wasn't what her identity was now. It would just be confusing for everyone. But if she *didn't* explain it then she wouldn't be able to manage. She wasn't as bold nor as resourceful as Maki or Nami. So if Maki had been planning on keeping things a secret, then Orihime was likely about to expose what was going on. Which, realistically?

Served her right for transforming someone just because she hadn't gotten the reaction that she had wanted in the first place.