

Since the rise of capitalism came into fruition, the workplace crunch rate in Japan typically exceeded that of any other country throughout the entire world. For some it presented a call to action to outperform those around them and show their dedication to their company or the years they spent in education ready to hone their skills amongst everyone else. Others did so to put money on the table to support their loved ones and ensure their spouses wouldn't leave them. It was why so many women opted to live a life with their husbands by raising a family even if they were to die an empty death. So long as their children were rich and *their* children's children were secure, why bother? No matter the advancements in technology or the heroes that emerged thanks to the quirks in the system, there would be no excuses for laziness. And none knew that better than the group of girls locked within the basement of U.A. University melting underneath the heavy lights that showered upon them every minute that spent stretching their legs to the metallic beat that played before them.

Their foreheads glistened with sheens of sweat; gasps syncing with one another as they squatted down to the ground. Obviously, they chose to put themselves together in front of the bleary CRT playing pre-recorded jazzercise videos before them. The leader of the three other girls with her at the moment, Uraka Ochako, heard through her fellow classmates that America supposedly saw a trend of physical activity challenges that were supposedly guaranteed to grab a man's attention. With limited resources and even less ways to contact the outside world however, she and her friends feverishly slaved away in the lower chambers of their local university desperate to achieve the figures that would lead them to a better life. It wouldn't be until one of those other friends collapsed face first to the ground, however, that Ochako's backside froze midway in the air, with her craning her head past her shoulder to find her friend planting her hands on the ground struggling to get back to her feet with clumps of black bangs that were stuck to her forehead.

"Oh my gosh, Jiro!" Ochako cried, rising to her feet. The other girls, save for one who kept herself bent over her desk running her hands along a nylon jumpsuit, all stopped alongside her as they gathered around Ochako who lent her hand to their friend before lifting her up on her shoulder. "Do you need some water? Are you gonna be okay?"

Jiro coughed twice before nodding her head. "Y-yeah, a drink would be nice." she groaned, looking towards her boxy hips. "Am I any beefier yet?"

"Nope," scoffed Mina Ashido, glancing at her backend, "still flatter than the earth."

Jiro and Ochako shot daggers at Mina, who stretched her arms up to the roof of the basement and drew a deep groan from her lips. When she opened her eyes and saw her friends glaring, she quickly cast them a big smile. It complimented her warm pink complexion, a blessing given to her courtesy of her own quirk that granted her access to acidic properties at the cost of a normal

appearance. Not that she minded terribly, of course. Having her friends scowl at her for her carelessness was proof enough that her skin color didn't matter. They would have been upset either way, hence why she quickly scurried over to the desk in the corner where their nerdy friend Mei Hatsume sat and buried her hand in the cooler nearby, searching for a water bottle.

She shuddered as she swam past the piles of ice cubes melting into cold water until she lifted a bottle of water up in the air, still grinning to herself. There were jitters racing across her arm with drops trickling off her wrist and hitting the table inches away from landing onto Mei's suit. Nevertheless, Mina tossed the bottle to Ochako who caught it at once before Mina herself turned to the now grumpy Mei, whose hand hovered over the wet spot created by Mina while she set aside her measuring tape.

"I assume you're done exercising and want to see your suit?" she grumbled under her breath.

Mina stole a glance at Ochako, who patted Jiro on her back as she led her to the table holding her by her hand. The color on her pale face returned until she sharply exhaled into Ochako's shoulder then staggered beside her before resting her arms on Mei's table.

"Uh, guess so!" shrugged Mina. "So, what did you find? Are my thighs still just as healthy as ever?"

"If by healthy, you mean you're two inches bigger than before than yes." Mei nodded as she brushed aside her baggy hair and scanned the other girls away from Mina's pouting look. "In fact, you're the only one who's grown at all. The rest of us, sadly, are still sadly nowhere near any bigger than where we were two weeks ago."

"UGGGHHH, are you serious?!" Jiro gave out a deep, guttural groan as she crushed the plastic bottle in her hand. It crunched together at once, with Ochako jumping back before Jiro tossed it over her shoulder landing perfectly into the trash can set next to the bleary TV. "This is so dumb! We're never gonna get any gains! We're never gonna find any cute boys, we're never gonna have kids, we're never gonna live to be ninety! We're hosed!"

"H-hey! Don't say that," assured Ochako, "we're gonna be okay!"

"No we're not!" Jiro snapped. "Guys aren't like they were eighty years ago!"

"That's a good thing..." whispered Mei, slumping in her seat while Jiro continued to rant.

"If we don't get some muscle, then we're not gonna hustle. Aren't you tired of getting overlooked, Ochako? 'cuz I am."

Ochako breathed through her nose and shook her head. “We’ll... be okay for now. I’m sure of it.” she assured Jiro. A mental groan echoed within her brain, no doubt a remnant of the videos she subjected herself to all day. She came to expect Mina’s occasional outbursts, but for Jiro to get frustrated may as well have been otherworldly. The day had started to take its toll, she knew that much for sure.

Nevertheless, she stepped forward and grabbed hold of the dark suit splayed out before the girls, holding it up to the light as if it were her own skin. Ochako pulled on it twice before pressing it against her stomach where the pant legs drooped down to her slender thighs, the area in which the least of her muscle went. The rest was funneled into her shoulders with her backside being much thinner in comparison to what laid below. Very rarely did any boys stare at her when she chose to wear her leggings in contrast to Mina who couldn’t keep everyone’s eyes off her ass even when she put on a skirt. Most of Ochako’s extra flesh lay within her chest which she kept hidden behind her usual assortment of vests or in tonight’s case a baggy tank-top that still managed to be one size too big for her. In other words...

“SO! YOU HAVE NO BUTT?!”

Ochako jumped in the air, acting on instinct with her mind briefly going blank. The back of her throat immediately went dry as she spun around towards the sudden booming voice that echoed behind her. It sounded far too gravelly to be any of her friends, who also turned where she stared off at, though nevertheless she found a culprit behind the TV screen. The exercise video she, Jiro, and Mina followed before had fizzled away, replaced instead by a sight that saw Ochako’s cheeks blushing by how it jiggled before her. The rounded curves, the thin outline in the center, she couldn’t have mistaken it for anything else. Still, she wondered, of all the things that found their way on television, why would someone’s taut, round, blue-spandex covered ass be shaking right before her? Against her better judgment, Ochako waddled towards the TV with her friends continuing to hover by the table.

Another shot quickly cut to the owner of the ass - an hourglass-shaped woman with long golden hair wearing tight booty shorts and a plain white shirt arching her back out with her backside to the ground. She placed her hands on her back while bucking her hips to the girls, who stared in awe when they caught a brief glimpse of her slender, haughty face behind her shoulder. To many people throughout Japan, she might have been just another cute girl to put on a poster, but to those who attended U.A, they knew her best by the name of Uwabami, another superhero of the city. Or rather, that was her claim to fame when she first began. Whatever reputation she carried before dissipated the moment Uwabami received the offer to be a celebrity rather than a hero. The last time the girls saw her must have been in high school when she advertised a series of masks capable of turning the wearer into another person only for them to be bogus. That she

would turn to flaunting her body definitely came across as unexpected until another woman stepped next to her from off-screen, quickly slapping her hand across Uwabami's butt with a whip crack accompanying her on impact.

Cheeks jiggled and sweat drizzled from her forehead as Uwabami cried out in front of her superior. She looked much the same to her, being voluptuous enough that her bright pink leotard hugged her so tight it may as well have been painted on with a deep bronzed complexion to match Uwabami's fairer skin tone. Their only differences lay in their hairstyles, with Uwabami letting hers down while her superior kept her tied in a bun. Otherwise, both girls may as well have been the same complete with their asses now shaking together to the trashy pop beat. Ochako, Mina, Jiro, and Mei watched in awe as their hips bounced against one another, syncing to the rhythm before they bobbed along the ground. A collective tint of red spread across their faces while Uwabami's superior froze and confirmed their suspicions: there did indeed exist a woman whose butt surpassed that of Uwabami's in both size and shape.

Her puny waist hardly existed as her hips stretched past that of her shoulders, warping her leotard beyond that of anyone else to have ever worn one. She faced the camera and gave a wink as Mina's thighs locked together. Those deep, muddy brown eyes sparkled past the filthy resolution the CRT offered. In her mind, she wished Power Loader could have afforded them something better were it not for the school's budget cuts. Why of all things did they have to waste their money on military expenses when big beautiful butts in high resolution were *right* there?!

"You have no butt? So what!" exclaimed Uwabami's superior as she ran her hand on Uwabami's backside. Her tone didn't match that of the grizzled voice the girls heard before, sounding much more polite even as she raised her voice. Nevertheless, none of them so much as moved while she continued to speak again, now taking on a more relaxed attitude. "I'm Beverly Bleau, representing Bleau Industries of America! When I first met this young woman, I brought out her booty-ful side in no time flat! Now her curves spread farther than ever and she gets more attention from everyone, all thanks to my amazing new workout regimen!"

As Beverly snapped her fingers to her right, so too did the camera swerve to where she snapped at before stopping at a dull, green backdrop. Huge yellow splotches sprang across the wall with red text in comic sans appearing shortly after. There were three in total, though the last blot included a photo of a petite, ordinary butt in the same shorts Uwabami had on in the bottom left-hand corner, although it looked to be no bigger than Ochako's when compared to what the girls saw seconds ago. Ochako herself watched as Beverly's soothing, motherly voice could be heard again. Never did she bother to check below the butt to find the caption saying, 'OF NOTE: NOT A REAL ACTOR' bleeding from the blurry filter before her.

“Take this other young woman for instance,” Beverly chirped, “when she first started she had little to no weight whatsoever. But after less than a month of extensive training at my Booty Camp...”

The girls inched closer to the screen and huddled next to one another; eyes jolting open as if they were witnessing a fresh car crash happening in real time. Sure enough, the butt on screen widened in an instant, now up to the same unreal size that Uwabami herself had when she first appeared. Not a gasp or mutter was muttered amongst the girls, instead they glimpsed at one another before looking at their own bumpy curves. Silence spoke volumes.

“Voila! Her booty has reached its peak!” Beverly proclaimed. “So, if you’d like to consider taking part in my Booty Camp, then don’t delay, call today!” A series of flashing numbers which replaced that of the graph first shown on screen. There were some words beneath them that also fizzled in and out quickly, mentioning something along the lines of Bleau’s services being ‘not responsible for clothes no longer fitting or uncontrollable shaking fits’, but like the previous disclaimer nobody cared to read it. Not when their eyes burned seeing the color red radiating nonstop.

“Call 555-9142 and one of our operators will help you set up a date! That’s 555-9142! Hope to see you then, and remember to keep your buns big and bootyful!”

With one last flash of the numbers, the commercial arrived to an abrupt end, now transitioning to two old ladies in maid outfits mopping the floors of an industrial building. Their words were white noise as Ochako and Jiro continued to rub their hips while Mina and Mei’s hands glazed across their butts. At some point, they heard a mention of ‘square’ and ‘RPG’, but by then they weren’t listening. Least of all was Mina, who’s arm extended out as she reached for the nearby phone on the wall with her own cheeks sashaying while she dialed in first three fives on the keypad.

Jiro served as the first to spring forward as Ochako ran behind her. The three girls huddled by the phone while Mei continued to rest by her desk. She pinched the handle of her glasses and pulled them up to her forehead, writhing in the comfort of her swivel chair. Mina was the only girl actually listening in to the phone ringing in contrast to Ochako and Jiro who shoved at one another reaching their hands out at her. The tips of Ochako’s fingers clawed at Mina’s wrist for a fleeting moment until she raised the phone in the air once the recorded message telling her to wait played.

“Sheesh, you think you two would be happy to want to take that up.” Mei snorted. She cupped her hands together as Jiro and Ochako turned their heads to her in anger, not noticing Mina lowering the phone back to ear with a smile on her face.

“If you think we’re gonna take a chance on some random commercial then you’re crazy.” Jiro retorted, planting her fists on her hips.

“Yeah, besides how do we know it’s not gonna be super expensive?” asked Ochako. “Most of those classes usually cost maybe ten thousand or more yen a month.”

Mei twirled her finger around one of her braids and shrugged. “We could all pay it together for a month, maybe test the waters to see if we want to go further.” she suggested.

“The lady on the call says she’ll give us a discount if we bring five people!” Mina leaned to the right where Mei could see her and tapped her index finger on the receiver. The smile she gave stretched to the ends of her cheeks, wider than any of the girls ever knew. What a clown. Mei couldn’t help but snicker as Ochako grit her teeth before she swiped at Mina who quickly ran off. She skipped to the other end of the room and ran in a circle with Ochako hot on her trail, all the while Mei leaned back in her seat lazily glancing at Jiro’s butt pressing against the wall.

It hardly squished so much as nudged the surface despite her arching her hips all the way back. Very faintly, her ass would decompress when she shifted forward dodging the oncoming train best known as her friends charging through. Mei lifted her own butt off the chair and patted the underside just once before she pursed her lip. She never expected it to be somehow flatter than Jiro’s with hips shorter than her shoulders. The thought lingered on as she watched Ochako rest on the couch breathing heavily and beet red, while Mina’s pace slowed to a crawl with her now stopping beside Jiro where the phone cord ended.

Personally speaking, she couldn’t care less about having a ‘fat ass’ like what other Americans were obsessed after. There were better ways to get people to bend over backwards for her and fetishizing herself crossed her mind exactly one time when she caught Tsuyu leaving the showers bare-naked and squatting. Still, she hadn’t seen her friends so energetic in years, much less days. Mina’s smile helped, but Ochako’s fiery blush paired with Jiro’s blatant insecurity painted across her disheveled look down to her crossing her arms together and slumping to the floor couldn’t have been any cuter. Maybe a change wouldn’t hurt. Maybe she could afford to do some squats too...

“Just gotta bring some friends? Alright, consider it done! Thank you, I love you, buh-byeeee!” Mina slammed the phone back on the wall. She hoped the receptionist would understand her reference in due time, though for now she faced her friends and pumped her fists to her chest. “They said it would cost less than six thousand yen if a group of five people all came!”

Her jaw quickly dropping at Mina’s words, Jiro shot up to her feet again with Mei and Ochako

jolting alongside her. “WHAT?! That has to be a joke!” Jiro shook her head in disbelief while flailing her arms to the side.

“It’s the truth whether you like it or not.” Mina said. “And there’s four of us right here, so if we can find another girl, we’ll be set to gain some glutes!”

Ochako groaned as she pushed herself off the couch, the weight of the world dragging her to the ground with no avail. Each step had reverberations echoing within her before she stopped walking and sat on the arm of the couch, now sweating profusely.

“Ugh, ugh, ugh... what makes you think we’re going to take a risk on something that stupid?” she asked Mina. “You do know that some companies exist just to trick people to buy their stuff, right? We’ll be lucky if we grow an inch.”

“Ochako, honey, we can afford to try *something* new rather than stewing alone feeling sorry for ourselves.” Mei planted her hands down on her desk and rose to her feet, with all three of her friends now staring at her in silence unable to say another word. “We don’t have to be supermodels or ‘Oh My Butt Magazine’ cover girls or whatever those dumbass Americans are into. We just need to have kinda big butts and we’ll get some attention - like Deku maybe?”

As if she were a supervillain stroking her cat, Mei craned her head inches apart from her neck and flashed a devious grin towards Ochako. Her jaw dropped on cue before she glanced at the floor, then gnawed her lip granting Mina the opportunity to clear her throat and patted Jiro’s back.

“Yeah, a big butt would make a lot of cute guys happy.” she bubbled. “I know you won’t admit it though, Jiro, but I know for sure Ochako could stand to get some attention. And what could be better than serving up smiles?”

There were puffs of thin air blowing from Jiro’s flared nostrils faster than she could process words. She wanted to say ‘being dead’ more than anything - she wanted to tell Mina that being a piece of meat meant to be gawked would be no better than having no meat whatsoever and go home to write about her recent stories about furry friends living life one day at a time. Then the image of her flat ass flashed in her mind briefly and she sighed in defeat. Every word that spilled out of Mina’s mouth registered to her as nothing other than pure nonsense, but at the same time she and Mei brought up a good point: doing something would be an improvement over nothing.

Seeing Ochako lift herself off the couch seemed to echo much the same, even if she didn’t say a word either. Ochako wiggled her ass until she pinched it between her index finger and thumb to find not an ounce of flab or muscle behind her. How pathetic. She shook her head before giving a

nod to Mina, who folded her arms together no doubt satisfied to be proven right, as she always tended to be.

“Okay, you win.” Ochako grumbled. “If you have somebody else in mind you wanna bring, give them a call.”

Mina’s smile changed on a dime, melting into a frown before she bit down on the edge of her mouth while tapping her foot. “Ah, about that.” she said. “I kinda thought you or Jiro or Mei were gonna suggest somebody instead.”

Ochako glanced at Jiro who kicked at the nothingness on the floor without so much as saying a word before turning to Mei shrugging back in retort.

“Pretty sure most of the other girls are busy with their clubs right now,” she murmured, “we’d be lucky to have anyone show up hoping to join in.”

Just as Ochako’s mouth opened ready to call in for the day, three knocks rang against the door outside the basement in quick succession. A soft, albeit strained voice could be heard on the other end that cracked the louder they spoke.

“Uh, excuse me! I think I left my magazine here!” the girl exclaimed. “Can I come in real quick?”

“Go right ahead,” Mei shouted, “we’re not busy!”

There came a creak followed by the door swinging open to reveal a floating plaid vest and a long pair of gray leggings that wobbled as they floated into the room. None of the girls screamed or jolted while the living outfit passed them, too distracted by the abnormally svelte outline of the pants when they protruded back to them when they arrived at the back of the sofa. They would shift and wiggle occasionally, with a tint of red flourishing on all four of the girls’ faces. Even Mei, for all of her own haughty antics, couldn’t help hiding her face behind her hand realizing how shapely their invisible friend Hagakure became. Her skin and hair were unseen by the naked eye, leading her to become branded by the school as their trademark stealth prodigy.

For them and Hagakure’s image, it boded well with her rising in the ranks as a heroic elite until she chose to wear anything other than a skirt below. While her butt remained normal by most growing girl standards, it nonetheless protruded behind her by a few inches especially so when she laid her stomach flat down on the back of the sofa and raised her ass in the air. When she did turn back to the girls with her ‘Men’s Paradise’ magazine floating by her crotch and crumpled tight, a hush fell over the room as every girl in the room’s expression went blank; a collection of



blushes etched across their cheeks.

“Sssssomething wrong here?” Hagakure asked while she craned herself back. None of them could see, but she squirmed at them every second they passed. Please god tell her she didn’t forget to wear panties again.

“Do you work out by any chance, Hagakure?” Mina broke the silence, being the first to offer Hagakure her trademark grin as she folded.

“Not regularly…” Hagakure admitted, her voice trailing off by the end more thankful they didn’t notice the lack of an indent in her pants before anything else. “Why?”

Each of the girls turned to one another and nodded their heads, now together in harmony without a single member shouting something at their friends. Hagakure, however, simply groveled, unsure of whether or not to run back to comfort and continue writing her own stories about furry friends enjoying their days in peace. She wouldn’t have been able to resist them much, given the few instances they hung out together Hagakure understood there wasn’t any evil inside her fellow classmates compared to other parts of the world.

Oh, how she wished she could have run looking back on it all. How she wished she could have escaped when she still had hope, when she still could control her own body.

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Beverly Bleau’s Booty Camp sat squarely between two other towering construction complexes on the streets of the city. Despite its wide length, taking up an entire city block alone, the outside remained fairly humble in spite of what the name suggested. Only a large billboard with sapphire text proclaiming ‘THE FUTURE STARTS WITH A KICK IN THE REAR’ laid in front of the sandy-gray building where the five students stood outside the glass doors huddled together and forming a small herd.

Nobody dared to step further, yet they couldn’t look away. While the Ochako, Jiro, Mei, and Hagakure stared blankly ahead at the otherwise empty lobby shown through the reflections, Mina tilted her head to the side at one of the other rooms from the far right of the building. From there, she saw two other girls, one with short, frilly orange hair and the other long and dark, squatting down while arching their backs inward. They were each wearing a matching pair of bright yellow leggings that complemented the otherwise standard dry green room based on how much she could see of the walls. But Mina avoided looking at them as she instead glanced further at the girls, studying their bodies whenever they moved slower. Their faces were blurry, yet she swore she saw them at some point before given their body shape. She just never knew any girls

whose curves seem to swell so far below their hips, especially if she could see them from several feet away.

“Okay, are we still doing this?” Mei threw up her arms and pouted her lip at her friends, nudging her head to the front door. “I hope we didn’t come here just to window shop.”

With a tug of her tank-top, Mei sneered at her reflection while inspecting the other girls’ bodies. Whereas all of them opted to wear a generic white tank-top lest their other outfits stunk while exercising, she along with Hagakure were decorated in a pair of leggings respectively. Turquoise for Mei, deep blue for Hagakure. Their butts were tucked away from plain sight thanks to their flat curves, so that when Mei marched forward with Hagakure sheepishly strolling beside her, no one could see the huge line across Mei’s ass from the panties she borrowed that very morning.

Ochako, Jiro, and Mina however were far less modest as each girl respectively wore a set of black, lavender, and lime-green booty shorts that hugged their petite curves whenever they walked. None of them so much as turned heads let alone got the other girl to start staring at them but they didn’t mind. If anything, it gave Jiro the strength she needed to follow Mei without stopping to see the other girls jerking back when she brushed her aside, then pushed open the front doors and entered the camp alone.

“J-Jiro!” Ochako yelled as she ran behind her, followed closely by Mina, Mei and Hagakure. “Wait up for us, will you?!”

Jiro didn’t answer, and when her friends came to a halt at the center of the lobby they immediately saw why. Standing right before her was a tall, bronzed-skin woman whose auburn hair had been curled into a large knot on top. Small bangs fell to her face, which matched the large pair of emerald eyes scanning each of the students. All of that, however, didn’t hold a candle to the enormous set of hips that sashayed side-to-side when the bronzed babe stepped toward Jiro and took her hand. The deep blue leggings sunk so deep in her skin that Ochako’s eyes bulged, assuming internally that they must have been painted on her. No other woman could have a body so perfect without some sort of special work done for her.

Then her pulses rang when she realized that the woman flashing a smile at Jiro wasn’t any other girl, and she turned to Mei who already found her name sitting on her tongue.

Beverly Bleau - the very same woman as the lady on TV with not an inch off of her ass whatsoever. She tilted her head to the right while Bev shook Jiro’s hand, tuning out whatever she said to her in favor of surveying her long, blue voluptuous legs which complemented her azure vest. The indent of her ass cheeks glowed in the light of the room with Mei glancing at her thighs shifting every so often. Unsurprisingly, they were where all of the fat in her body went with

Bev's arms being far skinnier than her thighs and especially her ass cheeks, which already outsized her own head. Mei gnawed her lower lip before her feet danced across the ground when she heard Bev clear her throat. She reared her head at Bev, who glanced at her and the other girls with the motherly look on her face settling the nerves in Mei's stomach. Here she thought she might have been caught getting jealous of another woman.

"So sorry I haven't gotten back to you sooner girls," Bev cupped her hands together as the pitch in her voice dipped to a much quieter tone, "Jiro just finished telling me all about you. I'm so glad to see girls your age taking exercise so seriously!"

"Of course!" Ochako chirped. "It's the least we can do since we're still growing."

Beverly nodded her head sporting a smile on her face. "Very true indeed! Which reminds me, she said you're here to sign up for the group discount today? Is that correct?"

Mei opened her mouth, but no words came out. Her throat went completely dry. The image of Bev's ass taunted her as she smacked her lips thinking of a response only to break out blushing in front of her. She saw Bev's brow perk before Mina stepped in front of her, carrying that cheeky grin she always loved to share.

"Sure are! I paid for us in advance, so you don't have to worry about a single thing." she declared. "We're ready to start whenever you are!"

Mina and Bev kept talking while Mei's brain lurched. The world around her faded into the background as she thought of Bev's body and little else. Surely, her jealousy couldn't have been sabotaging her now if she didn't so much as flinch when she watched the commercial last night. Her breasts were decent compared to others, what could she have to complain about? Mei perked her head past Mina to look at the real thing again, until Hagakure's voice snapped her back to reality.

"Mei? Are you blushing?"

Mei jolted without needing to see the cowardly look on Hagakure's face. Turning on her heel, she folded her arms while Ochako and Hagakure leaned back yet kept themselves rooted squarely before her.

"D-don't be silly, I just have some stupid jitters!" Mei sputtered. "It's been ages since I worked out, you two wouldn't understand."

"If you want out now, we won't hold it to you." Ochako promised.

“Yeah we will,” Jiro smirked, “‘cause Mina paid for everything.”

“And I just signed the NDA!”

Mei balled her hands into fists on instinct as she alongside her friends turned to Mina to find a pen in her hand signing away on the dotted line of a sheet of paper clung to a clipboard held by Bev. The sheer amount of sparkling, puppy-dog energy in Mina’s dark eyes was enough for her to gag. Her head spun at the thought of spreading her legs next to the other girls knowing they would see her wheezing like a pig. Every day she spent sitting at her desk devouring potato chips returned to bite her in the ass, and she couldn’t find anyone to blame other than herself.

As Bev slipped the clipboard under her armpit, she gestured her arm to the empty hallway on the left where only a small burgundy lounge chair could be seen ahead. “We usually have our exercises in that room, but nobody else seems to have signed up for today.” she lamented. “Still, we should be fine. Just follow me girls!”

With her back facing the girls and her big blue butt on full display, Bev strolled down the tawny hallways as the students of U.A. University sashayed behind her, all the while Ochako fidgeted her fingers into a clump, lost in her own thoughts. There were moments in her high school days, those in which she could afford to be a touch reckless and insecure, when she would be willing to do whatever it took should it mean she might get ahead of others for the sake of her future. Those she often competed against were close to bumping their hips next to hers, wearing what she never wanted to even if it meant someone looking at her once. Ochako quickly glanced at Mina’s ass dancing in her leggings before she gazed at Bev, who paused every so often to shake her leg causing her ass to wobble then go stiff as she kept walking again.

It was there that Ochako gulped as stepped foot into another large room and encountered her own pale reflection shivering at her from the massive window on the other side. Did she usually go out of her way to obsess over another girl’s body? Ochako’s friends weren’t that much different compared to when they were in high school, let alone when they finished going through puberty. Maybe she could leave now if she said she needed to use the bathroom, but sneaking away may as well have been impossible without a crowd to blend in with. Ochako wiggled her neck thereby putting her nerves aside while Beverly brought her hand to her and the girls, stopping them from taking another step forward.

“Ah, ah, ah! Don’t move another muscle!” Bev commanded before snapping her fingers and smacking her hip. “Do you see the red dots on the ground? I’ll need everyone to stand on top of them before we go any further.”

Each girl glanced to the ground with Jiro blowing air out of her nostrils. She briefly lifted one foot up while everyone around her shifted either an inch from where they stood. What were the odds of her having found her dot? Not giving it another thought, Jiro spread her legs apart and planted her hands firmly onto her hips. She drew a deep breath, enough that her chest pumped outward, while Beverly assumed the same stance seconds before she ever did. Still exhaling at a steady rate, Jiro focused on her instructor facing her way while the rest of her world washed away as white noise, and as calmly as she could, grit her teeth ready to start her session.

“There won’t be anything too complicated with what’s to come next girls,” said Bev, “just follow my movements and things will go swimmingly! Any questions?”

“Uh, if it’s not too much to ask,” one of the girls murmured, “can you explain the NDA f-”

Before the girl standing closest to Jiro could finish her sentence, a loud poppy song no different than what the girls heard on the radio played over the intercom, swelling the room with an infectious rhythm that had Bev swerving her hips to the left, then dragging them along to the right and back to a continuous loops. Jiro arched her back inward just as Bev did as her hips slowly swerved just as Beverly’s did. There came a few nervous tics that twitched in her neck, but they fizzled when she finished her first round and began the next soon after, already forgetting about who could have been speaking next to her. Based on the meek tone in her voice, it must have been Hagakure knowing how soft she would be, the wimp. Still, Jiro never bothered to look; gazes locked with Beverly’s as she kept her feet flat on the floor and her breathing to an even pitch.

Jiro bit her lower lip as she understood the careful rhythm that lulled Bev into glancing off to the ceiling, ensuring that she couldn’t see the other girls before her. Fire raced in her legs once she completed a lap only to start another again, bending her ass out further to the wall. Unable to look at Bev, Jiro looked back to her reflection where she saw herself gasping for air following another thrust. It wouldn’t be before Bev leaned her upper body to the girls and juttied her ass out that Jiro’s jaw trembled. Within the span of a second, she slid her hands to the far ends of her legs and leaned her chest to the ground, continuing to sway her own butt from behind while her legs squirmed beneath her. The air in her lungs emerged as a gasp, her throat dryer than it ever had been. Jiro needed to shake her head up to keep herself energized following the instructions that practically sped past her. Sweat beaded down her forehead with fire roaring in her throat as she took a breath, already strained from the dance.

Across from her left however, Hagakure’s butt swung around in a circle, marked by a trail of sapphire that weaved a perfect round. She bobbed her invisible head carefully and kept her breathing to a low. Admittedly, she panted gently while maintaining the flow established by Beverly. Not helping matters was Jiro, whose raspy pants became a desperate bid for attention

that Hagakure shuddered at. She wanted to break free just momentarily to get her water, until Bev dropped to the floor landing on her massive butt. The ground warbled under Hagakure's feet as she stumbled briefly, then saw Bev plant her hands flat on beside her before spreading her legs apart. Still keeping her ass bent out, Hagakure joined Bev on the floor with Jiro's breath soon going deaf. Maybe the other girls joined her on the floor, but Hagakure couldn't care to look because instantly her legs splayed in-and-out in small intervals with fire licking up her inner thighs.

The flames stoked her legs all the way to her feet curling together as she quit exhaling from her nose in favor of her open lips. To many outsiders, they would have screamed seeing a pair of stocky gray beams connected to a woman's hips effectively closing in on themselves repeatedly, yet it meant nothing when stacked against how the room spun around Hagakure - how the light fixtures seemed to dim and flutter when her aching head tilted struggling to follow along to them. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed Beverly beaming with joy in spite of the deep crimson hue that ran to her ears. The air in her lungs escaped as a gasp when she slammed her legs down, keeping them far apart while lifting her butt into the air. Hagakure's chest tightened when she froze and the pressure contorted when Beverly slammed her ass back before raising up again.

"Don't slow down girls! We've only just started!" Beverly took a sharp breath, then blew back out as she humped the floor with her ass in rapid bursts. Her cheeks would squish back and wobble for less than a second before she hit the mat again shaking her head side-to-side. "Now I want to see you really emphasize your glutes, so don't hold back!"

A collective groan could be heard from the other end of where Bev humped the floor, all except for Mina whose body faded into a blur with her ass making impact faster than even Bev might have hoped to. She let her head fall back; fingers squirming on the matted surface with pink bangs stuck to her forehead. Some would fling off when she rose to the air just to land back in her face when she hit the ground. Not that it deterred Mina, as she continued maintaining the same rhythm while repressing her groans from the same flames that overtook the other girls. She worked out every day of her life until she either grew dull or couldn't move. With Beverly instructing everyone before her however, Mina's heart rang in her ears like a kettle drum. Rather than cry out at how empty her lungs were, she simpered at the camaraderie all around her and squealed listening to her bum bounce along the surface. She loved her friends so much.

Perhaps too much, as when Beverly pressed her back down again only to launch up to her feet, Mina rose alongside her with a now completely pale Ochako wheezing to her right. She turned to Ochako and offered her a soft pat on the back, then focused on Beverly whose chest puffed out before she arched her back inward. Mina and the other girls joined her by pointing their asses to the wall, unaware (or perhaps ambivalent) that Ochako remained hunched over catching her

breath. Her field of vision swerved recklessly, only settling when the music behind her reached its next pitch shift, to which Ochako's jaw dropped seeing Beverly now twerking with her friends bobbing their butts in tow.

Every girl in the room bent their legs and dribbled their asses in the air, all in sync with no signs of slowing or even anybody so much as pouting at what they did. Nobody bat an eye to one another as they danced. Seven minutes of interrupted exercising must have passed and Ochako stood dumbfounded at her fellow classmates along with her own instructor now straight-up twerking without a slight of shame in sight. There were faint claps that could be heard from behind Bev that fought through the overbearing pop music that played, the peppy look on her face no less weaker than when she gyrated her hips before. Ochako clutched her stomach firmly in her grip and groaned, smacking her dry lips once. She wanted to bail from the class now if it meant having a glass of water - she wanted more than anything to simply leave before stooping down to something as slutty as twerking.

But then she shook her head before bucking her butt to the south. Any time spent 'resting' between exercises would stoke the flames, leaving her as pudgy and pathetic as when she first entered the camp. Which was why, in spite of the fierce blush that erupted past her pale complexion, Ochako shook her ass inches off the ground now joining her class by twerking in tandem with them. Her breath stilled during the chorus of the song, now able to focus on the lady singing rather than the pulses ringing in her ears. Ochako occasionally glanced off into space, her mind drifting towards anything other than that of any of the other girls that were effectively teasing her nearby. And all at once, the pressure in her chest settled with Ochako's lips tightening to form a grimace. It must have been the first time she gave a somewhat sincere smile in hours.

When Beverly bent her legs away from one another and brought them back all while maintaining her posture, so too did Ochako follow along with her without checking on Bev consistently. She couldn't explain why, but she sensed her next movement even when she came to check on her for less than a second. Ochako thrust down to her chest, resting her chin on the floor and bobbing her ass high in the air. There were thin white marks that were scraped along the ground as her feet grinded by when matching Beverly's, yet Ochako didn't stop. She couldn't. She no longer whined when she exhaled, now instead wobbling each of her ass cheeks by the muscles within them even when she sprang in the air and resumed her 'traditional' position: hands glued to her kneecaps with her back curved in, ass hanging out. Ochako's smile grew to the ends of her face, a furious round of applause following her from behind.

One that rose in volume every second, with ripples running across her butt to the floor.

Ochako pursed her lip, her aimless concentration broken with her frantically gazing around the room in search of whatever caused the gym to shake. The sound of the clapping grew oddly

squishy, as if whoever put their hands together had them oiled up beforehand. As it rang alongside the music, a single tear rolled down Ochako's cheek with a sharp pain riding up her crack. She flexed an arm then grit her teeth when it stayed clamped to her leg. Shaking her elbows couldn't make it budge an inch. Try as she might, her hands cupped her knees for dear life as she jerked her aching head away from the droning applause intent to make her go deaf. Then her eyes glanced over her shoulder, and they gradually widened when Ochako discovered the culprit swelling in plain sight.

The tight sores pulsing between Ochako's crack stung the ends of her tail bone as her brain lurched. Behind her was her ass, dancing and wobbling along while pushing her shorts out. A thin outline no thicker than her index finger that ran to the waistband of her shorts, and holding everything together was Ochako's big butt straining against her soft fabric prison while the seams split apart. Ochako gagged as she stifled the immediate torque in her gut. She dragged her nails up her knees watching her ass cheeks slap against one another, signaling the same deafening clap she kept hearing before. That couldn't be her butt attached to her now. That couldn't be her own big behind warping her shorts to fit their large, round shape with layers of soft supple flesh burying whatever musculature Ochako accrued over the years. Ochako winced as her ass clapped once more, waiting for when it would hurt considering her toned physique never handled so much as being slapped without it burning her skin.

But rather than bite her, Ochako's butt bounced along with a hypnotic sway to her cheeks. Her temple tightened as her underwear delved further inside her bloating ass. Could Ochako even say she 'had' a butt anymore? Calling it a booty would be an understatement. Her hips were stretching past her shoulders with her thighs bulking out to accommodate her spine curving into her back. She looked no different than Uwabami except that unlike her, she could stop twerking whenever she pleased. Ochako popped her shoulders desperately praying that it might release her hands from their plush prison, only for her ass to pop out with an extra jiggle. It clapped three times in one second then forced her body down until it hung inches away from the blue matted floor. At that moment, a cold sweat broke loose over Ochako. It finally occurred to her that she couldn't fight through her own senses if she failed to move a muscle. There was nothing nearby for her to latch her powers onto, no monsters that she could punch. Only one option laid before her if she wanted to be free, and that was to call for help.

"Ahhhhhhh!! S-somebody help!!" Ochako glanced throughout the room and found her classmates along with Beverly twerking away without another thought. She raised her voice higher as she kept looking. Perhaps if she strained her throat just right it might help.

"I-I can't control my butt, and it won't stop growing!" she pleaded. "Ms. Bleau, please! Help me! Jiro! Mina! Mei, Hagakure, somebody please just--"



Ochako froze her mid-sentence; pupils shrinking when she fixated on Mei on the right end of the row where she and her friends were. Whatever she wanted to shout next slipped her mind when she inspected below her waist, and the look of horror on her face swelled. Maybe she noticed it by accident when her hearing started to wear, or perhaps it began when her underwear shrunk into a thong that gave her a wedgie. Or instead it came to her when she realized that the otherwise petite Mei Hatsume, who otherwise lived off a diet of potato chips and cola, now seemed to have a puny pair of panties pinching her perfectly oversized ass that ballooned from her leggings jiggling nonstop as it clapped with Ochako's to create a standing ovation dedicated to the twisted boon placed on her.

Unable to think her words through carefully or even speak, Ochako's nerves won out as she screamed to herself. Her cries rang throughout the gym with her friends' heads turning one after the other, glancing at Ochako before their eyes followed where hers did. Jiro was the second to have her jaw completely drop at what hid behind her, the clapping escalating when she crouched closer to the ground while bucking her ass out, sensibilities be damned. The color in her pale face vanished as she too shrieked twice, alerting Mei and Hagakure to their asses now warping their leggings until the fabric stretched to their shoulders. And much like Ochako, they too shrieked, losing any semblance of control of their bodies. Only Mina stayed in her groove with her rocking her head round-and-round to the song. Her cheery expression beamed against the terror that struck her friends, yet it would ultimately be Beverly who clenched her cheeks together first at the collective crying. And as her clapping came to a close, so too did the class of U.A University cap out alongside her; faces covered in small white oxygen dots with the girls' breath stilling.

Jiro straightened her posture, her energy returning in spite of how her chest burned from what she endured. She faintly listened to her own heart thrumming alongside the collective chatter that surrounded her. The nearby benches and the rows upon rows of weights behind the blurry Beverly brightened when she gazed ahead at them, and her vision cleared when Bev waved a hand ensuring she hadn't collapsed just yet. By then, the insanity of the situation saw Jiro breathing in as much air that her lungs allowed while she ran her hands across her thighs towards her new shaped bubble butt. She rested her fingers on her cheeks, then squeezed them tight when a puny squeak could be heard underneath her breath.

So soft, she thought. So smooth. Jiro slipped her hands underneath her ass cheeks before bobbing them up one after the other. When her ass dropped back in place, it wobbled for a few seconds while Jiro blinked repeatedly, never stopping until she pressed her cheeks in and they squished over her wrists. Her eyes glowed when she released her hold before ass yet again jiggled on its own. Was this what it felt like to be one of those bimbos Mineta always fawned over? Based on Uawbami's appearance in the commercial, her ass shouldn't be large considering what little time she spent with Bev. Then Jiro's mouth dropped when she heard another soft clap behind her, and

she turned to find Beverly herself applauding her with her hands rather than her ass. Unlike Jiro, she never stopped smiling.

“Well done, girls! It looks like our lesson today couldn’t have gone any better!” Beverly declared. “Sorry for not telling you of my methods much sooner. I thought it might be safer to keep it as a friendly surprise.”

Jiro’s brow rose to the roof. She gagged on the lump in her throat while Hagakure marched ahead with the grace of a goat. Legs twisted within themselves and arms fidgeted as her back arched in, unintentionally presenting her ass to the now much paler Jiro. Dear God, she could see a single string as an outline running across her new big butt. Jiro might have been lucky to have been bumped by Hagakure in the hallway, now she clasped her mouth as her friend’s butt danced whenever she moved.

There were indents forming around her right ass cheek that would burrow deeper than farther back before disappearing altogether. They appeared then vanished in a split second, often expanding for a moment with ripples running across her rump as if it were being shaken. Perhaps Hagakure needed to confirm to herself that her new body was real? The extra marks that Jiro noticed didn’t cease, so maybe she found the happiness she wanted all along? Hagakure’s shaky disposition betrayed that notion shortly after.

“Oh my gosh, I’m never gonna be able to wear panties again...” Hagakure whined. “I-I’m never gonna be able to wear skirts or little dresses-”

“But you will!” Beverly snapped her fingers as she marched towards Hagakure, then raised her hand behind her back and swiped her palm along her ass. The yelp that rang throughout the gym found itself quickly met by both silence and squirming as Hagakure’s butt bobbed Beverly’s, who pointed her ass at her dumbfounded students shaking her hips nonstop. “Your new bodies, not just your booties, are a blessing, girls! No matter what you wear, your curves will compliment you greatly!”

“Compliment us?! What are you talking about, look at us!” Ochako stomped up to bat next with a bashful scowl. The dimples on her face were practically illuminated by her heavy blush that brightened when her ass cheeks smacked against each other as she approached Beverly. “I’m *too* big! Guys are gonna think I’m sort of a skank. I’ll never get any rest for this.”

“You look perfectly fine to me.” Beverly noted, gesturing to Ochako’s face. “A nice big behind to fit your beautiful smile.”

Rather than smile, Ochako frowned. She turned her head to her ass before Mei strolled by and

shoved her aside, now approaching Beverly with fire in her sandy eyes. In the depths of her newly-shaped butt bouncing in her leggings hid a sharp pinch that ran through her crotch up to her ass crack where it would sear her no matter if she were walking or not. Running her hand behind to pull her once non-existent thong out merely delayed it from resuming its place, all because of Beverly. Any thoughts in Mei's head soon ceased as she went from holding her underwear between her index finger and thumb to clenching her fist tight with her knuckles whitening. It wouldn't be until an unseen stranger patted her shoulder in a slow, soothing manner that Mei stopped strangling her panties, now facing a more stern, less jovial-looking Bev looming above her.

"You..." Mei grumbled. She oh so desperately wanted to say more, but Beverly brought a hand to her mouth, cutting her off with a sigh.

"Mei dear, you look like you're burning up." she noted. "I thought you of all people might have been happy to have a larger butt, considering you were constantly looking at mine when you arrived.

Goosebumps trickled up Mei's spine, and her body stiffened when Beverly went to rubbing her big ass instead. When did she see her staring? *How* could she have noticed?! The walls closed in around Mei as she frantically glanced everywhere in the room, studying each corner in search of some sort of camera that might have been hiding in plain sight and discovering next to zip in return.

"Hehehe! I noticed on my own dear, no worries!" Beverly patted Mei's ass, bringing her attention back to her soon enough. "I am partially psychic of course."

"How? How did you do this?!" Mei blurted, shaking Beverly's arm. Finally, her once tough voice collapsed, but the real person in charge didn't so much as scoff at her.

"My methods aren't anything terribly fancy." Beverly admitted. "I just tapped into your latent energy by having you five work up a sweat before sending a signal I thought might work best: like twerking during an exercise all about glutes."

Jiro shot a glare at Beverly, still letting her ass bob in her hands. The jiggling did settle her nerves in spite of the circumstances, though of course she wouldn't tell Bev that. She needed to have some pride in her fetishized form.

"So, wait? By twerking with you we get bigger butts?" she snapped bitterly. "That doesn't make any sense!"

“The devil is in the details, girls! Puberty doesn’t start until you reach twelve years old, but your body always has a chance to develop!” Beverly raised her voice as Ochako, Jiro, Hagakure, and Mei twitched. They heard Beverly speaking in the same motherly, orderly tone she always talked to them in, but it was accompanied by somebody else clapping with her. All that before their hips jittered and they dropped to the floor while Beverly gestured to Ochako, the first to start twerking no less vigorously than when they were exercising.

“Our wants and needs are connected to how we evolve. They feed off of your urges; what the brain wants and how it can reach it even if it’s unusual! And with my quirk going on to react to these primal wishes in the brain, I feel it makes sense that you have bodies like this if that’s what you truly want. Provided you don’t mind the occasional triggers that set you off?”

Ochako wailed as she and her friends bent their backs then bobbed their asses on the ground. The raw sound of flesh slapping itself took up every second of dead air in the gym. Not Ochako, nor Jiro or Mei or Hagakure were thinking it, but their butts bobbed to the ground threatening to kiss it the deeper their legs sank before they jolted to her feet, resuming her original place. Their arms were still in their control if Jiro slapping her own ass just for it to bounce faster were any indication. She gave a moan and shook her head to wipe her tears as her vision blurred.

Mei’s, meanwhile, worked perfectly fine. Scanning the gym frantically, she failed to catch a single girl who smiled as they gave a round of applause to their instructor, who merely stood back not moving a muscle. That lying weasel said certain triggers could cause them to start twerking, but nothing in the room indicated anything that screamed sex appeal. The music had stopped, none of the girls were clearly happy, hell, only one of them seemed to be cheering whatsoever. And they came on the far left end of where Mina Ashido stood.

The sting of the moment failed to set in for class of U.A. University until they managed to see Mina giggling uncontrollably with her ass crack jutting past her shorts and her thong looking as if it were painted on her skin. She looked off into space with her torso having slid to the ground, her head resting on her chin, arms folded beneath her, legs spread far apart and her huge naked ass dangerously high in the air. Mei knew that pose from a video game she played a while back. When it launched, it broke the internet with everyone trying to replicate it by any means necessary, including getting sent to the hospital for dislocating their arms. At that time, she thought of the pose as nothing else than a passing fad. She never expected Mina to be flexible enough to pull it off let alone triumphantly twerk so efficiently.

But the only thing predictable about life was its unpredictability.

Mina’s ass brought her friends to a roaring stop as they all marched around her on both sides, then crouched to the ground with their hands on her legs. With their asses aimed away, Mei and

Hagakure squealed from the back row while Jiro and Ochako assumed the front, with Mina at the center of the show. There was no music playing on the intercom, no bombastic beats by Beverly to block the babes. She simply stood apart from them with her arms folded as Mina howled a second time, gleefully bucking her hips to herself.

“WOOOO-HOOOOO!! I can feel my butt, like, actually jiggling!!” she declared. “It’s like I’m a water bed or something!”

Mina broke out into a cackling fit while Ochako’s eyes met Beverly, wide with fear and desperate for help. She found no concern behind her gaze however. Only a dotting smile, nothing more.

“Gaaaah, h-how do we stop this?!” Ochako yelled.

Beverly put a hand to her mouth, the edges of her cheeks creasing as if to repress her laughter. “Mmmm... I don’t suppose you girls wouldn’t mind paying for some shorts that could help stave off your instincts?” she offered. “I can’t say your new behinds will be covered entirely, but you will be able to twerk whenever you’d like. For a small fee of course!”

As Beverly cupped her hands and held them to her crotch, Ochako carefully craned her head to the floor, no longer strong enough to look anyone in the face, shaking her ass to a rhythmless beat. There in the many stretches of the waxed linoleum flooring was where she could hide in her own thoughts, having now realized why Beverly wanted that NDA signed before they started exercising. But at least she had her friends, and in the end, she couldn't ask for anything less than them?

Then again, could they? They did have bigger butts for a reason. It wouldn’t make sense to hide them now when there were boys about. Boys who would love to have their big butts on their laps no matter the cost...