

MY FETISH ACADEMIA

CHAPTER 7: HELLO NURSE!



SHOUTO TODOROKI.

The sound of an explosion masked the next name called over the intercom as the target in question emerged from a blast of flame. Unlike those called thus far, Shouta had found himself on the front line at the main school building along with Jirou, Denki, and Mina. Out of generosity Todoroki and Jirou had agreed to help the later two with their grades, and had left the building proper to head home when things had gone awry.

It was strange. The teachers had seemingly up and disappeared, and unless they could get past the hulking villainess in a martini dress that stood in their way they wouldn't be able to get back in. Hulking might have been an understatement though. She was gigantic - at least fifteen feet tall, and muscular, and for some reason she only attacked if they tried to slip past her. Even the heat of Todoroki's flames hadn't been enough to singe her, and he'd merely been struck by her fists the moment he'd gotten close.

The others didn't seem to be having any better luck. But perhaps if they split up their forces? **"Jirou, take Denki and Mina to the side of the building and see if you can sneak in. I'll hold this one off."** He wasn't confident in this plan but the odds were better at the very least. The three ran off with some unwanted fuss as they expressed concern for his safety, yet Shouto himself wasn't as worried as he probably should have been. If his flames didn't work then he'd have to rely on his ice.

Once the others had cleared the shrubbery and moved to go around the school building's side, the boy dashed forward again. He had to take the villain's attention away so she wouldn't notice them moving. He'd immobilize her before she could

see and, if lucky, manage to sneak past her in the same motion. She was clearly prepared the moment she saw the boy of ice and fire rushing at her, legs parted with arms to the side as if a football player. Because she was so tall though this left a gap between her legs for him to squeeze through, and he was *surely* going to take it.

The villain's arms reached down to grab Todoroki as he slid through her legs, his own hands pointed outward to deliver a frosty blast against her in the process. He slipped just between her fingers which allowed him to successfully clear the first hurdle, yet the plan didn't go as smoothly as intended. His ice Quirk hadn't activated which merely allowed the woman to spin around, glowing red eyes focused on him a moment. The boy froze from shock, only barely managing to react to whatever punch was thrown at him.

That punch never came however. The woman's red eyes suddenly showed disinterest and she looked away. The reason was unknown to the boy, but it was merely because he'd already been touched by the effects of the transforming Quirk. They were responsible for the absence of ice, most notably represented by his darkening hair color.

The moment his Quirks had awoken in his youth his hair had been dyed half white and half red by their power, very atypical of a Japanese boy that would only typically have black hair. But both powers waned and his original coloring returned, red darkening to black and whites inverting themselves to do the same.

Meanwhile the boy himself was still baffled that he hadn't been able to summon his ice, and yet couldn't afford to let this opportunity go wasted. He dashed through the doors of the main U.A. building, stopping only when he could hide in the bathroom. He had, unknowingly, picked the woman's room for some reason. It seemed like the safest place to hide as he continued his next move, but upon catching his reflection in the mirror a moment of pause was needed.

The blackness of his hair stood out prominently, and if not for fear of being found by another villain he would have loudly expressed his confusion about the matter. It wasn't merely just a darker color, but signs of growth were evident in how it caressed the back of his neck and bangs dangled around the sides of his face. But his face, too, left him wide-eyed. The burn scar around his left eye that had ultimately defined the tragedy of his childhood had given rise, distorted and darkened skin gyrating as it evened out, the burn fading to better match the rest of the boy's face.

'*Better match*' however was key. The color of the skin where his burn had been was noticeably lighter than that which surrounded it, at least at first. But almost like a virus it began to spread, rejuvenating both the color and quality of his flesh as a peculiar fragrance began to drift off of it. It smelled floral, like the kind of shampoo or body wash a woman might use, and in a way it complimented the fact that Todoroki's facial structure was growing subtly more effeminate.

Attempting to avoid panicking was easier said than done, but before he understood what was happening he first had to understand how severe the situation was. He hadn't been able to summon ice earlier but that didn't mean his Quirks were gone; it was very possible this was all an illusion.

A Quirk was something seared into one's very existence. Once you understood it and used it enough it was as simple as breathing. Tapping into that philosophy he reached out to the impulses he'd known his entire life, and he was rewarded. Not with fire or ice, but a power *did* manifest.

A *sense*. A *voice*? He wasn't sure if it was one, the other, or *both*. It was like he'd become hyper-actively aware of other people, people that met a specific criteria. People that were in pain, suffering. He could perceive their location and what was ailing them. Injuries, panic; it seemed a bunch of them were holed up in the school infirmary. Their anxieties brought the boy to a quiver, his mind wandering to the idea that 'it's my responsibility to help them'. But lost in that thought was the realization that this wasn't his Hot and Cold Quirk. It was Hyper Empathy, something he'd never had in his life... but it felt right.

It was like a new calling was speaking out to him. A hero? Was that the kind of life for a Quirk like this? Not exactly, but it was perfect for helping heroes. He was able to identify the locations of victims in accidents and if paired with the right profession, treat them. He wasn't old enough to be a doctor, but a doctor's aide? A nurse?

Todoroki shook his head. He didn't *look* like a nurse at all even with his bizarre, changing body. Where had those thoughts even come from? Surely the villains had said something about changing them, but had that really been a credible claim? Clearly it was. He had no way to really stop it and with the original shock gone he almost had no *desire* to.

His fingers were planted around the edge of the sink counter as he leaned in to get a better look at his reflection, most notably his face. Its general design had softened, cheeks just the littlest bit plumper when compared to the rise of his brow. Lips, plump and wanting, took focus beneath a tiny nose and eyes that waned into a brilliant purple.

Hands grasping the counter marked the beginning of the changes to the rest of Todoroki's body, the same white skin tone creeping in from beneath his sleeves just in time to see the shape of his fingers narrow and lengthen. Burns he'd accumulated from training faded into his skin, hand thinning to take on a more delicate design as a mole surfaced on the back of either hand simultaneously. While not substantially so, the length of each fingernail slithered forward to a length that was manageable but not a burden in the case of medical emergency.

The boy (?) was required to lean in a little farther as the length of each arm grew longer, in turn matching the growth of each leg. It wasn't merely their length that

splurged, though the upward growth did force his green pants to ride a little up his legs, but also a plethora of fat that seized the definition of his muscles. The quality of his body softened overall, arms robbed of their definition and stomach loosening without hard-earned abdominals in their place, but it was most prominent in his lower body thanks to how it interacted with his thighs and legs.

Fortune favored his outfit as chicken legs began to fill out into thick drumsticks, the material that was barely capable of holding onto each leg without restricting them loosening into a thinner polyester as the green subsided in favor of empty black. The material was stretched finely around each leg as thighs couldn't help but rub against one another with their new thickness, and they merged with his socks below to great a pair of black leggings that left boxers and dick bulge below exposed.

Even that was only a passing fancy however. The plaid pattern scrawled upon his boxers of choice began to melt away to leave little but pure white, decorative lace trim dancing around the sides as the legs of the boxers pulled inward. They grew tighter - uncomfortably so - and the boy's dick has little choice but to slide inward from the pressure as a pair of lips poked out around the sides. Before long a moist clit sat between his legs, one that if nude would barely be visible considering how thick *her* thighs were.

Todoroki's ass was clamped upon by the back of her new panties, hips squirming a moment as the immediate expansion of her cheeks brought the soft fabric to rub sensually against her slit. It was fortunate that Todoroki was a self-disciplined woman, else things might have gone awry.

Her raven hair had found itself tied into a ponytail that was drooped over her shoulder, next to nothing of the boy she'd once been remaining at this point. As the curvature of her back sloped to better accommodate the arch of her behind it might have been easy to merely mistake her as a woman with a very small bust, and yet a very small bust didn't match the new memories that plagued her. On the contrary she was rather... *bodacious*. Which made dealing with patients frustrating sometimes.

Shizuno tugged at the tie around her neck to loosen it, curious about how she'd come to have adorned the student uniform to begin with. Freeing it allowed a black collar to take shape around her neck's center and the neckline of the white dress shirt beneath her jacket began to dip substantially. She could also feel it pulling up beneath her jacket, the cloth hardening around her back into a band with a clip as cups took shape in the front, their design bearing the same lace as her panties below.

The length of her jacket seemed to grow, material thinning and lightening as it wrapped itself around her pelvis and rump like the skirt of a dress. It became more and more evident that this was indeed its destined form, buttons turning black while the top two were left open to keep her cleavage -- *or cleavage to be* -- in full view.

Her cleavage would surely soon be. Shizuno Todoroki could feel the warmth drawn to her chest, cheeks touched crimson in the mirror not only by makeup but by a burning sensation that saw her posture straightened and her hands drawn to her chest. The origins of her DD breasts took shape as with the top of her dress unbuttoned it was easy to see the rise of her nipples and the encroaching mounds beneath them. They bore no animation at first, merely rising in tandem with her heartbeat, and yet as they crossed into the realm of Cs their masses begin to show signs of jiggling and rippling. Before long they better matched the cups of her bra and, while a little bit tight, fit snugly within them with ample cleavage on display; a single mole rose upon her right breast.

Purple eyes blinked and she became aware of the credentials pinned to her chest. She was Shizuno Todoroki, of course, assistant nurse to a number of infamous heroes. With her Hyper Empathy Quirk she was an asset in times of need, though at the moment she'd been separated from her partner. She reached for her visor on the sink counter and tapped her white shoes against the tiling below.

What was her next move? She could feel victims screaming out for help, but she needed an opening. Without any combat experience if there was a fight then she was as good as useless... *unless*. Fingers popped another of her dress buttons, and another, allowing her bosom to spill out freely. She didn't like the idea of this, but she'd use whatever she had to in order to save lives.

If that meant flaunting her tight, twenty eight year old body to get guards to let her through, then so be it.