

# BY ANY MEANS

## COMMISSION STORY

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Izuku Midoriya, known by his nickname of ‘Deku’, was tired. He was tired of participating in the same song and dance with his seemingly eternal bully, Bakugou Katsuki. From a young age it had been going on. Because Deku had once been Quirkless he had been treated as less than dirt by the boy, and even after obtaining one he was *still* treated the same. These altercations varied in intensity, and at times they were easy to brush off. During *others*? Not so much.

And even though it could be frustrating, the boy wasn’t one to make a scene typically. Deku had learned to bottle those feelings up so that they couldn’t hurt him. So that he wouldn’t escalate things. But at times he really wished he *could*. Progress *had* been made thanks to the friends he’d made at U.A. After all, ‘Deku’ had once been a derogatory nickname that Bakugou had referred to him with, and with Uraraka’s help he’d managed to reclaim it and make it something *positive*.

“**But even then...**” Back in his U.A. dorm room, the boy had been replaying this fact in the back of his mind to try and ease his anxiety. He *had* made a lot of progress, and that was naturally a good thing. But sometimes your thoughts got the better of you. It didn’t matter how hard you tried to look on the bright side, moments of negativity could ultimately be crushing.

Even though this incident had been notably minor compared to most, a simple moment of Bakugou yelling at him and calling him worthless during class, it had piled on top of a bunch of other things. It had just been a classic *terrible day*. Now he was laying on his bed, a scarred hand raised into the air as he flexed his fingers. “**It’s not like I can do**

**anything about it. There's no way to make Kacchan change his mind about me, is there?"**



If he improved, Bakugou got mad. If he idled, Bakugou got mad *and* gloated. How was he supposed to deal with something like that? There was never any winning no matter *what* he did. Which naturally spawned some level of frustration in him. Could he really not get Kacchan to warm up to him through *any* means?

**“What if I finally pushed back?”** He might have mused this, but from Deku’s point of view that was easier said than done, really. He didn’t really have the *spine* to do that, and even if he did? He really wouldn’t know what to say that might make Bakugou think differently. There probably really wasn’t *anything* that could do that, realistically. **“Still, kind of wish I had the spine to at least *try*.”**

Still staring at his ceiling, he eventually allowed his arm to fall back to his side since it was getting tired. That last comment had been a harmless one, because he knew full well that the only way he could work up the spine to challenge Bakugou was if he did it himself. There was no magical power that could suddenly give him that confidence, and even if it did? He had no idea if it would even work. It might have been nice to at least *try* though.

Thinking this, he continued to stare at the roof of his dorm room. But something prompted him to squint. What *was* that? It almost seemed like there was a speckle just above his face that hadn’t been there before. Was it just a floaty in his eye that would go away if he blinked? Deku tried this, but when his eyes reopened the speckle almost looked bigger? No, it *definitely* was.

**“Huh? Is there a leak upstairs?”** It did look damp, but the color of it was questionable. It was *red*, after all, and the same kind of red you might associate with juice? Had someone spilled a bottle of juice or something? He squinted at it. It didn’t seem like the spot was getting any bigger, but moisture could definitely be seen accumulating underneath. Still thinking it was juice, he didn’t really think to move.

At least until a drop fell. **“Woa— *ICK!?*”** The boy had caught sight of it falling and had moved to roll off of his bed to avoid it, but not only was he not fast enough, but the droplet fell into his open mouth. **“*Pfft!?*”** And the taste? Well it certainly *wasn’t* juice. He tried to spit it out, but the taste had already overwhelmed his tastebuds. It wasn’t fruity or

anything of the sort. It tasted like iron. It was a familiar taste, because he had tasted it before. *It tasted like blood.*

A chill ran down his spine, which Izuku immediately attributed to the fact that he now had to wonder why enough blood had pooled above his bed to drip into his bedroom. Had someone been *murdered*? He had to get help! But his legs wouldn't move at all. In fact, the chill hadn't been because of the dread he now felt. The chill had been a side effect of the blood he had ingested and the plans that the fluid had for him and his body.

**“Why can I...!? Someone’s in danger!”** He argued with his own two feet the *moment* they wouldn't move, and unsurprisingly this verbal attempt at coercion with parts of his own body didn't exactly amount to *much*. He was a hero in training! It was his job to save people! And if someone in the room above him was bleeding so much that this blood had leaked into his door room? Well, there was no better of a moment for him to put those skills to good use! And yet, the response his own mind gave him? It was chilling.

*So? Why should I care if someone is dying?*

It prompted his mind to freeze up a moment. **“H-Huh? Why would I... think *that*?”** Why should he *care*? Never in his life had he thought something like that about someone else being in danger. It could have been one of his classmates bleeding up there for all he knew! And yet the indifferent voice within that had set him on this existential crisis had an equally disturbing answer. *So what?* Did he really think that little of his friends? He didn't!

As these thoughts of corruption swirled around inside of his head though, something peculiar began to happen within Deku's irises. A small, red ring first appeared around his pupils, while a larger one appeared around it halfway between the first ring and the outskirts of his irises. Just as shockingly, his pupils took on the same red – and the green of his eyes otherwise was overcome with yellow. Not to mention... were his eyelashes longer? Just a little bit, maybe?

The taste of blood had yet to fade from his mouth, yet the longer it lingered the less disturbed he was by the flavor. He would have been loathed to admit it, but had he begun to maybe *like* it? **“Something’s wrong with me... I feel... I can’t even use my Quirk?”** He had thought he might be able to use One For All to overcome whatever was keeping him pinned in place, yet he couldn't even muster an iota of its strength.

Perhaps it could be seen as a positive turn in a sense, but the ingested blood seemingly had a rejuvenative effect on his flesh, skin, and bone. The scars across his fingers from the days he couldn't properly control his Quirk mended under they were without blemish, with bones properly aligning and any other lingering scars across his person being cleaned up. But there also seemed to be some *unwanted* effects, such as the color of his skin lightening a touch and fading the freckles upon his face until there were none left.

***“I really don’t get why I should care about a single life. It’s just some strang— STOP!”*** The wear on Izuku’s mental state was intensifying, and now he was even vocalizing the thoughts of eerie indifference that were taking cold of his ego. But as he spoke to himself, something else stood out. Had his voice always had that high of a pitch? Had he always sounded so much like a *girl*? It really wasn’t as pressing of a concern in the grand scheme of things, though.

But this didn’t mean that it wasn’t *relevant* to anything. After all, beneath his U.A. uniform some simply shocking developments had begun to occur. The curvature of his figure was shifting in a way that denied him the semblance of masculinity that was prevalent for a boy of his age. Such as? Well, his waistline narrowed for one, and his hips appeared to protrude a couple inches wider than what was otherwise normal... at least for a *boy*.

Not only that, but his shoulders seemed to crunch inward towards each other a touch, presenting his upper gait in a narrower manner. This all contributed to his clothes feeling a little looser, but realistically they were becoming loose in no small part thanks to his muscle mass, or in this case a lack thereof. It was noticeable enough for him to move his arms about. **“Why do I feel so tired?”** Not in the fatigued sense, but in the sense that things weren’t moving with the same strength that they had before. Because his muscles had all but faded away.

***“Not that I need physical strength to deal out... punishment.”*** The back and forth between reason and cruelty was continuous, and it was reaching the point where the latter comments and way of thinking were becoming so dominant that Deku could not properly refute them. And on this occasion? They passed lips as they swelled slightly, their puffiness much more notably feminine. Just as the collapse of his nose and the widening of his eyes likewise appeared to suggest. With his face longer and complexion smoother... well, he absolutely *looked* like a woman.

A tug on the boy’s scalp saw a constant and incredulous growth of his curly, green hair. Except *as* it grew longer? Neither of those descriptors necessarily fit any longer. The curls were ironed out while it spilled over

his shoulders, and as the length reached the base of his spine? A light red color had come to replace the green. Bangs were shaggy above his eyes, but framing his face some longer strands fell to his chest.

His chest which, on a vaguely related note, seem to be *protruding* a little more than it should have been. Even Deku himself noticed, seeing as how did you *not* notice your chest pushing up on the underside of your clothing? “**Are those...?**” He almost didn’t want to say it, and yet deep down he knew what was happening. *Breasts* had taken form in the absence of pecs, and round orbs were now what had begun to push up his top. Only amounting to mere handfuls in the beginning, they proceeded to continue to amass further volume, and before long hearty C-cups stood form atop his breast.

But the boy didn’t express shock. No. He *accepted* them. They made him attractive, right? “**Good looks can be a weapon.**” And he wouldn’t hesitate to weaponize them. Not as he was now. And if good looks *were* a weapon, then he was rapidly developing them in spades. Because as the cloth of his pants tightening around his thighs demonstrated? It wasn’t merely his chest that was receiving womanly... *enhancements*.

Lo and behold, those thighs pushed his pantlegs to their absolutely limit, which on their own *already* caused issues for the little Deku in between his legs. But the little guy was practically *choked out* once his rear end began to show similar symptoms. The cheeks of his buttocks oh so quickly took a turn for the big and perky, and his boxers weren’t quite able to handle this – so they could only compress that which existed in the front of his loins.

Comfort did come, but it came for *her*. She exhaled a sigh of relief, the discomfort easing since that which existed between her legs had taken a turn for the small and, inevitably, had disappeared between her legs where a girl’s counterpart had taken root. There was little point in denying her sex now, not when it was oh so obvious. In fact, she wasn’t at *all* recognizable.

But there clearly still seemed to be *something else*. Continuing to fuel just how *powerful* she felt, her eye level then rose a few inches over a short period of time. She grew taller, and this only disheveled her school uniform further. But then again? Deku’s uniform always had been a little baggy. More than anything, maybe it even fit him a little better now? Especially around the legs! Nonetheless, she tore off the jacket so that she was only wearing the pants, dress shirt, and tie.

Everything just sort of *clicked* now.

**“Hm? Well, I certainly don’t feel intimidated by the kid anymore, that’s for sure.”** The individual that stood in Deku’s dorm room was most certainly *not* Deku, yet the young woman spoke with an exceptional familiarity when it came to his plight. In fact, his memories were her memories completely. It was just that there were some *new* ones sprinkled in as well, presenting her with an entirely new identity.

*Makima* laced her fingers together in front of her, pushing them forward so each individual joint cracked *painfully*. But she thought nothing of that pain. It was, in fact, quite *refreshing* from her point of view. A smirk graced her lips, and that happiness was even reflected in her bizarre looking gaze. **“But then that begs the question: what should I do with him? He certainly won’t recognize me looking like that.”**

Forget *recognizing* her, there was no way that Bakugou would even *believe* she had once been Deku even if Makima explained it to him. Not that it really mattered in the end, because the result would be the same. While she wasn’t the same person she *had* been, the pain Bakugou had inflicted upon Deku was still a pain she could recall feeling. And this young woman? She was not as passive as the boy she had once been.

In fact, she cared little for human life whatsoever. You had to crack a few eggs to make an omelette, right? So of all the things she thought about *what* she could do to him, most of them *weren’t* non-violent. In fact it might have been fun just to torture and kill him. A little bit, anyways! But in typical Makima fashion, she would do so with a cheery smile on her face. Because that was how fundamentally broken she was as an individual.

**“Maybe we’ll just see how I feel when I meet him? It’s sure to be entertaining either way!”**

Either way, he would stop bullying her *by any means*.

