

“So did you bring it!?”

“Uh..y-yes...” Izuku Midoriya stammered as Hatsume Mei’s face burst through the door to her workshop, a large, excited grin splitting it in twane.

“Excellent! Gimme. Gimme. Gimme!”

Izuku gulped as he sifted through his backpack and pulled out a small brown parcel, gently handing it over like it was a newborn child. “Here...just...be gentle with it, OK?”

Mei scoffed, “Of course! Any hero’s costume as great as this deserves the utmost respect.” With that she tore into the packaging with such fervor that it made the green-haired boy squeak in terror. “Ahhh! It’s the real deal alright!”

As the last of the scraps of paper floated down to the ground, the Support engineer held up the garment contained within: a genuine All Might hero suit. Golden Age to be precise. The most recent rendition to his line-up and the one Izuku was most familiar with. It had taken him a little bit of effort to convince All Might to let him borrow it for the night. Thankfully the hero mentor had more than enough spares stored away that he was able to miss one for the night.

Mei sighed as she ran the suit through her fingers, her body practically shuddering at its touch. She was practically giddy just holding it, something Izuku knew all too familiarly. “Ohhh...to think of the craftsmanship that went behind this suit. The sleek design, the suppleness of the interior as to not chafe, the hardened durability to withstand galeforce punches! All of this combined and yet so airy and light! The genius behind it all!”

“Uh...Hatsume-san...” Izuku meekly tried to interrupt the manic engineer.

The girl’s eyes snapped over to him, a wicked gleam shining in her eyes as she bore into his sole with her stare, “So...are you ready to become the genuine article yourself?”

Izuku gulped, his heart racing at the intensity Mei was boring down on him, “Y-Yes...But how are we supposed to do that? You never explained that...”

“Come inside and I’ll explain everything!”

Mei grabbed Izuku’s arm and hauled him into the workstation, snapping the door shut behind him. Inside, the room was dimly lit with only a few desk lamps providing ambient illumination. Izuku had to be careful where he stepped so as to not accidentally trip or step on someone’s project. Especially Mei’s. He turned around to face her, but she had vanished from sight, the doorway bolted fast behind him. Fearing he was trapped, Izuku started to search around for another exit, only to find Mei staring at him, barely an inch away from his face.

“So! Here they are! My latest babies~” She exclaimed happily.

Izuku took a startled step backwards and looked down to see that she was presenting a pair of golden boots to him; a perfect replica to the kind All Might typically wore when on duty. They were large and far too big to fit him; though, perfect for All Might, but he would be swimming in them if he were to slip them on. Though, to be fair, he’d be swimming in the costume too. All Might had over a foot and a half and a

couple hundred pounds of muscle on him when in his prime. There was no way he could wear it comfortably and yet Mei had assured him that it was possible.

Izuku shakily reached out his hands to take the boots, but Mei quickly snatched them away, wagging her finger. The look of confusion on the boy's face seemed to spur her into an explanation, "Nuh-uh-uhhh. Not quite yet. These are special babies and they must meet certain conditions." Her eyes lit up once more as she harkened back to a few days prior, "I spent hours trying to perfect them. Scouring countless books and a few ancient tomes here and there. It was the most wonderful project ever! You asked me to make you the perfect All Might costume and I've succeeded!"

A nervous grimace spread over Izuku's face. He hadn't actually asked her to do anything. She just happened to overhear his plans for the big Halloween party they were throwing at the dorms for all of the students. All of calls 1-A and 1-B were going to be there, celebrating the festivities to break away from the stresses of hero school life. There was even supposed to be a big contest for best costume. Izuku had just been talking with Ochako and Iida about costume ideas when he happened to let it slip he wanted to be All Might just as he had as a kid. Hatsume took it upon herself to "turn him into the real deal" all on her own.

"So what are these conditions...?" he nervously asked.

"Well..." Mei began, "first we need you in costume. These boots combine the latest state-of-the-art Mei-ware along with a liiiiiittle bit of black magic I found tucked away in the back of the school's library. Very small, barely noticeable, really. Just enough to give enough of a special Halloween boost to my already miraculous creation!"

"B-Black magic?" Izuku stammered as he suddenly realized what Mei was wearing. She was dressed head to toe in long, flowing black robes topped with an old, battered black witch hat.

Hatsume waved off the question, "Don't mind the details. Just know that for one night alone, you'll be just as strong and powerful as All Might himself at the cusp of his virility! Just don the costume, don the boots, and BAM! One of the best and most realistic Halloween costumes in the world!"

The green-haired boy stood agape as he took the schpiel in. "So...So all I have to do is dress like him and I become him?" His eyes grew wide at the thought of becoming his life-long hero and now mentor.

"Almost." Mei responded. "You'll still retain a few of your...personal characteristics...but fear not! I have things for that!" She suddenly tossed the nylon suit at him, the material flopping heavily over his face before he could haphazardly pry it off. "Now hurry up and go get suited up. And no clothes underneath it! That's one of the conditions."

Izuku blushed profusely and was about to object when Mei shoved him into a dark corner of the workshop before dashing off in the opposite direction, leaving the nervous fanboy alone in the dark. He wondered just how alone he actually was with her, though. No doubt she had some sort of night vision she could use to peep on him as he changed. He gulped down his nerves, mustering up enough courage to put his worries aside. This was his chance. He was going to blow everyone out of the water at this party.

He fumbled around a bit in the dark, trying to locate the zipper in the back so that he could step into it. Once found, he unzipped the costume and began to slide out of his school clothes, folding them up individually and stuffing them back into his bag. He hesitated when he got down to his boxers, but

eventually even those were off with a surge of determination. As he was shoving his shoes into the bag he heard Mei shouting from across the room telling him to hurry up. He honestly didn't need to be told this. Not only did he not want to be naked for very long, but he actually wanted to know what it felt like to wear All Might's suit. He had never had the real thing in his hands; only paltry mock-ups one could get at a costume store. He slipped his leg down into the suit, shivering slightly at how smooth it felt against his skin. Slightly cool to the touch and yet it seemed to match his body heat immediately.

Izuku quickly pulled on the rest of the suit, finding that he really did swim in the thing. As he zipped it up the back, he could feel how many loose folds and extra material was hanging off of his body. He had to pull the sleeves and pant legs up, a good six inches in either of them dangling over past his appendages. He looked like a kid trying to wear his father's clothes. He had to marvel at the way the suit wore on him though. A lot of costumes, even his own, seemed to rub against his skin when he moved, but the interior of All Might's suit was like pure silk. He couldn't even feel it half of the time.

He blushed as he felt his way down to his crotch, finding the other "fine touches" to the suit which encased his cock within a protective sheath behind the belt. It not only provided covering, but also helped to hide it from the world; leading his cock upwards and along the left side of the belt. He couldn't help but notice that even this was immensely inadequate compared to the man himself. He was nothing to scoff at, but All Might had to have been a good foot long down there if he had to go off of how much material was left. Suddenly the lights flashed on, causing Izuku to yelp in surprise and shut his eyes from the blinding sensation. He could hear Mei slinking up behind him as he rubbed his eyes, trying to ease the burning.

"Took you long enough," she sighed. "Man...you can really tell the difference between you two."

Izuku blushed as he blinked a few more times and looked down at himself. The material looked just as ridiculous as he imagined. His bare toes just barely poked out from beneath the extra folds covering his legs.

"I feel ridiculous..." he muttered, his confidence in the plan quickly plummeting, "maybe this was a bad idea..."

"Nonsense!" Mei clapped him on the shoulder encouragingly, "When have any of my babies steered you wrong? Don't answer that." She held up her hand as Izuku was about to go into a few examples. "Just put on the boots already. You'll see for yourself."

Izuku sighed and followed Mei's instructions. He took the boots from her and placed them on the ground, pulling up one pant leg before sliding his foot inside. As soon as he had his foot into one of them, he was met with a strange tingling sensation that quickly died away. Maybe it was just the static of whatever electrical components Mei had build within them. There was certainly enough room for sparks to fly between his skin and the innermost edge of the interior. He wiggled his toes and judged he had to barely fill two thirds of it. It was just so much larger on him.

Throwing his nerves once more to the side, he tugged up the other pant leg and stepped into the other boot, tucking the material into the sides to keep them contained. Again he was met with the tingling sensation, only this time it didn't subside. He looked over at Mei who was simply staring at him with eager eyes.

"So now what?"

“Just wait~” She smiled coyly.

Izuku was starting to get tired of her antics and sighed, looking down at himself as his feet tingled. He couldn't see anything happening, though, and it was starting to wear on his confidence. After almost a minute of nothing, he growled and walked off to pace his troubles away. He stumbled more often than not. The boots were huge on him, even with his over-average sized feet. The clunks the boots made echoed around the empty shop with each clumsy step. He always wished he could fill his idol's shoes and so far he was failing.

Eventually his wandering found him in front of a large full-length mirror which he used to inspect himself. He looked himself over, spaying out his arms to see how much they were dwarfed by the suit. He looked down at the boots, finding them wrapped slightly snug around his calves. The width of the boots were the only thing that gave him the appearance of having muscle thanks to how they contoured inwards around the ankle and out again as they continued up his shins. He made a silent wish to himself that Mei's invention would actually work, praying that he could be the hero he always dreamed to be.

The tingling in his feet was starting to grate on him, distracting him from his mental pleas. He wiggled his toes to stretch them out, feeling them starting to cramp from the electrical stimulation. Something seemed a bit off to him now. Like he wasn't feeling the same part of the boot he was before. He looked down at his feet, but couldn't see anything amiss, the hardened leather stopped him from being able to press his toes up high enough to see where they were along their length. He suddenly realized that he was actually managing to reach the top of the cavernous interior with the tip of his toes. It was like they had gotten a bit longer. He kept staring at his feet, his heart racing as his toes continued to wiggle. To his amazement, he could feel them starting to slide inside of them, taking up more and more of the inside.

“Ah! Wh-What's happening!?” He cried out loud, panic starting to choke his voice.

“Oooo! It's starting!” Mei jumped for joy, suddenly behind him and taking notes feverishly.

Izuku looked back at her in fear, ready to coax some answers from her, but he was much too invested in what was happening to him. His feet were now meeting the sides of the boot as they continued to stretch longer and longer. Within a minute his toes finally touched the far end of the boot before slowing to a crawl until they had a perfectly snug fit. He took a few tentative steps, raising and lowering his feet, finding them much more capable of walking in the large boots than before. He felt much more stable now.

“Hatsume-san...what...”

“Up-bup-bup!” Mei hushed him. “Don't speak. Taking notes.”

Izuku gulped and watched himself in the mirror as the tingling began to move up his legs. He could now see exactly what was happening to him. Muscle was being added to his frame rapidly, filling out the floppy material containing them. His feet began to slowly move further away too as his calves grew longer. He began to hyperventilate as he watched his calves inflate until it looked like two footballs were implanted on either side of his leg, each one corded with dense muscle and sinew. Just the slightest twitch turned what would normally be a plump, yet undefined mound into a canyon of ridges.

The same began to happen to his thighs as the tingling rose upwards. His legs continued to lengthen as they ballooned wider, his quads defining themselves into three perfect teardrop-shaped heads and bulged

and swelled thicker by the second. He found that the mass of material he had stuffed into the boots was now gone, the fabric now stretched tightly across the spanse of his legs, covering them in deep blue hues while his hips sported the pure white flare of the classic hero's garb as they flared out to the sides, his waistline growing wider with dense muscle.

Izuku was staring at his reflection, jaw on the floor as he watched his upper body begin to match his lower half. His abs pushed out from his gut one by one; muscles the size of his fist inflating like loaves of bread under the red crest lining his gut. His lats spread outwards, pushing his thin arms away at an angle, his shoulders being spread apart by this thickening and widening back. He could see the material draped across his chest being filled with a breathtaking set of pecs. Every breath he took seemed to inflate them more and more each time, their expanse filling the new width of his chest and surging forward to block his view below. They were quickly accompanied by a set of traps that rose up behind his head, giving him a powerful pyramid behind his thicker neck.

Finally the tingling moved down into his arms. He held his hands up in front of him, watching as muscle filled in on them. In a matter of seconds they were as thick as his thighs once were. A few seconds later and they had stretched to fill the remaining loose material around his arms. The sleeves no longer dangled past his hands. Instead they gripped his wrists firmly and properly, the yellow cuffs adorning his bulging forearms as they continued to swell. Even his hands were thickening, his fingers plumping up with strong muscle as he clenched his fists. He slowly flexed one arm, watching the bicep rise up on his arm, growing to the size of a cannonball as the growth came to a stop.

The tingling subsided and Izuku gazed at himself in the mirror. He quickly noticed that his head was no longer contained within the mirror and he took a step back. Sure enough, attached to the stunning display of might and power was the same verdant green bush of hair and freckled face. It was like someone had photoshopped his head onto All Might's body. It looked unnatural and yet he could tell, deep down, that it was him. He stood to his full height, puffing out his basketball-sized chest as he flexed both arms. The muscle acted like it should; biceps rose up on his arms, his triceps dipping downwards to add to their already immense bulk. Their mass combined rivaled his head, even with his massive bush of hair. He experimentally bounced a pec, his breath catching as it too reacted to his will. It rolled upward, nudging his chin a bit before he lowered it and did the same with the other. He laughed breathlessly as he took everything in.

"This...this is amazing!" He finally managed to exclaim, running his hands over his chest and down his abs. "I'm...I'm really All Might"

"Well..almost..." Mei half-agreed. "We still have a few touches. Now sit down so that I can get over to my own party."

Izuku did as he was told, sitting down on the floor in front of Mei. He loved the way the muscles crowded into each other with each movement, something to which he was only vaguely familiar with his new workout regimen giving him more bulk than he had in middle school. He noticed that sitting down his head was just in line with Hatsume's chest. He was almost as tall as she was just by sitting down!

Mei ignored the boyish glee that was emanating from the hulking muscle boy before her. She slipped a comb out from her pocket, slid a small slider contained on the bridge and began to quickly run it through his flowing curls. As the comb slipped through the follicles, they began to change color, turning into a brilliant golden hue.

“Whoa! What’s that!?” Izuku exclaimed as he watched his green locks quickly turn the same shade of gold as All Might.

“Temporary coloring comb,” Mei explained, “It’ll wash out when you shower. Just another of my babies.”

Izuku laughed as Mei continued to stylize his hair, combing a number of locks of his bangs up into the same antenna’d flare that All Might sported while leaving the rest of his bush alone to keep some semblance of himself. A little gel was added to keep them firm and prominent until he was the spitting image of the man himself save for the emerald green eyes and unkempt bushel of curls in the back.

“There!” Mei declared with one final swatch through Izuku’s hair. “One replica All Might costume. Complete with realistic muscles!”

Izuku stood up and admired himself in the mirror. “Hatsume-san...thank you...This...this is awesome!”

“Save your thanks. Just make sure to keep diligent notes tonight. I want to see if I can use this for later babies. Now just remember...this is only going to last until midnight. Something about the spirit of Halloween and yadda yadda. So enjoy it while it lasts.”

“Oh I definitely will,” Izuku laughed, giving himself another proud bicep flex to see the thick muscle writhe beneath the now-taut costume.

“Good. Now get out of here. NOW!”

Mei quickly smacked Izuku on one of his perfectly round ass cheeks, causing him to yelp in surprise rather than in pain. The blow barely registered on him, but it was enough to get the point across. He quickly strode for the door, amazed by how swiftly and fluidly his body was moving, and hopped back out into the late afternoon sun. From his new 7’2” vantage point, everything looks so different. The halls were completely empty with it being a Saturday so he would have to settle for the awestruck faces of his classmates once he got back to the dorms. He giggled at the potential looks on their faces as he strode down the halls and out onto the grounds.