

(**Warning:** This story contains female and male muscle and graphic sexual content)

Izuku lost count of how many times his life had been thrown upside. The test that told him he was quirkless in his early childhood. Being mentored by All Might and picked as the successor for his quirk. Getting into UA. The villain attack. Finding out he actually had a quirk all along.

Turning women into amazons... *Losing his virginity.*

Like, okay, wow. The last week had been such a rollercoaster and it was honestly *amazing*. He did *not* want it to stop for even a little bit. Did that make him selfish? Was he misusing his power and taking advantage of those girls?

Though, considering their size and power, it was hard to say one could take advantage of them, they certainly had the drive to go after what they wanted...

And what they wanted was to be seen, worshipped, feel beautiful and mighty like the pros. And Izuku found very few reasons not to give it to them... That sounded lewd in his head, but it wasn't far off either...

Izuku's life felt... right, good even! After years of self-doubt and struggling to reach a seemingly impossible dream, he was now living his best life, he was on the path to becoming the hero he always dreamt of. There were just other perks that came with this life he hadn't foreseen. Classmates who treated him right, actual friends who were happy to see him and his... 'interactions' with girls.

Unbelievable. Once, he could not string two sentences together when talking to one. Now he was *having sex*. With women, beautiful, *strong* women, heroines in the making, legends-to-be, empowered by his quirk.

Enormous, beautiful muscles. Mina and Momo, flexing magnificently like pros with the bodies of goddesses...

Under the shower, Izuku caved to his base urges, playing the memories on repeat as his member hardened. His hand gripping the firm shaft and pumping it up and down at a fast pace as the hot droplets hit his body with a cacophony of water impacting his muscles, soon to be joined by his groans and grunts.

His body tensed and rippled, with his pectorals twitching and abs clenching, while his arm muscles flexed as he worked his tool. Izuku moaned in remembrance of those gloriously muscular bodies, displaying superhuman strength, ripping through their clothes like a butterfly breaking out of its cocoon. The feeling of touching the hard flesh was a tactile pleasure he would never forget, nor would the sights ever vanish from his head. Veiny, throbbing, toned, *bulging*.

Beauty in the form of power. Their forms imposing and feminine, easily pinning him down, rendering him at their mercy and he submitted to them full-heartedly. The power of One For All fueling his quirk, making them into visions of perfection.

Even lost in his self-pleasure, he couldn't help but think of his own body and how he compared to them. It was like night and day, his musculature slim and toned compared to their *massiveness*. Yet a part of him wondered if he could make himself bigger... he was looking a touch bigger come to think of it, every time he used his quirk on them his muscles too would grow a bit stronger.

Could... Could he also make himself larger? All Might turned himself muscular whenever he focused on One For All, so-

"Hng?!" Izuku grunted, his muscles *pushing* further. Stretching the skin a bit as their overall size swelled, not a lot, but enough for him to notice. The power of One For All inadvertently called to the surface of his body as he manifested the desire for that strength.

It felt *amazing*. It always felt incredible to wield One For All's power, but this time there was an added element of *pleasure*.

His hands moved faster, desperately seeking release, drops of white fell from his tip, disappearing under the shower, before the pressure emerged from his shaft and he finally came. His climax arriving in sporadic 'shots' of seed that quickly washed down the drain.

Izuku remained there, panting, needing to rest against a wall lest he fell to the floor. He looked at himself, raising his arm and slowly flexing it. It was a couple of inches larger than it used to be a moment ago...

His mind swirled at the implications...

X~X~X~X~X

“So you just... got bigger too?”

“Y-Yeah, pretty much”

Izuku lifted a set of heavy dumbbells in his room, with Ochako watching him from her spot on the foot of his bed. How things had changed that he could have a pretty girl in his room, in his bed no less, and not be reduced to a stuttering mess, of course, that was not surprising considering what Mina and him did there...

He pushed those thoughts away and focused on his set. He didn't mind Ochako watching him, it felt... nice to be looked at like that. He guessed it was similar to how he and others saw Mina and Momo. With awe and adoration, and perhaps some lust-

He swallowed, fighting down the burgeoning swell in his trunks before it got out of control. Izuku focused on his reps again, feeling the burn of his orange-size biceps straining, veins sprawling over their rippling surface over to his twitching pectorals, which pushed the fabric of his tight sweat-drenched green tank top. He looked more like a physique-level competitor in a bodybuilding pageant, not as muscular as Seto, but definitely bigger than other classmates like Kirishima and Kacchan.

“You're looking amazing, Deku,” Ochako said with a beaming smile and a gentle blush to her cheeks, or perhaps that was her perpetually pink dimples.

“T-Thanks!” He replied, finally setting the weights down and shaking his arms. “D-Don't think this is too much though?” He casually asked.

“I mean, you wanna be like All Might right?” She brought up, “He's *big*”

“That's true...” He muttered.

“Besides, I think Mina and Momo proved that being *huge* can look *really good*” She added with her usual cheer.

That he would never dispute, he thought to himself as he drank from his water bottle.

“So... well?” She tilted her head, looking expectingly at him. Causing Izuku to look at her quizzically. “Do I get tickets to the gun show? Or is it a no-go?”

He nearly choked on his drink, taking a large gulp before putting it away and staring at her with flushed cheeks, “U-Uh, really? You want to... flex?”

“Hell yeah!” She said excitedly, balling her fists in front of her chest. “You gotta look the part to be a pro, right? You gotta do some posing, show off what you got!” Much like Momo and Mina. “Pleeeeeeease?” She used her big round eyes blinking repeatedly at him, a dangerous weapon that only those extremely strong-willed or cold-hearted could resist.

Now, Izuku wasn’t cold-hearted, nor was he weak-willed... but despite everything that happened. Girls continued to be his biggest weakness.

“W-Well, if you insist” He chuckled nervously, turning his body to face her fully. He took a deep breath and flexed his arms.

“Wow!” Ochako exclaimed with a wide smile and reddening cheeks at the sight of the biceps splitting, the mounds crisscrossed with veins as they brimmed with power. “I know I’m gonna sound like a broken record, but you’re huge!”

“Thanks!” He replied earnestly, switching his arms to flex his triceps. “I guess my quirk benefits my body too somewhat!”

Then he blushed the moment something soft and warm made contact with his chest, as Ochako rose from her stop on the bed to plant her palms on his strong pectorals. “You’re *really* hard too!”

If she kept at it, he would be...

“But...” Ochako trailed off, her lips pursing. “You can still get bigger, right?”

“Um,” He stammered, “Y-Yeah, I guess. If I really focus on it” He hadn’t *tried* to grow any bigger. Unlike All Might he did not shrink down, he didn’t know how much things would change... more than they already did anyhow.

“Well, why don’t you?” She slowly smiled, “With a stronger body, you could use your offensive part of the quirk without fear of breaking your bones!”

...She made a huge amount of sense.

He’d never regret breaking his arm saving her that day, but it was not something he should be so cavalier about. How could he save other people if he destroyed his body in the process?

He just needed to make his body strong enough, large enough, to handle One For All as a true heir should.

He had the theory in his head, he knew what he had to do, he’d seen All Might bulk up his weakened frame with his Quirk’s energy. All he needed to do was channel it slowly, spread out evenly in his body instead of ‘detonating’ it in one place at once.

Izuku took a deep breath, clenching his fists and spreading his arms slightly. Ochako stood there with a bated breath, her heart thundering in her chest as she readied herself to witness something she felt she had waited *so long* for...

Then the power of One For All began flowing, channeled through his veins from the core of his very being. It was pure raw energy, power at its most primal, so of course the body would be affected by it, changed when guided properly.

Izuku grunted, feeling his limbs grow heavier and his skin tighten. The clenching of his fists only made his forearms widen even more as the flesh poured through, splitting the two sides into toned bags of muscle. His biceps shuddered, growing at an outstanding rate, turning into bowling ball-like spheres of striated flesh, coursing with sinewy strength as the skin wrapped so tightly around them it was easy to see many of the myriad muscle groups, the veins on his arms engorged, becoming vast rivers carrying the hot blood through his body, the thickest of them wrapping themselves over his biceps, as wide as a finger.

His quivering legs were *bursting* with girth, his calves expanded outwards into an inverted heart-shaped, brimming with tightly coiled muscles that widened past his shins. His quads split into multiple muscle groups with tremendous bulging sizes each, popping like high-tension cables. Faint ripping sounds were heard as his shorts receded further, pushed up by the widening thighs until they looked like very short trunks. Uraraka gulped at the sight of the stuffed ball at the forefront of his shorts...

His tank top looked painted on the more his torso widened, showing the rows of shredded abdominals, the straps thinned considerably from the expansion of his shoulders, his rising hill-like traps, and his jutting pectoral muscles. His back enlarged even further, becoming a valley of highly defined slopes and crevices, a magnificent landscape of muscular flesh. Everything kept getting tighter and tighter, his clothes, his skin, the feeling of his muscles competing for size in his frame, grinding against each other, flexors standing out like wound-up steel cords.

His shirt slowly started ripping. The chest area gave out as the threads snapped under the pressure of his chest, the sides from the wing-like lats pushing out. He felt he was going to explode like the power would overwhelm him.

But All Might had chosen him, he was the next wielder of One For All, he couldn't disappoint him. He wouldn't succumb, he wouldn't disappoint *himself*.

Izuku loudly grunted, spit flying through his teeth as he mastered himself, reigning the power in. And with powerful flex of his python-like arms, he thrust his chest outwards and made his shirt *explode*.

Ochako felt she stopped breathing, yet her heart was drumming in her chest like it was about to leap out of her thorax. Oh god... Deku's muscles, that superbly *ripped* body, so large and imposing, so magnificently *shredded* to perfection, she could make out every muscle group, every sinewy striation bulge on him. Just so... so...

Sexy.

As Izuku panted, basking in the aftershocks of such enormous power flowing through his outstanding body, he shuddered as Ochako's hands were on him once more. Yet these were not simple touches, they were caresses that tenderly traced the sweaty skin, pressing over the sinewy bumps and trailed over thick veins. Her hand fruitlessly tried to cover his bicep, and her fingers (still careful not to activate her quirk) couldn't even reach beyond the intersection between bicep and tricep, the mounds in his arms were just too large to literally grasp.

"Ugh," He grunted in pleasure. Her touch was heavenly... "Uraraka..."

"You're amazing, Deku," She muttered distantly, her gaze hazy from the sheer desire in her eyes. She felt like her breath was pure steam from the sheer heat inside her, spreading everywhere in her body, settling in her core until it was too uncomfortable to bear... "Your muscles, I... they're making me feel-" She could barely articulate the words.

Izuku's lids fluttered close, enjoying the wonderful sensations provided by her touch. So this is what Momo and Mina felt when someone else praised their bodies when their muscles were tended to by pleasing touches full of admiration and lust...

His penis slowly rose to attention inside his shorts.

"Deku..." She muttered, planting her cheek on his rock-hard pec, rubbing it, and basking in his sweaty musk. "I need to feel you..."

He slowly raised his arms and *flexed*, unleashing the full might of his pythons in the gesture, quivering his muscles and making his veins throb from the sheer strength behind it. Ochako moaned, running her hungry hands all over those beasts, she pressed her body so tightly against Izuku that her soft ample breasts smushed up against his hardened torso, making his rising erection stronger.

Ochako felt it, and she shivered. Her lower lips were *moist*, her mind swarmed with images of that mighty muscle still under wraps. And she could feel it, poking at her stomach, *throbbing* harder each time she touched him. So she began to experiment as well as indulge, she nibbled his thick flesh, placing soft kisses on the pulsating muscles, trailing a wet path with the tip of her tongue.

And it was working, he was getting firmer, harder, *bigger*.

"O-Ochako!" He grunted, feeling his so very tight shorts shrink around him almost to the point of ripping.

She then kissed him.

She felt as surprised as he was, but that shock soon vanished as he held her in those *glorious* arms of his...

The kiss deepened; their tongues prodded into each other's mouths.

And then he came unbound, as indicated by the loud ripping noise and the fabric hitting the floor.

Ochako slowly broke the kiss and stepped back, to watch him in full. Izuku blushed, looking down at his powerful erection, free at last. Firm and thick, standing high like a flagpole.

Ochako almost came in her pants at the sight of him. Muscular, irresistible, powerful, pure sex appeal incarnate. His body was a mighty weapon, and that *sword* in his crotch looked like his finest arsenal, she imagined what this godlike body would look like when wielding it...

Ochako fell to her knees before the godlike-stud and joined her hands together in prayer. Around his length.

Izuku gasped, he panted and grunted as her hands began moving back and forth. "O-Ochako!"

She had no idea what she was doing, pure instinct had taken over. She kept pleasuring him, giving it her all, the reddish-pink head rolling back fully as he *throbbed* in her hands. The flesh so tempting, so *delicious* looking...

Ochako took him in her mouth, moaning all the way as his phallus took shelter.

Izuku threw his head back a choked gasp escaping his throat.

Ochako pleased him, licking all over his length with her tongue, enjoying the salty flavor dripping from him.

More, please give me more, share it with me...

Izuku let out a growl-like moan, a deep rumbling sound so feral and guttural it came straight from his muscular belly.

And he flooded her mouth.

Ochako's eyes widened... and she swallowed.

She slowly pulled away, a bit of white dripping from his tip onto her ample breasts.

“S-Sorry...” He gasped, thoroughly satisfied.

“Heh, you can make up to me” Ochako coquettishly said as she stood up, and slowly removed her cum-stained clothing. “By helping me shower~” She undressed herself fully, standing equally naked as the muscular stallion in front of her. Her wonderful curves and ample breasts at full display, just for him...

Izuku stared at her for a moment, and suddenly the gravity girl yelped when two mighty arms picked her, and took her directly to his personal bathroom.

Their activities were far from over.