

Momo took a deep breath as she stared at her reflection. She had never been a vain girl, just... aware of her looks. She knew she possessed traits that'd mark her as attractive, with her curves and rather endowed bosom. Hero training would only emphasize those traits with a healthy level of fitness as time went on, she just took a... shortcut that'd help in her hero career in the long run.

Standing in her underwear, Momo gave her body a look over. From the toned calves to oval-shaped calves, the firm ridges of faint abdominal muscles, and small-sized biceps, she looked like a fitness model or an experienced pro. Little bit above Miss Joke's fitness but not Mirko's muscular level.

Certainly not Mina's.

It had been... surprising. From Mina's account, she expected Midoriya's quirk to boost her to similar levels, though perhaps she didn't fully understand how exactly it had worked on her. Momo asked him for a bit of energy, and this was the result. No doubt in the heat of the moment during the USJ assault Midoriya had accidentally given her *a lot more* power than either of them realized.

Which was fine of course! At least she wouldn't have to retrain herself to do heroics with a humongous body like Mina. Honestly, this level of fitness was all she required and nothing more. Shapely and toned but not bodybuilder-like. Ideal for someone whose abilities lay in creating anything she needs for the right situation rather than punching her way through threats.

She didn't look bad at all. Not to imply that Mina or any other muscular superheroine looked bad, all the contrary! But a bulky body just wasn't for her.

"Hmm..." Humming in thought, Momo tested something. She turned her body to the side, arching a leg while lifting the other, raising both her arms with her palms up and her fingers curled. A pose she had seen Mirko do in pictures and on TV, displaying the fitness of arms and legs both. It was... a rather intriguing look on her. And Momo could see herself enjoying it. "Sex appeal is not where I want my career to focus but... well, posing is half of heroics as some pros have said"

She chuckled to herself, bringing her arm down and grabbing her wrist, bulging the bicep in a firm side chest. The way her breasts squished together was as eye-catching as the arm muscle, and she couldn't help but stare at both of them and the way her faint chest muscles rippled.

Driven by curiosity, Momo dropped the pose and placed her hands on her chest, pushing her fingers against the pectorals and surprising herself at their hardness. “Oh my, maybe I won’t need a bra one day” She mused, looking at herself in the mirror again. Her attention went over to her abs and began to trail a hand up and down over them in curiosity. The brush of her skin sent pleasant shivers down her spine. Hmm, the firmness of her abs was quite titillating, Momo closed her eyes to enjoy it more, letting out a soft breath.

Another sound came out of her mouth when her hand began trailing lower, idly brushing with her panties.

Momo gasped, taking her hand out as she realized what she had almost done.

She... couldn’t be developing a ‘liking’ for her body in such a way, right? No, no, she went to Izuku to improve her future in heroism, nothing more! Not for any vain or... lewd reasons! She was a prim and proper lady! She was above such things!

*Ignoring the fact she had spent the formative years of her puberty realizing the attractiveness of fit heroes, men and women alike, and how she had learned to... relieve herself with pictures of Mirko*

Ugh, she needed a cold shower...

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Momo huffed as she put her new body through the first official test drive. Her arms moved up and down as she lifted the 40-kilogram dumbbells, causing the biceps to swell and ripple with the motions, small veins rose to the surface of her skin from the effort. It used to be she could only lift 20-kilogram weights, but the boost from Izuku’s quirk had doubled her physical capabilities.

And she was eager to test her limits.

The wild-maned hero in training let out slow controlled breaths, continuing through the third rep of the set, and only now her arms started showing signs of exhaustion. The muscles pulled taut and burned, but it was a good feeling, one that motivated her to keep going.

Her grip tightened on the dumbbell, causing veins sprouting from her wrist to look all the more pronounced as the forearms widened slightly. The fabric of her long sleeves strained, clinging close to her sweaty form until it looked almost painted on. Only her loose pants hid the fitness of her long firm legs.

She could feel the fibers of her arms tearing under the strain, knowing they'd build themselves back up stronger. When the intrusive thought of Izuku's quirk entered her mind. It had been an *invigorating* experience, to feel the muscle tissue grow stronger, larger, and so full of energy. It felt like a sugar rush combined with a runner's high, an incredibly potent feeling.

Momo wondered if the sensation would have been stronger had he used more energy. If the growth of her muscles to even larger levels would have turned it into pure pleasure...

A ripping sound broke her out of her reverie, and Momo softly gasped. Looking down she found the source, a small rip on her long dark sleeve.

Had her muscles grown?

She dropped the weight, feeling she should stop, and shook off her arms to shrug off the post-workout stiffness. She took a large swing from her bottle of water and panted, looking down once more as she lightly panted.

The tear was small, around the side of her fingertip, but it still showed a patch of skin. Momo stared at it with a bit of apprehension combined with fascination. She lifted her arm experimentally, clenching her fist she flexed, letting the muscle swell into a small hill, and the threads snapped a bit more, opening the tear further.

That was... a feeling, she thought with flushed cheeks.

"Better stop for now..." She muttered to herself

"Aww, but it was getting good!"

Momo stiffened, looking over her shoulder to see the imposingly towering form of Mina. The pink-skinned horned girl was *shining* with sweat; the black sports bra and shorts ensemble served the purpose of showcasing every inch of her amazingly shredded and voluminous

frame. The veins running through her arms looked like hoses, pumping her full of the vital fluid that filled her body with power.

It was hard not to get poetic when one looked at Mina these days...

"You're really rocking that new body!" The perpetually peppy girl complimented her with a slap on her back that almost sent Momo straight to the floor. "Glad you took my advice of getting Izuku's help!"

"It was a... beneficial choice, I'm finding" Momo measuredly said.

"Although I thought you'd get *way* bigger," She muttered, scratching her shaggy locks and causing her bicep to bulge more. "Was hoping I get a muscly partner for training"

Momo chuckled, "I'm afraid you'll have to remain the sole large girl on campus. This is fine with me"

"You sure?" Mina put her fists on her hips, striking a heroic pose that strained her top. "Being yoked is *great!*"

"I uh," Momo tried very hard not to blush. "I'll take your word for it"