

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

Itsuka Kendo could see how UA High was changing, day by day. Heroines were slowly gearing themselves more and more toward 'physical' improvement, regardless of how their quirks worked.

It all started with Mina Ashido, who was famous around the campus for being the first in this new wave of enhanced students. Inspiring the other girls to train harder than ever. Or going as far as to ask Izuku to use his quirk on them. He was being heavily restricted to use so ever since Uraraka and Momo too had been turned into powerhouses.

Itsuka too had been one of those girls, and now she sported a nicely fit physique to be proud of. Already her strength had improved greatly, combined with her martial arts and her Big Hand quirk, she was turning into a living weapon.

In the same group was Setsuna, heh, the serpentine girl was finding very interesting combinations with her quirk that allowed her to split her body, but these days her friend seemed to prefer to keep her body full to admire it better. Not that Itsuka could blame her.

Much as the faculty wanted Izuku to keep his quirk under reigns, it was a lost battle at this point. Particularly with Mirko's actions.

Oh, Itsuka still shivered at the memory of Mirko's enormous body, and the pleasures that wrecked through her body that night...

Mirko had championed a new initiative to train future heroines, assess them for further training, and in collaboration with Midoriya, turn them into muscular crime-fighting machines. It was so exciting, they were finally on the way to get Midoriya to use his quirk on others without any hang-ups from the professors, or any protest from the hero commission.

Not when they saw the results. Mirko's arrests had almost *tripled*. It had gotten to the point where they barely could keep track of her activities and how many villains and common criminals she was taking out. It certainly encouraged the Commission to keep an open mind about getting *more* amazonian crimefighters in the future.

Itsuka was starting to see the politics of the whole thing. The commission didn't care about rankings or fairness, they had a country to keep safe. So this was just another tool at their disposal.

Well, she wasn't going to complain about the results.

Setsuna joined her as the two walked out of the gym, their firm bodies sweaty and hot from a vigorous training session. "I heard Mirko is stopping by again~," She said excitedly with that sharp-toothed grin.

Itsuka couldn't hide her excitement. "She is?"

"Yup, In fact, I think she might already be in her room" She wiggled her shoulders and gave a suggestive grin. "Think she'd mind if we stop by for a visit~?"

Perhaps there was something deeply wrong and forbidden about two students planning to hold a sexual encounter with a pro-hero older than them. But... it had been such an intense *passionate* moment. When they saw her grow, the heat of the moment just made them do a lot of wild things. The fact they lost their virginity to Mirko, and by extension Midoriya, was not something they were dwelling on too much. It was a treasured experience the two shared.

And that had formed a 'special' bond between the two as well.

Itsuka grinned, "Let's~"

Visiting heroes are given proper accommodations on the campus, rather fancy apartments for them to stay in. Itsuka and Setsuna were very familiar with the one Mirko usually resided in, who told them to visit her often. To mentor them in the ways of superheroines and... *other* things.

Which was why they had a copy of the key to her place.

Itsuka merely rolled her eyes with a fond smile at Setsuna's dramatics, who insisted on sneaking around like they were on a stakeout, trying to get the drop on Mirko's keen ears and surprise her for a change.

For that purpose, Setsuna separated her head from her body and silently made it levitate down the entrance hall until reaching the large well-furnished living room. Itsuka could only watch curiously as the headless body of her friend froze up, holding a finger in her direction.

Setsuna's head turned around, silently mouthing the words 'Come here!', she looked both surprised and excited.

Itsuka slowly did so, following after Setsuna's body, her friend let her head remain floating to give the orange-haired girl a spot to look over the corner right underneath Setsuna (god she had grown too used to her classmate's power...)

"She's not alone~"

There she saw what had Setsuna so excited.

Mirko laid back on the couch, her thick arms resting over the backrest, slouching comfortably with her *titanic* legs spread in front of her. She wore what could only be called a sports bra and briefs so tightly stretched they might as well count as a dark bikini with red lines. It led to her glorious body being displayed fully, every enormous bump of muscularity, every deep crevice of defined striation the two girls had grown so *intimately* familiar with. The sight of Mirko's body never failed to stoke the fire in them.

And like Setsuna had said, she wasn't alone.

Currently sitting on one of Mirko's enormous legs was the famous hero and teacher at UA (and source of quite a few sexual awakenings) Nemuri Kamaya, aka the R-rated Hero Midnight.

Though strangely enough, she didn't appear to be wearing her usual outfit. Understandable as these were off-duty hours for her but... the two girls never would have pegged Midnight as the type to wear an incredibly loose sweater as part of her 'casual' ensemble. Guess the R-Rated Hero stuff was mostly a presentation for her professional persona.

Midnight licked her lips and brazenly put a hand over Mirko's breast, kneading it with the mastery of a baker working on the dough, the enormous mound of soft flesh was too much to hold for her sole hand, yet that didn't deter her in the least as she kept on massaging it, the tender dark flesh slipping between her fingers.

"Fuck, I wanna cover you in caramel and *lick you clean*"

Never mind, Midnight was as much of a perv as her hero persona alluded.

Mirko merely grinned in turn, savage and hungry, reminding them that wild rabbits were *nothing* like their domesticated counterparts. "Give me what I want, and I'll get a taste out of you too~"

Itsuka gulped, cheeks blushing as she felt the heat go down to *other* areas. "S-Should we go?" She whispered to her friend.

Should we join? Was the unspoken question.

Setsuna gave an impish grin. "Nah, I wanna watch" Comfortably lying against the wall, her headless body slowly trailed a few hands over her midsection, one going up while the other went down, slowly stimulating herself.

Itsuka would have chastised her once... but she too was very curious as to where this might go.

Midnight licked her lips as her hands ran over the mounds of striated flesh there were Mirko's traps and shoulders, sighing pleasantly at the feeling of such tremendous hardness under her fingertips, enjoying how the flesh refused to dent under the pressure she put on them. "Fuck, you're made of solid marble." She breathed out hotly.

"Gets you all wet, huh" Mirko teasingly grinned, slowly flexing her arms and making the biceps rise like mountains, a few pumps were all she needed to make the flesh striate beautifully and veins course over the dark-skinned surface. "Feeling how fucking yoked am I?"

"Oh yes," Midnight purred, quickly descending to get a taste of the bicep, plating sloppy wet kisses over the sphere of solid flesh, tracing the tip of her tongue over long veins as though they were rivers from which she could satiate her thirst.

Mirko sighed, throwing her head back and letting out a lot sound of pleasure. Midnight's hand slowly wedged itself between the tectonic plates that were her pectorals, sensuously running her fingers over every line and the deep crevice between them, all while she kept giving Mirko's arm a luxurious tongue bath.

"Hmm, I see you like my pecs" Mirko gently pushed Midnight away, sitting upright to better position herself. "You ain't seen nothing yet"

She held her hands together in front of her muscular core, giving out a soft grunt as she tensed her upper body's muscles and *flexed*, making every inch of the hardened flesh tighten and sprout small veins that began spreading. The rabbit hero took another deep breath and flexed harder, making the shoulder and chest muscles bulge out larger still from the strength she put behind her flex.

Another longer, deeper breath and an even *mightier* flex followed. And Mirko's arms seemed to inflate slightly as the veins became thick like hoses, coursing and *throbbing* all over her upper body which bulged out magnificently with supreme meat. She let out a growling grunt accompanied by a toothy grin, followed by the sound of fabric ripping as her black and red sports bra *shredded*, falling helpless off her torso like floss. Unveiling the mouth-watering breasts larger than a man's head with two strong nipples standing firm at the center of each.

"*Fuck*" Was the word shared by three women. From Midnight, who wasted no time in fondling those beauties, and from the Class B students who had begun to fondle themselves.

Itsuka gulped, gasping as her fingers traced her sex over her short, stimulating herself over the growing wet spot. Oh, she remembered that glorious night, when Mirko sat them in her muscular lap and gave them the ride of their life, inviting them to *feast* upon her bountiful bosom.

Much like Midnight had begun to do. She leaned, licking her lips before tracing her tongue over the tip of Mirko's nipple. The rabbit woman growled in pleasure as the fellow heroine traced circles around the areola before prodding the nub once more, all while her hand trailed down the cobblestone road of Mirko's abs and slowly slipped under the waistband.

"Shit!" Mirko growled, "You fucking tease...!"

She gave Midnight a lesson by flexing her humongous thigh, right between Midnight's legs, sending spasms of pleasure as the muscle brushed against her soaked nether regions.

Midnight gasped, trembling, allowing Mirko to flex her chest and show the breast and nipple into Midnight's mouth, to which she greedily accepted it.

Setsuna bit her lip so she wouldn't scream, her body was spasming against the wall, one hand slipped underneath her top and was roughly playing with her breast, while the other desperately was shoved down underneath her trunks and quickly began to finger herself, putting two digits inside her entrance and quickly began thrusting back and forth.

But they are not so lost in their own pleasure as to miss the scene in front of them, their main source of titillation, they pay as much attention as they can to every detail, every caress and kiss. The way the muscles pumped and flexed on Mirko and Midnight-

...Midnight?

Yes, Midnight had muscles. Not just the athletic build found in experienced heroines like herself, but very toned and swiftly expanding muscles. The loose neck on her sweat let the two students see her traps' bumps rise, lines deepening behind her neck and the upper dorsal muscles. Her back was stretching, along with the sweater as the fabric tightened. The sweater hiked up and allowed two *spectacular* orbs of corded flesh to stand out, her derriere shone like a pair of moons.

Her legs, flailing around Mirko's great thigh, rippled as the flesh expanded. Hardening her calves and turning her quadriceps into surging trunks of striated meat, popping multiple muscle groups that jutted out like high-tension cables.

One of Midnight's hands grasped Mirko's shoulder for support, trembling as the forearm broadened, nourishing veins flaring to life as they coursed the length of her limb. The newfound strength allowed Mirko to *feel* the grip on her shoulder, and she *loved it*. The loose sleeves weren't so loose anymore as the deltoids and biceps swelled with intensity, straining the threads until faint tears and snaps were heard.

It was the preview to a much grander spectacle, her sweater splitting down the middle of her back. Powerful and insistent muscles could no longer be contained, unveiling the labyrinthian network of slopes and crevices dotting the mountainous landscape of meaty flesh.

She threw her head back, growling and making larger neck muscles ripple. "Fffffuck!" Her breasts *exploded* in size, almost ripping out of their confinement and hitting Mirko in the face. The Rabbit hero did not show herself confused, she kept grinning excitedly at the woman who was growing on her lap, feeling her weight increase along with the hardening muscles pressing against her own. "Oh, now we're talking~" She licked her lips. "Got a taste of little Midoriya huh~?"

Midnight gave a lopsided smile as her deltoids tore through her sweater, the fabric's destruction kept spreading through the sleeves over her bulging arms. "D-Did more than get a taste" She laughed and moaned at the same time as the sweater began looking like a frazzled

tank top made of thick fabric, jutting abs visible under her heaving bosom and thick pectorals. "W-Went to gave him a lecture, but he was just so... fucking yoked!" Her breasts slipped free at last, rubbing brazenly against Mirko's, hard nipples dug into each other's soft flesh. "Ohhh I could just smell that... *tasty seed* on that *huge cock!*" She licked her lips mid-moan, "So youthful, so strong, so... *urgh!*"

The sweater was almost in tatters, as her body approached Mirko's level, though the latter's musculature remained undisputedly superior. The students could only watch in amazement at the two amazons fondling each other.

"I put that *glorious pole* in my mouth," Midnight, now fully nude and perfectly muscular against Mirko's body, grinned down at the sitting woman. "And I *drank it all!*" A giggle escaped, "Guess it had a lot of protein~"

Mirko growled and slammed their lips together in a searing kiss.

Itsuka and Setsuna could take it no more. The latter reattached her head to her body and fingered herself to orgasm, soon to be followed suit by Itsuka, who came and desperately sought anchorage by holding on to her friend for dear life, the two riding out the waves of the afterglow by embracing and sensuously rubbing their fit toned bodies together.

Out of sight, they heard the mutual guttural moans from the pro-heroes as they climaxed together. Wet sounds of flesh smacking together followed suit, along with a new string of obscenities and words of pleasure. "You know" Midnight spoke, "we should get our audience in on the fun~"

Itsuka and Setsuna froze.

Mirko chuckled, "Just wanted to give them a show first" They could hear the smugness in her tone. "Come out girls~"

Sharing a guilty look and feeling trapped, the two girls slowly untangled each other and slowly peered over the corner once more, finding the two amazonian beauties sitting side by side now. Mirko had her arm around Midnight's waist while the latter kept running sensuous circles around the rabbit hero's great leg. The two were smirking deviously at the students.

"You knew we were here all along huh?" Itsuka muttered with a defeated voice.

Mirko just twitched her *long* ears.

"Of course," Setsuna sighed, scratching her head. "Can't blame us for watching a show though"

"Oh not at all," Midnight purred. "But next time you can just ask. No need to go sneaking around"

"But sneaking around was part of the fun!" The serpentine girl said with excitement. And Itsuka would have nudged her in the stomach had she not done the same thing...

"Oh you two had *a lot* of fun I bet" Mirko grinned, squeezing Midnight's rear. "Watching this hot stuff get *big~*"

"Hmm, I did give them a good show. Your muscles were the best prop for it~"

"Oh, are you just using me for my body?"

"Is that a problem?"

Mirko growled in arousal, "Not at all~" It looked like the two were going to kiss again.

"Okay before you make us all horny again," Setsuna put a time out, much as she would like the show to continue, they had *questions*. "How did you grow out of all sudden? I thought Midoriya had to boost you up actively"

"That's what we thought originally" The R-rated hero replied. "But it all changed once we heard what happened to Uraraka"

The Class B students shared a look. One of the buff girls from Class A? What made her case so special?

"What do you mean?" Itsuka asked. "Isn't she just another girl Midoriya used his quirk on?"

“Not *directly*” Mirko shrugged her large shoulders. “Turns out the kid’s body is *charged* with that energy his quirk uses. From what Midnight told me, all you need to do is... ‘get a sample’ and it’ll activate at a later time”

‘Get a sample’. The two girls slowly registered those words and blushed, recalling Midnight’s previously lewd statements made in the middle of the growing frenzy. Bragging about how she had sex with Midoriya to Mirko, brazenly indulging in the taboo feat of a teacher sleeping with a student.

“Oh, I got my sample alright” Midnight licked her lips. “Hmm the boy has such *virility* in him, I couldn’t resist. You girls know what I’m talking about, you tasted him too~”

Oh yeah, that night when Izuku first gave them a small boost, and then turned Mirko into this amazonian powerhouse. They had sex in so many different combinations of partners, in the gym, in the showers. It was a frenzy of passionate sex they would never forget.

The points began to connect in their heads, Itsuka gasped while Setsuna’s eyes widened. “Wait, we also...!” A smile spread across her lips. “So that means we too should grow more!”

The martial artist *really* liked the idea. Ever since Midoriya turned their bodies into these fitness beauties, she had played with the thought of taking it further. Ask him for another boost to put her at the same level as Ashido, Momo, and Uraraka. A body truly staggering proportions, so hard and mighty that her Big Hand quirk would be a commodity, not essential for her hero work.

She could already imagine it, this *godlike* body wrapped in the thinnest qipao, highlighting every muscle, brandishing her bare titanic arms that would crush metal and lift full slabs of concrete with ease. A network of veins crisscrossing her body...

Her already spent pussy began to warm up again at the thought.

“So how do we do it?” Setuna inquired, unaware of how her friend’s breathing slowly became heavier. “What did you do to trigger it, Miss Midnight?”

“Hmm, it’s hard to say...” The heroine mused as she stood up from the couch, showing how much taller than the girls she had become. “The pleasure played a big part I’d say, but I think it

was a *drive* thing for the most part. As I was touching Mirko I kept picturing myself as big and powerful as her. The thought of having those muscles really got me going~” She licked her lips while lightly shivering.

Itsuka’s nipples hardened again while her heart began drumming against her thorax. Yes, big, meaty, *thick* plates of muscle...

“If that was the case I think I would have grown already,” Setsuna shrugged. “I mean, I’ve been thinking of getting bigger for a while.”

“It’s not just thinking about it, you gotta *want* it. Like, with all your heart. Make it reach that energy Midoriya left *inside you*”

It felt so similar to that night but in *greater* quantities. Something that erupted from her core and spread from her stomach through her veins like molten magma, filling the taut muscles and making the veins *pulsate*.

Mirko’s ears twitched, and she turned to the orangette with a quirked brow and a growing smirk.

Hot, it was all getting too hot...

Her muscles twitched, the sound of leather stretching reached her arms as her skin pulled so *tight*.

Midnight soon took notice of what was happening, lips opening slightly in a surprised expression, which soon morphed into a very *eager* grin as her tongue traced the edges of her mouth. “Seems your friend is getting it~”

Now it was Setsuna’s turn to be surprised once she caught sight of what was happening. An excited grin formed as she watched her intimate friend slowly shift from ‘regular gym-goer’ to ‘bodybuilder’. “Oh fuck the hell yeah”

Itsuka clenched her teeth, twisting her head from side to side as neck muscles and traps popped out. Her thorax widened, spreading the distance between each shoulder as her tone back was soon filled with a veritable array of striations and sinewy flesh pulsing into existence. The fabric of her top wrinkled, not from looseness, but from sheer strain placed upon it by the

increasingly enlarging muscles and bone structure. Her breasts too were swelling at a rapid rate, beginning to open up tears between them in the fabric.

“Ugh!” Itsuka grunted in pleasure and pain, one eye closed shut as she thrust her chest forward, spreading the rips further and causing the front of her top to almost split down the middle. Her fists clenching caused her forearms to expand in circumference, filling themselves with girth as the sweltering sweaty biceps throbbed, expanding larger and larger still with incredibly dense muscles.

Mirko watched with growing pride and arousal, tweaking a nipple while enjoying the show. Midnight was much more overt in her enjoyment, rubbing her lower regions with her fingers as she fondled a breast.

Setsuna’s legs trembled as she watched Itsuka’s own go from firm and toned pillars to jaw-dropping tree trunks of meat, dripping with sweat and throbbing with veins that coursed all over the jutting muscles that fought for the room upon her outstanding quadriceps. Her feet broke free from her shoes, while her shorts hiked up and ripped, turning into torn briefs.

Itsuka moaned in pleasure, rocking her hips reflexively as she felt the fabric rub against her sensitive sex. “Oh god...!”

“Oh yeah~” Setsuna decided she wasn’t content just watching, so she quickly put her hands on Itsuka and fondled her expanding frame, enjoying how her friend and lover surpassed her in height and girth, savoring every expression of ecstasy and pain in her twitching face. “Hmm, you’re so fucking hot, Itsuka~” She helped speed up the shirt’s destruction by ripping it from her friend’s body and grasping those ballooning breasts. Kneading the soft flesh and pinching the bullet-hard nipples.

“Ffffuck, Setsuna!” Itsuka cried out, *drenched* with sweat and other fluids that were once more pooling in her lower regions. She moaned loudly when her friend took one of those succulent nipples in her mouth and *feasted*, sucking it with voracious hunger.

“Hmm~” Setsuna hummed in pleasure as she licked those perfect breasts, marveling as Itsuka’s body reached the limits of its growth spurt. “You taste so good, honey~”

An uncharacteristically savage smirk formed on the orangette’s lips, her eyes glistened with mischief. “Y-You want a taste?”

A large hand landed on her shoulder, and a simple push was all it took to bring her to her knees.

“T-Then have at it...!” Itsuka grunted as the last pulse of her growth reduced the remnants of her clothing to mere strips falling off her, including those around her crotch, unveiling the glistening sex with a pungent smell of liquid pleasure.

Setsuna grinned that sharp-toothed toothed grin of hers, looking up at her friend, face hidden over those large breasts. “Oh, you getting bold on me~?”

Itsuka growled in unraveled arousal. “*Eat me!*”

Well, since she asked so nicely.

Itsuka let out a *long*, and agonizing growl as a pair of lips settled on her entrance. Lapping, probing, *dipping* into her entrance with marvelous skill. A hand settled over Setsuna’s scalp, playing with her hair and keeping her head pinned against her crotch. “Oh... Oh fuck...!” She gritted her teeth and shuddered; it did not take long for her to cum.

Setsuna chuckled, licking her stained lips with a sultry smile. “Already? Either I’m that good or that growth spurt got you really pent up~” She kept licking and lapping, tasting every bit of Itsuka’s essence, all that spilled out of her Setsuna *ate*. She hungered for Itsuka so much right now, this sort of passion was burning brighter and hotter than before.

The only moment that surpassed it was that fateful night when they first grew when Midoriya’s power shaped them into fit beauties and turned Mirko into that shredded amazon of unparalleled girth. The muscle, the lust, the *pleasure*, it had all mingled at once.

The sheer ecstasy in that superiority was the stuff of dreams for Itsuka. She wanted it, *craved it* more than anything. To see Itsuka grow into this hulking beauty of brawny muscle and feminine curves like the two pros next in the same room was stoking her fire once more.

She kept feasting on Itsuka’s cunt, watching her friend and lover growl in pleasure as she rose her sinewy arms into a mighty flex. Granting her the beautiful sight of this glorious body carved like a great statue.

I want it, Setsuna thought with feverish desire. *Give it to me, I'll take your essence, all of you.* She lapped with greater intensity, as though the key to that ascension laid within Itsuka's juices. Midnight had grown in the middle of pleasuring Mirko after all. But Itsuka, oh her girl had managed to grow without any help. She did it through nothing but her spirit.

Her ministrations became *fiendishly lavish*, frenzied, and desperate, making Itsuka squeal and flex that upper body harder, deepening the striations of her vast muscles, throbbing veins from her crotch to her stomach.

Get bigger, darling. Setsuna's eyes rolled back. *Make... me... bigger.*

Her fit body twitched, the muscles rippled on their own as the moderate striations of her body began deepening. Spreading further across her limbs and over the small bumps of her musculature. Her legs stretched to accommodate a sudden increase of mass, pushing the material of her shoes to the limit as her socks soon ripped, stretched by the expanding feet and calves. Her toned calves swelled outwards and widened beyond her shins, while her kneeling position made the popping hamstrings ripple like tight thick cords.

She wasn't so short (compared to the titaness) anymore, so she inclined her head to keep pleasuring Itsuka. Her arms grew as they held on to massive thighs, their increase in strength allowing her fingertips to apply a dent in the dense musculature. Which her friend felt and *enjoyed*, finding the sudden pressure to be pleasurable.

Biceps became small mountains, coursing with rivers of veins, her back broadened and ripped her shirt down the middle, letting her long black locks cascade down an immense meaty landscape that not even her hair could cover completely. It was simply too vast of an expanse.

Setsuna *growled* against Itsuka's folds, letting out muffled moans that were dwarfed by Itsuka's own. The intensity of her growth made her tongue lash out with even greater fierceness, sending waves and waves of ecstasy. Yet the martial artist was not alone in her euphoria, for Setsuna too felt pleasure wrecking her body in torrents as the fabric kept ripping around her, without the need to touch herself.

She just kept growing more and more...

She planted a foot on the floor and grabbed a tight hold over Itsuka's knees. Without breaking the contact of her lips with the folds, Setsuna slowly *lifted* the amazon, much to her lover's surprise.

“A-Ah! Setsuna!” Itsuka moaned, craning her head so as not to touch the ceiling. She marveled as Setsuna held her midair, lifting her enormous body with her own prodigious superhuman strength. Her body reached truly godlike proportions that soon put her on the same level as Itsuka. Clothes tore and ripped, exploding out of her frame as the amazon kept lifting her.

It did not take long for Itsuka to cum once more, spilling herself all over her friend’s *masterful* mouth. After Setsuna truly *finally* had her fill, she set Itsuka down, and the orangette found she no longer had to look down, for her friend stood at the same height as her. And the same *powerful* width. Her muscles were enormous, a perfect match for her own, and just feeling their large breasts press against each other in the warm embrace of their titanic arms, they could feel just how much they truly ‘fit’.

“Oh fuck...” Itsuka breathlessly said, smiling drunkenly at the girl who had given her the *best* oral of all time. “You were motivated” She purred, rubbing her friend’s arms with strong hands, feeling their shredded musculature.

“Hmm, after seeing you get big like that, I just couldn’t help myself~” Setuna muttered, licking her lips and savoring the aftertaste of Itsuka’s release while her hands wandered over that immense back. “Oh we’re gonna have to adjust our training routine”

“You bet~”

“I’ll be sure to give you girls pointers,” Mirko said with a hungry growl as she at last stood up from her couch, her expression was positively feral with desire as she hugged Midnight, whose hand was busy slowly pleasuring herself to what she had just witnessed. She planted a kiss on the teacher, slow and sensual.

“Oh yes,” Midnight’s voice *dripped* with sex. “You can be sure I’ll be taking a *special* interest in your performance” Her eyes glinted with ambition. “*All* of you girls~”

The Class B heroines in training shared a look, their lips stretching into a devious smirk as their lips slowly touched into a slow yet passionate kiss before turning their attention to the pro-heroes.

The night was far from over.

