

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

Rumi Usagiyama, the heroine known as Mirko, was someone who got to where she is now by busting her *perfectly* toned ass. She took down villains, she hopped from place to place all over Japan, never settling down permanently. Always looking for the next villain, the next idiot who thought they could get away with whatever dumb plan they had.

And she *loved* her job. She loved her life as a hero. She *loved* beating up low lives. It helped that since an early age, Rumi loved to fight. She wanted nothing more than to express that boundless energy inside her through combat. Even went as far as to join underground fighting leagues under the pseudonym 'Tiger Bunny' to satiate her need to fight.

Heh, she had been arrested more times than she could count. She still got back out there and fought anyway.

Keeping people from using their quirks, requiring a 'license' to act in public. That was one of the dumbest things hero society had created, it just taught people not to defend themselves.

People had the right to act.

But unfortunately, the hero 'safety' commission liked this little bubble they had created.

If Mirko wanted to beat up villains, she had to get a pro-hero license. So she did, and then she never stopped beating them.

It was *exhilarating*, the best job in the world! And because she loved it, she got *really* good at it. To the point she got the fifth spot in the Top 10 hero ranking of Japan!

Middle of the Top 10 was an amazing achievement. But Mirko was *never* satisfied. The moment she did she'd become lazy, sloppy, *complacent*.

So Mirko never stopped training, never ceased in her pursuit of arresting every criminal she could find all over the country as a wandering hero. No agency, no sidekicks, just her and her *powerful* legs.

Her body became toned, muscular, a work of art. With her legs becoming world-level wet dreams for every hero-fans out there. She knew her muscles were the focus of a *lot* of closeup shots online, people went crazy whenever they caught her wearing something other than her leotard and leggings. The Internet would *break* whenever they got pics of her on the beach.

Oh, she knew what people did with those. But honestly, she found it flattering, a great ego boost.

She wasn't so arrogant as to think she was the fittest female hero out there. Certainly not just in Japan. But Mirko strived to be the best she could be, fast, strong, all to achieve greater heights. Take on bigger challenges, climb the ladder of hero rankings.

And then she saw that girl, who looked old enough to *just* have joined a hero course. So *amazingly* large and ripped, it was marvelous to have seen her break out from all that rubble. An inspiring sight that made Rumi feel confident for the next generation of heroes.

And perhaps a bit *jealous*, that this young woman was already *that* much larger than her. She didn't even know if she was stronger...

Not gonna lie, for the first time ever, Rumi was contemplating getting a sidekick. She'd have to send some openings to the hero academies whenever she had the chance, particularly the girl's school.

She asked around, used her contacts, and found out the young woman's name and academy, which led to her more *interesting* developments.

There were other powerful buff girls like her.

At first, Rumi thought the girl's quirk was a muscle and strength enhancement, but turns out it was nothing of the sort. That boost had been the result of a quirk, but not her own. It was another student's quirk that had turned other students into *powerhouses*.

Mirko *hated* getting outside help... but she couldn't deny she was *very* fascinated by what she had seen.

The gears in her head were turning. Perhaps she was due a visit to UA~.

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Getting to the kid was more work than Mirko had thought. It was like the faculty was actively putting roadblocks for her to get an audience with him. Which... yeah that was what they were doing. Midnight said they were barely starting to handle the increasing number of girls who had been enhanced by his quirk. If a Pro, particularly one as famous as her, suddenly bulked up from one day to the other it'd draw questions. And the poor boy would find himself under the spotlight, something he definitely did not need right now.

Which all just sounded like rubbish to Rumi. Getting into the spotlight *was* part of the game. The kids needed to make themselves visible if they wanted to get sponsored by a good hero agency. Internship with the pros was *massively* important. That was the whole point of UA's Sports Festival.

If you asked Rumi, the faculty was just scared it'd mess up the hero rankings if someone with such a game-changing quirk like Midoriya were to be recruited by any female hero. They could rope him into a contract that would jumpstart his career if it meant he wouldn't use his quirk on other women.

Nah, Mirko was certain the commission was already lining up their candidates to enhance in the future. They were greedy paranoid bastards like that. The kid was going to be *their* tool, of that she was certain.

Well, if Midnight wasn't interested in getting joked, that was her loss. Rumi wasn't going to let a chance like this slip by.

Legally, they couldn't turn away a Pro Hero if she wanted to use the installations. And she was warned not to approach Midoriya. But that was all they could do, any consequences for her would only be felt with her salary if the commission decided to 'teach her a lesson'. Pffft, whatever. Those dumbasses didn't know her at all if they thought money was her only motivator.

Nobody told her what to do.

She knew the boy would be in the gym, as someone with superstrength would often be. Apparently, his stamina allowed him to remain till late into the night. So Rumi took advantage of it and gave Midnight the slip.

Ahhhh now this was a nostalgic sight. The equipment always changed, it upgraded with time, machines became more advanced and better designed to train superpowers. But the feeling never went away. Mirko lost count on how many reps she did in the squad machine, turned her powerful limbs into the pillars of muscular delight that had enraptured so many.

Stepping into the gym, wearing a pink tracksuit that hid a black sports-bra and shorts, Rumi immediately went looking for the miracle boy. Her rabbit ears twitched, following the sounds of weights and plates clanking.

Amidst the labyrinthian sea of heavy equipment, she spotted a mess of dark green hair, and a *magnificently* shredded body that was pulling the titanic weights of the chest machine. Oh *damn* the kid had the body of a pro already! Hehe, it kinda clashed with the freckled youthful face of his.

But wow the way his muscles rippled and bulged as the enormous weights rose and fell, straining his skin and highlighting all the different groups. Oh Mirko was always marveled by the way her own muscles flexed with training, and she couldn't deny this kid inspired a similar feeling inside her. Oh the way his shirt with *very* thin straps seemed to paint itself over his skin with his sweat was very *titillating*.

She decided to watch him for a bit, leaning over the bar in a nearby bench, the boy was too engrossed in his training to see her out of his peripheral vision. The same could be said for the two girls who were with him.

Both of them were on the tall side (though not as tall as him), one with messy orange hair pulled in a ponytail. The other had long wavy locks of dark moss green hair, similar to the boy. They were both wearing standard issue UA workout clothes, that is blue shirts with white highlights and equally colored shorts. Both looked at him with rapt attention and varying degrees of want.

Oh she remembered those days, when her own sexuality awakened~ Hehe the kid had to be proud, pretty sure a lot of girls had their first wet dreams thanks to him.

"Wow, it's been over ten minutes and you just keep going!" Orange hair said impressed.

"Already?" The Midoriya boy said surprised. "I should take a break then"

“H-Hey now! You could break your record instead!” Green hair swiftly intervened, Mirko’s ears picked up the angry hissing words at her friend. “You really want him to stop, Itsuka?!”

“Sorry Setsuna...” The other whispered in turn.