

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...

X~X~X~X~X

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"

"Come on, be my flex partner at least!" The pink girl called out, flexing one bicep and twisting her fist back and forth, causing the peak to ascend and descend repeatedly.

"I am not one for exhibitionism"

Mina's gaze became dry like the desert, "You say that with how you designed your outfit...?"

Momo's cheeks flushed, "My quirk makes my creations come right *out* of my body! Any more fabric and anything I make would rip right through it!"

"Can't have that," Mina seemed to agree, before grabbing her wrist and pulled down her arms, pushing her chest out and flexing the striated pecs. "Only thing that should be ripping through your clothes are your mad gains!"

The small girl sighed, oh Mina was turning into a meathead...

Besides, it's not like she had the *mass* to rip through her clothes like that. She looked at her arm with the light tear in it, flexing it a few times to give it a try. Her bicep had already done all the damage it could, there was no risk of the fabric ripping more.

Out of curiosity, Momo lifted her arm and gave it a harder, firmer flex. Expecting nothing out of them.

*Riip!*

Her eyes widened as the small peak of her bicep became more visible, pushing through snapping threads that curled outwards.

'Oh... Oh my,' Momo licked her suddenly dry lips. The way the muscle had burst through unimpeded was... rather thrilling.

Mina smirked, "There? Doesn't that feel good? Let your muscles breathe a bit~"

Momo barely registered she was taking off her shirt, unveiling her torso that wore only a gray sports bra that was doing an incredible job supporting her ample breasts.

Mina whistled, "You're a cut little thing!" She said in appreciation, taking a knee to be closer to Momo and take a better look. "Bet Izuku still liked the results a lot" There was something in her voice Momo couldn't quite place, she was a touch distracted by those *large* muscles at such close proximity, so easily within reach...

"If you ask him nicely, you could get a body like mine~" She tensed her arm, flexing it waist level, marveling Momo with its sinewy landscape of crevices and hardened bumps, pumping thick veins to the surface. "Don't lie, honey, you'd like this"

"I..." Momo gulped, "I'm fine like this"

Was she telling Mina this, or herself?

“Don’t you want to have more than just your quirk?” Mina’s voice dropped an octave, becoming oddly *entrancing*. It was hard for Momo to take her eyes off that bicep larger than her head in the first place...

Before Momo realized it, her hands were cupping both ends of the arm, feeling the mountainous bicep and shredded horse-shoe-shaped tricep at the same time. Good *gods* above it was hard as a rock.

Mina lightly licked her lips. “It feels *amazing* to be this strong. To look this good... to feel *sexy*~”

The conversation was going to a place Momo didn’t know how to handle, and she couldn’t find a way out, her mouth wasn’t even working properly. “I uh...” It didn’t help that part of her felt it’d be put to better use by *kissing* those muscles.

“Come on, flex with me” Mina muttered, standing up once more and depriving Momo of that glorious bicep. She walked up to the wall mirror and invited Momo to stand in front of her, who could only cover up Mina’s midsection and the center of her breasts with her full figure.

Mina slowly raised her arms with a measured and powerful flex, it looked more like an artistic display. “Can you picture yourself? Getting bigger, and bigger? Until all your clothes shred like a cocoon...?”

Momo could, as she slowly copied Mina’s flex, merely a fraction of the enormous girl’s size, but her own physique was respectable all the same.

And it could be more, Momo thought. Just... *more*.

She imagined herself growing right there, bigger, stronger. The body of an Olympian, with the great mind of the strategic hero she wanted to be.

Her body, a herculean work of art, shredding the fabric like paper as she stood next to Mina like an equal. The two posing and touching each other’s great frames, indulging in muscle pleasure as their lips touched-

Momo gasped, snapping back into reality.

What was happening to her?

She barely had time to ponder when Mina lifted her up by the waist, the pressure of that python-like arm around her was not unpleasant in the least. She stared at Mina's face, so close to her...

"Think about it, m'kay~?"

Then Mina kissed her, a slow peck on her cheek so close to her mouth that the pink girl's lips brushed against hers.

Momo felt her brain *shortcircuit*.

"Well!" Then Mina's usual peppiness was back, replacing that *seductive* attitude she had taken entirely. "Ready to get back into it!" She set Momo down and walked towards the heavy machine designed for superstrength users, waving over her shoulder. "Good talk!"

Confused and lost, Momo quickly went to the showers, lest she see Mina's muscles in action and lose all control of herself...