

(**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~.

X~X~X~X~X

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 of 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 off the chest machine. Oh *damn*, the kid had the body of a pro already! Hehe, it kinda clashed with that 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 had always marveled at 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 on 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, and 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.

In the end, Midoriya did stop his reps, letting the enormous weights fall one final time into the great machine. He huffed, not looking particularly winded but did have a sheen of sweat making his muscles glisten. He wiped the sweat off his forehead, causing the arm muscles and chest to ripple with the movement.

Mirko just watched amused at the two girls who seemed ready to swoon. “Wow”

“You look *amazing*,” Green-moss girl said with a grin full of sharp teeth. “You’re the envy of every guy on campus”

He scratched his cheek awkwardly. “I-I wouldn’t say that...”

“Well, a lot of people would kill for your quirk. Hell, some of us *are* jealous of how good the other girls got it,” Itsuka admitted with a certain longing in her voice.

“I-Is that so?”

“Damn right!” Setsuna eagerly nodded. “Ashido, Yaoyorozu, Uraraka, those girls are *huge*! And they got so strong!”

Mirko had seen them, oh she certainly wanted some of *that*.

“You must get this a lot,” Setsuna leaned in with a *suggestive* smirk. “But we’d *really* appreciate it if you used your quirk on us too~”

“I thought we were going to be subtle about it!” Itsuka hissed, before realizing what she said and staring apologetically at Midoriya. “Ah, that is-! It’s not like we were going to trick you or anything! We were... trying to find the right way and time for it!”

“So you waited till I was alone at night in the gym,” He said, with a bit of humor in his voice. “It’s fine, I’d rather people be upfront about it. I don’t mind using my quirk on some people”

Huh, so he wasn’t as much of a flustered pushover as Mirko was led to believe.

The girls looked like they hit the jackpot, but then he had to dash their dreams with an apologetic sigh. “But the school doesn’t want me overdoing it anymore, it’s already kinda gotten out of hand. They say it might create issues down the line with the school body...”

The two girls deflated at that, sighing and looking very defeated. “Well, it was worth a shot...”

...That’s it? They were just gonna leave it at that?

They were heroes in training! Where was their passion?! Where was their drive to ascend through the ranks once they became pros?!

This was just *pissing her off*. They *saw* what the other girls were turned to, what they were capable of! If they truly wanted to shine, then they should actually go for what they wanted!

Rumi growled from her spot and decided to make her presence known. “You think that limp spirit will carry you through the ranks?” She walked toward the youths, her voice loud and firm like always. “People are gonna walk all over you if you do”

They reacted the same way any young hero-in-training would when seeing one of the top 10 of Japan, with dropping jaws and a *lot* of stammering. The muscular Midoriya let loose a string of barely tied-together sentences. “Y-You’re-! Oh my god! Number 5! Rabbit Hero!” He looked like he was about to hyperventilate, which looked hilarious on someone as buff as him.

“You’re Mirko...” Itsuka said in *awe*. “You’re... Oh goodness, I never thought I’d get to meet you in person!”

“I’m a *huge* fan!” Setsuna closed the distance between them so fast it looked like she left a piece of her body behind... No wait, she actually did. Half her body split off and levitated towards her while the other half trailed behind. “I’ve got *all* of your merch!”

"What are you doing here?" Itsuka asked curiously.

"Well, I got to see the benefits of *your* quirk," Mirko nodded at Midoriya, who tensed at her words. "And I got *really* curious. Heh, staff wasn't making it easy for me. They didn't want a pro coming near you"

"Oh," He blinked repeatedly, trying to play the fool he said; "W-Why is that?"

Her grin widened excitedly. "Don't act dumb kid, you know what I'm here for"

His face shifted through a myriad of emotions hilariously fast, "Um, wow. You-? I mean you heard about my-"

"Hardly anyone hasn't heard of it by now, and I got to see your handiwork" Mirko grinned as she placed her arms akimbo, "Those girls you turned into pure beef? Nice. What you did to yourself? Very nice too" She gave him a grin that would make her young fans fluster, and boy did it work on him as well.

The girls looked shocked and a touch conflicted that a pro would want to get 'boosted' by a student who still wasn't even getting his provisional license.

"W-Why would you want me to... boost you?"

"Why else?" Mirko shrugged as though it was obvious, "To be stronger"

"But you're Number 5!" He said it incredulously as though that explained everything. "You're the best superheroine in the country!"

"That still doesn't translate to being at the top" The rabbit hero replied. "You really think I'm going to settle for it? The moment you stop reaching for greater heights, you're a washup, simple as that" The tanned woman said uncompromisingly. The kids were paying attention, so she'd do her part as a pro and impart her wisdom. "Rankings don't matter, *villains* don't care. If you let anything or anyone holding you back from becoming as strong as you *want* to be, then that's the same as letting others walk over you"

The large student slowly blinked, taking in her words. "I'm... not sure if it's so cut and dry. The faculty is just trying to keep my powers from being abused"

"By who?" Mirko shrugged, "By girls who want to be more than just the cover of a magazine? Who want to be *true* heroes instead of glorified models?" She waved a hand at the two students from class B, "You're just going to let the teachers decide what you can and *can't* do with *your* power? How is that any fair when you're literally hurting *no one*"

Midoriya looked like he was thinking about it long and hard, his eyes shifting from side to side, running every excuse the teachers gave him, any justifications. As well as any he could give himself to accept the Pro Hero's words.

Because Rumi had the inkling feeling that he *wanted* to use his quirk more. He just needed encouragement.

"Just a little bit," Setsuna said, trying to keep her voice eager even though anyone who paid attention would notice the *eagerness* in it. "No harm with that,"

"Yeah," Itsuka nodded as well, her cheeks flushing. "Just... enough to make a difference"

Mirko's grin was positively *savage*, "You heard 'em, kid. You gonna leave these lovely ladies hanging?"

Midoriya stared at the two for what felt like a small eternity, before reaching out with his large hands. The two knew what to do, and quickly extended theirs until he was gently grasping them.

Rumi watched fascinated as he closed his eyes in concentration, she thought she saw the barest hints of something glowing from his skin, traversing in currents to the girls' hands and through their arms.

Setsuna and Itsuka looked on in awe as they felt something akin to currents of electricity pulse through their nerves, filling every pore with its essence and reforging muscle fibers into something greater, stronger, *bigger*.

Rumi's red eyes widened in pure awe as their bodies became more toned by the *second*. Flat bellies adopted more notable curves as faint bumps of abdominal muscles surged into

existence, divided by various lines. Quads slowly filled out with a bit more mass as calves added a more prominent curvature to their lower legs. Shoulders bunched and toned up, while small biceps the size of lemons took shape, called to existence as their free arms flexed.

The two gasped, letting go of Midoriya's hands as they collected themselves, their breaths slowly returning to normal as they looked at each other's fit forms.

Rumi was *thrilled*. It had been so easy, so *fast*.

And this was only a *fraction* of what the boy was able to provide.

"Oh my god," Setsuna laughed overjoyed, patting her stomach with delight. "I have abs!"

"My biceps," The orange-haired girl looked at her arms with a large smile, "They've never been this big before..."

The two now possessed a runner's or a martial artist's build, a small level of muscle increase, and a pretty toned musculature in all the right places. Far from the bodybuilder or amazonian state, their peers had gotten... but they were still *very* satisfied with the results.

"You look great," Midoriya encouraged with a beaming smile.

"Feels great too!" Setsuna said in joy as the two began to stretch and flex their newly improved limbs, constantly finding a new muscle to be marveled by.

"Not bad, it's a start," To motivate them further, and to join in the fun, Mirko pulled down the zipper on her jacket, unveiling her *ample* breasts and prominent six-pack. With a shrug she let the jacket fall to the ground, showing her prominently wide upper body, with impressively sized biceps at least two or three times larger than the girls.

She enjoyed the way their eyes locked to her frame. And with no small amount of eagerness on her part, she pulled down her pants and kicked them away, showing her award-winning muscular tree trunks she called legs.

“*This* is a superheroine’s body~” She spread her legs, flexing the magnanimous quads into multiple corded groups, and struck a professional pose by flexing both of her powerful arms, her fists clenching tightly a few inches away from her head.

Midoriya blushed and gulped, the other girls were *fascinated* by her. “Wow...” They quickly moved to stand next to her, and their hands suddenly found themselves over her body, caressing and admiring the superior muscles. “You’re so hard, Mirko-san” Itsuka muttered.

“And big~” Setsuna grinned wildly.

Well, these two certainly loosed up quite a bit. She heard the effects of the kid’s quirk led to a... ‘certain’ loss of inhibition.

Maybe it wasn’t professional of her, maybe it wasn’t allowed. But damn if these two didn’t know what they were doing, rubbing every muscle in her body with a youthful energy that matched any experience.