

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

UA was the most prestigious hero school in the country. Their curriculum and the sheer facilities were staggering (after all, not many schools could field an army of robots in a small fake city as part of their entrance exam), not to mention the great domes of USJ (not to be confused with a certain studio), which were designed to recreate multiple scenarios like disaster areas, natural or otherwise, and of course villain attacks.

...Though nobody could have anticipated a *real* villain attack.

USJ was surrounded by state-of-the-art security and a heavily defended perimeter. Yet a *mob* of villains had managed to slip through undetected thanks to that villain with a warping quirk, that let him become a giant mass of blackness that transported entire groups of people.

And displaced others as well.

Izuku's mind raced as he tried to move from the events that had transpired. The black-smoke villain had undoubtedly displaced many of his classmates, himself included, into different areas. Eraserhead was no doubt fighting alone, the only support he had was any classmates who managed to remain on his side. Fortunately, Iida would arrive at UA swiftly and bring pro-hero reinforcements. Until then, they had to hold on and regroup.

First, he needed to find where he was, everything was so dark here he could only vaguely make out shapes and brighter colors. Thankfully his classmate Mina Ashido was easy to spot in the darkness.

"You okay, Midoriya-kun?" She asked, her voice slightly echoing.

"Y-Yes," He stiffly nodded. "Is anyone else here?!" He raised his voice, hoping for a reply.

There was none.

He heard Mina sigh, "Think it's just the two. Ugh, there has to be a light somewhere here."

“Right. Just gotta stick close to a wall and look...” The two proceeded to do just that, thankfully it wasn’t long before they did. And once the lights turned on they could finally see their surroundings properly.

There were rows of standard student uniforms without any official school symbol, just generic jumpsuits any academy could use as spares. Along with stands filled with generic armor plates like chest pieces, arm-guards, leg-guards, shoulder pads, boots, and helmets, all neatly arranged.

“Think this is a storage for practice gear” Izuku muttered as he took in the sight.

“Basically a big storage closet,” Mina said before quickly cheering up. “The door!” She rushed towards a large double-sided metallic door and quickly pulled on the knob, only for the door to slightly budge, showing it was locked. “Ugh, come on!” Izuku sweatdropped as she kept pulling repeatedly, resulting in dry metallic thuds.

“I-I don’t think that’s going to work, Ashido-san...” He timidly pointed out, feeling he shouldn’t upset the exuberant girl capable of sweating acid. Hey wait a moment- “O-Oh! Your acid!”

Her dark eyes widened comically, “Oh good idea!” And quickly began to smear her secretions over the lock, the metal hissed as the mildly corrosive substance began doing its work. “How about now?!”

She pulled again, and this time the budging was weaker.

Ashido stared at the door for a moment before looking back at him with a sheepish smile, scratching the back of her head. “...I think I sealed the door shut”

Izuku nearly face-planted at that.

“Wait, you have super strength! Just rip the door out!”

“It’s... not so easy,” Izuku tried to figure out a way to tell her without revealing his secret. “My quirk, it stockpiles energy, that’s what gives me super strength but... well it was pretty much dormant most of my life, I’m still learning how to carefully use it without breaking my limbs”

The pink girl looked at him with concern. "You saying you might *break* your arm trying to get us free?"

Izuku let out a displeased sound, not looking forward to it but... "It might be the only way for us to regroup with the others"

"Yeeesh," She muttered, walking towards him. "Can't you just use a smaller amount of energy?"

"I could *try*," He said with trepidation. "But I haven't much practice yet"

"Well!" It made him jump back with how cheerfully she sounded. "No time like the present!" Then his cheeks proceeded to burn because she was *holding his hand!* "I believe in you!"

Holy wow holy wow holy wow a girl was touching him!

If his younger self could see him now, life gets better little Izuku!

No no no! Focus! He had to get them out. Just, a small amount of energy, just a bit. Enough to boost the strength in his arm without shattering it, so they could both get out and help the others.

Izuku took a deep breath, focusing on the boundless pool of energy dwelling in his body. All Might's gift, his legacy, his trust.

One For All.

The energy was like the heart of an active volcano, powerful and frighteningly volatile. So he had to be careful, draw just a bit, just enough. Make it run through his left arm because his right hand was occupied *being held by a girl!*

The lapse in judgment made Izuku draw out *far more* than intended. His body shuddered at the sudden increase of energy coursing through him, manifesting as billowing winds as raw power escaped his body.

Mina yelled, feeling as a shock of electricity went through her hand.

She jumped back, and Izuku stared at her in concern, fearing he had accidentally hurt her. “A-Ashido-san, are you okay?!”

Mina was shaking, staring at her hands with trembling eyes. “W-W-What was that?” She panted, feeling her heart rate elevate. “W-Whole body feels like it’s on fire! I don’t-I don’t know what-“

Mina suddenly gasped, her eyes widening.

Then she began to *change*.

Mina was already a fit girl, with lightly toned arms and well-shaped legs, the latter of which was highlighted by the skintight camo bodysuit. But Izuku could spot lines of muscle definition *deepening* over the visible patches of her pink skin, with her bare arms and chest. He tried not to look at the... endowed tracks of land, told himself he was looking at the pectoral line which stood out more and more defined with each passing moment.

“What’s happening?!” Mina exclaimed with a strained voice, spasms wrecking her body as her legs buckled. Her hands clenched as her arms went ramrod straight to the sides, shaking. She threw her head back, showing how much the muscles in her neck were tightening. A long growl escaped from her throat as the flesh around her body began *writhing*, pulsating, and expanding incredibly fast.

The bodysuit tightened around her figure even more, showing more of her tone even through the fabric, small bumps in her stomach became visible, and the material strained around the expanding thighs and calves. Even with its stretchy and resistant properties, the fabric began to struggle audibly. Her forearms widened in circumference as her biceps inflated and her triceps hardened into firm-cut horseshoe-shaped flesh. The expansion of her deltoids accompanied by the widening of her nascent lats made her torso widen out notably. Her body became so fit she matched Izuku’s hard-earned musculature so fast, and she wasn’t stopping...

“Nghn!” She was even growing *taller*, easily catching up to him and then *exceeding* his own height. Were her *breasts* growing too?! Izuku watched with a crimson face as the bosom he desperately tried to ignore swelled, and with how much she was also growing taller, not to mention the low cut of her outfit, well-

Izuku felt his soul leave his body when two dark purple nipples slipped out from the outfit, her breasts jostling as they were finally free. A part of him briefly realized he was seeing a half-naked woman, a real one, for the first time in his life.

Although the 'half' part wouldn't last for long, given how tears began spreading over her outfit, namely around the legs as her burgeoning quads widened even more, and her calves expanded beyond her shins, ripping the fabric around them, showing patches of pink skin. Her boots looked painfully tight, and gasps of relief followed their destruction as her feet finally burst free. Long gauges of unraveling fabric spread around her leggings, coming undone by the strain of pulsating veiny muscles.

"Ugh!" Mina brought up her arm in double-bicep flex, marveling Izuku with their shredded look as the biceps gained such a *thick* figure, there was such depth to her muscular arms it was absolutely mesmerizing. Her lats ripped the outfit to the side, as her abdominal and obliques came up for air. A loud snap was heard, and her tan fur-lined waistcoat just fell to the sides torn in half. More tearing could be heard, no doubt in numerous places he couldn't see until all that remained of her outfit was a ripped 'thong' made out of the remnants of her camouflage bodysuit.

Ashido was *massive*, as big as All Might, if not *bigger*! Her muscles were simply outstanding, and indeed Izuku was hard-pressed to think of a heroine with a figure as big and imposing as her right now. Her breasts were firm, supported by inch-thick pectorals that coiled and rippled with her heavy breathing, while her stomach pushed her fierce abs in and out.

She panted, looking down at herself, and then at the green-clad teen. "Midoriya-kun... what did you do to me?"

Izuku's throat was dry. "I... I don't know..."

A smirk slowly grew on her lips. "Well... not that I mind~"

And struck a pose, an Olympic one to highlight the throbbing musculature of her figure, holding her wrist in a side chest.

"I feel *amazing*!"

She hit pose after pose, and Izuku found it an even greater miracle he had not passed out yet from the sight of her half-naked state.

“Ohhhh now I’m ready to beat up baddies!” With a burst of intense energy, Mina rushed over to the spare uniforms. “Let’s see, there’s gotta be one that’ll be fit me...”

Izuku could only stare dumbfounded as this *gorgeous* young amazon struggled to put on a t-shirt that at least covered her breasts but left the rest of her torso bare still.

“There we go! Now...” She smirked impishly. “Let’s see if these muscles are for show!”

She went over the stuck door, and without much effort, she tore it off its hinges. She blinked repeatedly as she stared at the door still in her grasp before smiling widely at him.

“Come on Midoriya-kun! Time to be heroes!”

X~X~X~X~X

A few days had passed since the USJ incident, and many things had changed as a result. First and foremost, the public outcry demanded to know how one of the most secure hero training facilities had been breached. The Hero Safety Commission was forced to tighten up their safety measures and revamp a lot of things now that they knew the rising League of Villains possessed a teleporter of such capabilities. And then there was the parental outrage at how UA wasn’t able to keep their students safe, citing how it had been a miracle nobody died.

So, UA had to make some changes to its facilities to ensure the student body's safety. Which was the dorms Izuku and his classmates were now residing in. It had taken a lot of convincing, but his mother allowed him to move in. His wasn’t the only class to be given a dorm, and he heard through the grapevine that other hero schools were going to implement such facilities soon.

The second largest change was a... personal one. All his life Izuku dealt with the fact he was quirkless, that he was one of the rare unlucky few to be born without that which made everyone special in their own way. And yet he was entrusted by All Might with *his* own quirk, because he saw something in Izuku himself couldn’t see.

...Turns out they’ve been wrong all along. He, his teachers, his doctors. Everyone.

Mina Ashido's transformation had proven that.

UA's doctors did a *lot* of tests and studies on both himself and the classmate he had transformed into an amazon. They had set up so many different experiments to figure out the mysterious development, which often worried him and All Might they might find out about One For All...

Eventually one test gave them the answers they needed. The scientists had him touch a tissue sample, and microscopic examination showed the cells in the tissue multiplied at a very fast rate, well, fast by human standards.

Then they asked him to do the same again, but this time pouring some of that 'energy' he tapped into. The results were *far* greater than what they could have anticipated.

Izuku's quirk was Anabolic Enhancement, his touch could boost cellular regeneration and strengthen tissue in other people. By some quirk of fate, his power worked solely on women. But it was so subtle it caused everyone to believe he was quirkless.

His mother always said his hugs gave her life, guess her words were more than just motherly love...

And that's when the other shoe dropped, a conclusion he and All Might reached when talking in private. One For All was a *vast* reservoir of power, energy shared and multiplied from each user to the next for seven generations. One For All had unknowingly boosted his in-born quirk, all he needed to do was channel One For All's energy when touching a woman, and the effects of his quirk's power would be *severely* more potent.

Mina's new enhanced body was proof of just how much his quirk could strengthen a woman. The fellow student not only had a heroic build to compare with All Might, but her bones and muscle tissue had been strengthened to the point it was like she possessed a mid-level superstrength quirk comparable to some heroes like, say, Death Arms.

She had taken down *so many* thugs in USJ, and the results of her physical testes were amazing. Her endurance, stamina, all of it had turned a young athletic girl with acid powers into a musclebound beauty worthy of the world of pros.

And Izuku didn't know how to feel about that...

Oh he wasn't jealous or anything- Okay maybe a *little* bit upset about the circumstances of his quirk, if he could use it on himself he certainly wouldn't risk breaking his limbs with One For All, he still had a lot of practice to go if he wanted to use more energy, at least his new experiments to spread the energy more evenly and across his body was shielding great results-

And he was rambling again, he noted with chagrin as the writing on his journal had developed into his usual long musings.

The truth was he found Mina... *attractive*. Oh she was already a very cute girl, but there was something about her muscles, her strength, her drive, the way she performed heroics with such a body. It was... inspiring, and it brought a lot of images to his hormonal mind, which led to him needing to... 'release the tension' in the shower.

Ugh, what a creep he was, fantasizing about his classmate...

Thankfully a knock on his door snapped him out of it before it could go too far again. He got up from his desk and quickly went to open, "Coming!" He turned the knob and pulled, "Can I help... you?"

There in the doorframe was the source of his woes. Mina, enormous like the past few days, wearing a fuzzy light pink bathrobe. "Heeey, Midoriya-kun!" She greeted him with her usual smile. "Can I come in?"

Saying 'no' didn't even enter his mind. A *girl* wanted to enter *his* room. He led her in with a shaky gesture, closing the door behind her. Oh god a girl was in his room!

...Watching all of his All Might paraphernalia.

Thankfully there was no mocking. "Ohhhh!" She made an intrigued sound, bending over to better look at one of the action figures on his desk. He tried to ignore how her derriere's shape was visible under the fuzzy fabric, and how her arms fit nicely inside the tight sleeves. "I have this one too!"

"Y-You do?" He timidly asked.

"Who doesn't have an All Might figure?!" She giggled to herself before standing straight again, making Izuku crane his head (ignoring how her breasts were at face level was a much harder challenge...) to look into her eyes. "So um... we haven't really talked about what happened" She shrugged her massive shoulders.

"Yeah," He sighed, awkwardly scratching his neck. "I... I'm sorry I changed your body completely, AND permanently at that. I didn't even know my quirk worked that way, it was a complete accident, I swear-!"

"Hey hey hey, buddy, calm down!" She brought up her hands, stopping his rant before it could escalate. "I'm not mad, I get it, it was an accident"

"O-Oh," He perked up with some relief, "Y-You're not mad then?"

"Of course not!" She smiled, showing all her teeth. "And hey, if anything, I'd say I'm pretty damn lucky!" She flexed an arm, the material on the bathrobe strained but didn't break. Of course, he imagined she wasn't giving it her all. "I'm strong as hell now! And I got a pro-body to show! Sure changing my entire wardrobe was a *pain*, but feeling so incredible like I do now more than makes up for it!"

Izuku gulped, "You um... you like looking like that then?"

"Hell yeah!" Mina said with overwhelming joy. "I'm even bigger than Mirko! One of the strongest and sexiest heroines ever! I can't wait till I debut as a pro with this body!" She laughed.

"You make a *very* inspiring figure," He muttered.

"See, you get it!" She bent over, placing her hands on her knees... showing him her ample cleavage. "You think I look great too then?"

"Um..." The blood rushed to his face and... other areas. "Y-Yeah! You look very strong, a-and heroic, and... and...!" He clamped down, he couldn't finish the last one.

Her gaze... changed somehow, in a way he couldn't describe. Yet the way her dark eyes looked at him made him shiver but... in a *good* way. It was an experience he had no word for.

“...Go ahead” She muttered, shifting from her usual exuberant tone. “And...?”

She stood straight and turned around, showing the wide back of her stretched bathrobe.

“You were going to say something like...”

He saw arms move over her midsection, fiddling with something.

“...beautiful, maybe?”

Then in a smooth motion, she let the robe fall to the ground.