

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

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...

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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*.

"Izuku-kun can treat you right... he's *so* easy to rile *up*~"

Momo could only ponder the significance behind those words, her cheeks flushing at the conclusion she drew.

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 saw Mina's muscles in action and lose all control of herself...

Once inside, she discarded her sweaty clothes into her gym bag, stepped under the shower, and turned it on. She sighed in relief as the water rained down on her while she undid her wild ponytail, letting her long brown locks cascade over her back and shoulders.

Momo hummed as she ran her hands over her frame, washing away the sweat and grime accumulated with her workout, taking small moments to feel the sinewy and firm pump of her muscles. She could definitely feel they were larger than before, stronger and more pronounced. Not by much, but it was noticeable.

Was it only a pump, or was her training making her grow faster than usual? A side effect of Izuku's quirk perhaps?

Would she grow to be like Mina, one day?

Why was that thought turning her on so much?

She couldn't get Mina's body out of her head, her thoughts were plagued with visions of her enormous arms and titanic legs, the thought of that spectacularly wide torso made her heart flutter, and each time those veins throbbed into prominence she felt *something* inside her throb at the same time.

Then she imagined herself with that body, and the need to relieve that tension intensified.

Her hand trembled as it traversed down her abs, remembering the sensation of Mina's superb muscles, oh how *good* it'd feel to have another touch her like that...

"Hey Momo, hope I'm not intruding" Kyoka's joking voice was heard amidst the shower, making Momo's hand stop before it could go further. The sound of the showers doubled as Kyoka turned hers on, right next to Momo. "Man you were a machine back there"

"T-Thank you," She tried to keep her voice steady and not look at her classmate's naked figure, feeling it'd only make things worse.

"Midoriya may not have given you a Mina-grade body, but it's nothing to scoff at either"

Momo pursed her lips, slightly turning her head towards the rocker girl. "You think so?"

"Hell yeah," Kyoka grinned as she soaked under the shower. "It's awesome"

The creation hero let out a soft laugh, "It's what I was aiming for," She said, this time knowing for certain it was aimed at herself. "Nothing like Mira,"

"Don't think the class can handle two superstrong superbuff girls," Kyoka said with a teasing giggle. "It's just too much"

This time Momo turned fully, "Too much... what?"

Surprisingly, the rocker hero in training blushed. She rubbed her neck, idly looking away. "Well, you know... too much everything, kinda leaves the rest of us... in the dust I guess?"

"I see," Momo slowly said, "I can assure you neither Mina nor I want to put ourselves above everyone"

But knowing they were stronger was a very tempting thought...

"Well, I know you wouldn't" Kyoka replied, "But, um... can't really put it into words. It's more than that. Like, Mina is already like, *woah*. Having a second amazon would be uh... distracting"

"...Distracting?"

Kyoka blinked when Momo took a step forward, then another.

"How exactly am I... distracting you, Kyoka?" Momo asked. She had a pretty good idea what Kyoka meant but... she wanted to hear her say it.

"I-"

"Is it my body? My muscles?" She flexed one arm, "Do they offend in some capacity?"

"N-No no!" The other girl waved her hands in front of her wildly. "Nothing like that!"

Kyoka softly gasped when Momo pretty much cornered her against the wall. Despite the measured expression that contrasted Kyoka's quickly rising panic, Momo felt like there was a

storm inside her mind. What was she doing? What... What was happening to her? Was she seriously going to-?

“Am I... attractive to you?”

The girls fell silent, the only sound in the showers was that of the falling water.

Kyoka swallowed, her face blushed fiercely. “Y-Yes”

Momo shuddered as heat bloomed from within her body. “Touch me”

“Momo...?”

“Touch me. Please”

And Kyoka did, tracing her shaky hands over Momo’s muscles, grasping the firm shoulders, and palming the latent biceps. Fingertips shyly brushed over the faint lines in her chest, it was impossible not to touch her breasts.

Momo felt her lower lips drip, not with water. “Oh god...”

“M-Momo,” Kyoka breathed out in shared pleasure, her nipples growing painfully hard. “Y-You’re amazing”

Momo flexed her arms for her, letting her admire those arms even more before grasping the lats in her torso. She didn’t know how it had come to this, what possessed her to act in such a desperately lewd manner. But Momo knew whatever happened now, there was no turning back.

Her soul cried out for more, she needed more of Kyoka’s touch.

She needed more muscle.

Kyoka let out a muffled sound of surprise when Momo's lips descended upon hers, which slowly morphed into a pleased moan as she leaned into the kiss, surrounding Momo's neck with her arms as the taller girl's fit limbs held her tight, their breasts smooshing together and sending erotic shivers down their spines as the kiss deepened.

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Momo laid in her large bed, staring up at nothing in particular, her mind replaying today's earlier events on a loop.

Mina's mountainous muscles.

Kyoka's gentle touch.

Their lips joining in a passionate kiss.

"Hmm!" Momo bit back a moan as her nipples hardened, one hand went to palm an ample breast while the other slipped beneath her panties, quickly playing with herself.

As she tweaked one nipple between her fingers, Momo palmed her breasts from underneath, bringing it up enough for her to tilt her head and lap at the soft flesh. All the while her fingers kept stoking the fires underneath.

She imagined herself growing. So large she could be an equal to Mina, so imposing that Kyoka would fall to her knees just for a chance to kiss trunk-like legs and personally pleasure her.

Momo's back arched back as she drove two fingers inside, letting out a sharp gasp as the pleasure spread like wildfire. Her fantasies were fueled by visions of herself *growing*, mounting Izuku as power flowed from his manhood and into her body, filling her every drop of energy and *seed*-

"Ah-ahhh!"

Momo climaxed swiftly, her body seizing before plummeting back onto the bed. Her chest rose and fell rapidly, a soft smile plastered on her lips as she rode out the waves of the aftermath.

Momo found herself uncaring about how 'improper' all of this was, how her fantasies led her to places she told herself were undesired...

Not all she wanted was more. More muscle, more strength.

She was done fighting this...

With a weak hand, she reached over the other side of her ample mattress and grabbed her phone, looking over the contacts, she sent a message to one in particular.

'Meet me at the gym in 20 minutes'

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Momo put on a simple ensemble very fitting for a gym; Shorts and a loose white shirt. Anything else she could simply create, like say, a keycard she had used to access the gym even at this hour of the night.

She needed this to be the place... because here she could test herself.

Because here she'd become just like Mina.

"I uh, I'm here" The shy voice of Midoriya called out, making Momo turn around to see him. He wore a pair of loose slacks, sandals, and an All Might brand shirt, clearly his casual wear for the night. "What did you need to talk to me about, Yaoyorozu-san?" He hesitantly asked.

The young woman took a deep breath. "I'll cut right to the chase, Midoriya-kun. I want you to use your quirk on me again. With more power this time" She said firmly and resolutely.

Izuku's eyes widened, his mouth opened and closed several times. "A-Are you sure? I thought you were okay with what you got" He said, trying not to look too... 'indecently' at her arm and legs, or that very prominent chest.

"I changed my mind," Momo replied, crossing the distance without regard for private space as her face became inches away from Midoriya's, who blushed in response to the proximity. "I... I need you to boost me with your quirk even more, like Mina"

"L-L-Like Mina?!" He stammered, "But I used a bunch of her without meaning to! And now she's-!"

"Amazing," Momo cut in, a smile growing on her lips. "Isn't she?"

Izuku fell silent.

"She... alluded to what you two did," Momo slowly said, and *now* Izuku's face was beat red.

"S-S-S-She did?" His voice came *bone dry*. "I-I-I, we, I mean-"

"I cannot blame you," Her voice dropped, becoming husky. Something she had never done before. "Mina is... *mind-blowingly sexy*" Her smile became playful, "I've fantasized about her myself"

He let out a strangled sound.

"So please," Her arms came up to slowly encircle his neck. "Do this for me, share her gift with me..." Her eyes closed, "Izuku..."

And their lips touched in a slow kiss.

Izuku froze, yet instinctively his arms slowly returned her embrace as they came to surround her waist. Memories of Mina's magnificent growth, of the night of passion they shared, came to the forefront of his mind. He felt the tone in Momo's arms, the unbelievable softness of her endowed breasts pressing against his firm chest... and he imagined what it'd be like if her body were like Mina's.

As their lips parted to allow their tongues to play, the energy of his quirk rose at high levels, flowing from his mouth into her.

Momo's eyes widened as the sensation of a dozen lightning bolts struck her. She pushed Izuku away reflexively as her mind became a haze of jumbled thoughts and images, like she felt this pressure that was threatening to split her skull open.

Momo staggered back, holding her head in her hands as sweat began to drip down in torrents, the veins in her toned arms throbbing to the surface and snaking their way through her increasingly sinewy limbs as muscles swelled.

She felt she was burning, a horrible, *deep* burning accompanied by a plunging stab of pain in her gut. This transformation was *far* more potent than the original boost Izuku had given her, her already strong muscles had to break down and reforge larger with firmer ligaments and tendons, the tissue tore and mended itself back together at amazing speeds.

A scream ripped out of Momo's lips, spitting coming out of her mouth with the shrill cry. As Momo kept her head in her hands she hunched over, her widening back spreading with each passing second as the shirt tightened around her, marking the various lines of deep definition spreading over its muscular landscape. A gash opened down the middle over her skin, spreading further thanks to the thickening dorsal muscles.

Her scream ceased, becoming groans of struggle and... other sensations that were mixing with the pain. Something so raw, primal, and *thrilling* she couldn't just call it pleasure, it failed to cover how *exquisite* this mixture of painful strain and titillating arousal was.

Her hamstrings popped like corded cables strung up to the limit, her calves took the shape of inverted hearts as they widened past her shins. Her powerful glutes became pure granite, hard and sensuous at once, as they and the swelling thighs reduced her shorts to tattered underwear.

Her hips thrust back and forth reflexively as waves of pleasure expanded from her core, tingling over the straining muscles and hitting her whole body with euphoria. Her breasts, oh gods her breasts, already a source of envy for many girls her age inflated to truly massive proportions, belonging more to a goddess of fertility, yet sustained by the body of a warrior goddess as her rippling pectorals achieved inches of thickness. Her nipples were *painfully* hard, lifting tents under the shirt that barely managed to cover her shredded rows of abdominals as her increased height made that extremely difficult.

Momo's pussy was *dripping*. Tears spread by the dozen over her shirt, she let her head go and threw it back, clenching her fists tightly and making the titanic biceps *jump*. With a thrust of her chest as a primal cry of utter ecstasy, Momo's shirt exploded into tiny tatters.

Izuku gulped, his erection throbbing under his pants as he stared at a familiar sight. A naked goddess of muscle, around the same size as Mina, panting as her magnificent body shined with sweet, pulsing, inflating, and deflating with each deep breath.

“I feel...” The young amazon panted. “I feel...”

Light emerged from her wide chest, and in her hands, she grasped her creation. A solid disk of pure shining steel, with impressive thickness.

Her fingers clenched tightly around the material, making her arm muscles ripple and flex massively as she poured all her strength into it. The metal *groaned* with a horrible sound as it slowly caved under the power of those titanic limbs engorged with mass and veins.

The disk slowly warped, folding upon itself as Momo’s knuckles met.

She gasped, and let the disk floor with a heavy thought that cracked the floor. She held on to the pose, a raw crab flex that made her body inflate.

“Glorious”