

(**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 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 loosened 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.

“My quirk makes my leg muscles *really* strong,” Mirko bragged full of confidence born from years of training and asskickery. “But still had to train the long way to get *shredded* like I am now~”

She put her fists on her waist, and with a twitch of her legs, she popped the sinewy cords of her legendary limbs taut. Making the flexors jump into sinewy cords. The girls let out sounds of pure amazement as they stared at her muscles, oh she was not the biggest woman they’d met, but her physique was still a work of art. And they all knew it.

And they were no doubt imagining what it’d be like, for her body to sprout even bigger muscles.

Midoriya was falling for her guiles, looking at her so enraptured, his head no doubt swirling with the images of her *growing*.

Mirko often did her photoshoots by flexing and showing off as many of her muscles as possible, so she had plenty of experience posing the best way to draw attention. She twisted her upper body and held her wrist, swelling her bicep into a firm side chest, while also making her voluminous breasts rise as her chest muscles flexed, putting a strain on her sports bra.

Itsuka smiled widely as she fondled her bicep, while Setsuna bent over to grasp one of her *enormous* quads. Their caress sent faint shivers of pleasure through her frame; oh, it's been some time since someone gave her muscles the attention they needed~

"You wanna be pros, girls? Then you better start learning how to strike a pose!" She smirked, showing all her teeth. "With me now!"

The two students followed Mirko's example, flexing their limbs in a much more amateurish way but still displaying plenty of potential. Their slim and toned frames rippled nicely with their shapely muscles, worthy of a fitness magazine, but still had a long way from even reaching Rumi's level.

But the potential was *there*. And Rumi wanted to raise the bar *even more*.

The two yelped and smiled shyly as Mirko grabbed them by their waists, pulling them towards her. Their endowed breasts squished against her ample bosom as she delivered a devastating blow to Midoriya's self-control by regaling him with the sight of three fit beauties being so close to each other.

"How about it, kid? You gonna juice me up or am I gonna have to get more 'convincing~'?"

"I..."

"Oh please, Izuku!" Setsuna eagerly said, almost bouncing up and down. "Mirko's the best superheroine in the country, it'd mean so much to see her get stronger!"

"You can't keep potential like hers away!" Itsuka joined in, swept in the current that was Mirko's desire for muscle and strength.

Izuku could only gulp as the beautiful women were becoming too much to resist. Her heart began beating excitedly in her chest. She almost had him, she just needed a final push to get what she wanted.

The two girls moaned softly when Mirko's hands descended to their rears, "Make a few girls' dreams come true, boy" Much to their dismay, Mirko let them go, and soon took comfort by holding each other as the rabbit hero approached the still sitting muscular young man. "A taste, that's all I want..." She leaned her face closer to his, her hot breath bouncing off his lips.

"A-A taste?" He gulped.

"Well, I tell a lie" Her smile became hungry, downright voracious. "I want it *all*"

Her lips descended upon his, and the young man let out a startled muffled gasp into her mouth. Her tongue darted over his, lapping all over as she struck with the intent of getting him to lose control. Midoriya tensed, his arms trembling as they grasped the air at his side, switching by the sudden influx of pleasure.

The spark of his quirks *blazed*, transferring energy from the pure contact, unbidden by the suddenness of the kiss, causing him to lose control of his power and send more energy than he intended. Like the first time he has accidentally used his quirk.

Mirko's red eyes widened as she felt an influx of *heat*, like tangible electricity, course from her mouth to the rest of her body. She trembled as veins throbbed to the surface from the neck down, pulsating in tandem with the waves of energy pouring uncontrollably to the last fiber and last strand in her body. Every single pore tingled as her hair, both from her head and her short putty tail, stood on end.

Mirko gasped, pulling away swiftly and wobbling backward with uneven steps. Her entire body trembled as though she was constantly bombarded by electric shocks. She twisted and convulsed, grabbing her head in her hands as strands of white hair spilled between her fingers. Teeth gnashed together tightly as a growl slowly forced its way out of her throat, sending spit flying everywhere.

In a violent burst, Mirko's body began to grow.

Midoriya's quirk empowered women. It gave them muscle and strength where there was none before, varying on how much energy he had poured. So what did it do to Mirko, already a woman of outstanding physique, with a full blast of his quirk's energy?

It turned her into something *supreme*.

It was fitting that the first surge of power came from her renowned legs, her already large feet burst through her sneakers without any difficulty. Salves swelled wider and larger, and her already muscular legs became *monumentally* imposing, pillars of magnificent might that

quivered with girth competing for space, muscle groups pulling taut and throbbing with veins, destroying her shorts with the aid of *rock-hard* glutes. Her hips buckled, thrusting reflexively as the agonizing pleasure invaded her lowermost regions.

Her toned abs coiled, clenching hard and locking down into an impenetrable wall of eight solid bricks, heat radiated from them like a sweltering cobblestone road as dozens upon dozens of obliques dotted the great landscape, leading up to lats that spread like wings and strained her bra to the limit.

“F-F-Fuuuuuuck!” Mirko let out the unholy mix of a growl and a moan, eyes rolling back as her breasts broke free of their confines, already a symbol of her feminine beauty, they ballooned to truly magnificent size. Dark areola stood firm as her nipples hardened until they were bullet-hard. Her strong chest tightened, expanding alongside the widening of her torso, turning her pectorals into powerful slabs of striated flesh. A single twitch was all that was needed to make her great breasts bounce.

Deltoids inflated to staggering volumes, becoming ridged like pumpkins and just as large. Her trembling arms *exploded* into mountains of beef, biceps peaking and split into titanic formations, forearms widened in circumference as a labyrinthian mix of veins and definition spread from wrist to shoulder. Her back rose and rose and *rose*, a true landscape of flesh, vast in its size, endless in the depth of her muscle lines, just pure *godly* levels of muscles.

Rumi *laughed*, she laughed as she flexed her body in triumphant orgasm, making her flesh ripple and bulge to levels that surpassed even the very top of the hero ranking, even higher than Endeavor and *All Might*.

Izuku watched with awe in his eyes and *rock hardness* in his crotch. While the girls shuddered at the sight of such a goddess, their nipples stiff, their crotches wet, the two stimulating each other in their embrace as they slowly ground against each other.

Rumi looked *down* on the boy who had given her such power, yes, actually looked down. She was never the tallest woman (pretty much the only chagrin she had about her body to the point teenage kids were comparable in height to her), but now she stood half a head taller than the hunky hero in training.

She grabbed his jaw and licked his lips, “Thanks~” She said with a husky *predatory* tone.

She needed to test her strength, *needed* to use this boundless power inside her. She walked up to a collection of weight plates and held them in her hands as though they weighed the same

as grapes. She grinned wildly and slotted them between her titanic thighs, a feat unto itself as her pride and joy left little room for them.

Then she twitched her quads with a simple flex and reduced the weights to twisted metal.

Rumi chuckled in pleasure and satisfaction as she felt the metal instantly give up to her legendary limbs. God, she felt so good, so powerful, like her legs could take her to the moon in a single bound...

More, she needed more, an actual *test*.

Her eyes settled on the technologically advanced leg machine, a boxy construct with several tons worth of weight built into the system of plates and pistons. Even with her great mass, she managed to give a sensual sway to her gait, and the youths *followed*, their eyes tracking every bit of movement of her rippling back muscles, even the bun of hair right above her glutes.

She calibrated the machine for its maximum output, wanting to get the absolute most out of this beauty. Rumi sat down and gripped the low handles so tight they *bent*, and positioned her legs behind the lever.

Then, she *pushed*.

A growl escaped from her lips, and a roar of metal thundered behind her from the machine. The enormous weights rose and fell, the sounds of pistons and pulleys lifting them accompanied them with loud echoing 'clanks'.

It felt like she was lifting a building with her legs, but she was *doing it!* She had never been able to lift *this* much weight before! Her legs had crushed monsters, torn down walls, destroyed machines... but now, and only now, did she feel utterly invincible. She felt her muscles were unbreakable.

Her legs, oh god her legs, they rippled, they flexed, they *expanded* with each repetition. Rumi *loved* the way the quads burst into strained muscle groups, so girthy and sensuously ripped. The more she lifted the closer she felt to orgasming once more.

Her grin became playful as the girls, overcome by lust and desire, decided to take a seat over her nude legs, spreading their legs to accommodate the great thighs underneath them. She

loved how each thigh was larger than their torsos. “Oho, you girls itching for a *ride*?” She pulled the level up, making her muscles bunch up, rubbing hard against the wet spots in the girls’ shorts. Her rabbit ears savored the moans and gentle whines coming from their lips. They braced against her, their hands finding support on her muscular arms and shredded arms.

With each rep, she brought them immense pleasure, possibly the first sexual experience of their lives. And they craved for more, grinding their hips back and forth, rubbing their sexes against the enormous quads through the fabric of their tight shorts.

Rumi flexed her chest, making her breasts bounce and pointing them directly at the girls’ faces. And when presented with such a succulent sight, they had no choice but to savor it, lavishly licking her nipples and suckling them with all their strength. Rumi rumbled in approval, letting go of the handles and flexing her great arms for them. Their hands desperately sought to touch everything about her, from the mighty picks to her widening lats, down to the cobblestone abs and-

Rumi shivered, oh they were getting playful now~ Playful *and* curious. She let their fingers rub against the bundle of nerves, while a pair jabbed themselves into her sex. “Ohh you girls are quick learners~” As a reward, Mirko flexed her thighs one more as she lifted the levers, and the little things lost it, cumming *fiercely* over her titanic legs. “I got the body I wanted, you got your first time with it” She grinned, “I’d say we all came out winning, don’t you Midoriya-boy?”

She looked over at the muscular young man and saw him fiercely masturbate at the sight before him. His arm and chest muscles rippled as he worked his swollen meat, grunting in pleasure as he finally let loose, spilling his seed on the floor close to them.

Rumi grinned, she cradled the girls for a moment, giving each a slow sensual kiss before deciding to go over to the boy. He too deserved a reward after all~