

(Every character depicted in the prompts below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

Poll Winner

Themes: Competitive Sex, Threesome, Breeding

Summary: An Adult Izuku managed to get himself roped into judging a bodybuilding competition. What he wasn't told was that said competition was for women, with several heroines competing. It proved to be a close thing, with the finalists' scores coming in equal every time. While the organizers and other judges try to decide on a proper tie breaker, the heroines decide to drag Izuku off to compete in a different form of bodybuilding.

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“But what can we do?! They keep coming up neck and neck!”

“... Maybe we declare it a tie at this point?”

“This competition hasn't had a tie for the Grand Champion in fifty years, we can't start now!”

“Bah! Fine then, you can be the one to decide who loses and you can also be the one to deliver the news. Tell me, who are you more afraid of telling that they lost to? Mirko or Star and Stripe?”

“You...”

Izuku Midoriya wonders not for the first time how the hell he found himself in this situation. It had started as a simple enough offer... a strength-based competition had wanted some new blood for their judging panel so they'd reached out to him and invited him on as a 'guest judge'.

He'd gone along with it because... eh, fuck it? Of course, if he'd fully understood what he was getting into, Izuku might not have been so cavalier about things. Alas, he hadn't really understood that 'strength-based competition' was code for an all-heroine bodybuilding competition that was half beauty pageant!

By the time Izuku understood what he'd gotten himself into, it was too late. And so now here he was on Day Five of the entire Competition, having been forced to do his best as a judge and give his honest opinion again and again. Until eventually they'd reached the point where they had two finalists... and unfortunately those finalists were quite literally neck and neck.

Mirko the Rabbit Hero and Star and Stripe, visiting from America. Despite Star and Stripe being America's No. 1 Pro Hero, Mirko had still managed to hold her own in a truly amazing display all this time and thanks to previous biased scoring on the part of the other judges (seeing as Mirko was Japanese and Star and Stripe wasn't), they had wound up in this situation with the two women being tied in points.

Of course, as previously mentioned, there was no such thing as a 'tie' in this competition. A winner had to be decided. Which left them in the unenviable position of deciding which of two very powerful women they were going to deliver the bad news to.

Izuku though was just tired at this point. Tired of being surrounded by old men, tired of being forced to listen to them natter on and on. It was kind of obvious to him what should be done, but... eh, they barely listened to him anyways. He was only here as a token representation of the younger generation.

"We can't just-!"

"Oi! You lot!"

Every judge, Izuku included, jolts and looks over to see the two competitors being discussed stride up. Star and Stripe has her hands on her hips while Mirko has her arms crossed over her chest. The former lets out a bark of laughter.

“You’re taking too long to make a decision, so we’ve made one ourselves. We’re going to have a private tiebreaker round, winner takes all... and HE is going to judge us!”

Izuku blinks as the American Pro Hero points at him unerringly. All of the other judges try to protest, but Mirko is quick to shut them all down with a snarl.

“Shut the fuck up! You all had your chance, you got it? So if you want the ‘sanctity’ of this stupid competition to remain, then you’ll do as we say!”

In the end... nobody fights too hard. Izuku would protest more, but frankly he’s too blindsided to put up much of a struggle. Instead, he finds himself led to a private room by the two beautiful Pro Heroines and soon is locked inside with both of them.

Tilting his head to the side, Izuku decides to be truthful.

“I’m not sure a final competition is necessary, ladies. If you want my honest opinion... Star and Stripe already won.”

He expects Mirko to be angry at that, but instead she just huffs and rolls her eyes.

“Yeah, no shit. You think we don’t already know that? Those old fuckers are so blatantly biased its not even funny. They gave me preferential treatment just because I’m Japanese.”

Star and Stripe just shrugs.

“I’m not surprised, truth be told. Though if I wasn’t in the competition, I’m sure Mirko here would have gotten less preferential treatment because of her heteromorph traits. In the end, they had to set aside their racism in favor of their national pride because she had the best shot of beating me if they fudged the scoring enough.”

Izuku's eyes ping pong back and forth between the two women as they speak. So they'd known all along then... but why all of this? Reading the question in his eyes, Mirko grunts.

"Of course, you weren't like them. We both noticed it... you scored us fairly the entire time. Messed up their plans a bit too, made it harder for them to realistically have me beat Star and Stripe here like they wanted."

Chuckling, the blonde glances over at Mirko.

"I've told you already you can call me Cathleen you know."

"Tch fine. Call me Rumi."

They both look expectantly at him, causing Izuku to blink.

"Uh... Izuku. Izuku Midoriya."

"Right, so that's all settled. Let's get to the tiebreaker, shall we?"

And just like that... they both begin stripping naked right then and there. Izuku's eyes bulge out of his skull as two of the most beautiful, most powerful women he's ever met get nude right in front of him. His jaw drops open and he tries not to stare... but he fails.

"What... what are you two doing?!"

"Ain't it obvious? We're going to reward you for being a good sport~"

"And also break the tie at the same time~"

"All you have to do is lie back and let us see what we're made of."

"That's right. Well, and strip too. Can't exactly do what we need to do if you still have clothes on."

Maybe he should have questioned this further. Maybe he should have put a stop to this whole thing before it got started. But as his eyes slide over rippling muscles and jiggling breasts and the perfect combination of athletic physique and feminine curves... Izuku chooses then and there not to look a gift horse in the mouth.

He gets out of his clothing in record time, his cock already half hard as he moves over to the room's mat and lays down on it. Rumi and Cathleen are standing over him a moment later, eyeing his hardening cock appraisingly.

"Hm, not bad... not bad at all."

"Heh, I guess that rumor that Japanese men are smaller on average was just a rumor, eh?"

Izuku flushes but takes the compliment as it's intended (or so he hopes). Then, he watches as Rumi and Cathleen look at each other for a moment.

"So..."

"You can go first."

"Don't mind if I do!"

Izuku tries not to think too many disparaging comments about how Rumi 'the Rabbit Hero' seems to be especially eager to 'leap' at the chance to have some casual sex. He just focuses instead on her poofy bunny tail as her chocolate ass lands in his lap, the beautiful heroine mounting him reverse cowgirl style.

She impales herself on his cock right then and there and begins to bounce up and down on his dick, moaning up a storm in short order. Izuku groans, her pussy walls flexing and clenching around his member, gripping and squeezing him like nothing he's ever felt before.

"Fuuuck..."

Cathleen, far from looking concerned, grins savagely as she casually plays with herself while watching.

“Heh, she feel good Midoriya? I bet she does. Cute little bunny like that...”

Rumi scowls, shooting a glare up at Cathleen.

“Ain’t nothing little about this rabbit!”

She makes a show of cupping her breasts and then pinching her nipples, even as she picks up the pace until she’s slamming her ass down onto his hips again and again with bruising force.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

The sound of flesh slapping against flesh fills the room with obscene noises but Izuku is having too much fun to care. Eventually he can’t keep his hands to himself anymore nor can he remain still, so he reaches up and grabs Rumi by the hips as he starts to thrust up into her.

“W-Whoa! Getting feisty there, Midoriya!”

Cathleen laughs.

“Well, we can’t expect him to just lay there as our meat dildo, now can we? It’s fine... in fact, this way is better. This way he can really put us through our paces. Speaking of which... cum already, Midoriya! I want my turn!”

“Hold your damn horses, bitch! I’m having fun here!”

Weren’t they supposed to be competing with one another? The only way Izuku could think of them to ‘compete’ was if they went off of who could make him cum the fastest. So why was Cathleen trying to get him to cum so fast and Rumi was telling him not to?

In the end, Izuku decides it's not worth stressing about. He might be the 'judge' but damn if he's going to let himself get distracted by having the time of his life fucking THE Mirko while THE Star and Stripe watches them go at it.

Grunting and focusing up, Izuku drives himself into Mirko from below, pounding away at her pussy as she slams herself down from above. This continues on for some time and the Rabbit Hero even cums at least once on his cock, squealing all the while. This draws a derisive comment from Cathleen about Rumi 'really losing the plot' and a middle finger from Rumi directed at Cathleen, but in the end Izuku barely pays that interaction any mind.

Finally, he tips over the edge, cumming with a groan inside of the dark-skinned heteromorph. Rumi moans in response, cumming a second time herself even as he fills her up. They both shudder and spasm for a moment before Rumi pulls off of his cock reluctantly, his seed already drooling out of her.

Hm, she was on birth control right? Or should he have worn a condom? Izuku really doesn't have much time to think about it because the next thing he knows, Cathleen is on top of him, taking Rumi's position. Unlike the Rabbit Hero however, the American woman faces Izuku, sinking onto his cock in traditional cowgirl while grinning like a loon.

"You know we Americans invented cowboys right? So let a proper American show you how cowgirl is SUPPOSED to go~"

Rumi scoffs but doesn't get a chance to say a thing before Cathleen starts to bounce on Izuku's cock and his groans fill the air. There's simply no denying it... the blonde just has a better technique. More than that though... those big bountiful breasts of hers are bouncing pretty much right in front of Izuku's face, showing off her huge rack now that she's out of costume.

Without missing a beat, Izuku reaches up and grabs hold of Cathleen's tits... and then, he gives them a tug, pulling her downward towards him. Cathleen lets out a startled laugh as she lets him do so.

"Well now, someone is eager! Go ahead and su-oooh~"

Izuku attacks Cathleen's chest with a reckless abandon, his mouth, tongue, and teeth all working overtime in a frenzy to really go to town on her sensitive breasts and rock hard nipples. The No. 1 American Pro Hero bucks and shakes at that, her pussy walls flexing and tightening around his cock.

What follows is... well, more of the same. Izuku might be on his back, but that doesn't mean he can't give as good as he gets. He fucks up into Cathleen with everything he has and she reciprocates by bouncing on his dick like there's no tomorrow.

Rumi watches from the side, casually dragging cum-coated fingers from her creampie pussy up to her mouth as she watches them go at it, but much like had been the case when it was her turn, she sort of fades into the background and Cathleen is all that Izuku sees.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

Powerful impacts, flesh against flesh, the whole nine yards. Izuku doesn't let up and neither does Star and Stripe. The Pro Heroine is very, very motivated and together, the two of them go at it like animals, fucking raw and fast and without even an ounce of restraint.

This certainly wasn't what Izuku expected when he'd agreed to be a judge for this competition. Even after he'd found out the true nature of the competition, he would never in a million years have guessed things going this direction.

Yet here they were all the same and Izuku is having the time of his life as he grabs Cathleen's nipples and pinches them with both hands, giving them a hard tug while slamming up into her with all his might.

Squealing in response, the beautiful buxom blonde bombshell cums hard for him... and then she keeps cumming, a half a dozen smaller orgasms rippling through her toned and muscular frame. Until eventually Izuku can't take it anymore.

With a loud groan, he proceeds to tip over the edge a second time, cumming deep inside of Cathleen and filling her to the brim with his seed just like he did Rumi. A small voice in the back of his mind wonders if *she* is on birth control... but at this point it's way too late to turn back anyways, isn't it?

As things begin to wind down and all is said and done, Izuku can't help but wonder how the hell this is supposed to help decide the competition. But as Cathleen and Rumi both kneel between his legs and begin to suck his cock between the two of them... he decides he really doesn't care.

They can figure that part out later...