

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

Itsuka Tendo could see how UA High was changing, day by day. Heroines were slowly gearing themselves more and more toward 'physical' improvement, regardless of how their quirks worked.

It had all started with Mina Ashido, who was famous around the campus for being the first in this new wave of enhanced students. Inspiring the other girls to train harder than ever. Or going as far as to ask Izuku to use his quirk on them. He was being heavily restricted to use so ever since Uraraka and Momo too had been turned into powerhouses.

Itsuka too had been one of those girls, and now she sported a nicely fit physique to be proud of. Already her strength had improved greatly, combined with her martial arts and her Big Hand quirk, she was turning into a living weapon.

In the same group was Setsuna, heh, the serpentine girl was finding very interesting combinations with her quirk that allowed her to split her body, but these days her friend seemed to prefer to keep her body full to admire it better. Not that Itsuka could blame her.

Much as the faculty wanted Izuku to keep his quirk under reigns, it was a lost battle at this point. Particularly with Mirko's actions.

Oh, Itsuka still shivered at the memory of Mirko's enormous body, and the pleasures that wrecked through her body that night...

Mirko had championed a new initiative to train future heroines, assess them for further training, and in collaboration with Midoriya, turn them into muscular crime-fighting machines. It was so exciting, they were finally on the way to get Midoriya to use his quirk on others without any hang-ups from the professors, or any protest from the hero commission.

Not when they saw the results. Mirko's arrests had almost *tripled*. It had gotten to the point where they barely could keep track of her activities and how many villains and common criminals she was taking out. It certainly encouraged the Commission to keep an open mind about getting *more* amazonian crimefighters in the future.

Itsuka was starting to see the politics of the whole thing. The commission didn't care about rankings or fairness, they had a country to keep safe. So this was just another tool at their disposal.

Well, she wasn't going to complain about the results.

Setsuna joined her as the two walked out of the gym, their firm bodies sweaty and hot from a vigorous training session. "I heard Mirko is stopping by again~," She said excitedly with that sharp-toothed grin.

Itsuka couldn't hide her excitement. "She is?"

"Yup, In fact, I think she might already be in her room" She wiggled her shoulders and gave a suggestive grin. "Think she'd mind if we stop by for a visit~?"

Perhaps there was something deeply wrong and forbidden about two students planning to hold a sexual encounter with a pro-hero older than them. But... it had been such an intense *passionate* moment. When they saw her grow, the heat of the moment just made them do a lot of wild things. The fact they lost their virginity to Mirko, and by extension Midoriya, was not something they were dwelling on too much. It was a treasured experience the two shared.

And that had formed a 'special' bond between the two as well.

Itsuka grinned, "Let's~"

Visiting heroes are given proper accommodations on the campus, rather fancy apartments for them to stay in. Itsuka and Setsuna were very familiar with the one Mirko usually resided in, who told them to visit her often. To mentor them in the ways of superheroines and... *other* things.

Which was why they had a copy of the key to her place.

Itsuka merely rolled her eyes with a fond smile at Setsuna's dramatics, who insisted on sneaking around like they were on a stakeout, trying to get the drop on Mirko's keen ears and surprise her for a change.

For that purpose, Setsuna separated her head from her body and silently made it levitate down the entrance hall until reaching the large well-furnished living room. Itsuna could only watch curiously as the headless body of her friend froze up, holding a finger in her direction.

Setsuna's head turned around, silently mouthing the words 'Come here!', she looked both surprised and excited.

Itsuna slowly did so, following after Setsuna's body, her friend let her head remain floating to give the orange-haired girl a spot to look over the corner right underneath Setsuna (god she had grown too used to her classmate's power...)

"She's not alone~"

There she saw what had Setsuna so excited.

Mirko laid back on the couch, her thick arms resting over the backrest, slouching comfortably with her *titanic* legs spread in front of her. She wore what could only be called a sports bra and briefs so tightly stretched they might as well count as a dark bikini with red lines. It led to her glorious body being displayed fully, every enormous bump of muscularity, every deep crevice of defined striation the two girls had grown so *intimately* familiar with. The sight of Mirko's body never failed to stoke the fire in them.

And like Setsuna had said, she wasn't alone.

Currently sitting on one of Mirko's enormous legs was the famous hero and teacher at UA (and source of quite a few sexual awakenings) Nemuri Kamaya, aka the R-rated Hero Midnight.

Though strangely enough, she didn't appear to be wearing her usual outfit. Understandable as these were off-duty hours for her but... the two girls never would have pegged Midnight as the type to wear an incredibly loose sweater as part of her 'casual' ensemble. Guess the R-Rated Hero stuff was mostly a presentation for her professional persona.

Midnight licked her lips and brazenly put a hand over Mirko's breast, kneading it with the mastery of a baker working on the dough, the enormous mound of soft flesh was too much to hold for her sole hand, yet that didn't deter her in the least as she kept on massaging it, the tender dark flesh slipping between her fingers.

"Fuck, I wanna cover you in caramel and *lick you clean*"

Never mind, Midnight was as much of a perv as her hero persona alluded.

Mirko merely grinned in turn, savage and hungry, reminding them that wild rabbits were *nothing* like their domesticated counterparts. "Give me what I want, and I'll get a taste out of you too~"

Itsuka gulped, cheeks blushing as she felt the heat go down to *other* areas. "S-Should we go?" She whispered to her friend.

Should we join? Was the unspoken question.

Setsuna gave an impish grin. "Nah, I wanna watch" Comfortably lying against the wall, her headless body slowly trailed a few hands over her midsection, one going up while the other went down, slowly stimulating herself.

Itsuka would have chastised her once... but she too was very curious as to where this might go.

Midnight licked her lips as her hands ran over the mounds of striated flesh there were Mirko's traps and shoulders, sighing pleasantly at the feeling of such tremendous hardness under her fingertips, enjoying how the flesh refused to dent under the pressure she put on them. "Fuck, you're made of solid marble." She breathed out hotly.

"Gets you all wet, huh" Mirko teasingly grinned, slowly flexing her arms and making the biceps rise like mountains, a few pumps were all she needed to make the flesh striate beautifully and veins course over the dark-skinned surface. "Feeling how fucking yoked am I?"

"Oh yes," Midnight purred, quickly descending to get a taste of the bicep, plating sloppy wet kisses over the sphere of solid flesh, tracing the tip of her tongue over long veins as though they were rivers from which she could satiate her thirst.

Mirko sighed, throwing her head back and letting out a lot sound of pleasure. Midnight's hand slowly wedged itself between the tectonic plates that were her pectorals, sensuously running her fingers over every line and the deep crevice between them, all while she kept giving Mirko's arm a luxurious tongue bath.

"Hmm, I see you like my pecs" Mirko gently pushed Midnight away, sitting upright to better position herself. "You ain't seen nothing yet"

She held her hands together in front of her muscular core, giving out a soft grunt as she tensed her upper body's muscles and *flexed*, making every inch of the hardened flesh tighten and sprout small veins that began spreading. The rabbit hero took another deep breath and flexed harder, making the shoulder and chest muscles bulge out larger still from the strength she put behind her flex.

Another longer, deeper breath and an even *mightier* flex followed. And Mirko's arms seemed to inflate slightly as the veins became thick like hoses, coursing and *throbbing* all over her upper body which bulged out magnificently with supreme meat. She let out a growling grunt accompanied by a toothy grin, followed by the sound of fabric ripping as her black and red sports bra *shredded*, falling helpless off her torso like floss. Unveiling the mouth-watering breasts larger than a man's head with two strong nipples standing firm at the center of each.

"*Fuck*" Was the word shared by three women. From Midnight, who wasted no time in fondling those beauties, and from the Class B students who had begun to fondle themselves.

Itsuka gulped, gasping as her fingers traced her sex over her short, stimulating herself over the growing wet spot. Oh, she remembered that glorious night, when Mirko sat them in her muscular lap and gave them the ride of their life, inviting them to *feast* upon her bountiful bosom.

Much like Midnight had begun to do. She leaned, licking her lips before tracing her tongue over the tip of Mirko's nipple. The rabbit woman growled in pleasure as the fellow heroine traced circles around the areola before prodding the nub once more, all while her hand trailed down the cobblestone road of Mirko's abs and slowly slipped under the waistband.

"*Shit!*" Mirko growled, "You fucking tease...!"

She gave Midnight a lesson by flexing her humongous thigh, right between Midnight's legs, sending spasms of pleasure as the muscle brushed against her soaked nether regions.

Midnight gasped, trembling, allowing Mirko to flex her chest and show the breast and nipple into Midnight's mouth, to which she greedily accepted it.

Setsuna bit her lip so she wouldn't scream, her body was spasming against the wall, one hand slipped underneath her top and was roughly playing with her breast, while the other desperately was shoved down underneath her trunks and quickly began to finger herself, putting two digits inside her entrance and quickly began thrusting back and forth.