

Izuku swallowed, watching the hand of the cute, bubbly, beautiful, voluptuous, amazing, blue haired Nejire pull in through the streets towards her apartment. The one she stayed at alone so she could attend U.A. She was in the hero course and he was in the general course, it was only through his upper-classman Yuyu did the two actually meet. And Nejire took what could easily be called an instant liking towards him.

He would have thought it would have been because of the interest she expressed in his quirk, but he hadn't told her that until earlier this week, months after they met. Now, after finals, Nejire had finally managed to convince him to do something he had only done thrice before.

Use his quirk.

The reason why he was in the general course in U.A. was so that he could get a license to use his quirk, either as a hero akin to Lunch Rush and Recovery Girl, or set up his own shop where he could charge people for it. And people would pay big, big money for his quirk.

"Hey, hey, so how do you know what your quirk does?" Nejire pulled him up the stairs towards her apartment, her U.A. skirt bouncing with every step she took making him insanely aware of just what she was asking of him. "Like have you used it before? On who? Do I know them? Was it on accident?"

"Kind of. I first used it on my Mom when I was little. She just looked so tired and drained and I wanted to make her happy." Izuku managed to mutter, stammer, gasp, and mummer all in the same sentence as Nejire came to a stop in front of what he assumed was her apartment.

Nejire pulled out a set of keys and smiled at him. "And what happened to her?"

"She's a fitness model."

Nejire stopped, keys in the lock and looked at him with large sparkling eyes. Nejire was already so energetic and already incredibly cute and she was well on her way to becoming a great hero. What would happen if he did use his quirk on her? He'd never used it on anyone so young before. "Wait wait wait! Your mom isn't Inko Midoriya, is she?"

He nodded.

An excited, happy noise came from Nejire and she started to float. The front door opened and Nejire grabbed his hands. "That's amazing! Come on come on!"

He could barely get a word in as Nejire pulled him into the small one room apartment and then pushed him onto the plain looking bed that had a bit too many stuffed animals scattered about it. Just like that Izuku found himself in a girls room for the first time in his life. This of course left him in a stupor.

“So can you use your quirk on yourself? Have you tried? Oh and how does it work?” Nejire bounced onto her bed right next to him. She was sitting close. Really really close. With how cute and well, everything, Nejire was it was easy to say that Izuku had a crush on her, a giant crush. A really, really big crush. Which had nothing to do with why he was partially agreeing to do this in the first place.

“I umm, did try to use it on myself. But, it didn’t really work.” Izuku tried not to look at the exposed bit of Nejire’s leg between her skirt and her knee high socks. Summer uniforms were just amazing. “And, well, I need to have a hand over your heart and another on our stomach to start using my quirk so-”

The words as well as any spare thought in his mind was silenced when he saw Nejire’s vest and shirt tossed carelessly to the ground. His head snapped to his left so fast his ears rang and he saw Nejire in just her bra, a cute blue one, as she struggled to get her skirt off while sitting. Her panties matched her bra.

Right, this had to be a dream. Some kind of very horny and penis driven dream where his crush started stripping right next to him.

“Hmm, is it okay if I leave my underwear on?” Nejire asked. “Oh, hey, you wanna take my bra off for me?”

“Nejire!” Izuku shot up from her bed and slapped himself. It hurt. Okay so it wasn’t a dream. “Are you sure about this I mean, you’re letting me see you almost naked and I umm well, I’ll be touching you and-”

Nejire reached up and grabbed both of his hands and pulled him down onto the bed with her. Before he could process the feeling of her body being under his he was flipped so that Nejire was on top, her long blue hair falling to one side and cloaking them a twilight shadow. “Izuku, don’t worry so much. I trust you one bajillion percent. And you being nervous is really cute and makes me feel cut too. So, do you want to take my bra off or not?”

“But it’s not-” He stopped himself well actually it would be in the way. He swallowed and felt every one of his male ancestors force him to nod his head yes. “Yeah.”

“Awesome.” Nejire sprung off of him, her legs kicking the last of her skirt to the ground, leaving her in nothing but her socks, panties, and bra. She sat with her back to him, and pushed her long periwinkle hair to the side revealing a bra strap to him. “I know a lot of guys have a problem with this, well I think. But it’s super easy just pinch them together and it’ll unhook!”

He did as instructed and felt like a man for the first time in his life when he finally unhook that bra. Leaving Nejire Hado, that cute bubbly, perky, bouncy, beautiful girl that he totally had a

crush on wearing just her panties and knee high socks. He was not prepared for Nejire to turn towards him, her bare breasts on full display for him.

They were perky, very perky, and round, and large, like she had a pair of good sized oranges on her chest just big enough to fill his hand. Her skin was smooth, pale, and perfect with the only blemish a mole just to the side of her nipple on her right breast just adding to that beauty. Her nipples were pale, almost blending in with her skin and were pointed right at him. The fact that her bare waist pinched in slightly compared to her wide hips just made her look all the larger.

“Well, do you like them?” Nejire asked and shook her chest at him.

It was hypnotic.

Once again, he found himself stunned and nodding.

“You can play with them after we use your quirk if you want.” Nejire bounced onto the bed, her legs tucked under butt and she looked at him with those ever curious blue eyes of hers. Izuku didn’t know why Nejire wanted to do this, did she want the benefits? Was she just curious? Was she trying to flirt with him? All of the above? “And don’t worry, think of this as practice. You want to use your quirk once we graduate, right?”

Izuku took a breath and sat in front of Nejire trying to make himself less horny. “Alright, are you sure about this? There’s no turning back.”

“I’m sure, I’m sure,” Nejire waved her hand and bounced again. Boy did she bounce.

“Alright.” Izuku cracked his knuckles and inched forward. “If you want me to stop at any time just say so alright?”

“Yeah yeah, I will I will.” She smiled at him and stuck out her chest. “And thank you Izuku.”

He swallowed. He wondered how Nejire would look after this. His quirk had reacted to other people differently, but the results were largely the same, an improvement, because of him his mother became a fitness model, Mitsuki a model and actress, and All Might was able to become a hero again. All Might’s had been rather lackluster, instead it just restored him to his uninjured state. Everyone he had used his quirk on had been a lot older than him.

But Nejire was just a year older than him. And his instincts told him that that mattered somehow.

“Alright. I’m going to touch you now and start.” He scooted closer, focusing on Nejire’s stomach, her belly button specifically, it was a cute belly button all things considered. One hand pressed against her chest, the bottom of his palm pressing against her breast and he felt her heartbeat. Then he placed one hand onto her stomach.

The connection was established.

“Oooh,” Nejire squirmed and bit her lip. Did she mean to do that so sexily. “That feels really good, Izuku.”

He hadn't even gotten started yet.

“Alright Nejire, keep still. I'm going to get started now.” He took a deep breath and focused on her body. “I want you to focus on what you want to improve, think-”

Before, when he accessed someone's body he could feel how much he had to work with. He wasn't sure what made up the quantity, this essence, but he felt that part of it was drawn from their desires. With his mother he could feel her desire to be youthful, full of energy, and fit again, Mistuki was to be a beautiful actress, and All Might's was to be at his prime again.

All of those essences felt tiny compared to Nejire's. She was practically overflowing. Her essence came rushing into him and already began to circulate back into her body, and her desire, was a simple one. Bigger. Better. More. She was excited beyond belief about this.

And that excitement was contagious.

But he needed to be careful. He needed to take things slow. This was going to take a while.

“Ooh, I feel tingly all over Izuku.” Nejire muttered her eyes still closed, hands resting on her lap as she bit her lip, no doubt trying to stop herself from squirming. “It feels like you're giving every part of my body a deep massage with oils and little zappy bits. Ooh, no, better, it feels like there are a thousand little Izuku's all giving me a massage. Hmm, it feels pretty good.”

That was information he didn't know. All Might had said nothing, his mother was asleep, and Mitsuki didn't even bat an eyeball.

But even he was starting to feel some of the tingling Nejire was feeling.

He watched her skin shift and shimmer as the muscles underneath began to change, she wasn't growing more muscular, well not that much muscular, rather what muscles she did have were doubling down onto each other, becoming stronger without becoming larger. The slightest bit of definition began to appear on her stomach, highlighting her progress thus far.

Nejire let out a moan and fluttered her eyes a bit.

Her breasts started next. A small steady growth that made him doubt it was there if he stared at it, but undeniable over time. Every breath Nejire took would cause her chest to rise just that

slightest bit more and fall the slightest bit less. An inch to her bust, meant that she wasn't going to be wearing any of her bras comfortably. Another inch or two and she wouldn't even be able to fit in them. Their growth was steady, unrelenting, and amazing.

From oranges, Nejire was well on her way to cantaloupes.

He found his hand on her chest slipping downward. No, that wasn't right. His arm was in the same spot as before, it was that Nejire's chest was going upwards, his hand was sliding down onto her chest.

And still Nejire moaned.

The sound of tearing drew him down towards her legs, her knee high socks were straining against her growing form and were starting to burst at the seams as they tried to contain her longer, larger, legs. Did she do that on purpose? It was hot enough for him to say yes to that statement. Just how tall was she going to get?

He should have made her take off her underwear first. Much like her breasts, legs, and height, Nejire's hips and no doubt her ass as well were both growing at the same pace as her breasts were. Her underwear that had once been stretched by her hips was now forced up towards her waist, unable to contain her growing hips.

She was growing so much, had grown so much, and there was still just so much essence and desire left. There might even be more now that she had a taste for it. It was insane. Looking at the growing beauty in front of him, Izuku couldn't believe that Nejire had all of this inside of her. Well, he could. It was Nejire.

But he never would have dreamed it would come out.

Most of her muscles stopped their development, save for the ones on her back. He couldn't see them but he could feel them tightening, hardening, thickening, getting ready for their future load that they would have to bear.

Her hips that he had thought would simply keep growing and growing came to a steady stop that gave her a waist hip ratio that was somewhere between realistic and completely out of this world. They led down to a pair of thick powerful thighs that Nejire was eagerly rubbing in anticipation. For good reason too. How much time had passed? Minutes? An hour?

The sun was dimmer than when they had started, that was for sure.

When his hand was now firmly on her growing bust Nejire stopped growing, even on the bed he could tell she was taller than before, a lot taller, how much taller was obscured by her kneeling position, but her ever growing legs had finally burst from her socks.

“Hehe, oops.” Nejire laughed sweetly, her entire body jiggling in response.

Everything came to a slow stuttering stop, her legs, waist, hips, butt, thighs, and height stopped growing, stopped improving. Everything, but her breasts. Her breasts had eclipsed even the largest cantaloupe he had ever seen and were steadily climbing towards those perfectly round summer watermelon. Their weight and fullness was unreal, unlike anything he had ever seen before, somehow staying perky despite their ever growing size. But they were also so very soft to the touch.

Nejire let out a deep moan. He could feel her essence shifting, shimmering, dancing through him, passing through the circuit he created at greater and greater speeds. All of it was flying towards her chest.

She passed summer watermelon and was quickly growing to eclipse her own head in size. Her arms that had been pressed against her side began to vanish as those bountiful breasts of hers began to grow even faster. They reached the size of her head, each one larger than what most girls had in two breasts and still hungrily growing outward. The hand he had on one such breast was quickly sinking into the soft wonderful flesh as it grew around him.

He felt it. The end.

With one final burst, Nejire’s breasts leapt outward growing to be one and a half times the size of her head, so fully and perky that they touched in the middle creating cleavage when there shouldn’t be any.

Izuku removed his hand and stared at Nejire. At the cute, bubbly girl that wanted to be a hero that he had turned into a sex icon.

Nejire’s eyes fluttered open and her smile grew as she began to stretch. Her long sensual legs unfurling themselves, each one was muscular, while also looking incredibly supple and just the perfect place to rest his head. Watching her move was akin to watching water flow, strong, powerful, and alluring all at once. Her bountiful breasts swayed when she placed her feet down onto the floor and even more so when she finally stood.

With her back to him, Nejire’s new size was even more amazing. A large ass that moved with every deliberate motion with those powerful muscles hidden beneath it. Honestly, Izuku had never been much of an assman, but Nejire’s ass was making him doubt that statement. Especially with how it swooped up into her narrow waist.

The muscles in her back moved as she brought her hands up to her hair and pushed it upwards stretching to her full length, well as far as she could as her hands pressed against the ceiling in an awesome display of her new height. Her round breasts were easily large enough to be seen

from behind, that round curve of her breasts drew him in and just making him eager to see her from the front once more. But this view was sexy in its own awesome way.

Izuku grunted, hand falling onto his crotch. Why did he feel so hard? Well he knew why; Nejire was now the sexiest woman in the world, but he had never been this hard. Like it just felt impossible.

“Hmm,” Nejire pulled at her now very small panties and ran her fingers under them as she turned to face him. Her long blue hair that had once been down to her knees was now just at the edge of her hips. How much had she grown? A foot? More? There was easily more than a foot of breasts added to her frame. “These are a bit small now, I’m not sure how I’m going to-”

Nejire pulled on the panties to try and get them wide enough to slide off of her hips. Instead they snapped and fell to the ground. “Whoops. Hey, hey, Izuku, is this your first time seeing a girl naked?”

He swallowed and nodded. “Though I don’t think you can be called a girl anymore.”

“Hehe, I know, thank you for this.” Nejire bounced from foot to foot, hands exploring her now enhanced body. She paused at her breasts, hand sinking deep into them and he watched a hunger overcome her face. She reached forward grabbing him by his arms and then pulled him up shoving him into her cleavage. “Now for your reward.”

Soft. Firm. Bouncing heaven. Each one larger than his own head and the smell of Nejire was like an addiction that was driving him to want to touch more of her. Izuku took a deep breath an impossible amount of horniness rushing into him as he felt more alive than ever before. And his pants felt really tight. He brought his hands up to Nejire’s breasts and fondled both of them while looking up at her.

“Mmm,” Nejire moaned, her wide hips shifting from side to side as she rubbed her thighs, her hands were stuck in her hair as she allowed her pleasure to take over. “It feels so good when you do it, Izuku.”

“But now, it’s time for the real fun.”

He was on the bed again. Nejire on top of him, her mountainous breasts pressed into his chest as he experienced one of many firsts that day, a kiss, from a girl, on the lips. It was heated, driven purely by lust and so much more, Nejire overcame his inexperience and forced him to keep up with her deep frantic kiss that left his entire body feeling warm. Warmer than warm. Like he was burning with pure passion.

When Nejire finally pulled away she looked at him with a sparkle in her eyes that told him that this was not done, for a moment he could have sworn he saw hearts in her eyes. As she moved

upwards she unbuttoned his shirt. By pulling it apart, buttons were sent flying all across the room, and he felt Nejire's hand touch his stomach.

"Oooh, so if that worked, then that must mean." Nejire laughed wiggling down towards his pants. She unbuttoned those and then pulled them down, his underwear included. His dick now free stuck straight out from him like a pillar of awesome. There was a difference between a simple erection and the behemoth that was currently sticking out from him. His dick was easily twice as large, twice as thick, and just impossibly hard. "Ooh, it worked really really good."

"What?" Izuku stared at his dick. What happened? Why was he so big? Why did he have a six pack? "What happened to me."

Nejire sat up on her knees, her hand stroking his giant shaft as she got into position. "Well, when you said to focus on what I desired; I did so. And I wanted you Izuku."

"Me?" Izuku asked still too stunned by the sensation of Nejire touching him to do more than grab at the covers of her bed and hiss at the sensation. How did he not feel his new size until she started touching it.

"Mmhmm, I've had a crush on you for a while. And then when I heard about your amazing quirk, I took that as a chance to confess." She moved downward, his tip pressing against her entrance. That warm moist fold opening up before him as he felt a new pleasant sensation engulfing his dick. "Oh I guess I didn't confess yet. But yeah. I like you. So I wanted to have your quirk make me bigger than any other girl."

Why was this making everything so much hotter? He grabbed handfuls of her sheets as she moved down inch by inch onto his waiting dick, every single movement inside of her felt like the first time he had ever masturbated.

"But I also wanted to give back a bit. So I decided to see if I could give you muscles if I desired them. I also desired that you would be too big for other girls. And that I would be the only one that could take all of you." Nejire's face winced as she placed her hands down onto his chest, forcing her giant breasts outwards between her arms. "But you're still so big. So fucking big, Izuku."

That was not something he expected Nejire to say.

With one final plop, she had taken him fully her large ass resting on his legs.

"Mmm, you feel so good inside me Izuku. I had a feeling you would. But this is amazing." Nejire began to move her hips, a slow motion at first grinding him up and down, her large breasts bouncing with every motion. "Like this." Nejire moaned. "I won't have to worry about another girl stealing you from me."

His hands found her hips and he grabbed onto them for dear life, thrusting in time with her and driving himself deeper and deeper inside of her. Nejire's frantic moans turned into high pitched squeaks. If Nejire gave him this dick so that he wouldn't be able to fuck anyone else, he was going to make sure he put it to good use on her!

"My boobs!" Nejire screamed, leaning forward and placing one of her nipples near his mouth, "My tits, Izuku. Suck my tits. Please. I feel so good! I want to feel better. You feel so good inside of me. Do you feel good?"

Too many questions! Not enough fucking! Izuku redoubled his efforts, moving one hand to grab onto Nejire's breast and squeezing tight on it to bring that ghost like nipple towards his mouth and began to suck on it in earnest. Her moan only spurred him onward. Grabbing both of her large breasts while she began to slam up and down along his shaft in a frenzy.

Every single time she moved, he felt part of himself being drawn upwards, being drawn into her as though her entire body was reluctant to let go of him for even a second. And he couldn't help but feel the same way. Even as her breasts smothered him with their sheer size and Nejire's bed began to creak and groan under the motion of her new mass, Izuku held on for dear life. Trying to desperately make sure that Nejire was feeling as much pleasure as possible.

"Izuku," Nejire breathed, her hips hammering faster, her breast bouncing out of his control. She leaned back, hands behind her, hips thrusting downward and moving so slowly. "I'm so close. Izuku I'm—"

He felt her orgasm. He felt it all around his dick as those powerful muscles of hers squeezed him for all he was worth. In that moment he felt his own orgasm come rushing out from him, that brief heat from cum passing out through his dick lasted longer than he would have thought and he could feel himself emptying inside of her.

With one final sigh and a happy smile Nejire leaned back forward and fell down onto the bed beside him. His dick coming out with an audible plop.

She kissed him again, now just simply lost in the pleasure of it all, her lean powerful arms pulled him tight, his still hard and pulsating dick pressed against her stomach. He wanted to have sex again.

"You can use your quirk on other girls, but just remember Izuku," Nejire laughed pressing her breasts against him once more. "You're mine."

He could live with that.

"Now come on! Let's have sex in the shower!"

“Uhh, aren’t you too big for the shower?”

“Dammit, I didn’t think about that. Wait. I don’t have any clothes that are anywhere close to fitting either.”

“We can worry about that after more sex.”

“Ooh, good idea.”