

The temperature was seething hot. All Momo Yaoyorozu could see was pitch blackness, too dark for even the briefest glimmer of light to shine through. The young heroine-in-training wasn't sure how much more she could handle this. Her partner had already been taken out of commission; even Itsuka's quirk hadn't been enough to help her. Now she was all that was left, but she wasn't sure if she could pull through.

"Oh, my coffee, thank you dears!" Uwabami, the snake heroine Momo had chosen to train under, took the piping hot cup of coffee off of the black-haired girl's hands without hesitation. The scantily-clad woman began blowing on her hands to cool the.. "Sorry, I know the best cafe is so far away but they're the only place to do it so hot." The heroine did seem genuinely remorseful, so Momo couldn't stay too upset. The ace student was sure that it was really training in disguise. Proof that Itsuka couldn't rely on her Large Fists quirk to protect her all the time, even a bit of hot coffee had been enough to take her out.

"It's alright," Momo said. "Oh!" She lightly pounded a fist on her palm only to wince from the redness on her hand. "Of course, if I hadn't been so distracted I could have made some oven mitts to carry it!"

"That would have been more helpful three blocks ago," Itsuka countered, sighing as she looked at the snake-haired heroine sipping away at her coffee. "Is there anything else you need from us?"

"Not right now," Uwabami noted. "I have to finish this shoot, then I have a magazine interview after that, so stick around for a while more."

"Understood!" Momo stated before the pro heroine left the two trainees behind. Momo was adamant that choosing the model star for her teacher hadn't been the completely wrong choice, even if all they'd done so far was act as her entourage.

"Come on, let's wait outside for a little bit then," Itsuka noted. "She won't need us for a bit." Momo agreed, and the two trainees stepped outside of the studio for some air.

"Excuse me?" The two young girls were immediately accosted by an older woman. "This is where the photoshoot is being held, correct? Snake Hero is here?"

"That's correct, ah, are you..." Momo looked at the woman. She appeared to be Uwabami's age, her hair a sleek, dark purple in contrast to the pro heroine's blonde locks. Instead of snakes, the only interesting thing about her face apart from its beauty was a set of expensive diamond earrings. That, combined with her elegant silk kimono, looking like it was made out of gold thread itself, gave the impression that she was very wealthy. "You must be a model as well, then, correct?"

"Me?" the woman blushed, holding a hand up to her face, letting her forearm rest in her sizable bosom. Itsuka blinked a few times when she realized just how large-chested the purple-haired woman was. Her own bust was nothing to sneeze at, but she made Momo look small in comparison. "Thank you. No, I'm not a model. I just wanted to make sure that blonde bitch was in there. Thinking she can look all sexy just because she's a heroine, when her figure is just average." The woman's expression changed from an impish grin to a wicked smirk, eyes closing as a dark aura surrounded her.

"Now then, if you'll excuse me I have some business to-" She was caught off however by a steel rod aimed at her face. "Oh well this is unexpected." Momo clutched the long metal staff she'd created. Itsuka needed no weapon, her fists several times larger. The purple-haired woman cracked her knuckles. "Are you two pro heroines as well?"

"We don't need to be pros to take you on," Momo stated firmly.

"You really picked the wrong place to be today, lady," Itsuka commented, punching her hands together.

"Meanwhile, you two are in juuust the right place." The villainess chuckled to herself and crossed her hands together, her fingers taking the shape of a heart as a purple beam shot out.

"Watch out!" Momo dodged quickly to the side as Itsuka went the other way. The woman moved forward to clear the gap, only to have Momo's weapon swing right where her head would have been a second ago. "Some sort of projectile quirk."

"Byahohoho, is that what you think it is?" she smirked. "No, my quirk is something different." Momo wondered what she meant when all of a sudden she felt a massive weight on her chest. She looked down in shock to see her weapon magnifying in size before her very eyes. She'd created a perfectly balanced weapon, but now it was twice its weight and length, and the mass was more than her musculature could bear.

"What?" Momo watched as the rod dropped on the ground, cracking the pavement. Her distraction allowed the villain to get behind her, pushing right against Momo's bottom and shoving her with a beam of light.

"Creati!" Itsuka cried, swinging down at the villain. Her fists smashed into the end of the discarded rod, swinging it high in the air, aiming right for Momo's head. "Crap!" Itsuka's hands were wedged into the ground, unable to grab the rod.

"Wha.." Momo was frazzled from the attack. An intense tingling sensation filled her rump, and she didn't see the rod until it was about to strike her in the face. Miraculously, it was caught before hitting her, the villainess gasping in shock as she threw it away.

"Now that won't do," she said in disdain. "Let this be known, Lady Grab-em may be a villain but she will not stand for harming a woman's beauty." Momo wanted to fight, but her butt still tingled erratically.

"Wh-what did you do to me?" Momo asked, before letting out a shock as she experienced a major wedgie. "Mineta!" she shouted, out of reflex it seemed, looking behind her. She expected to see a certain classmate touching her underwear. Instead, she only saw her own backside, swollen up to twice its normal size. Her panties, already small, were wedged between her butt cheeks firmly. "M-My buttocks?!"

"Oh come on. Call it your butt, at least," Itsuka muttered. Sometimes Momo's upbringing really showed. She had to admit she was confused by Momo's butt swelling up as well. She could see the red material of Momo's heroine uniform getting pulled up as her pale butt cheeks pushed out. "What kind of perverted quirk is that, anyway?"

"Oh it's the best," Lady Grab-em swooned. "The ability to make things bigger, what else would I use it on?" she sincerely asked. "Would you like a taste as well?"

"Don't count on it," Itsuka said. "Pull yourself together, Creati!"

"Right, right," Momo said. She reached into her bosom and summoned another weapon using her quirk, opting for twin tonfas. Momo stepped back, feeling her backside wobbling impressively, the swollen spheres each three times bigger. The way her ass stuck out stretched her outfit and turned her panties into a thong.

Concentration renewed, Momo and Itsuka went back on the offensive. Lady Grab-em seemed to be true to her word. No matter how much they swung at her, she didn't retaliate, just trying to wiggle her way out of the situation. Momo grew frustrated. It hadn't felt like long ago she'd been able to take on several villains at once. This was the difference between a random thug and someone with skill, she thought to herself.

"You two are really good at this, I have to say," Lady intoned. "But you are making this rather difficult." Finally getting herself in a spot where she could attack, she shot out another of her growth beams, aiming for Itsuka. The trainee easily dodged the beam and smirked, only to be blindsided as it blasted her in the chest regardless.

"What?!" Itsuka groaned. Her qipao quickly began tightening around her chest as the beam dissipated into her breasts. It looked as if the black corset she wore tightened her waist even further as her boobs bloomed inside the turquoise garment. The ponytailed girl bit down on her lower lip as she felt her breasts puff up to surpass Momo's in size, and then grow even further than that. Her outfit was already so tight that slight tears already formed along her cleavage line as her rack inflated beyond anything she'd ever imagined. "Ghk, damnit..." She cast a glance at the mirrored wall behind her. "Her beams can reflect," she muttered.

"Understood," Momo replied, knowing Itsuka's discomfort all too well. Her butt wasn't growing anymore, but the sensitivity had definitely risen with its growth. With her underwear constantly trying to escape the confines of her crack, fighting like this was annoying. Itsuka's frustration was visible as well, a blush forming on her face as her nipples perked up underneath her qipao in response to her breasts expanding. She could hear the large-fisted heroine's breathing get harder, and more ragged, in response to the inevitable arousal that came from such a sensation. "You may have gotten the advantage, but a true hero can come back from anything!"

"Is that so?" Lady said with a smirk. "Mineta's right behind you, by the way."

"What?!" The thought of her perverted classmate seeing her in such a state forced Momo to turn around, immediately cursing herself. Not only for giving her opponent a name that would lead to it being used against her, but for the smack against her jiggly ass as Lady ran forward and spanked Momo. "Ngh, guh!" Momo's knees went weak as she fell onto the ground, bracing herself with her hands. Her underwear, already stretched to the limit, tore as the villainess's beam swelled up her ass even further.

"Byahohohoho, that's quite a nice position you've put yourself in!" the villainess commented with glee. Momo groaned at the woman's obnoxious laughter. But her groan turned into a moan as the sensitivity of her butt reached new heights with each inch of mass it grew. Having a bigger target seemed to give her larger bursts of growth. Already it swelled up more than it had the last time, each jiggly sphere bigger than beachballs, and as shiny as the rubber toys as well. The weight was already a pain to deal with, making it hard for Momo to get off of the position she was in. Her back arched as a breeze blew by, sending goosebumps along her butt and back.

"Sh-Shut up you perverted villainess," Momo intoned, trying to force herself up. She managed to wobble herself up into a standing position, but even then she was unsteady. Her knees buckled together, and her ass was so large it could be seen just as easily from the front as it could be from behind. "And yes, that's meant to be an insult!"

"Well it's not a good one," the villainess stated. "Now where was-" Before she could look for Momo's partner, Itsuka managed to wail Lady Grab-em right in the side, sending her spiraling through the air. Momo gave Itsuka a thumbs-up before blushing, pointing to Itsuka's chest.

"I know," she mumbled back, moving to cover her chest. Both breasts had burst through her top, exposing the fleshy melons to the world. "But hopefully knocking her out will return us back to normal." A flash of purple sped behind Itsuka, as two hands went to the exposed breasts and squeezed them mightily, sending another burst of light into them. "Ngh, guh, ah, wh-wha?" she cried out, moaning in unwanted bliss. Lady Grab-em gave her nipples one last twist before ducking off.

Briefly hidden by Itsuka's own gigantic hands, Lady's figure had swollen up as well to an impressive hourglass, one that almost matched Momo's butt and what would likely be Itsuka's breasts in short order. She showed no shame in how her body was exposed, but her kimono had clearly been built for such an event. The slits in the side of the bottoms allowed her backside to grow without complaint, and the cleavage hole had stretched enough to only show the briefest hint of areolae.

"Hm. Never assume a villain's quirk can't be used to their own benefit as well," she muttered, brushing off some dirt from her boob.

"Damn," Momo said to herself. Inflating herself as a makeshift airback? Impressive. Itsuka was disabled now, stuck on her lap as her tits swelled up before her eyes, surpassing basketball size in no time, with plump strawberries for nipples. She was dealing with a bigger sensitivity problem, her face as red as Momo's outfit. Momo bit down on her lip, trying to figure out a way out of this. Thankfully, she didn't need to.

"Gikh!" Lady Grab-em winced as her neck was suddenly squeezed by a trio of snakes coming out of Uwabami's hair.

"And you should never assume there's not a pro hero in range to hear a woman's body slam into a building," she noted, squeezing a bit tighter. Lady's face was a confused expression. Momo couldn't tell if she was struggling or enjoying herself. "Now, put them back to normal." Lady Grab-em's hands twitched a few times before two individual beams shot out at Momo and Itsuka, slower this time, and the ladies accepted them. Only to regret such an action as their swollen assets rapidly expanded in size.

"Kya!" Momo shouted cutely as she was pulled to the earth by the weight of her own massive ass. Each cheek had grown to the size of a sofa apiece, lifting her several feet off of the ground. Her butt was a gigantic mass of sensitive nerves, making the heroine rub her legs together futilely to stave off the arousal.

"Mmm..." Itsuka on the other hand seemed less distressed by the way her tits swelled up to the size of small cars, lifting her five feet into the air as her nipples dug into the ground beneath her. The expanded nubs were each larger than two-liter bottles of soda, and the sweat dripping from the rookie's bosom indicated her reaction was much more pronounced than Momo's.

"Mistake," Uwabami muttered, squeezing Lady's neck tighter. Her eyes rolled up inside her head as she struggled to speak before blacking out.

"Gkh, w-worth it."