

(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, muscle worship, dominating attitude, graphic sexual content, and taboo subjects)

Even though he lacked any other frame of reference, Dai was confident that living in the countryside was a very boring place for a young man his age to live. It wasn't a bad place, it was calm and peaceful. But perhaps too much so.

At eighteen years old he yearned for excitement, for something new and thrilling to happen in his life rather than live out his best years in the complacency of banality.

Dai groaned as he stretched, walking outside to the front yard in his t-shirt and slacks, wearing sandals over his socks. The gravel pavement that led to the porch cracked under his footsteps, he yawned as he ran a hand over his messy black hair, and opened the mailbox in front of his house.

He grinned when he spotted an envelope with his name on it. "Finally," He muttered excitedly as he grabbed the envelope and went inside, taking off his shoes and closing the sliding door behind him.

His house was a mixture of traditional and modern styles with an old-fashioned layout that divided the house into multiple areas separated by thin walls, and various pieces of modern furniture and decorations displayed around the house, along with electronics like the flat-screen TV hanging by the wall in front of the dining room.

He spotted his mother Yui preparing breakfast, boiling rice, and cutting some vegetables to go along with it while meat sizzled on the frying pan. His mother always preferred to dress more traditionally, it was part of her upbringing, wearing a light blue yukata with a thin obi belt fastened around her waist, along with a white apron while she cooked. Her medium-length brown hair was very wavy, with various bangs stylishly framing her face while the rest was done in a bun against her nape.

Soft warm eyes looked over at him and his envelope and smiled. "It finally arrived I see"

"Yup," He opened the package and pulled out an *omamori*. The traditional charm of good luck was old, the brocade bag around it was so old it almost looked like it was made from a potato sack. The prayer on it was almost worn away and hard to read.

“Oh my,” Yui smiled as she approached, cleaning her hands with a towel. “Looks very authentic”

“Wouldn’t have spent money on it otherwise” Dai brightly said. His hobby of collecting old artifacts, including those that were believed to be supernatural or have ties to local legends was a result of his life in the countryside and a desire for something more. It fascinated him that even remote places like this where nothing ever seemed to happen still held their own local legends. Made him hope that something exciting was waiting to be discovered right around the corner. “This was actually a strength charm worn by an onna-musha who came from this village actually”

Her eyes lit up excitedly, happy to recall knowledge from their town. “Oh I know that story” She walked out to the backyard, the one that faced the mountains and had quite the large gathering of trees as the forest was nearby, which often necessitated them chopping the wood. His mother pointed at the mountain shrouded in threes. “It’s a very old tale, about an onna-musha who guarded her home up there in the mountains and was called to fight in the war when all the men of her family were too old or too frail. They say she was mightier than any men and with the temper of a demon who made her enemies flee”

He walked up to her, dangling the charm in his hand. “And this was her charm, the one she used for luck at home and strength on the battlefield”

“Oh, darling that’s an old legend” Yui giggled. “We don’t even know the woman’s name”

“I know I know,” He said, looking at the omamori. “But this thing is old, really old. So I know it’s real, and it came from this region. So, I just... like to believe it’s really from a piece of legend” That there was something special and fantastical in this place he lived in, so he wouldn’t long for the big city.

She smiled gently at him. “Well, if you believe it then so do I” Yui patted his shoulder. “We can find a good place for it later. Now it’s time for breakfast”

Dai nodded, pocketing the charm in his pants. Who knows, maybe the charm would change his fortune and make something really exciting happen.