

(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, minor action-oriented violence, muscle worship, and graphic sexual content)

Gudao was getting used to this life.

Nuzzling against the muscular body of amazonian beauties, enjoying the feeling of their mighty frames pressing against him after a night of passion. He could live like this, he realized, just spend the rest of his days happy in this paradise of beautiful warriors Quetz had most likely created.

He let out a pleased hum as his face pressed against the side of Medea's breast. The tender flesh was the only soft spot she had left; the rest was pure hardness and muscle. He idly kissed the mound of her bosom while his hand traced her abs.

A gesture Medea enjoyed, given the way she purred. "Still have energy for more, Master?"

"I'm blessed, what can I say?"

"Blessed indeed." She grinned, turning around to hold him close and kiss him, the two smiling in joy at the gesture as their naked bodies rubbed together. "Mmm, how I wish to keep you to myself in my island, do all sorts of experiments with you."

"You almost had that." He pointed out with mirth. "Then Penthesilea came in and wrecked everything."

"Too true, too true... Welp"

She suddenly stood up, completely pushing aside their amorous moment like it hadn't even happened in the first place. Gudao's lips comically kept puckering as his hands grasped the empty air. "Hey...!"

"We have a lot of work to do," Medea stated as she conjured a new size-adjusted cloak and dress for herself. "We're in unknown territory. Koyanskaya's agents are hunting us, and she has an incredibly empowered Penthesilea with them. If you want to reunite with your friends, it's best to make a move on."

With a wave of her hand, Gudao's clothing was completely restored. He sighed to himself as he ran a hand through his dark locks. "Yeah, yeah. I get it." With his arousal diminishing, he stood up and dusted himself off. "Wouldn't be right to just fool around all day."

"Do not worry, Master." Medea winked at him. "That can come later."

"Was gonna come now, but..."

She rolled her eyes at him. "Men,"

The two ventured forth outside the cave, shielded from the snowstorm by Medea's magic. Even the loud winds were barely an obstacle as he talked to her. "So, the next course of action would be to find out where we are."

"Now that I'm at full health, and my powers have received quite the tasty boost." She grinned. "It's a simple matter." Medea suddenly frowned. "Though... hmm, I'm feeling a vast number of mana signatures in the area, two of them are very powerful servants."

"So we have amazons here?"

"No doubt. But... there is no mistaking it, half of those signatures come from aberrations."

"Aberrations." He repeated. "You mean, demons?"

"Indeed," Medea confirmed. She quickly grabbed him by the waist, lifting him up as Medea flew through the air. "Hang on tight!"

Gudao yelped as they moved through the snowstorm with unparalleled speeds; the terrain moved in a blur. The tundra advanced, showing mountains and snow-capped peaks, revealing just how vastly this snowy landscape stretched. Gudao once more marveled at the size of this singularity.

"There they are!" Medea pointed, and from their position in the air, Gudao was able to observe a grandiose sight.

A battle.

There were demons, dozens and dozens of them. From small goblin-like oni of Japan, to the giant ogres with red, blue, and green skin. They were fighting a force of armored women dressed in Japanese armor. Segmented silk armor, armed with katana, naginata, bows, and odaichi. They fought the monsters with exceptional precision and skill, thinning their numbers.

Yet it wasn't the number of warriors and monsters battling that was the most eye-catching sight.

It was the huge explosions going off nearby. The blasts of snow rising in the air as though land mines detonated underneath. But it wasn't due to explosives; rather, it was from the terrible clash between two immensely powerful individuals.

He heard the familiar laughter of Shuten-Doji, who celebrated in joy as her claws clashed against a blade clad in purple lightning. The familiar and incredibly attractive figure of a woman clad in a purple spandex fought with immense ferocity and hatred, looking at Shuten like her mere existence was the gravest of insults. Raikou fought with such supreme skill and ferocity that it took a monster of Shuten's caliber to match her head on.

Gudao was very familiar with this sort of situation. The two were always a hair's breadth of tearing each other apart at the best of times, needing constant vigilance from other Servants and both Masters whenever the two were in the same room. From an outside perspective, it would look like funny antics to most people.

To him, who had to keep the peace between the two, it was a stressful job.

And now, summoned in a Singularity, the two had no reason to hold back.

Was this the world telling Gudao he's been having it too easy lately? It certainly felt so.

"Who do we help?" Medea asked.

"One side is literally demons!"

She gave him a look.

“...Try to keep both from killing each other.”

“See? I know that bleeding heart of yours too well.”

The two descended at high speed. Medea was already casting a large array of spells that shone across the snowy skies. The sudden glare and presence of her raw magic alerted both factions, samurai women and demons turned to look at the sky, at the ample array of magical circles ready to bombard the area at a moment's notice.

It was enough to get the two leaders to stop fighting, looking up with surprise etched on their faces.

Shuten soon formed an amused smile at the sight of the muscular witch. “Oh my...”

Raikou stared wide-eyed, displaying both surprise and relief to see him. “Master,”

“Shuten! Raikou!” Gudao shouted from his spot on Medea's muscular grasp. “I don't know what you two are doing right now, but I'm putting an end to this! I'm on a mission right now, so I need you both to lie down right now!”

Despite the brave air he was putting on, he was *desperately* hoping they listened. Servants were wont to act very strangely during singularities, to the point that it was sometimes difficult to predict their actions. Shuten would just do whatever caught her fancy. And Raikou... well, Raikou could turn into just as much of a wildcard given her mad enhancement. So he prayed that seeing her 'child' would soothe her.

“Ohhh, the boy wants us to play nice.” Shuten teased the demon slayer. “What are you going to do? Will you hold your oath, or obey your Master?”

Raikou's katana trembled in her grasp from how tightly she was holding it. A growl built up in the back of her throat. For a moment, it looked like she was about to grow, given her already tight spandex seemed to stretch from her body, enlarging. Gudao feared that her demonic rage might get the better of her.

In the end, she let out a sigh, halting her growth and returning to normal.

"Leave, you insect," Raikou warned her. Her violet eyes seemed to reflect the light of her lightning for a moment. "Before I cleave you in twain."

Shuten merely laughed. "Oh, don't worry, I intend to return soon." The petite demon walked away, waving at her warband to follow her. "We're done for the day, boys! We'll continue our fun next time!"

Demons growled at their opponents, who merely glared back, as they followed after their warlord. Soon enough, the battlefield was no more as Shuten and her demons departed the area, leaving only Raikou and her war party.

"That silver tongue of yours has won yet again." Medea dryly mused as she floated him down.

Raikou swiftly approached the two, coming over to inspect him. "Master! Are you hurt? Hungry? Do you need some juice?!"

Barely a few minutes and she was already in her 'mother' mood...

"I'm fine, Raikou." He assured her. "I was with my sister when we arrived at this Singularity. But we got separated." He crossed his arms and nodded in the witch's direction. "Medea here saved my life."

"You prove your honor yet again, Witch of Betrayal." Was that suspicion in her voice... or jealousy?

"I intend to return Master to his companions' side soon enough," Medea said, unbothered by the use of her title. "But I need time and preparation. Can you provide us with shelter?"

"Certainly." She nodded and waved at her troops to move. "In formation, back to the castle!"

"Hai!" The women replied with military discipline as they gathered to march in single file.

"Seems you got yourself your own troop," Gudao commented as they began walking next to the women.

“They needed direction.” The Berserker stated. “So I delivered. They are brave, diligent, and have taken to my training extremely well.”

“What was that about with Shuten?” He asked. “Why are you two fighting?” *Again*. He wanted to say, but held that part.

“Why, it’s the Tournament after all,” Raikou said. “The winner needs to advance to the capital if they want to win and earn an audience with Quetzalcoatl. This area is contested territory between challengers and its Champion.”

“Ahhh,” He mused, suddenly getting it. “So, wait, Shuten is the Champion of this region?” A leader of brigands like her? It sounded very unlikely.

Raikou giggled in a very delicate way, like a noble lady. “Oh goodness, no! Can you imagine? That homerless insect a Champion?”

She gave him an earnest smile.

“I am the Champion of this region, Master.”

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Raikou’s abode was a large fortress built near the mountains. Traditional Japanese structure designed to function as a citadel with multiple layers and levels, with a crevice surrounding the vulnerable sides of the structure, and a long arched bridge crossing over that led them directly into the entrance.

Gudao took notice of the people inside; much like the soldiers that accompanied them, they were all women. From servants to samurai-in-training, Raikou’s forces followed an amazonian theme in that she surrounded herself with others of her gender. Gudao noted how the soldiers wore large armor, covered by layers of clothing, appropriate for the weather here. It made it hard to see if they possessed muscular builds or not. As such, most of these soldiers looked normal. If not for a few who had sufficiently large biceps and thighs, he wouldn’t have known they, too, were amazons. Japanese amazons, given the features and face structures, contrasting the Mediterranean greek women he had met when he and Gudako first arrived at this singularity.

The women who trained in the yards did so with efficiency and professionalism, contrasting the other amazons he had seen, who were guided by tradition and passion for their craft. Raikou clearly installed in them a deep sense of duty.

Naturally, he wondered how muscular some must actually be under their gear. He gave a passing glance to Raikou, noticing how she also kept herself in her muscle-less state. Even though he was certain she had nearly grown during the battle with Shuten before she reined in her temper.

Raikou was already an outstanding example of womanhood and beauty. And he had to admit, he *really* wanted to see the Amazon Spirit unleashed upon her... it raised the question of why she was not using it right now.

As the soldiers dispersed, tended by servants and other women, Raikou motioned for them to follow her. "Come, you must have quite the story to tell." She guided them into a spacious office where she knelt behind a low desk filled with scrolls and papers. A servant girl approached her with a tea tray, while a scout handed her reports. Overall, Gudao mused, Raikou looked very at ease here. It was fitting; she had led soldiers in the past, so it wasn't surprising to see her in this role again.

"So," She helped them to a cup of tea each to warm them up. "What sort of shenanigans have you gotten involved in this time, Master?" The purple-haired woman teased with a small smile.

Gudao exhaled and began his tale. Raikou took it all in with a composed expression. "I see... Koyanskaya. Yes, it is no surprise she is meddling with the Tournament."

"How aware are you of her involvements?" Medea asked.

"The black market potion has been making its way into the hands of less than suitable people. Those not strong enough to channel this Singularity's power," She explained. "The previous Champion of this region was a mockery to the amazonian pride who feasted on those concoctions. So I relieved her of that position and claimed it as my own." She waved a hand at the fortress around them. "I gathered the women in the area and trained them to be a disciplined fighting force."

"They're fit, I'll give you that," Gudao observed. "But you lot don't look like you're using the Amazon Spirit much."

"Oh, of course not!" She exclaimed. "Such power must be used in reserve, for it carries a lot of temptations and indecent behavior!" She sat with her back straight, going into one of her lecture modes that Gudao had become so familiar with. "I will not allow such debauchery in my ranks. So I taught them to restrain themselves."

"That... sounds like it will backfire eventually." Medea pointed out. "Natives of the singularity instinctively seek conflict and empowerment through the Amazon Spirit."

"I have taught them a better way." She smiled in a way that was a touch troubling. "I am the very image of control after all."

Gudao was going to step around that particular landmine. "What about Shuten?"

Raikou's smile twitched only *slightly*. "I am certain that insect is working with Koyanskaya. She seeks to challenge me and keep the Singularity in conflict for that woman's own ends. But my warriors have matched her warband multiple times already. They wield the Amazon Spirit like a finely honed blade." The Berserker turned to the Caster. "I hope this doesn't sound rude from me, but I must admit I am surprised to see you wield that power, Lady Medea."

"You and me both," Of course, Medea would say nothing of Gudao's own power. Not to someone like *Raikou*. She turned to address him. "Now that we have settled, Master. The best course of action would be to contact your sister."

"My communicator got all wrecked." He sighed.

The witch thought for a moment. "Hmm, then I shall need to travel and find them." Medea turned to Raikou. "Can you accommodate him?"

"Oh, certainly!" Raikou perked up very happily. "We would be most delighted to host dear Master."

"Excellent." Medea was secretly enjoying this; he just knew it. "I'll contact you once I manage to find your companions."

Wicked witch.

The male Master tried not to gulp too noticeably. Him, alone with a bunch of repressed women. Oh yeah, that would turn out *great*.

Gudao already got a feeling of how this would play out.