

*“Y uno, y dos, y tres!”*

The sounds of her coach’s encouragements somehow managed to match the volume of enormous weights clacking and booming as they hit the floor repeatedly. Mordred’s huffs and grunts were a close second. The knight pulled at extremely durable cables to lift the titanic plates by way of a pulley system, one arm at a time, never missing a beat and carrying on in perfect rhythm. The weights were among some of the heaviest she’d lifted before, but she soldiered in with a controlled breathing and steely determination.

Mordred could feel every single inch of her shirt’s fabric sticking to her body as the sweat-drenched it completely. Her shorts looked like a swimmer’s lower piece with how tight it was due to the way her great quads made it hike up.

She felt her fibers burn with the effort of her training, but nothing burned hotter than her unyielding will to get stronger, *bigger*, than her father.

But Mordred had been humbled that day, she knew she needed help if she wanted to break her limits.

*“That’s it, Mor-Mor, you’re doing great!”*

Therein came her ‘trainer’. Someone who was a literal goddess of fitness and could help her achieve her goals.

Standing in front of her, assessing her training, encouraging her to keep going, stood a *tall* beauty with hair that fell in waves of gold, perfect emerald eyes, and the most *spectacular* body had ever laid eyes on. Quetzalcoatl was *the* most muscular woman in Chaldea, her towering height accompanied by equally supreme muscles of the most *perfect* size and proportions, as well as a glorious definition, all displays in full thanks to that tight green sports bra and briefs she wore, unveiling her curves and sensual muscles to their full glory. Mordred was not ashamed to say Quetz was *far* stronger than her and possessed a much finer body. Honestly, not even her father could match such a stunning figure. Quetzalcoatl *embodied* fitness and strength.

Which was Mordred had come to her for help.

Quetz was many things. A goddess of wisdom, of battle, of civilization, and she was also *fucking insane*.

From dawn till dusk, she tested her, gave her grueling challenges to overcome, and subjugated her body to the most rigorous training regime for a Heroic Spirit of her caliber. Quetzalcoatl encouraged you with true cheer while at the same time trying to break you.

But Mordred refused to break.

And she liked to think she was winning the goddess' favor because of it.

And it was *working*. She was getting bigger, *stronger*! Mordred felt like her limits were a thing of the past. The goalpost kept moving forward, setting a higher mark for her to aim for. Bigger challenges, harder training, *larger muscles*.

Her pectorals *rippled*, yet they felt like two solid rocks grinding against each other as she began pulling with both arms at the same time. She could feel the fibers of her body tearing with the sheer effort.

"That's it! Very good!" Quetz clapped happily. "Now let's take it up a notch!"

She snapped her fingers.

And the plated *quadrupled* in weight.

Mordred gasped, sweat dripping from her brow in torrents, suddenly finding her arms pulled back because of that enormous pressure. In an instant Quetzalcoatl had taken her training to the next level, the plates were so heavy she felt her arms were going to snap.

But she couldn't fail, not when the image of her father, standing so much bigger and stronger than her, flashed in her mind's eye.

Mordred *growled*, gutturally and ferally, sending spit flying as her arms groaned in horrible protest. The plates kept rising, albeit slowly, as she pulled at the cables with all her might. Her arms were shuddering and palpitating with corded strength, throbbing out new veins.

Her muscles were on fire, she felt she was going to explode.

“What’s wrong, Mor-Mor~?” Quetzalcoatl’s smile became toothy and threatening. “Can’t do one more~?”

Mordred became *enraged*. Her growl became a *howl*.

And her muscles *swelled* from the sheer effort, breaking apart and rebuilding themselves stronger. Arms ballooned out, ripping the sleeves, while her back broadened and caused a large tear to split perfectly down the middle. Her pectorals *thickened* to mouth-watering degrees while her breasts forced the poor shirt to succumb, reducing it to pieces and letting the muscles and massive orbs breathe, bouncing with hardened nipples standing proudly.

It wasn’t just her upper body, her legs thickened slightly as well, spreading webs of veins as her ass swelled outwards with great tone and hardness, tearing the shorts apart. Her sex was *dripping* between her monstrously shredded thighs...

Mordred *pushed* herself to the absolute limit, screaming in agony and pleasure as her entire body throbbed with muscles swelling to even greater proportions. Her powerful mana core let loose a stream of red lightning in multiple directions, bouncing off walls and the floor, the magical electric discharge carried with her all her power and passion.

Quetzalcoatl’s fanged grin widened, “*Si*” She muttered with a guttural tone. “That’s it, my pupil. Show me what you’re made of, *show me you’re willing to fight for your goals*”

And so Mordred did, her eyes rolling back as stream after stream of pleasure wrecked her trembling body, her lower lips spewed liquid ecstasy as it dripped between her thighs in a tide.

The cables *snapped*, and the weights well down, making the chamber tremble.

Mordred let them go, her hands stiff from having gripped them for so long. Her upper body inflated and deflated with her panting breaths, her shredded core bulged in and out. Every muscle of her figure was pumped to perfection, pure beauty born from her struggles.

Quetz licked her lips, “How do you feel, *cariño*~?”

Mordred responded by lifting her behemoth arms and flexing, making the countless veins pump harder over her surface while she let out a draconian roar. One that harkened to Quetz's origins and made her passionate soul resonate with the young Pendragon.

"Oh yeeeees," Quetz growled in appreciation. The larger woman stood in front of the knight, placing her hands over Mordred's muscles, admiring the hard work the other blonde had put into all of her training. "*Estas tan hermosa*. You did not disappoint me for a single moment, *preciosa~*"

Mordred moaned in pleasure at how *good* her mentor's hands felt on her. Hot breath blew out of her nostrils as she looked up at the goddess. "Think I've got some juice left in me for a bit more training"

"Oh? What do you have in mind?" Quetzalcoatl asked coyly.

Mordred merely growled and grabbed the more muscular woman's hips, making her bed over as she slammed their lips together in a searing kiss.