

It was the sixth time Lucy had wandered into the Hollow by herself.

The daughter of Calydon was many things: proud, vocal, and confident.

So, it went against her very nature to do this, but she felt it was a necessity.

Surrounded by such powerful warriors like Lighter and Caesar, she felt inadequate before their strength. To say nothing of other fighters she'd seen who were downright forces of nature.

Lucy needed to get stronger; she'd fight tooth and nail to stand out on her own strength and let her merits speak for themselves.

For that, she had to train... but there came her pride; she did not want to ask them for help. She didn't want to be seen as someone who constantly relied on others, particularly to get stronger.

The Hollow was the best option, really. With a constant supply of Ethereals ready to test her skills and challenge her. Her bat, shrouded in flames, annihilated them with well-placed strikes as she made them fall apart into motes of ether.

"It's been almost an hour now," The synthetic voice coming from the Bangboo advised. "You should consider returning home now."

"I'm fine," She said. Huffing a soft sigh as she readjusted her cap. She was feeling a bit tired, but she wasn't about to express it to Wise.

Though loath as she was to ask for help, for this training to work, she actually needed a safe way to navigate the Hollow. Cashing in a favor from Wise to act as Proxy while keeping this a secret wasn't too hard. Though he admitted he would have done this for their friendship's sake.

Which... definitely didn't make her blush or anything.

"Where's the next route?" She asked, twirling her bat.

“One hundred meters and then... wait.” The Bangboo stopped as Wise’s voice came out serious. “Sensors are picking up a high ether concentration.”

“It’s the *Hollow*,” She pointed out, suddenly on guard. “There’s Ether everywhere.”

“It’s more than that, it’s a high Ethereal signature, there’s one manifesting... Right here?!”

‘Right here’ was right. Lucy watched as, before her very eyes, the Hollow seemed to shift and ripple, the air becoming visible as it warped, spawning a large monstrosity.

Jagged spikes, muscle mass that wasn’t organic, twisted limbs bent at unsightly angles. It crawled on its knuckles like some sort of ape; its lower body was positively tiny compared to its much larger upper mass.

And of course, the void that stood for a head. A singularity of energy holding its existence together, looking like a black hole.

The large ethereal made a sound, not a roar, for it had no mouth, but the air still vibrated all on its own, making Lucy’s instincts scream danger.

She clicked her tongue, knowing there was no choice but to fight, as the beast charged mindlessly at her.

“Lucy, be careful!” The Proxy shouted, as though that would make a difference. Lucy was not going to back down now, not in the face of a challenge.

She was a Daughter of Calydon after all.

Her bat *burned* as her W-Engine whirled, channeling the ether around the Hollow and through her own body to convert it into pure heat, manifesting as gusts of flames as she struck with all her strength.

The large Ethereal growled, swiping and clawing at her with wild frenzy, its instincts guiding it to destroy and kill anything in front of it. Without a sense of pain or fear for its life, the creature struck relentlessly, trading blows with the biker girl that resulted in small shockwaves followed by swaths of flame.

Lucy grunted as she slammed her bat over the thing's large forearm; her bones vibrated with the impact as the creature's pseudo-skin broke and its muscles bruised. The beast retaliated by swatting her away with enough force that her skull would have rattled if not for her helmet. But that did not stop the world from spinning around even as she regained her footing.

"Lucy, you okay?!"

"I'm fine!" She snarled, feeling a trail of blood flow from her wounded lip. She ignored it and focused on the monster. The Ethereal banged its fists on the floor repeatedly, cracking the pavement and charging at her.

"Look out!"

"I see it!"

Her W-Engine whirled even more as she removed all the limiters, letting her channel as much ether as possible. Her weapon exploded with heat, such that it became hard to look at, let alone hold. But she soldiered on. Because this daughter of Calydon had a prey to slay.

She shouted, letting out a fierce war cry as she held onto her bat like a legendary weapon of old, and *jumped*.

The woman and the monster leaped at each other, its great fists sought to tear her limb from limb, the biker was determined to put it down at last. Aiming at the center of it all.

The singularity it called a head.

"HAH!" She shouted, slamming her burning bat over the hole of swirling energy. The core resonated with the ether flowing from her bat as it sparked erratically with overflowing energy.

The creature's body glitched, reformed, then twisted, then reformed again in a constant pattern as Lucy's assault continued.

The biker gritted her teeth. "Piss... off!"

The singularity exploded, the ethereal's body broke apart in motes of multicolored light.

And Lucy was flung away by the blast, bathed in high doses of ethereal energy.

She yelled as her body hit the ground repeatedly before coming to a stop. The Proxy's Bangboo was already upon her. "Lucy! Lucy, you okay?!"

"I'm..." She groaned, slowly pushing herself off the floor. "I'm fine."

"God, the ether levels released by that ethereal are..." Wise muttered in concern before trailing off. "Wait, they're lowering. The threshold is below the dangerous parameters." He sighed with relief; the Bangboo mimicked his action on the other end. "Thought you'd get contaminated for sure."

"I have a good aptitude for ether," She replied as she stood up. Robbing her sore arms from so much swinging. "I was never in any danger," Lucy muttered as she picked up her bat.

"Not exactly how it works," Wise intoned slowly. "But at least you're okay. Can we *please* get you home?"

"...Fine," She accepted. Perhaps her training routine had run its course.

"And please, get someone to check you up once you're back."

That meant letting people know what she was doing; she was definitely not going to do that. "Alright," But Wise didn't have to know.

No point in it really, she'd just use a first aid kit for the bruises, take some pills, and sleep it off. She'd be right as rain the next morning after a proper night's rest.

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Rest did not come easily.

Not with the heat, the sound of the fan, the way her sheets got wet with her sweat. Lucy tossed and turned in her bed, grunting as she felt this pressure in her stomach, this burn spreading from her shoulders to her toes. Her entire figure, clad in nothing but shorts and a tank top, was alight with fire.

She could not sleep; her mind was a jumbled mess. Even the sound of her ceiling fan was turning her insane.

Was she sick? Had she caught something? Was it an ether infection from the Hollow?

She couldn't take it anymore. Lucy got off her bed with a pant, dripping with sweat, and grabbed the coldest glass of water she could find in her fridge. She drank it all in just a few gulps, then went to the bathroom to splash water on her face.

She kept panting as she stared at her reflection, her face flushed, her eyes heavy. She felt sore and tired all over. She felt... God, Lucy had never felt this bad before in her life.

Ants were crawling under her skin. Her flesh seemed to... palpitate, ripple on its own accord.

Every breath she took made her body feel heavier and her clothes tighter. Sticking to her like a second skin.

"What's... happening?" She mumbled, leaning over the sink as she grasped the sides with her hands.

Her limbs felt heavy, like someone had tied bricks to them. Her flesh was quivering, *palpitating*, like her heart had suddenly multiplied and switched position everywhere on her body.

This heaviness, this heat, this sudden pressure in her muscles. Oh god, everything was spinning, something was threatening to explode inside her. Oh god oh god oh *god*.

"Hng!" Lucy grunted, clenching her fingers around the sink tighter, *cracking* the material.

Her arms swelled, the forearms widened in circumference as the biceps steadily rose outward, filling out with flesh. Her muscles expanded, blooming larger and transforming her previously lithe limbs.

"I'm... *growing!*" She groaned in pain. But there was more than just agony; there was... a thrill to this transformation.

It felt good.

"Ah!" Her legs grew, quads widened with mass as lines of deep definition etched themselves in between the vastus muscles. Her rear grew larger and more toned, making her shorts ride up to the point it became panties. Her calves swelled outwards, expanding past her shins.

"Guck!" She held a hand over her stomach, trying to stave off the pressure. Her stomach grew harder under her fingertips, a flat surface with undoubtedly steely flesh underneath, a sheet of shining pale skin, flawless and smooth, getting harder with each passing second like a board.

"Hmm... yes!" Lucy moaned, finding the experience incredibly pleasurable.

Her height increased in tandem with her muscles, proportionally becoming bigger in every direction. Her tight top strained over the widening expanse of her back; her small, modest breasts were swelling, about to pop out of her top unrestrained.

So much power, so much energy flowing through her. Like someone had injected pure bike fuel into her veins, and instead of killing her, it had somehow turned her body into the most powerful engine.

Not even her W-Engine had channeled *this* much power through her body.

She was burning with ether, from the smallest cell to the largest muscle group. Overcharged with the volatile, reality-altering energy, transforming her not into an ethereal, but reforming her body completely and strengthening it to the peak of human condition.

Or possibly beyond.

“Ahhhh!” Her monotonously muscular back split her top in half, her breasts tore through the front, and left her upper body naked. Her chest *heaved*, flexing with dense muscles and making the granite-like slabs grind together, the shredded definition between them looking like the edges of jagged rocks as her pecs rippled with spectacular musculature.

Her arms coiled with python-like strength, bulging with the size to match as throbbing veins burst to the surface, flexing imperiously as Lucy rode the greatest high of her life.

“Uwaaaaghaugh!” The sounds that came out of her mouth were less than human, raw and undignified, a feral thing that not even a wild road rider like her could make. But she was more than that now; she looked at her reflection and found someone else staring at her.

Her chest heaved, making her thorax flare with powerful muscles. Her outstanding physique made even her male companions pale by comparison. She was big, huge, shredded in all the right places, with tremendously beautiful muscles that made her feel capable of lifting all their bikes on her back without breaking a sweat.

“...Woah,” Lucy could only say with a drunken smile, smiling pleasantly at the sheer strength her body radiated. She clenched her fist and was rewarded with the humongous bicep jumping at her command, splitting into a defined peak while thick veins coursed under the surface of her skin, throbbing into prominence.

“I must be the strongest fighter around now...!” She laughed in utter joy, bewildered at this magnificent and sudden transformation. “All that training paid off!”

The young biker girl flexed repeatedly in front of the mirror, shifting through multiple poses and indulging her muscular visage. Marveling at the enormous woman she had become.

What a glorious sight she was, packed to the brim with muscles, making her physique bulge even larger with each flex that displayed her body’s brawn to its highest peak. She felt invincible, like she could take on an entire Hollow by herself. The Ethereals she fought would be *nothing* compared to the sheer beast she had become. Lucy could already picture it, shattering those monsters with one single swing of her bat. Or downright using her fists to deliver ground-quaking strikes.

She even wagered she could take hold of one of the giant Ethereals and wrestle it to the ground, grabbing its core into her bare hands and collapsing it with her own strength.

“Gonna need to test a lot,” Lucy chuckled to herself. “See what this body can do.”

The Daughter of Calydon was more eager than ever to test her might and show the world what she was made of.