

(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle, muscle growth, and graphic sexual content)

Gudao had been caught surprised multiple times in his tenure as a Master. He wouldn't really say it was due to any fault in his abilities, but often because their adventures had sprung many sudden challenges that had taken him, and his Servant comrades and friends, off guard more than once. Monsters appearing out of nowhere, beasts jumping from the shadows and cornering them like prey.

And right now, Gudao felt like prey as he was caught literally with his pants down as an apex predator looked down at him with hunger.

In a Singularity filled with muscular beauties, Chief Chiore stood out not because of sheer size, but the presence she commanded. Built like some of the biggest and most graceful bodybuilders on Earth, the bronze amazon cut such an imposing figure it still amazed him he had not grown hard at the sight of her during their first meeting when Mordred was accepted into the tournament.

He felt too shocked to even feel mortified, as she looked down at his erection still dripping over the sink. "I... I..." The words failed him, he didn't know how to process this. He was sure the embarrassment would strike any second now and he'd die right where he stood.

"You were pleasuring yourself thinking of the goddess, if you calling out her name was any indication" Chiore chuckled. "Oh don't be embarrassed, it's common for anyone to feel that way. Hmm, the priestesses often engage in lovemaking to her statues, the acts of passion please her just as much as acts of valor and strength. I've partaken in my fair share of 'offerings' to her as well~"

The images she conjured, of muscular women touching and pleasuring each other, of herself furiously masturbating to images of Quetzalcoatl, woman amongst women, was enough for his erection to renew its hardness.

"I felt it the moment you arrived, but I had to be sure" Chiore muttered, almost reverently as she approached, looking down at the smaller man. "Flowing through you is her light, her *blessings*... Quetzalcoatl has manifested herself to you and showered you with her gifts and her love.

"Quetz..." Gudao gulped, momentarily choosing to ignore he was still half-naked in front of this gorgeous woman. "You can tell she- Those weren't dreams?"

“Only those who have trained themselves to feel her power, and who have personally met her, can feel traces of her presence” She took a deep breath through her nostrils, taking in his scent. “And now that I feel your essence at its most primal it is clear to me. In your sweat, in your seed... Quetzalcoatl has blessed your body in ways you cannot imagine”

“But... why?”

“Her goals are always the strength of women and the liberations of passion,” The chief said. “So knowing that... I believe a more thorough inspection will yield results”

The way she looked at him sent shivers down his spine. “I-Inspection?” His erection was *throbbing* again, it wasn’t just her physical proximity, it was something else...

Her smile was devious. “I’ll need a taste of your virility, to ascertain what blessings Quetzalcoatl has bestowed upon you”

Gudao felt his heart jump in his chest, his lips felt dry as he swallowed. “W-When you say ‘taste-’”

He barely finished his words when several things happened at once.

First, Chiore removed her lion pelt crown, throwing it on the floor.

Next, she grabbed his shirt and easily tore it from his body, complementing him as she did. “Hmm, lean but you’ve got some muscle going. Good”

And then, she lifted him up by the waist with one hand as though he weighed nothing. Gudao remained motionless as this all happened, feeling he couldn’t do anything at all to prevent what was happening... not that he wanted her to stop this.

His erection, filled with renewed intensity and vigor, pointed straight at her lips as she stared at it curiously. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath from her nose. “The essence of her divinity in your seed... can it truly be?”

And finally, she plunged his length into her mouth.

Gudao's world *exploded* with pleasure. The warmth of his hand when he had pleased himself, even when fueled by the most intense fantasies, failed to compare to this sudden and *powerful* surge of pleasure. The only thing that came close was those wonderful dreams involving Quetzalcoatl, which led him to believe they were not mere dreams.

This ecstasy felt too familiar for those experiences to have been all in his head.

Her head bobbed back and forth, lips brushing over his shaft without any friction. Her tongue made sure to lubricate all of him as she took his member deeper still. Gudao shuddered, groaning in pleasure, *throbbing* at the intense pleasure flooding his senses. From the tip of his cock, the head swollen and red, savored by that skillful tongue, stopping just an inch from the base of his length, her mouth was sending him to heaven.

Her soft hums, sounding like appreciation as she savored him, invigorated him further. His sack quickly filled even after the impressive load he had shot previously. Waves of delight washed over him from his crotch as the familiar pressure of an orgasm built up. Gudao squeezed his eyes shut, grunting in effort as he tried to hold it back, make this experience last as long as possible.

But it was not to be, "Hmm! Aaugh!"

His dick pulsed, hot white fluid rushed through its length. His 'shot' landed all over her tongue, spreading through the lower half of her mouth, filling her with his essence.

Chiore froze for a moment, then she kept licking, taking every last drop, and cleaning him up. She pulled away with a pop, a trail of saliva and sexual fluid still connecting his erection to her lips.

She frowned, her expression shifted as she closed her eyes. It wasn't discomfort or disgust, it was like she was pondering something.

Then she audibly swallowed.

"A larger volume than I expected, given your previous release," She said, panting slightly. Chiore walked out of the bathroom with him still in her grasp. She set him down on the where

Gudao proceeded to collapse, panting heavily with a drunken smile as he recovered from this amazing orgasm.

“What did you...” He gasped, “do that for?”

“Are you complaining? Was my skill that bad? Apologies, I haven’t had a man in a while” She teased him with a chuckle. “I was just collecting evidence to confirm my theory”

With a long pant, Gudao propped himself on his elbows, looking at the amazon chief. “About... Quetz’s blessing?” Interestingly, he wasn’t so winded anymore. He was recovering amazingly fast even.

“There is no doubt about it, your body carries her blessing” The amazon explained, placing her hands on her hips. “Can you feel it, how your body recovers faster than it should? How your seed flowed again after such a short time?”

He... hadn’t really considered it. But now that she mentioned it...

He did feel more ‘recovered’ now. Even when he should be a tired mess given everything that happened.

“And how your blade remains sharp” She grinned at the sight of his erection, raised like a flagpole. “Your body has been endowed by the great lady’s grace. You are filled with unrivaled virility, your seed carries potency”

So, Quetz made him better at sex? Not that he complained but...

“Potency for what?”

Chiore’s grin grew.

Her hands balled into fists on her hips as she flared her lats.

Her body slowly grew.

"The Amazon Spirit," She said with strain. "Is a blessing all warriors strive to improve. With training, with willpower. To seek greater heights, hone our bodies into even stronger weapons. Like a reservoir, we keep pulling until it runs dry and hit our limit. Then we train to make that reservoir larger!"

She grunted, hitting that size she had when displaying her Amazon Spirit to Mordred. Only this time she didn't carry bracelets or jewelry to snap, so it was just her leather chest piece that strained. She wasn't flaring her mana out like before, so there was no explosion of power in the room. She was guiding it slowly. She went from Iris Kyle (he guessed he had Quetz to thank for knowing who that was) to a great specimen of amazon musculature whose muscles rivaled Kintoki.

"But your seed" She panted, her smile becoming invigorated and a touch manic. "It feels like... it's a reservoir all on its own"

Chiore *growled*, spit flying between his teeth.

And grew once more.

Gudao stared in astonishment as the already large amazon kept growing in height, the width of her shoulders expanding as her monumental back became a mountain range. Thighs grew to be as thick as his own torso while those powerful arms made his head look like a grapefruit next to their awe-inspiring size.

"Ohhhhh gods!" She cried out, throwing her head back while her traps rose further. Chest muscles exploded in girth as her breasts jumped and pushed with such force they split her leather piece in half.

Her breasts bounced hypnotically, dark areola sat under hardened nipples, thick pectorals supported her bosom all on their own. Her chest glistened with sweat, throbbing with myriad veins that spread like great rivers. Her muscles pulsed as she brought down her arms into a powerful most muscular, regaling Gudao with the full sight of her nude musculature.

His cock wobbled at the sight, roused into arousal by her powerful body. He stared in awe as he realized what had happened, how she had achieved such a state thanks to him, or rather, thanks to his semen.

She panted repeatedly, staring at her muscles with awe in her eyes. "Unreal..." She muttered, a smile spreading over her lips again. "My Amazon Spirit drew so much power from your seed. I'm stronger and bigger than before!" She laughed, overjoyed as she flexed her arms. Even the wise and dedicated chief could act like an excited young warrior it seemed, as though she was discovering her muscles for the very first time.

"Quetz blessed me so I could do this" Gudao muttered, the full weight of Quetz's actions falling on him with the realization.

"Our goddess has handsomely blessed you," Chiore said reverently before impishly making her breasts bounce with a simple twitch of her pecs. "How else can one explain your *gifts*?" She turned around and displayed her immense back, filled with more lines than he could count. Gudao lost himself over the many slopes and crevices. "No do not be shy, an amazon's body must be admired"

Gudao knelt on the net and touched her wide back, tracing the hardened muscles in amazement. His experiences with Quetz in those visions (or whatever they were), led him to appreciate the intricate tone of a shredded physique, the lines that interconnected and split multiple groups, and the tightness of the skin glistening with sweat. The musk coming from her body was intoxicating.

He grunted when Chiore leaned back, making his erection bobble over her muscular glutes. She flexed them repeatedly, stimulating him once more. A different but not inferior pleasure to her mouth. She flexed her back and rear biceps for him, positioning her rear over his member... strategically.

"Do not be shy," She said. "I believe you were blessed to be a partner to us amazons. So you must prove your candor to me, I need to assess if there are areas you must improve" She grinned over her shoulder as she stared at him. "Take your sword, and sheath it in me" Chiore's voice lowered huskily.

Gudao froze for a second, and his hands moved on their own. They grasped the sides of her waist and her firm muscular rear. He positioned himself at the entrance prostrated before him, his erection poised at her womanhood...

"Hng!"

A thrust of his waist and he went in. He gasped as heat exploded from within, his erection piercing the velvety folds of her vagina as the inner muscles cushioned him, wrapping tightly around his hardness and filling him with endless pleasure.

"Hmm, your sword remains sharp" She hummed in appreciation, grunting slightly as he entered her. "Now show me your technique"

The moments that followed were a blur, Gudao's hips moved at full speed and with great force. Flesh smacked against flesh as he buried himself to the hilt, thrusting his hips back and forth with vigor even he didn't know he was capable of.

At some points the positions switched, one moment he was kneeling on the mattress, thrusting his manhood into her awaiting womanhood as she bent over for him. Then the two were on the bed, this time she rode him like a horse, clamping over his erection tightly and flexing her muscles for him to worship.

"Feel their strength!" She commanded through furious hisses. "Muscles to be adored, a body to be loved. To us amazons" She grunted, "love and passion come from our strength"

Then her back was against the bed, and Gudao buried his head on the underside of her breasts, holding onto her wide torso tightly as his arms wrapped against her shredded muscles. Her legs spread for him, letting him thrust with great vigor and ferocity into her folds. One leg wrapped around his waist, keeping him close, as another played with his hair.

"Grant an amazon all that you have, all that you are" She muttered, throwing her head back and moaning huskily. "Until you are spent"

Gudao moaned loudly, coming fiercely into her womanhood.

"But you are not spent" She smiled, playing with his hair. "Not for long... such is Goddess Quetzalcoatl's blessings to you"

Gudao lost his sense of time, he wagered they had to have been fucking for *hours*, and yet his mortal human body endured. While not matching her superior muscles and strength, his endurance was quite capable of giving her what she desired.

In the end, exhaustion finally set in, a limit was reached. And Gudao collapsed utterly spent at her side, her arms surrounding him tenderly.

“This is the person Quetzalcoatl must have intended for you” She muttered into his ear. “To follow on the tournament journey, and share her gifts where *you* see fit”

She kissed his forehead.

“So use them wisely, Master of Chaldea. Be assured she will be watching with great interest... but she won’t be the only one”

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Gudao’s... lessons were very enlightening. Once the haze of lust-fueled debauchery ended there was room to understand more about his blessing and a bit more of how Amazon Spirit worked.

Regarding the latter, women who unlocked that power had control of their bodies, able to shrink down as much as they wanted or keep themselves to a certain point of musculature as a default state once their magic level reached a threshold that would maintain itself without exhausting them. Chiore decided to remain as big as she was when they first met, wanting to avoid drawing attention to herself, and by extension to.

It’d be better if he didn’t advertise that he could make women larger with his own sexual fluids. That would invite disaster, making a horde of women desperate to awaken the Amazon Spirit seek him out to achieve it or entice those who were already power-hungry even with their own Spirit.

So many men fantasized about this, but in practice that was not a desirable outcome. He’d rather not become someone’s personal pump machine... if he could even resist it.

From more ‘experimentation’ with Chiore he discovered that while yes, he was now instinctively attracted to muscular women, he had some degree of control regarding his own arousal. Perhaps as a perk, Quetzalcoatl gave him, to give him more agency and control over his body.

But there was a limit to it, at some point something had to give. Like when he furiously masturbated that night, though to be fair it had been after another 'dream' with Quetz so that most likely played a part.

He walked around the amazon village, gathering supplies for their journey and taking a good look at the different muscular women going about their business, focusing on that ability he felt when they first arrived. It was working, he didn't feel the maddening urge, nor the flow of blood that would develop an involuntary erection, just silent wonderment at their muscles he could easily pass off as curiosity or mild appreciation without revealing how *in love* he was with their bodies.

Alright, if he managed to continue like this on their journey there should be no problem.

Packeting their food and items into bags, the group consisting of him, his sister Gudako, Mordred, and their guide Elena met up at the village's edge to prepare for their journey. They looked over the map of the region to assess their closest destination.

"The region Champion took up residence in this valley" The greek tomboy pointed north of their location beyond a forest and into a craggy terrain. "It's a few days' walk, but if our supplies run short we can hunt game to make up for it. Helps we're close to the sea too"

"There's gonna be monsters on the way?" Mordred asked.

"Definitely" Elena smiled toothily.

The knight gave her the same type of grin; "Sweet, I want to test these muscles and get *bigger*" She said, giving her bicep a flex.

"So we just go around beating Champions and getting their permission to keep going" Gudako summarized. "I thought there'd be brackets and organized matches or something"

"The tournament is as much a pilgrimage as it is a test" The chief's voice intoned as she approached. Gudao felt he did an admirable job restraining himself, particularly after last night's events. She already looked beautiful as a bodybuilder, but he knew she looked even *better* when her muscles grew all the more. "Champions can challenge you in any way they desire in order to test you, so you must adapt and overcome. Take what you learn from this journey to heart, embrace the power you are given" A discrete look was sent his way. "And know when it's time to unleash it"

He didn't need to be a genius to understand that the last bit was meant for him.

He nodded, the gesture masked alongside the others doing the same.

"Learn from this journey, Elena" The chief commanded. "Your companions possess strong spirits, so heed their words"

"I will, chief," The young said dutifully with a hand to her breast.

The amazon leader smiled and bid them farewell.

Thus began the proper journey into this singularity. A routine that Gudao had very much grown accustomed to. Traveling around, seeing the sights, going through all sorts of terrain, sleeping in tents or just sleeping bags. There was a certain calm to these moments where they got to experience life even with the burden of the world still prevalent over their heads.

He wondered where Mashu was, she liked their journeys...

Elena was an energetic guide, pointing out the sights and local history of the region. Mostly involving warrior women and their feats of strength and courage. She was very taken with Mordred, staring at her starry-eyed whenever she brought up her adventures with Chaldea. Heh, it was fun seeing the two similar women getting along.

"No joke, it was five times my size!" Mordred said while Gudako prepared boiled water over the campfire to prepare their food. "And I threw it like it was nothing!" She sniffed, smirking proudly. "And this was before I got ripped" She not so subtly flexed her abs.

"Wow!" Elena excitedly said, balling her fists over her chest. "If you were already that strong, to begin with, I can't imagine how powerful you'll get during the tournament"

"Speaking of" Gudao interjected. "I think we should know a bit about this region's Champion"

"That's right!" His sister perked up. "What's she like? Does she have any weakness? Or something we should watch out for"

Elena grew surprisingly serious. "I've only heard stories about her, but they say she's as fierce as the storms she commands" They got the feeling she was being literal. "With an invincible body, forged in divine muscle!" She quickly got into the storyteller role. "Her spear pierces anything, and her shield-!"

"Would her name be Caenis by any chance?" Gudao deadpanned.

Elena hilariously faltered. "How did you know?!"

"She's a friend" Mordred shrugged.

"You know her?!"

"We know everybody" Gudako laughed. "Mordred, is 'friend' enough to describe your sordid love affair with her~?"

"I'm gonna make you eat my fist" The knight promised.

"Ignore her, she's just teasing you" Gudao reminded the knight. "Well, if I know Caenis she's not gonna make this easy for us"

"Good. Wouldn't want her to anyway" Mordred said decisively before grinning dangerously. "If she's my challenge then all the better. Ohhh I hope she's huge and more badass than before..."

Knowing Caenis, Gudao did not have a single doubt about it. He could imagine her already, her bronze body glistening with sweat, skin rippling as the muscles rolled under it. Iron-like weaves of muscle tissue stretching and tightening with powerful flexes, a blooming upper body bulging with the most supple and large muscles while preserving the feminine shape of her bountiful breasts.

It was perhaps the best aspect of Quetz's blessing, that he could indulge in those fantasies without getting aroused. At least visibly. Would be very awkward otherwise if he were to have an 'accident' in plain view of everyone, particularly his sister...

"So, what are we looking at for lunch?" Mordred eagerly asked.

"Oatmeal" He replied.

Her face dropped. "Ugh! That's too bland! I want meat"

"Well this is what we have, Mordred," Gudako said.

"Mmmm!" She shook with barely contained energy. "Come on, these muscles need proper protein!"

"You can go hunting" He shrugged without inflection to his voice. "We're in the forest so there must be game" The Masters knew how to handle Mordred at this point. Don't indulge her too much, but don't scold her either. She'd be bound to get difficult otherwise. Now, more often than not Mordred would do what she wanted regardless of what people told her. But it was better to let her go at her own pace or she'd get needlessly confrontative.

"Well, that's exactly what I'll do then!" She went over to a heavy sack lying at the other side of their camp, and from it pulled out a decently sized bow made for someone of her size. It was clearly made of very stern material, given how it didn't snap no matter how hard she pulled to test the string. "Amazons sure know how to build things that last!" She turned to their guide. "Hey Elena, what's good in this area?"

"Boar here is pretty great. There's a giant breed not too far from here even" The young amazon grinned. "Hunt that and we'll be having meat for weeks!"

"Awesome!" She quickly grabbed Elena's hand and pulled her to her feet. "Let's go hunt some delicious boar!"

"Mordred, wait" Gudako called out, worry and confusion etched on her face. "You can use a bow?"

Bewilderment was evident on the knight's face as she frowned. "Yes? I am trained in different forms of warfare you know, part of the whole knight training?"

"But you're a Saber!"

“...That doesn’t mean I’m *physically incapable* of using a bow” She let out a groaning sigh.
“Besides, did you forget the *multiple* examples of Servants we have who use more weapons than their class should allow”

“So you can multiclass now?” The redhead sheepishly says, scratching her head. “Only seen you with that surfboard before...”

Mordred opened her mouth and closed it multiple times. “Not engaging. Come on, I’m hungry”

Elena hastily waved goodbye as they walked off deeper into the woods. “We’ll be back soon!”

“Don’t hesitate to use a Command Seal if something comes up!” Mordred called out over her shoulder, the two eventually disappeared from view in between the foliage and trees, leaving the siblings alone.

Gudako hummed and looked over to her brother. “So how long before Mordred runs into trouble?”

“Ten minutes”

“Yeah sounds about right”

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The blonde knight grinned fiercely at the sight of the large boar eating wild berries. The beast had to be at least seven feet tall, a giant specimen if there was ever one. Mordred had seen even larger in her lifetime, but it did not change the fact this huge chunky beast had all the meat she could want and more.

She was already salivating at the prospect of eating. Just getting into position and one Mana Burst-powered arrow through the head to then haul it back to camp. An easy task even without her muscles.

Hmm, but she wondered how strong that beast was.

She had fought beasts before, more times than she could count. Wrestled with all sorts of monsters, sometimes literally.

A lot of times the core of her power came from her Mana Burst, but ever since awakening the Amazon Spirit, making her muscles bigger and stronger... it was like she didn't need to use it to make her body into a weapon. Her biceps churned with the power of her dragon blood without actively drawing power from her core. It fueled in her the desire to test her limits and get stronger, so much so that she saw opportunities everywhere she went.

Including that boar right now...

"The hide's thick" Elene pointed out with a whisper as they hid behind bushes. "And with a beast this size a regular arrow is just going to piss it off. Make sure to land a debilitating blow, then you can use your sword and-"

"Change of plans"

Elena let out a confused sound, followed by a tiny yelp as Mordred casually threw the bow in her direction, which she fumbled with in her attempt to catch it. "Wait what are you doing?!" She hissed in alarm as Mordred brazenly stood up from the bushes, doing nothing to hide her presence from the giant beast.

"Not gonna use a weapon" She rolled her shoulders, popping the joints and stretching her limbs. "Only these two beauties" She tenses her medium-sized biceps, rippling at her command.

"You're crazy!" Elena said, but it sounded more like a praise than an admonishment.

By now the boar had heard her, stopping its meal to sharply turn around. It huffed territorially, smacking its hooves over the ground and snorting aggressively, its sheer size and weight made the ground vibrate. It shook its head from side to side, ruffling its fur while making chortling noises. The beast stared down at the approaching knight, making it clear it would stomp and gore her if she came any closer.

Mordred however was not deterred, she had faced bigger, uglier, and way more scarier things in the past. This piglet was not gonna scare her now, but that did not mean she didn't

acknowledge its strength. On the contrary, it was precisely why she approached the beast in the first place.

“Congratulations, piggy” She smirked wildly at the giant. “You get to be my punching bag and then my lunch today”

“So cool...” Elena muttered from the sides.

The beast squealed in that high-pitched noise boars do, but the size of its throat made the noise much deeper and threatening. It raised its hooves and stomped on the ground with enough force to make it crack, kicking its back foot and dragging dirt and stone on its path repeatedly, indicating it was about to charge.

Mordred spread her arms wide, locking her legs into a firm stance, muscles flexing mightily in preparation. “Bring it one!”

The boar charged the sounds of its gallop and chortling threats piercing through the woods with their animalistic fury. A battlecry in response to a challenge laid down by the knight.

Mordred stood ready with her arms in position, ready to grasp the boar’s tusks and halt it in place. She wanted her strength to be put to the test, make her muscles grow stronger with another challenge. The roar of her dragon heart demanded it, the strength of her Amazon Spirit called for it. *More power*, it sang, *give me more strength*.

It was almost enough to make her muscles grow in anticipation.

The boar kept charging, fury in its eyes while poising its tusks to strike.

Mordred’s grin grew fiercer, ready to tackle the beast any second now.

But the blow never came.

A flash of movement, so fast that it was a blur, struck the boar on the side of its head. It caused a sharp but brief cry to escape its maw before its eyes rolled back and all motor functions ceased. Its hooves ceased galloping, sending its body tumbling to the ground and carving a path on the earth while its body dragged, still carried over by the momentum left.

Mordred watched as the beast she had challenged skid to a grinding halt right in front of her. Dumbfounded as to what had happened.

"Eh?" She muttered eloquently with a tilt of her head.

"It's dead?" Elena's head popped out from the bushes.

"Yeah," Mordred's gaze hardened for a moment as she inspected the cause, grabbing it and plucking it out of the beast's head. "Some jerk stole my kill!" She shouted at the trees, knowing the archer had to be nearby.

The arrowhead looked a bit familiar though.

"Hmph" A rough voice came from the foliage, making the two young women look up to find the source standing on a large branch. "I was the one stalking this boar, the kill was mine long before you laid claim to it"

The figure was unmistakable to Mordred. The bow, the dress, the long green hair and lion ears, the long tail swaying behind her. The only thing new about her were the lean yet powerful muscles built with cat-like grace.

"Atalanta?"