

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

It'd have been two days since Medea left in search of his sister and their friends. He supposed it would take time, after all, this was a big singularity with lots of ground to cover. And he was certain Gudako and the others would still be on the move.

So, for the time being, it meant he needed to stay put in Raikou's fortress, under her watchful eye.

With all the good and bad that entailed.

Raikou was *adamant* about keeping the women under her charge from using the Amazon Spirit below a certain threshold. Effectively holding them back and making them adhere to a highly strict training regimen, which included plenty of discipline and self-control.

He didn't know if she actually thought that was keeping them safe from the temptations of power, of falling into Koyanskaya's hands and her potions, or if this was another of her weird hang-ups about 'decency'.

And yes, remembering the type of swimwear Raikou would use on summer, Gudao was very aware that Raikou's standards were selective at best, and completely delusional at worst.

His situation was made all the more complex ever since that night with Meiko. The girl was already displaying greater strength, catching Raikou's attention. She had no idea this was because of his Blessing, and he was worried about how she might react. You never knew with Raikou. That woman's Berserker 'habits' could flare up at the worst possible moment.

Gudao needed to show restraint. He needed to keep the urges of his blessing under control. He had almost complete control over his desires and how aroused his body could become. But even that ability had its limits. There was only so much he could take when being surrounded by women who were actively *repressing* themselves so much. He could feel it, the swirl of Amazonian power bottled up, crammed together all in one place, struggling to spill like a plugged pipe. The energy that did manage to seep through the cracks was... intoxicating.

These women were ordered to keep their instincts and their pride completely under wraps, weighed down by layers and layers of strict discipline and duty as instilled by Raikou. The Berserker couldn't feel what he felt, couldn't see how she was creating a time bomb.

He tried to tell her, in a way that might lead to her seeing things his way, as the two observe a group of ten women go through several martial arts stances. "I'm just saying, the Amazonian Spirit is natural here. Letting them use as much as they can is what these women do."

"I have already explained my reasons," Raikou said as she watched them all with a critical eye. "Too much unchecked power gives birth to warlords and monsters. It does not fill; it deepens your cravings for such strength. My warriors are peerless in their discipline; they make do with only what is necessary."

"Don't you think it might be harming them?" He suggested. "Keeping all that energy pent up inside them?"

"You make it sound like they're men, driven by their base urges." She snorted, shaking her head in amusement. "No offense to you, Master. You are a man of superior quality after all."

"Right..." He muttered. "So what if someone under your command chooses to follow the Amazon path with more... carelessness?"

"It has happened."

Her confession surprised him. "What?"

"There have been... deserters, before you arrived." She sounded pained by the admission, like it was an affront to her honor. "A number of my women have chosen to side with another warlord who is growing her power in the area. Financed and empowered by Koyanskaya's concoctions of course..."

"Not Shuten?"

"Believe it or not, that vermin is not the cause of every problem around her. Some people will do everything to advance in the Tournament, and it is my duty to make sure they are not granted audience to Quetzalcoatl if they are unworthy." Purple eyes looked at him with concern. "Which is why I must go to the town where their forces are gathering. I shall take a squad to deal with them."

“But the castle will be defenseless then.” Gudao pointed out. “Shuten might seize the opportunity.”

“Tch, that insect only likes to tease me. She will not bring her forces to bear while I’m away.” She scoffed with annoyance. “You’ll be safe with my warriors, I assure you.”

He mused on it for a moment before nodding. “Alright, I trust you.”

Her demeanor changed instantly, becoming bright and joyful in a second. “Awww, it means so much to me that you trust your mother that much!”

Gudao yelped as she hugged him. *Tightly*. Even without the Amazon Spirit empowering her muscles, Raikou still had monstrous strength.

And the impressive bust smoothing against his chest was...

He pulled *all* his willpower to ensure his body wouldn’t react.

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It was nighttime, Raikou and her troops had left hours ago.

Gudao sighed and took off his jacket, leaving him in his black undershirt and pants. He stayed in his room, meditating in front of lit incense, letting the smells calm his body and mind.

The Amazon Spirit wanted to flow freely among all the women of the castle. It called to him, begged him to set them free.

Deep breaths, in and out.

Control. Discipline. Restraint.

If he lost control while Raikou was away, if he turned this fortress of discipline into an army of unbridled amazons...

He... was going to be scolded so hard...

He took another deep breath. In and out. The smell of incense was the only thing on his mind. Just the burnt... fruit?

Wait, that's not right.

He opened his eyes in confusion... and fell back with a shout at the pale face suddenly inches from his.

Shuten grinned widely, showing her sharp incisors.

"Hiiii~" She cooed while crawling over his torso.

And kissed him.

Gudao let out a muffled gasp. The... The taste. Of delicious fruits and alcohol. It relaxed him a hundred times better than any incense and meditation could.

His muscles loosened, his mind grew hazy and...

Darkness.

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Gudao woke up with a gasp and a startle, sitting up and pushing the weight he felt on his body. He woke up not to the sight of his room in Raikou's fortress, but some cavernous chamber that had been completely decorated in luxury. He looked down and around, finding he was over piles of furred bedsheets, pillows, and tasseled cushions that made for an ample nest of comfort in every direction. The 'bed' had four posts arranged in a rectangle, with a canopy of drapes acting as a roof.

The drapes were open enough that he could examine the rest of the room; Ornate jars were scattered around the corners of the room, intricately carved chairs where piles of silk clothing were dumped, and jewelry of all types hanging from the armrests and backrests. He could see it all from the torches hanging from the walls, four of them in total, managing to illuminate most of the chamber while keeping it in a comfortable low light, perfect for resting.

He stood up and walked out, pushing a drape out of the way as he looked from side to side. He couldn't let his guard down; the last memory he had was Shuten rendering him unconscious with a mixture of her supernatural charm and her alcoholic fruit skill. She *must* have taken him here. Which meant this was her domain.

Being in an oni's den alone was certainly an *unfavorable* prospect.

He saw a single path leading out of the chamber. If he could stealthily make his way out, then-

"Oh, up already?"

Gudao gasped and swiftly turned around, his arms tensed in a quasi-fighting stance as he spotted Shuten on one of the ornate chairs, certain she hadn't been there before.

The oni smiled at him with that soft yet devious grin of hers. Her robes were loose (not that they were any different from their usual state, really), leaving the front of her body and her legs fully bare, showing that 'tape' she often wore instead of underwear. She lazily leaned over one of the armrests, tilting her head back to drink from a large jug of sake. A soft breath escaped her lips as the smell of alcohol filled the room.

"Shuten," Gudao said tersely.

"Hello, Master." She said with a slow, slurred voice. "Fancy meeting you here."

"You kidnapped me."

"Oh yeah." She seemed honestly surprised for a moment before shrugging and chuckling. "I suppose I did." She took another drink from her jug.

“Can I ask what you want with me?” Shuten was a calamity incarnate. She could go from playful and teasing to a *literal* man-eater in a second if it struck her fancy.

“Well, I figured it was my turn.” She merely said and chuckled at his confused stare. “Raikou had you for a few days, now I get to have you~.”

“This isn’t a game.” He sternly replied. “And I’m not a plaything.”

“Isn’t it?” She narrowed her eyes, making her smirk all the more devilish. “Raikou may not see it that way, but that’s what this is. The Tournament, the culture of the amazons, it’s all a goddess’s idea of fun after all. We fight, we grow stronger, we triumph. A competition is a game after all~”

She chuckled, flipping her position in the chair so that her head was hanging upside down. “And you, my dearest Gudao, have become the most valuable piece on the board.”

He paused. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.

Her upside-down smile was all teeth. “Oh, but you do, I could smell it the moment I met you. Your body... it is a *nexus* of Amazon Spirit. You channel the ambient mana of this Singularity as easily as breathing. You can ‘bless’ any woman with such power to your liking, can’t you?”

Gudao remained silent.

He tensed when Shuten pushed herself off the chair and landed on her feet. “That’s why Koyanskaya is interested in you; you could make her potions a hundred times more effective. Enough to upset the balance of the Tournament.”

“What does she want?”

“Don’t really know,” She shrugged. “Perhaps take over Quetzalcoatl’s place as ruler of this Singularity? It sounds like something she’d do. But I honestly do not care. She gives me the toys to fight with Raikou, and I get to have fun~.”

He frowned in confusion. “Why does she want you to fight Raikou?”

“Well, because she’s a right *bore*. Keeping this area so... peaceful.” She said the word like one would speak when finding hair on their food. “So long as Champions loyal to Quetzalcoatl are in place, the odds of facing her are very slim.” Shuten sighed in disappointment. “And Raikou has proven to be a bore. Keeping her ladies all restrained, in every sense of the world.” She laughed. “I can smell the sexual frustration from that castle even a mile away.”

Well, she wasn’t wrong there.

Her smile widened a bit, and he felt in danger.

“And it must torment you so, right, *Master?*” She emphasized the word as she stepped closer, her draping robes trailing over the floor. The smoothness of her petite, lithe figure could be just as alluring as that of the tallest and most curvaceous woman. “You can feel it, all that potential, all that energy *bottled up* in one place. The Amazon Spirit wants to be unleashed, and needs you to be its conduit if Raikou is hellbent on keeping her gals thirsty~.”

He swallowed, feeling his cheek heat up. The worst part was that he couldn’t refute her words. He... he had been struggling with that, ever since Meiko... He saw all the warrior women there, and he just *knew* what they could become. What they *wanted* to be.

“That’s what makes you so interesting, so *fun*.” Shuten was a foot away from him, and he could feel the booze on her breath. “That energy... is imprinting itself on *you* as well.”

Gudao’s blue eyes widened in shock at the *implications*. “What are you saying?”

“Ohhh Master,” Shuten gave a skip as she walked around the young man, whose wariness dimmed in favor of puzzlement. His focus on the danger that was Shuten shifted to this new... paradigm. “It is a blessing meant for women, too true. Too true.” She giggled, leaning over his shoulder to rest her chin on it. “But power is power. It is not geared to affect a male, but it *will* affect him, or rather *you*, all the same. You must have already experienced it, haven’t you? Your energy, your endurance, your stamina?” She playfully said the last word, sending shivers down his spine.

He... He knew what she meant. His ability to keep up with such powerful women in bed, his outstanding resilience to go all night if needed. The... potency in his seed, overcharged with Quetzalcoatl’s blessing.

He was a vessel to channel the Amazon Spirit through. He could impart it upon others. Channel it like an aqueduct channels water.

Yet water weathers all things, with time. Though perhaps that was not the correct term, that energy was shaping him, molding him, making him a better conduit.

Had that been Quetzalcoatl's design as well? Or was it a quirky happenstance?

He did not know. All he knew was that in those moments where he shared her blessing, it was like he could brush his fingers over the waters of the Amazon Spirit as it flowed from him to others. And he understood why, in those brief moments, it drove those women so insane with power and lust.

It was intoxicating. Empowering didn't even begin to cover it.

"Stuck in you, it seeks a release." She giggled, playfully running a hand over his arm with a sensual graze. "Won't you let it out?"

"I'm not giving you this power." He tried to keep his voice firm, but there was a slight shake as he breathed.

"Ohh, I'm not talking about me." Her smile widened. "I'm talking about *you*."

Gudao gasped.

Shuten whispered into his ear, once more her mystical charm working through her sultry, alluring voice. "Every time you kissed those supple muscles. Every caress from your hands. Every thrust of your hips into their depths..." He could feel his heart drumming in his chest. "Remember how it felt when the power flowed through your veins, shooting like a leaky pipe through your *cock*. Exploding with its essence deep inside them."

Gudao shuddered when dainty fingers rubbed over the rising bulge in his pants. The way she spoke was making the heat in his body rise uncontrollably as she called forth every single memory of passion he's had since his arrival here.

“Building up inside you. Tighter. Heavier. *Burning.*” She licked his earlobe. “How you watched them grow, saw them *ascend* and become glorious warriors... Wouldn’t you like to feel that too?”

Gudao pushed her away; he barely heard her devious laughter as he leaned on his knees with his palms, panting repeatedly. His vision was blurry, his hands were shaky.

The familiar sensation of the blessing coursed through him, rattling like an animal behind bars. Desperate to get out, to seek freedom and *release*.

His penis pulsed under his pants, aching for him to release it inside a beautiful amazon.

It was like a flood; he couldn’t stop it. It needed to surge forth.

But with no room to go... it bounced back into *him*.

“Gah!” He gasped, suddenly going ramrod straight. His fists tightened at his sides as his entire form trembled.

He *grew*. His muscular density increased, the volume of his mass expanded in every direction. His already toned physique broadened and increased the definition to shredded levels. His biceps swelled until the sleeves were cuffing them, and a twitch from his arms created rips on the fabric around the cuffs and the shoulders.

His back expanded, growing in size and definition, causing a tattered segment of rips to spread along his spine. His shirt became painted on his rows of deep abdominal muscles, while slab-like pectorals pushed out until they began splitting the shirt down the middle.

He felt his quads and calves widening, pushing against his pants until they were tight. Strong, rippling muscles jumped in tandem with corded power like high-tension cables. His hips were reflexively thrusting forward, painfully trapping the growing erection under the fabric.

Gudao grunted as his growing neck muscles rippled. The tears in his shirt were not fast enough to his liking. He wanted to see, *needed* to witness the changes. He roughly grabbed his collar and tore it in half with one swift pull, leaving his upper body bare.

He was muscular, not on the same level as an amazon, but as a brawny gym-goer just shy of a bodybuilder. Bulging blocks of muscle were everywhere, small veins decorating his surface. He gasped and moaned as he ran his rough hands over his front, feeling up his abs and pecs.

“Yeeees,” Shuten hissed with pleasure. “That’s it. Let it all out~.”

With his mind lost in the haze, Gudao did so. He loved his waistband enough that his erection sprang forth, bobbling in the cold air. He gasped when he reached out and grabbed it with both hands, a throaty grunt escaping his lips as he began pumping like a man possessed. Motivated by the beautiful amazons he had fucked throughout his stay in this singularity. And aroused by the sheer *power* bursting under his skin.

As his hands moved back and forth, drops of pre-cum fell to the floor. A growl began building up from the depths of his chest. His balls seemed to inflate and retreat into himself as a pulsating feeling shot through his dick.

Gudao threw his head back, moaning loudly as he released load after load of his seed.