

Mordred's training with Quetzalcoatl had improved her body by leaps and bounds. While the Lucha Goddess' *overwhelming* musculature and size remained leagues beyond her, there was no denying Mordred's physique now stood as one of the greatest in Chaldea.

New levels meant new challenges, which in turn meant new *challengers*. On her path to challenge her father again, Mordred would first clear the way and test herself with others she knew to call her equals or rivals. And there was no lack of strong powerful women with the bodies to match in Chaldea. Warriors of all kinds and stripes for whom Mordred held honest respect as they had long proved their abilities and prowess. The greeks in particular would prove great challenges and training for her, from Pollux's masterful boxing to Atalanta's wrestling and more.

But there was one in particular that had Mordred's attention, who invoked in her a strong desire to fight even among the others.

"You think you're ready for me, little knight?" Perfect white teeth were shown in full with a savage grin. Blue eyes threatened to shift to red on a moment's notice as horse ears flatted against a head full of pure white hair. Flawless olive skin wrapped tightly around a veritable mountain of muscles, corded flesh of highly striated sinew bulged to outstanding levels. The muscles looked *angry*, honed with the purpose of carrying out war and bloodshed. An invincible body born from a divine blessing and honed by years of training and warfare. The body of a tyrant, amazonian, beautiful and deadly.

Caenis was someone Mordred considered a peer in many ways, perhaps a kindred spirit even. They were just compatible in a lot of ways. Their brazen personalities started as victims who became the villain in their stories, and their endless thirst for battle and blatant disregard for authority made the two fast friends as Chaldeas's self-proclaimed 'Delinquent Club'.

Mordred rumbled as she stood in front of her friend and rival, "Afraid I'll break you, horsie~?"

Caenis growled while smirking back, her upper body tensed and flexed with just a clench of her fists. A simple black bikini clung tightly to her ample breasts, which she pushed against Mordred's somewhat smaller bosom while looking down on her. Regardless of her improvements, Mordred remained a bit shorter than Caenis, a fact the Greek liked reminding her of.

"Don't get so bold, Mordred" Caenis said with eagerness. "You may have gotten big, but you're still not on my level" She tensed her shoulders and flexed her chest, rubbing their bikini-clad breasts together in a way that felt pleasant to both.

Mordred licked her lips. "Oh it's you who's yet to prove herself to me"

"Careful with that attitude. It's making me want to break you on my bed until you *beg for more*"

"Oooohoho is that a *promise?*"

Caenis merely chuckled in response. "Alright, better get on with this. You're getting me all... *distracted*"

At that, Mordred had to agree. If they kept at it she was certain she'd get naked and wrestle Caenis down all sorts of ways...

Perhaps later. Now they had to get down to *business*.

Caenis barked a command, and the simulation room shifted. Creating a scenario of columns and white marble, an idyllic scenery that blended civilization with greenery as the grass grew around the edges of white tiles, and vines began wrapping themselves over the pillars with a pleasant afternoon sun trailing over the artificial sky.

"Hope you don't mind a bit of nostalgia for the day" Caenis grinned.

"If it means I get to trash you on your own turf, bring it"

Then, the items for the challenge materialized. Stacked rows of large weighted plates with a handle on top of each, a pair for both Servants. The crucifix hold would be the challenge for the day, testing strength, endurance, and *willpower*. Whoever set down the weights first would lose.

Stretching their large arms, the women grabbed hold of each handle and heaved, setting their arms straight on the side as the weight focused on their hands. Shoulders, biceps, and forearms tensed as the pressure created by the Servant-grade weights bore down on them.

Mordred let out a soft breath, keeping her eyes on Caenis and flashing her a grin, projecting an air of confidence while attempting to intimidate her. But Caenis was not one to be intimidated, who merely grinned and winked.

"This is feather-weight" Caenis boasted.

"I do these as *warmup*"

The trash talk would have continued, but the truth of the matter was that the weights were designed to test their strength. They possessed enough density to make their arms work for it. So their energy and focus should not be wasted on mind games.

Ten minutes went by, and a slight shaking could be seen on their arms. Mordred felt the familiar burn of her fibers and tendons, straining against the weights hanging from her hands. Sweet began pooling on her brow as she tried to keep her breathing even, refusing to show weakness to Caenis. Her arm muscles twitched and rippled whenever she adjusted her grip, keeping the weights secure in her grasp. The forearm muscles splintered into a labyrinthian mix of lines and bulges, with thick veins spreading through both biceps and over her shoulders.

Caenis was going through the same state of pumping. It invigorated Mordred to watch her divine body pulsate with strength as her beautiful olive skin shined with a thin sheet of sweat. Fuck, just watching her was making her hot.

Twenty minutes in, and arousal was no longer what she felt. But heavy strain and discomfort. Her arms were visibly shaking now, and Mordred had to keep her center weight locked down lest her entire body began shaking too. The pressure building up on her arms began to pull at the muscles harshly, feeling like the fibers were stretching like rubber bands. Ever so slightly her arms lowered, but Mordred lifted them again, causing them to pump harder still.

Caenis was in a similar state, the grimace and gnashing teeth showed this was a challenge to even someone with monstrous strength like her. Her thick upper body seemed to bloom ever so slightly with the flaring of her lats and the rippling flex of her struggling arms.

Thirty minutes in, and the pain became dominant.

Mordred was gritting her teeth, spit flying through as she heaved out deep breaths. Her arms were *burning*, her bones were screaming in protest. Her spine struggled to support the pose as the weights became unbearable. She felt like tendons and flexors were going to *explode*, and with how much they were rippling everywhere on her arms that looked to be the case, even her chest was pushing out a network of veins with her thick pectorals *throbbing* so hard it looked like there was barely enough skin to wrap around them.

Even Caenis' god-like body looked to be at its limit. The sinewy pump of her musculature looked 'furious' for lack of a better word. A reflection of the struggle her body was going through. Muscles pumped harder and larger in response to the pain, driven by her will to win no matter what.

The fierce women stared at each other, pretty much daring the other to put the weights down.

But of course, neither was having it.

"HNG!" Caenis grunted, feeling like her arms were going to snap. Her eyes flashed red as her divine core went into overdrive, making her muscles *swell* visibly, snapping the threads of her bikini until it gave out, freeing her imposing sweaty breasts that *jumped*, bobbing up and down from the flexing strain of her biceps. Her arms remained up, but they were trembling so much they were making the plats clank.

Mordred, not to be undone, answered in kind. Her Mana Burst surged, and her body pumped with a notably larger mass. Her arms were *swollen* with girth, agonizing muscles competed against each other as veins throbbed with incredible thickness. Thick slabs of pectoral muscle pulled the strings of her bikini alongside rising hill-like traps and mountainous dorsal muscles, ripping the red piece with ease.

The two half-naked amazons were sweating buckets, steady streams of salty liquid dripped down from their forms and pooled around them. Their arms were shaking so much it was like an earthquake was happening inside them, the weights were steadily becoming an insurmountable task.

Too much, it was too much, they wanted to set the weights *down*. But they couldn't lose, they would *never* admit defeat. Their warrior spirit would never allow it, not with their pride on the line.

But the flesh could only be powered by spirit so much.

Two loud gasps echoed as one. And crack of heavy plates crashing upon stone tiles resonated through the simulated chamber.

But they had not been simultaneous.

There was a moment, a *brief* second of a delay, where one set of weights hit the floor later.

Enough to declare a victor.

Mordred panted, her arms cried out in relief as the challenge was over. She could almost cry in elation but refused to let her friend/rival witness such a thing.

Caenis did not growl, she did not grimace nor sneer. She merely looked at Mordred with critical eyes that once more shifted from red to blue.

“...Well done,” The Greek said with respect, acknowledging Mordred’s victory.

Mordred laughed, not in arrogant boasting, but with cheer at her victory. Even if her arms felt like they were going to snap, she still found it in herself to flex them. Their pumped and veiny state making them look like glorious trophies.

The knight of rebellion gave the greek a wild grin. “How’s defeat taste like?”

Caenis smirked back. “It was a second-difference defeat, don’t let it get to your head... But a win’s a win, I ain’t such a sore loser that I can’t see you wanted this victory far more than me”

Mordred replied by lowering her arms and holding her hands tightly, blasting her immense triceps and biceps both to their fully ridged display, squeezing her breasts between the peaked muscles. “There’s a goal I have to reach, Caenis. You’re a big milestone to proving myself”

“Oh? I’m flattered you hold me in such high regard” The olive-skinned woman said, stepping closer to Mordred and deliberately flexing her arms in a pose similar to those of ancient statues. “That you can acknowledge the glory of this body”

Seeing those beautiful muscles pump aroused Mordred, now freely able to enjoy her friend/rival’s musculature she openly fantasized about getting her hands on them...

Heh, why settle with a fantasy?

Caenis grinned down at Mordred who reached out with her hand to palm her biceps and trace over the lines of definition over her chest and stomach. "You like my muscles huh?"

"They're fucking hot" Mordred licked her lips.

"Well..." Caenis's voice dropped to a husky octave. "So are yours" She placed her hands over Mordred's massive shoulders and slowly trailed down her biceps, squeezing the mounds as hard as she could. "Fuck, it's rare to meet a barbarian who's got the body of a god"

"Who you calling a barbarian?" Mordred snapped back good-naturedly.

"You" Caenis growled as her hand began fondling Mordred's naked breast, squeezing and slipping the soft flesh between her fingers, causing the knight to moan loudly. "You fucking beast"

Mordred growled, pulling Caenis close by roughly handling her powerful derriere. "You're a beast too" She panted as their bosoms rubbed together, hard muscles ground against each other with sensual ferocity as they continued their mutual worship. "Shit, you're hard everywhere..."

Their bikini bottoms were drenched with more than just sweat; their cores were in such close proximity to each other thanks to their embrace they could feel each other's heat. Desperation and a mighty need overwhelmed their senses as their craving intensified.

"How about a new challenge?" Caenis proposed, her mouth-watering. "Whoever makes the other cum first, *wins~*"

Mordred accepted the challenge with a growl and their lips slammed together in a searing kiss. A simple tug was all they needed to remove their remaining bikini pieces and expose themselves fully to the other.

They tumbled on the ground as their hands desperately felt every single inch of each other's muscular frames, finding pleasure and awe in their enormous musculature filled with power and allure. Their passionate tangle was far from gentle, it looked more like a frenzied wrestling match without rules or skill, where they each sought to pin the other down and spread their legs, thrusting with all their strength and ripping pleasure-filled growls from the other's throats.

They were both victors in this match.