

(**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.

X~X~X~X~X

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.”