

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

Raikou returned from putting down another uprising. It brought back memories from the Heian period, back when she was sworn to her lord. Humans fighting humans was always a messy affair, though she would not shrink from her duty if her lord ordered them to be put to the sword without hesitation, even if she found it distasteful.

But now she was the lord of this land. In this Singularity, she landed upon the role once she saw the thuggish behavior of the previous Champion in Koyanskaya's pocket. These people who valued strength should be led down a righteous path. And so she merely needed to prove her strength for her foes to lay down their arms.

The damn rabbit's influence was spreading; this wasn't the first woman who tried to rise as a warlord and usurp her. Always snaring gullible youths in her net of lies, turning them into her puppets with that accursed potion.

Her warriors knew better. She trained them with absolute discipline and restraint in mind. Lest they become lust-addled power-hungry beasts, no better than the demons who assailed them.

Like Shuten...

Hunting monsters was always the most preferable part of her duties. Yokai were just beasts in need of putting down; there was no complexity about it, no morality, and no philosophical debate. Monsters died, as they should. It was the duty of humans to destroy them.

Chaldea tested her to the absolute limit, tolerating the presence of those *creatures* because they were useful. If not for her oaths to the Master, she would have rid the organization of their presence a long time ago. There, she was a loyal retainer; she obeyed her lords' will.

Here, she was the master of this frozen land. Her word was law. She had nothing holding her back from eliminating that pest. She'd just go back to Chaldea eventually. Here, Raikou could have the satisfaction of severing her head once again.

She almost did, that other day, if not for her Master's arrival.

Oh, her beloved child, the poor bleeding heart. With so much compassion to spare, wasted on the profane and the villainous. It was her duty to guide him down a better path, without overly

enforcing her will, as any mother should. But now at least with him safely under her care she'd be able to properly educate him.

Perhaps she should keep him locked in his room; a ten-hour lecture a day on the evils of demons would be a good start.

Raikou stepped through the gates of her fortress, her soldiers snapping into attention with a crisp bow of their heads as she marched. "Miyamoto-dono!" They announced with loyalty in their voices.

Ahhh, her warriors. She was so proud of them. These women who rose from villagers subjugated under the old warlord's rule to the proud soldiers they were today. Their bodies reforged into ironclad muscles and steely determination.

...Perhaps a bit too much muscle.

Now, Raikou was not a fool. The Singularity and its goddess blessed the women of these lands with the capacity to grow mighty and magnificent. But too much of a good thing could quickly become indulgence; indulgence would lead to indecency and debauchery. She had seen what happened to the women lost in the pleasures of power, in the ecstasy of the Amazon Spirit. They became slave to their passions and desires. The warlord she had dethroned was an arrogant, petty coward who became drunk in Koyanskaya's potions.

Potions made from the Amazon Spirit harnessed from ambient mana.

The potential to go off the deep end was there, inherent when one took too much power. So Raikou took it upon herself to ensure they never used more than what they needed.

She cast a suspicious glance at the arm of one of her blacksmiths as she hammered away at a sword. Her bicep bulged larger than what it was before. Swordswomen and archers in training possessed greater definition and girth, not enough to be overabundant, but enough to be noticeable to her.

Raikou grew suspicious. Were they using more of the Amazon Spirit than what she ordered? She didn't want to think any of them would disobey her orders, or throw away her teachings.

Hmm, this matter required more investigating. But it had to wait; she had more pressing things to attend to.

Like greeting her darling Master with a breakfast!

Oh, she wished she had arrived earlier to deliver a proper nutritional meal, so these large servings of rice would have to do.

She hummed as she walked up to his room, carrying a tray in her hands. She didn't knock, reinforcing her authority as a mother by opening the door. "Good morning, Master! I have returned!"

Gudao yelped as she fastened a yukata around his figure. Oh dear, seems she caught him when he was changing. "R-Raikou! Didn't know you came back..."

"Oh, I had no trouble defeating those upstarts. It's all alright now." She knelt next to his small table and deposited the breakfast tray. "I brought you your meal. Eat up! A growing boy needs his protein."

"Right, protein..." He muttered with an odd tone, clinging to the layers of robes he put on himself. She knew it was cold outside, but she would have thought his room was warmer.

"Oh my, are you chilly? Do you need me to draw you a hot bath?"

"N-No! I'm fine!" He tried to make himself look small... and failed.

Because Raikou noticed something was different about him.

Was he... bigger?

"Master," She put on her best authoritative motherly tone. "What are you hiding from me?"

"I..." He tried to avoid her gaze.

"Master," She repeated, looking at him sternly.

The mage from Chaldea tried to look for a way out, and when he found none, he merely sighed in defeat. "Please don't freak out." He loosened the knot of his yukata and let the robes part, revealing the middle of his body and-

Oh... Oh my.

Raikou felt her cheeks warm up.

Gudao was always a toned youth, due to the intense lifestyle he led. But this? This was the torso of a seasoned warrior. Chiseled and *girthy*. His pectorals were separated by a thick crevice, his stomach carved into blocks of pure hardened muscle.

That body spoke of strength and such magnificent discipline; it made something inside her twitch, rousing from a long slumber.

She could only imagine what the rest of him looked like.

Raikou slammed down those thoughts *hard* and put them behind a titanium door.