

(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, muscle worship, dominating attitude, graphic sexual content, and taboo subjects)

Even though he lacked any other frame of reference, Dai was confident that living in the countryside was a very boring place for a young man his age to live. It wasn't a bad place, it was calm and peaceful. But perhaps too much so.

At eighteen years old he yearned for excitement, for something new and thrilling to happen in his life rather than live out his best years in the complacency of banality.

Dai groaned as he stretched, walking outside to the front yard in his t-shirt and slacks, wearing sandals over his socks. The gravel pavement that led to the porch cracked under his footsteps, he yawned as he ran a hand over his messy black hair, and opened the mailbox in front of his house.

He grinned when he spotted an envelope with his name on it. "Finally," He muttered excitedly as he grabbed the envelope and went inside, taking off his shoes and closing the sliding door behind him.

His house was a mixture of traditional and modern styles with an old-fashioned layout that divided the house into multiple areas separated by thin walls, and various pieces of modern furniture and decorations displayed around the house, along with electronics like the flat-screen TV hanging by the wall in front of the dining room.

He spotted his mother Yui preparing breakfast, boiling rice, and cutting some vegetables to go along with it while meat sizzled on the frying pan. His mother always preferred to dress more traditionally, it was part of her upbringing, wearing a light blue yukata with a thin obi belt fastened around her waist, along with a white apron while she cooked. Her medium-length brown hair was very wavy, with various bangs stylishly framing her face while the rest was done in a bun against her nape.

Soft warm eyes looked over at him and his envelope and smiled. "It finally arrived I see"

"Yup," He opened the package and pulled out an *omamori*. The traditional charm of good luck was old, the brocade bag around it was so old it almost looked like it was made from a potato sack. The prayer on it was almost worn away and hard to read.

“Oh my,” Yui smiled as she approached, cleaning her hands with a towel. “Looks very authentic”

“Wouldn’t have spent money on it otherwise” Dai brightly said. His hobby of collecting old artifacts, including those that were believed to be supernatural or have ties to local legends was a result of his life in the countryside and a desire for something more. It fascinated him that even remote places like this where nothing ever seemed to happen still held their own local legends. Made him hope that something exciting was waiting to be discovered right around the corner. “This was actually a strength charm worn by an onna-musha who came from this village actually”

Her eyes lit up excitedly, happy to recall knowledge from their town. “Oh I know that story” She walked out to the backyard, the one that faced the mountains and had quite the large gathering of trees as the forest was nearby, which often necessitated them chopping the wood. His mother pointed at the mountain shrouded in threes. “It’s a very old tale, about an onna-musha who guarded her home up there in the mountains and was called to fight in the war when all the men of her family were too old or too frail. They say she was mightier than any men and with the temper of a demon who made her enemies flee”

He walked up to her, dangling the charm in his hand. “And this was her charm, the one she used for luck at home and strength on the battlefield”

“Oh, darling that’s an old legend” Yui giggled. “We don’t even know the woman’s name”

“I know I know,” He said, looking at the omamori. “But this thing is old, really old. So I know it’s real, and it came from this region. So, I just... like to believe it’s really from a piece of legend” That there was something special and fantastical in this place he lived in, so he wouldn’t long for the big city.

She smiled gently at him. “Well, if you believe it then so do I” Yui patted his shoulder. “We can find a good place for it later. Now it’s time for breakfast”

Dai nodded, pocketing the charm in his pants. Who knows, maybe the charm would change his fortune and make something really exciting happen.

X~X~X~X~X

Dai woke up in the middle of the night to the sound of dry thuds, almost like a banging. He groaned and rubbed his eyes, standing up from his futon and walking out of his room. The lights in the living room were on, and the banging sound became louder. Wearing only his nightshirt, pants, and sandals, he felt chilly but investigated regardless.

He noticed the lights to the backyard were also on, and saw his mother wearing her nighttime yukata standing outside. Dai watched as she swung an axe over a stump, chopping a log of wood perfectly in half.

Being this close to the forest meant chopping wood was a common enough household chore, but usually handled by the day, and by him ever since he got old and strong enough to do it. So to see his mother not only take up the task again but to do it in the middle of the night, flooded his mind with confusion and bewilderment.

She looked so focused, so dedicated to her task. She was chopping the wood with vigor and intensity like it was her life's mission to split the logs. There were already two piles of perfectly split wood laying at the sides of the stump, the number increasing with each new log. She'd run out of wood at this point.

"Mom?" Dai asked, his voice a bit hoarse from being woken up so suddenly. "What are you doing?"

Her reply was curt and to the point. "Chopping wood" She muttered, putting another log on the stump and raising the axe overhead. The movement made the sleeves fall back and reveal her forearms, which looked a touch... wider than usual.

"But... why?" He questioned in disbelief. "It's the middle of the night!"

"Had to do it" She grunted as she chopped another log in half. "I felt... restless like I had too much energy. Before I knew it I was walking around, then I saw the axe outside, and I..." She stopped her task, looking at the tool in her hand with a gaze he'd seen in her whenever they looked at old photos.

It was nostalgia.

"I saw this weapon" She muttered distantly, "and I had to use it"

It was very odd for her to refer to the axe as a weapon, which okay it was but it wasn't really meant to fight. This whole situation was strange.

"Why don't we go inside?" He put a hand on her shoulder. "I'll make you some tea, that'll calm you-"

"No!" She shook him off and stabbed the axe on the stub so deep he'd have trouble removing it if he tried.

Dai stepped back startled at her sudden outburst, her expression was one of annoyance and frustration, her brow furrowed and her jaw set. "I need to... I just need to do this"

She went to pick up one of the logs.

"Do what? What's the point of this?" He was wrecking his head trying to understand.

Yui's fingers *dug* into the upper part of the log. Her teeth gritted as her expression darkened with a twitching scowl. Dai stared slack-jawed as the wood creaked and started splintering under her grip.

He felt another sound, something akin to leather stretch, but it was wet. In the poorly illuminated darkness, he thought he saw his mother's forearm muscles ripple and develop, becoming firmer and taut.

"Gah!" She let out a cry as the wooden log *split*, pulled apart by her hands and sending dust and splinters flying in every direction.

Dai jumped back startled, arms raised in shock as he stared in disbelief at the insane feat his mother had pulled. "Holy shit!"

She stood there panting, letting the broken pieces fall from her grasp as she stared at her hands which were dirty yet unharmed.

"Mom..." He muttered, tentatively approaching. "How did you do that?"

Her brown eyes slowly looked at him, a mixture of shock and elation shined in them. "I don't know. I just..." She grabbed the end of her sleeve and slowly pulled it back, the cloth rustled as she did so. "Used my strength"

She unveiled her arm, and Dai's eyes almost jumped out of his skull at the sight of the *bicep*. His mother had always been a lithe woman, with no muscle to speak of, yet now he was staring at a sinewy bump the size of an apple, with a decent definition that showcased a few muscle groups around the ball of muscle.

That was the arm of someone who regularly worked out or did a lot of physical labor. Not a housewife in her forties like her.

"What's happening to me?" She asked, and though there was desperation in her voice... there was no hiding the *glee* in her eyes.