

(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, and graphic sexual content)

Funny how at some point fighting for your life can become 'routine'.

At the risk of jinxing himself, Hugo felt that after the hundredth run-in with aragami the monsters were not as much of a danger to experienced AGEs like himself or any of his friends. Not to discount the threat level the monsters possessed, any misstep could be the difference between life and death. Not to mention the higher class aragami that could pop out would be a serious challenge for God Eaters like them.

But given this was a standard recon mission, Hugo mostly took it like a nature walk.

Of course, 'nature' in this instance meant a landscape filled with lapidated ruins and ruined patches of land where the Ash Storms had passed by. But it beat the dull greys of the home base.

The winds rushing through his hair, his jacket gently billowing, the feeling of his greatsword cutting through aragami like a hot knife through butter. It was as exhilarating as it was relaxing. Perhaps because this was his purpose, to fight monsters. Knowing you can die the next day makes life all the sweeter.

Fighting aragami in the heat of the moment was fun. And while usually Hugo would be concerned by the people they could potentially rescue, mission parameters stated there was no human activity around this area.

Seeing the vast expanse of arid ground, the rucks that jutted out the ground, some of them glowing with energy, pointed to that truly being the case. This area wasn't fit for human habitation, but the ruins of houses he spotted scattered around the region indicated that had been the case once.

Aragami had taken so much from them, and then the Ash Storms made even communication extremely difficult. Hence their mission to scout ahead and establish a network for their shorter-range radio signals. With the Ash Storm having devastated long-range networks, relying on a shorter relay system was one of the steps required to go around creating a whole new network.

Impaling a quadruped aragami with his greatsword, he then let the sword impale on the ground as the God Arc did its job of severing the Oracle Cells and effectively killing the monster. He reached into his jacket and pulled out his communicator, checking the signal he found they were about to enter a dead zone.

“Hmm, I’d say we can head a couple of miles north to find a good spot for the next relay point” He called out to his friend and partner, removing the sword from the ground and cleaning it with a single swipe in the air. Hugo looked further up the hill to spot Luca engaged with a few aragami still.

There was something mesmerizing about how the platinum blonde fought. Wielding that monstrosity of a God Arc always looked cumbersome to him, which said a lot considering God Arcs were enormous weapons in the first place. But the Heavy Moon type took the cake with its size and intrinsic design.

And yet Luca wielded it so masterfully.

She moved around in a blitz of speed, darting from foe to foe swinging the oversized crescent blade like it weighed nothing in a display of masterful control. Her form was nimble yet strong, lean, and athletic limbs were highlighted by the lack of sleeves, the form-fitting fatigues pants, and the *very* skintight bodysuit.

When Luca switched her God Arc to its axe form, lifting it overhead, Hugo was once more reminded that his companion was a *woman* as shown by the decently sized breasts covered almost too perfectly by her bodysuit.

He cleared his throat, looking away embarrassed for a moment. After pretty much growing up together, Hugo wasn’t used to seeing Luca *that* way.

Even if her unyielding will and masterful battle prowess were very... alluring to him.

A single swing of the weapon and three aragami surrounding her ended up in pieces.

“You done?” He called out.

Luca turned to face him, one steely grey eye looking at him while the other remained hidden by a long bang of hair. She curtly nodded, “Yeah”

"Like I said, we should head out a few miles north. See if we can find a better spot" He said as the two walked closer.

"Sounds sensible" Luca commented without any objection to the plan. She was always succinct with her words, but one shouldn't mistake her silent ponderous nature for stoicism or lack of interest. She was reserved like that.

The two continued moving once all hostiles had been cleared, Hugo looked up the map on his communicator and hummed in thought. "Once we set up more relays, we should be able to get a clearer hold of Old Fort Fenrir's East Branch"

"They should still be operating, yeah?" Luca asked.

"Hopefully. Haven't gotten a courier in some time" Communications being utterly *wrecked* by the damn Ash Storms limited their capacity to send and receive messages.

"It's still quite a ways from here" The blonde mused. "Are there any shelters to spend the night?"

"There should be some abandoned forts on the way, still standing. If not, we'll have to camp inside ruins"

"Not a problem," His friend said, and that was the end of it.

Their trek continued without much issue, they remained alert while traversing through the unknown territory, keeping an eye out for aragami that might jump them. The terrain remained much of the same, uprooted chunks of earth, glowing crystals, ruins scattered around that stood to testament to a time when mankind led a happier more peaceful existence.

By the number of houses (he assumed these were houses) spread across the area, Hugo assumed this place must have been a town or a village. It wasn't the ruined urban jungle of the cities, where grey and dilapidated skyscrapers dotted the landscape and broken concrete spread as far as the eye could see.

No, this place felt more... humble. The buildings were small. They stood evenly apart at a distance, with fallen and breaking fences separating them. Even the aridness of the ground wasn't completely prevalent as he could see patches of green grass growing tall in the yards. And trees, there were a good number of trees here.

The houses looked large enough to accommodate a few people each. It was hard to believe sometimes but ruins didn't just spring up from the ground, people had *lived* there once. There was a time when these places were *homes*, where people laughed and led their simple ordinary lives.

It made him wonder if these houses could have people living in them one day again. If humans could one day reclaim enough of the world to make it so.

Heh, it also briefly made him wonder if it'd be possible for God Eaters like them to actually lay down their arms and just... retire. He never heard of a God Eater who died of old age, they were made to fight for all their lives.

His gaze shifted to Luca, who merely kept looking ahead as they kept walking, Hugo didn't know if she was bothered by the same thoughts as he was. Once more Luca gave nothing away.

"Looks like it was a nice place once" He commented, hands shoved inside his pockets.
"Wonder what it's like, to have your own house like these people did"

"Hmm," Luca pursed her lips as she hummed. "An improvement over leaky forts infested with rats

The black-haired young man had to laugh at that. "Tell me about it..." A rat ate his breakfast the other day.

This was nice, spending time with Luca. Even if they were on a mission, he liked finding moments where the two could just... be themselves, beyond their duty, beyond constantly fighting against the aragami. It brought a sense of 'peace' to him when the world slowed down until it was just the two of them alone.

He took comfort in those moments with his friend. And he internally hoped Luca felt the same way.

The peace was not to last, unfortunately.

They spotted movement further down the road. A blurry light blue figure darting from place to place.

They tensed, hands reaching firmly for their weapons. "Contact" He muttered.

"Looks like an Amor," Luca said. "Low priority, but may run away and attract other aragami"

"Take it out quickly then"

Their legs tensed, and with a burst of superhuman speed, they dashed toward the fish-like floating aragami. An Amor was not a threat by itself, it was very low on the threat thresholds when they weren't in packs. In fact, they were known to run away when confronted more often than not.

No matter, they could kill it before it even got a chance to escape. Hugo didn't change his demeanor even as the creature spotted them and jolted. He merely held his greatsword high while Luca shifted her weapon to its axe form, ready to bring it down to the aragami.

Then something strange happened.

The Amor jolted in fright, but it also *crackled* with electricity.

They knew something was wrong, but it was too late to stop.

Then a wave of energy emanated from the small aragami, washing over them and sending *hundreds* of spectral needles piercing their limbs and making their joints give up. They fell to the ground with a groan as their bodies felt unnaturally heavy, their weapons dragging behind them as their arms suddenly lacked the strength to hold them.

Their superhuman bodies were useless under this strange power's effect.

“Hng!” Luca grunted, planting one hand on the ground as she struggled to remain on her knees. “What’s... happening?!”

Hugo gritted his teeth, fighting through the pain as he pieced together what was happening. Their weapons were taken out of commission, their bodies were being afflicted by a powerful weakening effect. Hugo soon understood what this was, a *Bias Field*. An energy field that would directly affect Oracle Cells in multiple ways, often rendering God Arcs’ ability to slay aragami useless, and even causing severe issues to a God Eater’s cells. Even Adaptive God Eaters like them were not exempt to its effects. But there was only a unique set of aragami that could generate such a thing.

“A psion?!”

There was no doubt there were still some running around in the wilderness that managed to survive the hunts, their numbers limited as they no longer had the means to spawn more.

But everyone that popped out was a particularly tricky and unique aragami each.

But Hugo had not expected a simple *Amor* to be a Psion, particularly with such a strong field effect...

Their manacles quickly injected Bias Factor, the regular shot of Oracle Cells needed to keep their weapons ‘satisfied’ and boost their abilities. It helped mitigate the Amor’s field effect so they no longer felt crushed by the weight of an invisible force.

Luca was recovering at a much faster rate than he was, soon she was on her feet even if she kept shuddering, gripping her Heavy Moon tightly. It did not surprise him, Luca always had a *much* higher resonance affinity, even among other AGEs.

“Still... too heavy...” She panted.

And let go of her weapon, which fell with a heavy clank to the floor.

“Have to,” Her visible eye narrowed with determination. “Kill it now”

Hugo’s eyes widened. “Luca?”

She moved, not as fast as she should, but fast enough to take out the Amor by surprise.

The aragami barely had time to move when Luca's first descended upon it and *shattered* its head.

The Bias Field let up, and Hugo was free to stand and *gawk* at what happened next.

The aragami remained dead, it... didn't heal. The regenerative power of their cells made them impossible to put down without a God Arc, the weapons themselves classifying as 'aragami' because of the Oracle Cells infused in them severing the bonds between the aragami's cells and rendering their regeneration inert.

Sure in theory a God Eater *could* kill an aragami and keep it from regeneration but... Oracle Cells *consumed* each other. God Arcs consumed the cells of fallen aragami to keep them down, they could *consume* a God Eater without the Bias Factor shots.

Had Luca... *consumed* the Oracle Cells?

"Luca?" He tentatively asked as she merely stood over the fallen aragami. "Are you okay?"

She did not answer.

"Luca?" He tried again, tentatively taking a step forward now that his greatsword didn't weigh him down anymore.

He felt something was... *wrong*. Like his instincts were trying to warn him.

"...It'll be dark soon" The woman finally said, and her voice had a quality to it that was hard to pin down. Breathy, like she was still running on adrenaline perhaps. "We need to make camp"

Hugo stared at her for a moment. "We should" He agreed, not quite taking his eyes off. "One of the houses should be fine"

"I'll clear out the perimeter" Luca announced, "You set up camp" She barely gave him a look over when she went to retrieve her weapon.

"Are you sure you're alright?" He asked in concern. "That Bias Field hit us pretty bad. And the way you just killed the Scion without your God Arc"

"We can worry about that *later*" Her voice came out rougher than he was used to. Like she was eager to go back to the field and hunt. "Psions can agitate nearby aragami. If we are to spend the night here we need to secure our position, don't we?"

"...Alright" Hugo finally nodded. Oh, the matter was *not* over, they'd need to talk about what happened and report to HQ what transpired here. Killing an aragami with one's bare hands was possible theoretically, but without the God Arc... where did those Oracle Cells go?

He watched as Luca grabbed her large weapon and walked off in search of more aragami.

"Don't take too long," He said one final time. "Be careful please"

She merely gave him a thumbs-up as she walked away.

X~X~X~X~X

It had been an hour since Luca went off on the hunt.

Hugo glared at the artificial light of the lantern he set in place in the middle of this dark and dusty room. He set up camp in one of the most intact houses, laying down their bedrolls and stashing their supplies on the corner. The chairs and sofa looked a feather's weight away from crumbling apart, so they wouldn't really be using those. Besides, they were used to sleeping on the floor.

The skies had grown dark and cloudy, the distant rumble of thunder heralded the coming of rain.

And Luca had yet to return.

“Where are you...?” Hugo muttered into the empty room.

Another rumble, and flashes in the sky.

But the sound that followed wasn’t thunder.

It was a roar.

Huge jumped to his feet and grabbed his blade, standing on the edge of the house’s fallen wall to stare into the darkness of the falling night as the rain began to pour down.

A tiger-like aragami *crashed* on the broken pavement in front of the house, its stone ‘wings’ were completely shattered. The shell surrounding its skull was crumbling, one of the large horns had been completely ripped off.

Then a blur landed upon it, crushing its skull and sending chunks flying everywhere.

The Vajra had been slain so swiftly and brutally...

And his companion was the one responsible.

Luka stood atop its corpse, panting as she looked down on it. The hand that put the monster down was bruised... while the other held her weapon.

Once more Luca had slain an aragami with her bare hands.

She had *chosen* to do so.

“Luca” Hugo called out in mounting worry. “What have you been doing?”

She slowly turned to face him. “...Hunting” She muttered. “Needed... to hunt”

She sounded harried, out of breath.

She stepped down from the beast as the rain began to fall in full force, walking towards him with an unbalanced gait. "I felt the need to... to fight," Luca said with a low voice. "Something in me *demand*ed I do, demanded I... kill. Find prey..."

Prey?

God...

"Luca" Hugo carefully held up a hand. "I need you to lay down here so we can monitor your vitals. Your Oracle Cells, I... I think they have been absorbing the aragami's. We don't know what they'll do to you"

Luca stood at the house's threshold, soaking in the rain before she let her weapon go.

"I know what will happen"

Her limbs were twitching, her hands slowly balled into fists. She reached out and took off her cloak and panted, as though its presence had stifled her in some way.

"My blood it's... burning" She grunted. "Every aragami I killed, every prey I slew... was more *power* I took"

She entered the house, and Hugo stepped back.

"And it felt amazing"

Then, before his very eyes, Luca began to *change*.

Luca had witnessed many things, his young age notwithstanding, more attributed to his life as a God Eater. He had battled many types of aragami and survived impossible odds with his friends, he had seen monsters mutate and come into being.

Yet Luca's metamorphosis was something he never witnessed before.

It began with her skin. The bare arms showed how the skin wrapping around them seemed to tighten, highlighting more muscle groups in a display of sinewy definition. But he realized it wasn't the skin tightening; it was her muscles steadily growing *bigger*.

The slim toned limbs were bulking up with tremendous speed, spreading lines of deep definition as the muscles made their way through, her manacles shifted and tightened around the wrists as the forearms swelled. Muscles piled upon muscles until her arms became thick trunks of pure flesh. Highly striated and prominent flesh of amazing definition that Huge had only seen in the most physically powerful soldiers.

Yet even then they would not stop growing.

Nor were her arms the only part of her body that did.

"Mng!" Luca bit her lips as her shoulders broadened, increasing the distance between them as her dorsal muscles enlarged. The bodysuit's material stretched and thinned out even more with the growth of mass, the backside became too thin to cover her shoulder blades slipped past the edges of her bodysuit, standing prominently with the surge of muscles.

Her visible navel all but disappeared as solid blocks of sinewy and ridged flesh pumped to the surface. The tight material allowed Hugo to see how her stomach became a ripped six-pack. Yet that was not the end of it, her torso kept widening from side to side to accommodate the still-increasing number of muscles and their swelling size. Her arms stood at an angle with the flaring of her wing-like lats and-

Huge gulped, try as he might he could not look away. Not from her spectacular muscles, nor the ballooning *breasts* that were quickly stretching the bodysuit's material to the limit with a loud leather-stretching sound.

"Ah... ahhhh!" She gasped, her face flushing. Hugo didn't know if she was in pain... or if she felt a *thrill* from this transformation.

Her pants became snug, wrinkling as the fabric pulled taut in all directions. The sounds of threads tearing and leather ripping contrasted with the sounds of heavy rain and thunder. For a moment the material breaking became louder than the storm as her feet slowly unraveled her combat boots. And insisting muscles sought to break free from the fabric of her pants.

Widening calves tore through the leather with great relief, while the belts on her right leg *snapped* with great force. Voluminous quads burst into existence and shredded through the pants with it, thread after thread gave up when bulging, and fibrous cords of powerful muscles flexed imperiously.

“T-Tight!” Luca growled through clenched teeth. Were her incisors sharper? “Too tight!”

Metal groaned, and her manacles *snapped*. Their Bias Factor injectors meant to stabilize their bodies were utterly destroyed by the twitching flexing flesh of her forearms. But Huge believed Luca had... *evolved* beyond the need for them.

He didn’t know what she was turning into, he should have done something perhaps... but he was so mesmerized by it all.

Mesmerized by the sight of her muscles swelling magnificently, of her clothes ripping apart like wet tissues, of the sheer *power* exuding from her form.

Another powerful flex and the threads hanging from her legs fell like confetti. Her bodysuit looked painted on, barely hanging on by a thread as the enormity of her muscles was simply too much. Her breasts were outstandingly large now, constrained by the material, struggling to get out alongside her thick pectorals.

Luca slowly flexed her trembling arms, holding them up and making large peaked biceps rise, while deltoids ridged like pumpkins rippled with jaw-dropping size. Her body was pulsating, throbbing with barely restrained power.

A tear manifested on the bodysuit, a jagged line splitting between her massive breasts. The beginning of the end. Then it was followed by another and another....

Luca cried out in ecstasy, thrusting her chest forward as the reinforced material *exploded*. Leaving her entire body, unbelievably ripped in all its sweaty glory, completely naked.