

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

Gudao woke up in the middle of the night, the darkness of his room only exacerbated by his blurry vision and groggy mind still addled by coming out of his slumber. He mumbled, smacking dry lips together.

It wasn't nightmares born from the haunting experiences in Lostbelts and Singularities. It wasn't thoughts burdened with stress or guilt or fear. It wasn't any alarm or anything like that. Sometimes people just wake up for no rhyme or reason.

But after enough invaders in his room (usually of the Berserker variety...) Gudao's instincts were honed enough to warn him he wasn't alone in his room.

As his vision focused, he managed to make out the figure standing at the edge of his bed. Tall, shapely, clearly feminine, her golden hair stood out even in the darkness of the bedroom. Her poncho and tribal accouterments were easy to identify, as well as the lovely visage smiling at him with such overabundant joy.

Gudao blinked a few times, muttering with a groggy throat. "Quetz?"

The goddess of lucha was uncharacteristically silent, merely smiling at him.

"What's... What's wrong, what time is it?" He slowly sat up on his mattress, removing half of his covers and unveiling the dark shirt he used for sleeping. "Is something wrong?"

Quetz finally spoke up. "On the contrary, *mi querido Maestro*" Her lightly accented voice was musical, carrying an eager tone to it. "Something *wonderful* is about to happen"

Several things happened at once.

First, Quetzalcoatl began floating a foot off the ground.

Second, her golden hair shined, illuminating the room. Same as her eyes which seemed to reflect the sun's light.

Third, she was *growing*.

Quetzalcoatl was already one of the fittest ladies of Chaldea, with her lithe body and toned muscles, there was no questioning she was a fine specimen combined with her beautiful looks.

But now her muscles were *expanding* to staggering proportions. Her entire body swelled and bulged out incessantly in every direction. Becoming absolutely gargantuan in size and sheer rippling definition. The arms that could swing a build-sized axe for miles became mighty pythons of incomparable sickness, with split and striated biceps dwarfing the size of his head, the armguards cracked under the growth of her meaty forearms as veins crawled all over them with the thickness of his *fingers*.

Her legs *bloomed* into tree trunks of pure flesh, her calves shaped themselves into sinewy diamonds expanding beyond her shins, both footwear and kneecaps splintered into pieces under the swath of flesh, while her tremendous titanic thighs bulged with jaw-dropping thickness and glorious definition, group after group of corded muscles jumping in tandem on her quads.

Her toned abdominals deepened, creating ravines under in between each swelling bag of fibrous flesh as the light four-pack became six, and then eight. Her lats widened like wings, adding to the impressive width of her torso.

Her poncho suffered no strain, yet this too was being torn apart by the sheer *pressure* of her power. Exploding into tatters to reveal swelling breasts of behemoth size to the point they rivaled *Barghest's*, supported by two granite-like slabs of pure pectoral meat. Her neck jewelry shattered at the growth of her bulking neck, while her crown and headband suffered a similar fate. Her proportions, her height, all of her was expanding in tandem with her *godly* musculature.

She spread her mighty arms and growled in a soft yet *feral* way, sending shivers down Gudao's spine as he witnessed the end of this marvelous transformation.

Quetz had become a giant of a woman, enormous, beautiful, mighty, with a body that truly reflected her full power.

He thought he'd gotten used to the sheer beauties living in Chaldea, many of whom got into... compromising situations with him. Yet the sight of Quetz's muscles gave him a raging erection under his briefs.

“Quetz...” He muttered his throat dryer than before. “What”

Quetz smiled lovingly and climbed over his bed. Her sheer weight made the whole thing groan. Gudao gulped as that beautiful face (which was easily twice the size of his head now) attached to that titanic body was so very close to him, eclipsing him fully.

“I want to invite you, Master” She whispered huskily. “To an event of a lifetime. A path for many women... and you have my blessing to help them see their journey through”

Then she kissed him. Two lips longer than his own captured his lips in the sweetest of gestures. He could barely react as a large finger easily pushed him back over the mattress, and then her hand sneaked down below the covers, below his briefs...

Gudao gasped, his world and cognition shattering, everything faded to white as Quetz wasted no time in mounting him, guiding his length into her canal as her enormous legs pressed his smaller form on both sides. He held on with desperation, dragging his fingers over great quads as Quetz’s form bounced up and down over his erection. She moaned, she laughed, she *flexed*, and those magnificent muscles only helped to stimulate him even more.

Gudao threw his head back and came. Then he came again. Over and over, shot after shot of pure pleasure, ropes of his seed filling her yet it was never enough to overflow.

As all energy drained him, Gudao slowly drifted back to slumber.

“Sweet dreams, Master” Quetz leaned in to kiss his forehead. “Go now with my blessing...”

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Gudao woke up with a startled gasp, panting repeatedly as he sat up. The first thing he noticed was that he wasn’t in his room anymore, he wasn’t on his bed and he was fully clothed in his usual black uniform. He was lying on the grass, a sea of green surrounded him from all sides as gentle rays from the sun slipped through the canopy of tall tropical trees. The sounds of rustling leaves and birds reached his ears as he sat up to get a better look at his surroundings.

“Where... am I?” He muttered to himself. Could it be a Singularity? A shared dream with a Servant? It wasn’t the first time any of those had happened so Gudao knew it was well within the realm of possibility he ended up outside Chaldea again.

His mind reeled back from the memory of last night. Was it truly a memory? Had it actually happened? He honestly had no answer to that, but... the physical sensations had been beyond pleasurable, it had been the most world-wrecking experience of his life, in a good sense, where he swam in an ocean of pleasure and sank into Quetzalcoatl's depths. The goddess's muscular visage was engraved into his memory, unable to forget such a beautifully powerful sight. He only wished he had done more, had explored more...

The Master grunted, feeling the rise of his manhood. It was difficult not to feel that way after what he experienced, so he put all the training and knowledge he got from a variety of Servants when it came to controlling his emotions and his body and got rid of his 'issue' in a few short breaths.

Now, he thought as he stood up and dusted himself off, first he had to analyze the situation calmly. He'd be through this far too many times to lose his cool, so all he had to do was-

"Gudao! Holy shit, bro!"

-wince at the incredibly loud volume from a way too familiar voice.

Emerging from the foliage he saw a young woman with bright orange-red hair and bright amber eyes. Wearing a similar field outfit to his (only hers had a skirt because either she or the designers were... daring like that), the back of her right hand had a familiar set of Command Seals like his own, indicating her status as a Master.

"I was having a super nice dream about all the Cus and *bam* I'm in a jungle!"

His sister Gudako was pretty much his polar opposite, excitable, outgoing, sociable, *very outspoken*, and incredibly... well let's say 'passionate' to keep it in polite terms. He loved her dearly but good grief she could be a handful.

"I think it's safe to say we're in a Singularity" Gudao theorized while crossing his arms in thought.

"How you figure?" She asked as she walked up closer to him.

"Because this *always* happens to us" Gudao deadpanned.

"Okay yeah, good point" His sister bowed her head feeling dumb.

"So, first order of business is-" He prompted.

"Check if communications with Chaldea work!" She proudly said, always happy she remembered protocol on her own. She checked the communicator on her wrist with a wide smile, but all they got was static. "Signal's dead!" Gudako said with the same peppy tone.

Yeah, that tracks...

"Okay, contacting Chaldea right now is out," Gudao said. "So we should explore, see if we can get the lay of the land"

"Well, we're in a jungle" His orange-haired sister replied as the two began walking north, carefully taking notice of their surroundings. "But it's possible the geography of this place will not make sense from one region to the other. A lot of Singularities are like that"

"If we are in one at all" Gudao opinioned. "We've been in other types of abnormalities before"

"Yeah but they've all been types of singularities too, they just followed their own rules." Gudako shrugged.

He smiled teasingly at her. "You scare me when you actually sound smart"

She merely laughed and playfully punched his shoulder. "Dick!"

Their trek continued uninterrupted for a while as they kept trying to get a feel of their location. The jungle was dense, the trees too tall to properly climb up and survey the terrain from above the canopy. They kept an ear open in case there were any dangerous predators or phantasmal creatures around, without a Servant around for protection they'd need to keep their wits about them. Fortunately, they had training and experience to spare.

About ten minutes into their journey, they tensed upon hearing the echoing sound of a tree rumbling. Falling trees were a common occurrence in the jungle, but the sound was distant enough to know it wouldn't be falling on top of them. No, it was more like repeated thuds akin to the beating of a hammer on wood.

Sharing a look, the two picked up the pace. The sounds became louder, and the closer they got they picked up something else; the sharp cries of a female voice. Those weren't cries for help, but rather sharp and decisive grunts, aggressive in a way that reminded them of Servants training in their various martial skills.

Amidst the sea of green and brown, they spotted a splash of white. Upon closer inspection, they made out it was clothing, a chiton to be precise, a greek dress. Said garb was worn by a young woman about their age, closer to Gudako's height. She had rich olive skin and wave brown locks pulled back in a ponytail, her forearms were covered in leather wrappings along with her shins which ended in sandals.

She was the source of those sounds, striking the battered trunk of a tree with her bare fists, the impacts rattling the tree while she let out firm sounds of effort, more akin to battle cries, with each blow.

"Should we talk to her?" Gudao whispered. "She looks rather intense-"

"Hi there!" He almost jumped when Gudako suddenly and loudly called out to the young woman.

Said woman froze, seizing in her strikes and turning around. Two bright green eyes and a clearly greek face met them with evident surprise, looking up and down at the strangers with surprise and a touch of suspicion.

She tilted her head, lightly frowning. "Um hi?" They could understand each other at least. "Can I... help you?"

"So, um" Gudako scratched her cheek sheepishly, clearly she did not think about what to say beforehand. "Sorry to bother you but we're kinda lost here. You wouldn't know what's the nearest place to civilization, would you?"

"Oh. Oh!" The young woman cleaned her dirty hands on her chiton, staining the fabric. "Sure I can help you, was about finishing with my training too anyway"

Relief flooded them as Gudako jumped up and down. "Oh thank you so much!"

"Hey, no problem." She grinned in a toothy way that reminded Gudao of certain women in Chaldea. That is to say, she had this air of a tomboy around her. "Ain't about to leave two poor folks become jaguar food by midnight"

"We're very grateful," Gudao said in appreciation as they cleared the distance. "My name's Gudao Ritsuka Fujimaru, but you can just call me Gudao. It came first" He said as a sort of inside joke only Gudako would get. "And this is my sister Gudako" She waved cheerfully at her.

"Name's Elena" A fittingly greek name. "Come on, I'll take you to my village. It's this way"

They followed after her, but Gudao took a moment to look at the tree she had been punching. The cracks and splinters were wide, and there was not a drop of blood in them...

Elena crossed her arms behind her head, talking amicably as she guided them to her village. "So, I can tell you two aren't from around here. You from the northern lands or something? I hear clothing is pretty..." She clicked her tongue, "varied in the other regions"

"Well, we're not from here. You're right about that" Gudako said with a shrug of her shoulders and an easy smile.

"It's a bit of a long story" The male Master added. "We're actually hoping to find a way to contact our friends. You wouldn't happen to have any way to communicate with people would you?"

"What, like one of those phone things?" It surprised them that she knew about that given her archaic looks. But then again, with what they knew about the greeks now... "Well you might wanna buy something from the NFF then"

That term made them stop in their tracks.

"The NFF?" Gudako muttered.

Koyanskaya had a presence here? Well, that could either be really good or... really bad for them depending on what she felt like doing lately.

Ever since her stint as a Beast failed, she'd been... placid for the most part. But that rabbit/fox/whatever could turn nasty on the flip of a coin. It was always a bet dealing with her.

"Yeah, they got a ton of crazy gadgets! Beats me how they work, I'm just a fighter" She patted a very small bicep. "These are all the tools I need!"

Gudao frowned in thought as he analyzed what they knew about Elena so far. "Say, you're an amazon aren't you?"

"Damn right!" She proudly smirked. "We're the strongest women in the world!" Her grin faltered slightly. "Well, we're trying to prove it. Have to admit we've had a lot of competition"

"Is that why you've been training?" Gudako curiously asked.

"Oh yeah, I'm preparing for the Tournament!" Elena pumped her fist, her eyes shined with metaphorical stars as she stared off dramatically into the distance. They could hear the capital T in tournament.

"Tournament?" Gudao asked. "What's it about?"

She then adopted a reverent look. "To crown the strongest women in the lands" She passionately spoke. "By the Great Goddess of Lucha Herself!"

...Oh dear.

Gudako leaned in close to whisper. "You... don't think she means Quetz, right?"

Gudao's whisper came back sharper and harried. "Who else could she mean?!"

Once more the thoughts of Quetzalcoatl, the enormous beast of a muscular woman she became, entered his mind unbidden. So once again he used all of his willpower to shake away those mental images lest they began affecting his body right before his sister.

They kept walking until they finally came out of the jungle, and came upon the sight of a village not far away from the tree line. "There it is!" Elena pointed excitedly and gave a skip to her step. "Come on!" She was all but running and they had to follow after her.

The village was rustic and had an ancient aesthetic, blocky houses carved out of white stone and decorated with drapes and awnings of different colors. The village was large enough to be split into different sections, with a closer gathering of houses forming the main residency and market, where smithies, leatherworkers, butchers, seamstresses, and stoneworkers prepared their crafts, and further away farms cultivated and bred animals for food. The sounds of activity could be heard as they neared.

After constantly dealing with the ancient and secretly advanced side of Greek history, it was refreshing to see something less... sci-fi.

That wasn't to say there was nothing out of the ordinary with this village, as they soon came to see it was inhabited entirely by women.

Amazons at that.

Now, their history with Amazons wasn't exactly the best (given a certain singularity they'd rather forget about), but it was oddly... homely the way they were all acting. Nobody was jumping to enslave Gudao at least, barely anyone spared them a glance or two as they walked by the main road.

The amazons were varied in their looks, ranging from olive-skinned to pale white, dark hairs to primary colors. Lithe and short to enormous and hulking.

Gudako was openly expressing her admiration of these powerful women, either impressed or truly enamored by them who could say. Though he suspected less than pure thoughts ran through her mind.

...And she wasn't the only one.

He tried not to stare too obviously at the taller and more muscular of their tribe. The way some of these massively powerful women with the bodies of Olympians trained in their battle arts with precise movements and swipes of their weapons, others wrestling each other with

their almost nude glistening and rippling bodies, or those who just did hard manual labor that made their muscles bulge with the effort. Like the repeated hammering of a smith whose biceps seemed to palpitate with each blow of her tool.

Gudao felt he was going to go insane, why was this happening to him? Where did these attraction for this type of women come from? Had it been from the night of passion with Quetz that might or might not have happened? Was it a side effect of being charmed by the gloriously muscular vision of the goddess to whom he succumbed?

His heart was hammering in his chest nervously when he felt himself losing the battle for control. Gudao was painfully aware that his cock began to rouse from its slumber, ever slowly hardening...

He squeezed his eyes shut, calling upon every single bit of his training with Li Shuwen, imploring any deity he personally knew not to let his body betray him and cause the most embarrassing moment of his life. *'Please'* Gudao begged, *'I need to control myself, I HAVE to control myself!'*

And then... he could.

It was such a jarring feeling. To be bombarded by desire and lust one second and then feel perfectly at ease the next. The blood returned to its normal flow and let *certain* tissue remain soft.

Gudao could still find them attractive, he did find these muscular amazons to be *very* much his type that had not changed.

But... it was like someone had flipped a switch, he was suddenly in control of his body. His arousal stopped because he wanted it to stop.

Gudao wasn't sure what exactly had happened, but he wasn't going to look at a gifted horse in the mouth. It'd just be something he'd ponder on later.

"I'll take you guys to the inn," Elena said, blissfully unaware of his previous turmoil. "There you can rest, get some mood, figure out your next step"

“Well first I think we need to know more about what’s going on,” Gudao said, capitalizing on his newfound calm. “You said the Goddess of Lucha was hosting a Tournament to crown the strongest woman. Are they all training to compete like you?”

“Well not all of them, some want to wait until they feel ready for the next Tournament” The young amazon explained. “We hold them regularly. Everyone can participate if they want to, but only by clearing the trials can they advance further. Some women train for years before they decide to participate, they rather wait to trigger their Amazon Spirit enough times to feel worthy”

“Amazon Spirit?” Gudako repeated. “What’s that?”

Elena’s face lit up with a hundred-megawatt grin, she was about to tell them when there was suddenly a commotion. Multiple amazons rushed past them, gathering in front of what appeared to be a tavern. “Wow, what the- Hey Antope!” She called out to a tall amazon with dark skin and braids slowed down as she ran past Elena, turning around and staring excitedly at the young woman. “What’s going on?!”

“Mordred is challenging Kete!”

Elena’s eyes widened considerably. “Already?!”

The Masters sputtered, “Mordred?!”

Elena took off in a run, and the two quickly followed after her.

In front of what appeared to be the inn were a bunch of amazons gathering in a circle, cheering and making surprised exclamations, they had to push through the crowd of tall women to get a good look. And lo and behold, there was Mordred in her revealing red garbs, sitting on a chair with her arm on the table, wrestling down one of the largest and most muscular women of the village. The blonde knight was smirking savagely as she was wont to do, her arm shaking vigorously while tightly grasping the hand of the amazon in leather armor and muscles that’d make Beowulf proud. By the train of Mordred’s smirk, they could tell the other woman was actually giving her a challenge.

“No shame in quitting!” She ground out through clenched teeth.

The amazon grinned in turn, her short hair stuck close to her skin from the sweat as she looked down at the smaller woman. "Right back at you, my little friend"

A vein throbbed in Mordred's forehead, while a fainter one began rising on her arm.

They weren't surprised that one of their friends was here but it was surprising that it was Mordred of all people. With this being an amazon village, they thought they'd run into Penthesilea or some of the other Greek women.

Though perhaps it was fitting that Mordred would flock to a village full of strong-willed and powerful women. She sure looked like she was having the time of her life, facing strong opponents, testing her mettle against warriors she could respect while treated as an equal.

Gudako was already cheering her on, clapping and jumping up and down. If Mordred heard them in the middle of the cacophony of shouts and cheers she did not show it, she was too focused on her opponent Kete. Now, a Servant of Mordred's rank should have won easily against regular mortal women. But these were *amazons*, warrior women from the Age of Gods, the blood of Ares coursed through their veins. Suffice it to say they were more than capable of giving her a challenge.

Then, before Gudao's amazed eyes, Kete's arms began pushing Mordred's *down*. She slowly gained ground with a victorious grin, something that surprised even Mordred.

"You want to know something, little knight?" The amazon called out. "I'm not even the strongest in the region"

Mordred grunted, lightly growling as her other hand held to the table so hard she began cracking it.

"How do you think you'll challenge the region champion then?"

The corners of Mordred's eyes crackled with red lightning. "Like *this!*"

A few arcs of her crimson lightning coursed through her body, and the Masters thought Mordred called upon her Mana Burst for a boost to defeat her opponent. But this was... different. Thanks to her revealing attire, they had a full view of her back, abdomen, chest, and

shoulders, which allowed them to spot *changes*. Mordred had always been a lithe thing, but she had some tone to speak of even if faint.

“Wow!” Gudako shouted in amazement.

And Gudao was reminded of Quetz’s empowered state.

Thought this was *significantly* less mass, MUCH less. Mordred’s muscles were filling out, lines of definition became more noticeable across her dorsal muscles, her stomach clenched with effort, and jutted out four small blocks of toned flesh.

Both arms became slightly larger, but it was more noticeable on her wrestling limb. The red cloth of her glove shuffled and accommodated a wider forearm, while the wide sleeve around her bicep moved a bit to show the small bumps rising with a vein coursing all the way to her shoulder.

Gasps of astonishment and reverence echoed around the crowd, followed by words of encouragement and cheers.

“Of course she has it!”

“There was never any doubt!”

“Look at her go!”

Elena’s voice was distant and small, yet they still heard it perfectly amidst the noise. “She can invoke it... the Amazon Spirit”

Mordred let out a valiant cry, power filling her every pore, and *pushed*. Kete’s eyes widened as she was suddenly on the backfoot, her arm which was once secure of its victory was now at the opposite angle, the back of her hand slowly coming closer to the table.

“By the gods...!” Kete smiled crookedly in the face of her inevitable defeat. “Maybe you have what it takes after all, kid!”

Then her hand made contact with such force it cracked the table's surface.

For a moment there was silence, with only Mordred's pants being heard.

Then the knight Servant stood up and flexed both arms, showing her small yet potent biceps crying out in victory.

The cheers that followed were deafening, the amazons praised not just her victory but her *spirit*. They carried her on their shoulders, celebrating her as one of their own.

Gudako whistled, lost in the hype for Mordred's victory. "You're awesome, Mordred!"

"Hell yeah, I am!" The Servant smirked at them from her elevated position before blinking a few times. "Wait, you are here too, Masters?!"

Gudao merely scratched the back of his neck sheepishly. "Long story. We're a bit in the dark here, trying to piece it together as we go along"

"Tch, what else is new?"

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Red wine swirled inside its glass as delicate fingers twirled idly twirled it. The dark room was faintly illuminated by a fireplace which crackled as the wood burned. Lavish red and pink furred furniture dotted the extravagantly elegant room, filled to the brim with ostentatious and needless decorations whose only purpose was to showcase the owner's wealth and influence.

Fox ears twitched as the woman leaned back on her large chair. "So, they finally arrived then" She mused.

Two women knelt behind the chair and its occupant dutifully. Young women both, one wearing a chiton and the other an elegant dress with frills and fine accents. "Just as you expected, mistress," The greek woman said.

“We raced to inform you as soon as we heard”

“Hmm...” The boss mused distractedly before sipping her wine. “The Tournament will start soon, we’ll have to speed things up a little”

There were a lot of variables to take into account. But at least she could trust that lucha-obsessed lunatic to carry her role, she was predictable if nothing else.

She took out a touchscreen phone from her pocket and typed, sending a command to one of her agents in the region. If the Masters wanted to explore the Singularity then they’d better prepare, she thought with a growing smirk.

She turned her head slightly, still not looking at the informants. “Now, you two came a long way just to let me know instead of passing the message along”

“We uh” The elegant-dressed girl with blonde curls stammered, sharing a nervous look with her companion. “We felt it’d be best if you got word from us directly instead of... um”

The greek was not much better, “Instead of...” Their excuses failed her.

The boss’s grin widened. “Oh, I know why you two came here directly. You want a *reward~*”

A snap of her fingers and a box materialized before the two. It hit the ground with a thud and opened up.

The women gasped at the contents inside.

A vial filled with purple liquid.

So enticing, so promising, the prize they craved and-

“It’s... only one” The greek young woman realized, much to their horror.

“Yes, it is” The fox-eared boss replied with mirth. “And you’re two, now do the math”

The greek gulped, after being snuffed by the amazons, seen as a 'lesser woman' for her lack of divine blood or heritage... the key to even the scales was right in front of her. Her fingers twitched, and she quickly thought of a way to convince her companion to accept the next one. She was a sweet gullible girl, it'd be no trouble to-.

She was suddenly on the floor, pushed away by the sweet gullible girl who snatched the vial from the box and downed the contents in one go.

Koyanskaya grinned, ahh the depths of human selfishness.

Her ears twitched as she heard groans and moans, followed by the sound of leather stretching and clothes tearing. "O-Oh my god...!" More sounds of strained flesh expanding loudly, louder groans that became guttural and bestial as she saw remnants of clothing fly around like confetti. And an orgasmic cry of delight.

"You bitch!" Her companion called out in anger. "I ought to- ack!" She let out a choked sound, Koyanskaya didn't have to turn to know the other young woman had grabbed her.

"Always looking down on me, always treating me like a servant girl!" A deep chuckle came from a deeper and fiercer voice. "Now it's time for you to learn your place, *serving me*~"

A sound of shock, followed by licks and wet noises. Then more moans of ecstasy.

Koyanskaya sighed contently before sipping on her wine, the sounds of pleasure reverberating through her room felt like the finest music.