

(**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.

Her Master, her *boy*, was not meant to look like this. He was supposed to be a charming, spirited youth forever, the one she could always dote on and shower with praises. To always mentor and guide, as any ~~Servant~~ mother should. Gudao was meant to be her special little boy.

To see him like this, so... so... *virile* made her brain short-circuit.

So strong, so manly...

She reined in those unsightly *urges* before they spread. And spoke most calmly.

"What happened to you?!" Her voice came out higher than she intended as she brought up her hands to her face in panic. "You look so... bulgy!" Words failed to formulate something more coherent or sophisticated. Her mind was fully devoted to memorizing the details of his muscular chest.

"I uh," Gudao scratched his head, incidentally making the *bicep* bloom under the sleeve of his yukata. The sleeve pulled back with the motion, revealing the corded lines of muscle in his forearm. "It's... a long story. I'm not sure where to start."

"The *truth* might be a good place." She said with a tone that indicated she was *not* suggesting it.

And so Gudao began his tale. The truth about how Quetzalcoatl had blessed him. How he could channel the Amazon Spirit permeating the Singularity to share this power with other women who had yet to achieve it on their own... or empower them even more massively.

It was a fantastic tale, but she found no reason to doubt him. Gudao was an honest young lad, earnest and dutiful; he would never lie to his sweet dear mother.

But that didn't mean Raikou didn't have her... suspicions.

The power coursing through her soldiers, the presence of larger and more powerful muscles. The timetable aligned perfectly with Gudao's arrival here. Was he... sharing this power with the women under her command? Was it on purpose? Or was it something beyond his control, a passive effect of his mere presence?

"I have noticed a change in my soldiers," Raikou commented, and her suspicions became firmer when she saw him stiffen. "Is it your doing, Master? Have you been empowering them against my wishes?"

"I'm..." He paused and took a deep breath, looking at her apologetically. "I'm sorry."

"Why?" She demanded to know.

"You're keeping them caged." He explained. "The Amazon Spirit inside them wants to be used; it wants to surge *free*. And it's affecting them. Holding back so much was making them anxious to the point it hurt them; it's like trying to restrain your emotions even when they're natural."

Raikou knew a thing or two about restraining your emotions, your *urges*... hers were anything but natural.

"I taught them restraint for a reason, Gudao." She said with reproach. "So they would not indulge too much."

"You're going too much in the other direction. You're repressing them too much. Can't you see they're happier this way?"

No, Raikou honestly didn't... because she never bothered observing them beyond their development in the field. All she had given them was discipline, instead of the warming motherly embrace she should have truly given them.

It's just... she worried so much. She didn't want them to become indecent women.

"There might be some merit to your words." She acknowledged. "But I'll ask you to refrain from empowering them too much, and let me guide them into their training."

"Yeah," He nodded. "Okay, I can do that."

"I understand the Amazon Spirit flows within you as well, so you understand the impulses it brings out of people." She bit her lip and tried not to stare too much at his muscles. "It's reached the point the power has changed your body as well."

Gudao merely hummed, looking down at himself.

Raikou took a tentative step forward. Her boy was so tall now, just an inch taller than her but... so grown up, so imposing in her eyes. She once dreamt of carrying him in her arms, nestled against her bosom... now her fantasies switched to *him* being the one carrying her, bridal style, in those powerful arms while she held onto his bulging shoulders.

Ohhhh, his arms, so manly, so vigorously corded, throbbing with veins. She could just imagine her darling training, lifting so much weight he could even reach a Servant's level of strength. His body glistening with sweat, pumped with energy and making his muscles flex larger.

"Ah, Raikou..." He said breathlessly.

Raikou blinked a few times, and suddenly realized what she had been doing.

Her hands were on his chest; they roamed freely and *shamelessly*. They had pulled the rest of his yukata down, unveiling the *wonderful* torso to its full glory. Oh, such muscles, such gorgeous physique. Her boy, her *man*, brimmed with erotic potential.

She wanted to feel him, all of him. Run her hands over every nook and cranny, delight herself with the feeling of his musculature flexing under her fingertips. Reward his diligence with *her* own body, allowing the Amazon Spirit to overcome her and grow much bigger than him, grating him the reward of her divine muscular visage as she-

Raikou stopped herself the moment her muscles began growing. And she used every inch of strength she had to hold back.

Her lips were so close to Gudao's; the two stared at each other with lust-filled gazes, willing to cast all restraint aside at a moment's notice. Her ample breasts were smooshing against his dense pectorals, rubbing two pinpricks of pain over the slabs of muscle.

She didn't have to look down to know his manhood was at full attention.

"...I need to attend to my other duties." She finally muttered, mustering the strength to pull away. "We'll talk more another time, Master"

"...Yeah." He muttered huskily.

Raikou pulled herself away after a great struggle. And swiftly left his room, closing the slide with a bang.

She took a deep breath, trying to control herself before she did something she'd regret.

She heard the ruffle of clothes behind the door, and Gudao's muffled grunt reached her ears along with the sound of meat-

Raikou walked to her room so fast she was almost running.

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The urges were coming.

The whispers, the voices goading her into letting go of her morals, of her restraints, of everything that kept her *caged*.

Raikou took a deep breath as she knelt in the middle of her room. In and out. In and out. Ignore how her muscles palpitated, ignore how her skin tightened as a smoldering core burned deep inside her. The smell of incense was all she focused on, pushing away the *improper* thoughts. Those lewd, disgusting things that shouldn't even take room in her mind for a moment.

Fingers clenched over her lap, biceps rippled like there was something *alive* burrowing underneath the flesh. Strings of muscle became knots, pushing against the spandex.

Raikou's brow furrowed so much her eyebrows were almost touching. A bead of sweat ran down the side of her head. Her lips thinned as she concentrated, trying to get her body to remain as it was.

Trying to hold that *unsightly beast* that slumbered in her soul from taking over. That creature, that side of herself she hated with all her heart. The malevolent whispers, the sick desires and urges. The source of all that was *wrong* about her.

"Stop it..." She muttered with a trembling lip. "Stop it!"

Her back slowly stretched, and bones cracked the wider it became. Her muscles grew larger and defined.

Her ample bosom heaved, heart drumming against her thorax like an army marching to war. It was a battle for her soul, waged in the depths of her being, against that side of her she kept under heavy chains.

The divine demonic self, Ushi Gozen, struggled to be let out of its cage.

It had become stronger since she first arrived in this singularity. Feeding on the power of the Amazon Spirit, embracing the lust and desire for more power such a blessing brought out in the user. It awakened something primal in her, something dark and forbidden.

Her posture shifted as her legs became more muscular, making the spandex do a terrible sound as it stretched.

To reach out for every single desire that passed through her mind, no matter how improper, how... *sinful*.

The sight of Gudao's body...

Her breathing was no longer controlled. It became raw pants, hot with arousal. Her skin tingled like ants running over it, pangs of pain as her flesh expanded mixed with pleasure, creating an intoxicating mix. Her nipples grew painfully hard under her spandex, lifting tents under the material.

The urges of Ushi Gozen became all the stronger, and Raikou was losing the fight.

No... No, she couldn't allow this. Couldn't let her darling Gudao become the receptacle of her desires.

If she truly loved him, she'd give herself to him.

She was meant to nurture him!

What better nurturing than passion and love?

She was meant to make him happy!

He'd feel no finer joy than the throes of pleasure.

Raikou let out a shuddering moan, losing her composure. Her muscles widened until they were as large as a bodybuilder's, corded with ample strength and beauty.

"S-Stop...!" She pleaded, tears gathering at the corners of her eyes as she watched her enormous bust rise, supported by the slabs of pectoral meat forming above them. "H-Have to... stop!"

Her crotch was uncomfortably warm.

Ripp!

A rip formed between her breasts; the resistant material of her spandex slowly gave way, revealing the milky white skin underneath, sweaty and radiating heat.

Her entire body burned, throbbing with pulsating waves of growth, desperately *demanding* to be let out of its cage of fabric. And the mental bars Raikou had placed on herself.

“Hnnng!” She looked at her arm, watching in horror and arousal as her shoulder ripped through the material, and another hole formed right over the bicep. “N-No!”

Remain in control. You are Raikou, the disciplined warrior. Not the demon consumed by her desires. Otherwise you are no better than *her*.

Get naked. Show your glory to the world. Dazzle him with your strength. THEN FUCK HIM.

“No!” She cried out as more of her outfit tore. “No no no no!”

“Yes”

Raikou stopped. The growth in that moment ceased.

Shuten-Doji was there. In her room.

Right in front of her.

She was too stunned she barely knew how to react. The pest had infiltrated her castle; she had just snuck into her own bedchamber like it was nothing!

“Stop playing around at long last.” She goaded with a hungry grin. “And show what you really hold underneath all that posture and discipline. The *beast* that you truly are”

Her tears of shame became furious. “You *fucking* little bug...!” Her muscles palpitated again.

Shuten laughed in joy. “There she is! I see the real woman inside! The one who desires so many things! Who seeks pleasures just like the rest of us!”

Her body kept growing, fueled by her rage now. “I’m *nothing* like you!”

“Did you know Gudao’s cock tastes wonderfully?”

Silence.

Raikou stared.

Shuten’s grin widened. “His seed is so tasty, salty but *filled* with energy. It is simply... delightful. A byproduct of the Amazon Spirit coursing through him.”

Raikou stared.

“How do I know this?” She leaned in so close that their lips were almost touching. “*He fucked me. And we enjoyed it so very much.*”

A spark of purple lightning.

Raikou’s eyes turned *red*.

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Gudao knew something terrible had happened.

He felt it in his bones, an instinct honed from years of experience leading Servants and mending Singularities. A sudden shift in the air. Like a sixth sense animals have that alerted them right before a natural disaster.

Like the world had suddenly grown quiet, a few moments of unnerving silence before the storm.

And Gudao could feel that storm.

A second later, he *felt* a swell in Amazon Spirit localized within the castle. Condensing in a singular nucleus. An atom that held unbelievable amounts of energy. Shaking itself apart when the energy proved too much to contain.

And then it *burst*.

The castle shook to its foundations as the roar of lightning surged through the sky. The air vibrated with the discharge of electricity, and Gudao could see arcs of purple lightning across the snowy sky.

A localized storm had spawned right in the middle of Raikou's fortress.

Centered around *Raikou* herself.

Gudao had no doubt about it, because he could feel it. He could feel the swell of the Amazon Spirit *exploding* from her body like a hydrogen bomb.

He wasted no time; he fastened the yukata around his waist and took off in a sprint. His leg muscles carried him incredibly fast, even without reinforcement. The power that permeated through his body took him to superhuman levels without the application of his own spells and mana. He could only wonder how far he could take his body could take him, but now was not the time for that.

He passed by the soldiers who barked orders and scrambled to organize themselves. Rows of warrior women gathered around a sight of pure devastation. It was like a miniature cyclone, a barrier made of wind and storm, the center of a miniaturized hurricane that none could pierce.

Spears and arrows bounced off, and women were shocked and sent flying. They groaned as their bodies smoked from the sudden discharge of electricity. He bit back a curse as he surveyed the situation.

“Fujimaru-dono!” Meiko called out as she ran up to him.

“What’s the situation?!”

“It’s Raikou-sama! This is her power!” She said, clearly familiar with the woman’s electric abilities. “It’s somehow run out of control; we can’t get through!”

Raikou’s lightning was a manifestation of her nature as a demigod child of Indra (in a sense, she was the child of an Avatar of Indra), but regardless, that made her lightning very dangerous.

The core of her inhuman nature. Both demonic and divine.

He could feel it from here, growing out of control as it *gorged* on the Amazon Spirit.

This barrier of storm was partly made from it... perhaps he could...

“I’m going to try something.” He announced, stepping forward much to her shock. “You all stay back!”

“Fujimaru-dono, wait!”

Her warning was ignored, and Gudao stood in front of the storm. He took a deep breath and raised his hands. He hissed as the arcs of electricity stung his hands, but... he could soldier on, because all this energy was infused with the Singularity’s ambient mana, the Amazon Spirit. He could manipulate it to his will. He *had* to.

For Raikou’s sake.

He growled and *pushed through*. The storm felt like brittle knives of ice against his skin; the currents of electricity were coursing over his form, but he was moving; he was diverting the current enough so he could safely pass. Every step felt like dragging a boulder chained to his feet, but Gudao soldiered on.

When he finally pushed through all the way, he was not prepared to see what awaited him.

The room was utterly wrecked, blown outward by the form of the surge of energy. Shuten was plastered against the wall in the corner; the grin on her pained features was both nervous and manic.

At the center of it all stood Raikou... in a way like Gudao had never seen her.

Her skin was purple. Her hair had become a bright sheen of pinkish white. Her eyes were blazing red.

And her body was enormous.

Three meters tall, if not more. Packed to the brim with thick and coiling muscles, larger than what was humanly possible. She wasn't the giant that Penthesilea had become, but she was still a tremendously huge and powerful totem of female might and divine beauty.

She growled, huffing breath through her nostrils like a bull, making her neck bulge out. Her arms flexed at the side of her waist, pushing out hose-like veins that pumped larger with each surge of her power. Her body throbbed as though it barely contained the energy within.

"Raikou?!" He gasped, turning to Shuten. "What happened to her? What did you do?!"

Shuten *laughed*. She was as elated as she was afraid. Even a monster like her knew when she had found a bigger fish. "I brought out... was there all along!"

"Mine, all mine," Raikou said gutturally, her voice low and echoing with a supernatural effect. *"All I've denied for myself, my birthright, my power!"* Her lips slowly twisted into a grin. *"What a fool I was, denying it for so long!"*

"Raikou, listen to me!" He called out. "You need to stop before you destroy the castle."

"Power. Lightning. The storm is me. I shall grow larger, all-consuming."

Gods damn it, there was no reasoning with her in this state.

"She's surrendered herself to her instincts, her desires," Shuten said, pulling herself out of the wall with a surge of her growing muscles. "All the things she suppressed for so long, they're ruling her now."

"Then what do we do?!"

Her grin unnerved him.

"You give her what she wants."

Gudao stared at her.

"I know you're not naïve, Master. You know what lies underneath Raikou's whims, how she cannot differentiate between romance and friendship. Family and lovers. She treats you as her flesh and blood, and wants you to love her like you're her soulmate." She said, stepping closer to him. "Until she gets a taste of what she's been craving, she won't stop."

He slowly stared at the massive woman, who was slowly yet steadily growing even *larger*.

"Once she lowers her guard, you can pull all that power out of her. Drain her before she explodes and takes us all in her rage." Shuten leaned over his shoulder and whispered. "Now be a brave little Master, and captivate her like I know you can."

...There was little choice, was there?

Gudao sighed and stepped closer. The air felt warmer the nearer he got to Raikou's massive form. "Raikou, it's me."

"*Master?*" She intoned, her voice filled with disbelief as though she was just seeing him for the first time. "*Oh... for you to see me like this. My shame, my glory...*" She grinned, showing her fangs. "*What do you think of me? Do you see a monster, or a goddess? Walk too close, and I might devour you, for both sides what the same~.*"

"I see neither." He said. "I see my ally, my comrade... a woman I hold very dear in my heart."

Raikou's lips parted; her red eyes widened with shock.

"The one who looks after me, who showers me with her affections, who just wants to make sure I'm alright." He said with passionate honesty in his voice. "I know how much you sacrifice, how much you push away, thinking it's indecent, or that you'll just scare me away."

She stood before the behemoth.

Raikou slowly knelt before him, bringing their faces just a bit closer as she leaned down.

"I... was so afraid you'd be disgusted by me"

"Never," He promised her. "Never"

He reached out with his hands, cupping her cheeks. Her head was almost twice the size of his.

"There's always room in my heart for you"

Gudao leaned close and joined their lips together.

The kiss was electrifying. Her lips were incredibly warm; her skin was almost too hot to touch. Gudao could feel the storm raging inside her, in soul and in power. She was so confused, struggling so much, yet elated all the same.

"Master...!" She cried out in absolute joy as their lips parted. Her eyes slowly returned to normal. *"I...!"*

"Tell me what you want," He hissed, pressing their foreheads together. "What you desire"

Her lip trembled, and the confession that ripped out of her exposed all her vulnerabilities, her shames and wants. *"You!"* She moaned. *"As more than Master and Servant! More than child and retainer! More than camaraderie! I... I want you as a man! I need you to be my man...!"* She begged, her fingers scratching over her massive quads as these quivered with pleasure. *"I-I need you now before I... lose myself completely!"*

Gudao exhaled. "Then you'll have me."

Raikou slowly leaned back until her massive size hit the floor; she was too large for him to embrace. There was just too much to hold. So instead she just opened her legs for him, presenting her wet and burning entrance just stemming with pure dripping desire.

Gudao grew instantly hard as she welcomed him.

"Yes...!" Shuten grinned maniacally.

Gudao undid the front of his robe and lowered his underwear, revealing his swollen manhood.

He braced himself over Raikou's massive legs. Her ample bosom blocked the view of her face like mountains on the horizon. She was quivering so much. "*P-Please!*"

Gudao took a deep breath... and plunged himself into her.