

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

Mordred was no stranger to training. She loved training, loved the feeling of pushing her limits and growing stronger. Though upon becoming a Heroic Spirit, she manifested as an almost immutable existence. Training and working out did virtually nothing for a Servant, except for refining their skills. They could not change their stats or improve their physique.

It *was* possible for a Saint Graph's body to change, but it required strenuous or special circumstances. The Amazon Spirit, boosting her power and making her muscles grow, was one of the most extreme examples, as her Saint Graph swelled with delicious power.

Which was why Mordred loved it so much. That blessing could allow her to keep improving, make her bigger and stronger. It would allow her to reach limits previously undreamt of. Turn her body into a weapon, to the point that, eventually, Clarent would not be necessary.

And close the gaps between her and the people she admired and wished to defeat in equal measure.

The image of a flawless king appeared in her mind, making Mordred grunt as she redoubled her efforts.

Her current training consisted of her carrying a huge boulder on her back while walking up the steps of a mountain, with the ever-watchful eye of the Huntress measuring her progress. Her pride had stung when she had acquiesced to the idea of being trained by her, but she couldn't deny that Atalanta knew what she was talking about. The woman was a harsh taskmaster, and honestly, Mordred wouldn't have it any other way.

Unlike last time, when she kept doing push-ups while maintaining the Amazon state for a full day to gauge her limits, this time, Atalanta told her to remain in her 'base form' for this exercise, to gauge her body's natural limits.

It started getting annoying when she reached the top of the mountain, and Atalanta told her to go down and back up again.

She had done that damn walk at least three times already.

With the mid-afternoon sun bearing down on them, Mordred grunted as she re-adjusted her grip on the boulder, a bead of sweat rolling down to her chin and dropping on the ground, paving a faint trail of wet earth. The mountain top was not steep, and it was covered with the same density of foliage and trees as the forest below, so she had plenty of room to move at least.

It wasn't until she reached the second-highest point in the area, for the third time today, that she started showing signs of exhaustion. Panting as the weight of her stony companion on her back began to bother her.

"Enough," Atalanta called out, standing a few feet away from Mordred with her arms crossed. "We can stop here."

Part of Mordred wanted to question it, brag about how she wanted to keep going. But she'd be lying if she said she still didn't feel the aftereffects from last night. So she merely let out a long groan and threw the boulder with the strength she had left, breaking a tree to pieces just for being in its way.

Mordred huffed, letting out a long exhale before plopping to the ground. She fell on her rear and instantly leaned on her hands, "About time." She ground out.

"Don't tell me you're already tired," Atalanta said with a teasing grin, lion ears flickering. "Here I thought a Knight of the Round would have more stamina than that."

"Fuck off, pussy cat." She swore. "You forget I was doing your damn pushups yesterday for the whole day?! And that I was channeling my Amazon state at the same time!" Even for her, that had been very taxing.

"And you did a very impressive job, I'll grant you that. You lasted all the way till nighttime."

"Where were you even last night? You weren't there to give me the runaround." Though to be honest, the last stretches of that training exercise were a blur. Mordred was certain that at some point she had forgotten her own name.

"I was busy."

She said that with such a neutral face that Mordred couldn't help but be a bit suspicious. But whatever, she didn't care about that right now. "What's next?" She then asked.

"Already want to go on the next part of your training? I thought I was clear that you shouldn't rush things."

"I found my limits. That's what this training has been about, hasn't it?" Mordred replied. "I want to know the next part so I'm ready for it."

The Huntress slowly nodded. "Next part is about teaching you finer control," She said, walking closer to the knight. "The Amazon Spirit's power is a flow of energy channeled through your body, much like one channeling mana. But it is... different in its flow, it comes from the world around us, yet our souls ignite it. There is only so much you can draw before you 'burn up'"

The archer dispelled her clothing into motes of light. Mordred did not even blink as she suddenly stood in her underwear. After you wrestle with a person in the nude, apprehension and any sense of shame go out the window.

Atalanta stood there, showing her petite form to Mordred. She had to admit that even without muscle, she looked really nice. A lean athletic form befitting a runner like her. "You've been pouring water until the glass overflows. And while that can have its benefits when your back is against the wall, proper control is the way to go."

Her form began looking more toned, fitter, her muscles a little bit fuller as the flesh tightened and became more toned. A nice bikini figure, combined with her catlike traits, Atalanta cut a very alluring figure still.

Hey, she liked a pretty girl. Sue her.

"You feel how the energy flows through every fiber?" She twisted her body around, showing her the faintly toned muscles of her back while extending an arm and flexing her bicep. "Through every pore and cell, your body transforms to accommodate the increase in power."

"I'm familiar with it," she said, a touch impatiently. "I've gone through it before."

"But you were too busy reveling in the power; you always went all in," Atalanta said, already knowing how Mordred acted whenever she got a boost in energy. "You kept pumping more

and more energy through your body, focusing solely on raw output. And you did the same through our fight, until your body paid the price.”

The knight said nothing.

“That is why the last exercises were all about finding your limits. So we can start training you on how to channel the Amazon spirit more delicately,” Her abs tightened, showing more definition, while her arms sprouted decently sized biceps and her thighs widened. “When you’re focusing the energy to strengthen your muscles individually, rather than pouring it all over your body at the same time, you’ll find a greater increase in power and endurance, along with your body withstanding the limits of the Amazon state better each time.”

Mordred could kind of see it. She had always acted like she had a big reactor inside of her... which she did, given her artificial dragon core. It is what has allowed her to match monsters and other legendary figures. But it was as volatile as her personality; she always poured it out in swift, strong bursts. Flooding her body to the limits when she sought to annihilate her enemy. But she couldn’t treat the Amazon Spirit the same way, not all the time at least.

She needed to respect it more, learn to use it from scratch, and truly master the discipline.