

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

Rin was used to loss, her life had been filled with those. Her father, her mother, her sister. She had been fortunate enough to get Sakura back into her life, but that did not erase the losses they both had suffered. At least they had each other to understand and comfort the other. The Holy Grail War had been fraught with so many painful moments, and perhaps among the most painful was having to say goodbye to Saber.

It had been such a horrible thing to witness. A torment of dread and disgust to see what had become of their dear friend. Tainted, corrupted, blackened, twisted into a mockery of what Saber was, of what she stood for.

A tool of the corrupted Grail, brought forth to serve Sakura as its avatar. Not a royal knight who stood for virtue. But a mockery of a tyrant who knew no compassion nor kindness. Who fought for the Grail's desire to corrupt the entire world.

She had to be stopped... and it killed a piece of them to do it. She did not envy Shirou that day.

Even though Saber was not of this time, if she had been changed, that didn't matter. She was *theirs*. She belonged with *them*. Safe and whole.

Inheriting Ishtar's power, making her *hundreds* of times more powerful than she could have ever become, even far more than when she used that copy of Zelretch's Jeweled Sword... Sometimes Rin felt it was unfair to wield all this power after all she had lost. Had she been Ishtar's host back then, she could have kept Saber with them.

Oh Saber, her regal and proud knight, who could make her swoon with a gallant proclamation that would sound corny on anyone's lips but hers.

Sometimes, Rin felt she missed Saber more than the others did. She knew it was unfair to think so, but that's what she felt.

Some days, she thought about summoning her again. But... Servants were not meant to remember past summonings. Would Saber even remember her? Her circumstances were abnormal in the first place, which allowed her to remember the 4th War in the first place, but with her pact to the World over, having destroyed the Grail with her own hands...

Rin didn't know. She hated not knowing.

She couldn't muster the courage to invoke Saber back unless she had absolute certainty it'd be *their* Saber. The one they adored with all their heart.

And... Rin was also afraid, afraid that Saber would look upon what she'd become and disapprove. Even with the courage and haughtiness of the War Goddess in her soul, Saber's opinion of her remained the one she truly valued. It was a painful thing to imagine Saber's look of disapproval at all she had done—the debauchery, the worship, how she had turned Fuyuki into her own personal kingdom.

...And now here she was.

Saber, *her* Saber. Not the twisted, corrupted form.

The valiant Servant who had saved them.

She looked different, she *felt* different.

But it was her. She was real, and she was *here*.

The way she looked at her and said 'Rin', with the same mixture of regality and warmth she always saved for her.

It told Rin all she needed to know.

Her dignity, her pride, she threw them all away to hug the Saber. She latched onto her much larger figure with a desperate hug, almost fearful she'd disappear into motes of golden light again.

And Saber returned her embrace oh so gently. With a display of affection, the usually reserved knight had not shown in the past.

Rin had so many questions, but they were pushed aside in favor of incoherent babble as she couldn't keep her joy from overflowing her voice, or her eyes, as shameful trails messily ran down her cheeks.

She heard the smile in Saber's voice as she muttered. "I've missed you, too, Rin."

It took all of Rin's willpower not to unravel again.

Luvia made an awkward throat-clearing sound, reminding Rin that she was there. In the privacy of this dressing room, the three amazonian women had gathered so proper explanations could be given, after Rin and Saber had shared a heartwarming and long-overdue embrace.

The two slowly parted, but not before holding hands for another moment longer. Rin was captivated, *mesmerized* by the sheer beauty of Saber's visage. She had always borne a royal countenance, full of elegance and youthful beauty, accentuated by perfect symmetry. This face she sported now was more mature, older. It multiplied Saber's beauty by leaps and bounds. The open expressions of joy and other emotions that had often been carefully hidden now lay out in the open with soft smiles and gentle looks. Her hair was *long*. Waves of golden cascades in bangs, two long ones falling over her shoulders, with a large ponytail flowing over her back.

And, of course, her *muscles*. Gods, she was notably larger than Rin and Luvia. Not by a *lot*, but... it was still breathtaking.

They had a good idea regarding how she had achieved this power. They felt it beating deep within Saber's being.

Divine energy was flowing from her core. But it felt... different. They didn't have the words to explain it properly.

Saber let out a long sigh, slowly deflating her muscles. With Rin and Luvia following suit, now was not the time for boasting; they could have a proper conversation without flaunting their beauty.

Returning to their natural selves and conjuring clothes to cover their naked bodies, the two magi gave Saber a shocked gaze as they stared at Saber's form. Even without her empowered state, she was... well drop drop-dead gorgeous wasn't enough to cover it. Her curves, accented by the jeans and shirt she suddenly wore, were magnificent. And her bust was simply

staggering in size; the jacket around her could not cover it, which was why it remained open. And her hair still looked long and luxurious. She still looked like an older version of herself.

“Wow, Saber,” Rin muttered. “After all your talks about gender before, I didn’t think you’d give yourself a body like... *that*”

“O-Oh,” The Servant stammered and blushed. “That is not my doing, my Saint Graph has changed. This is merely my... base form, as it were. Just how I would appear had I continued aging after pulling out Caliburn.”

“Wait, that look is all *you*?” Luvia’s voice rose into a high pitch. “Like, that’s your *normal* form?!”

“Yes”

Okay, Rin was not going to ponder on life’s fairness that Saber could look like a *supermodel* had she just been allowed to grow older naturally. She was just going to enjoy the view and never question it.

Not when she had far more important questions in her mind.

“So,” The Tohsaka clicked her tongue. “I believe we’re due some answers.”

“Yes,” Saber sighed. “You are. Though bear with me, even I am not all too clear on the details.”

“Perhaps we should start from the beginning.” Luvia brought up. “Given what I heard, your last standing in the Grail War was far from... ideal.”

“Indeed,” The King of Knights nodded, her expression growing serious. Old shame and disgust were evident on her features. “Death released me from Angra Mainyu’s corruption as I felt my spirit vanish from the living world. After that, things got... hazy.”

X~X~X~X~X

Fog. Her gaze was filled with fog. She felt as though her body had been submerged in icy waters. Her skin was covered with tar, her heart blackened.

She walked through forests and empty fields, aimless, alone. Not even animals approached her. Her very presence repelled them.

Was there something wrong with her?

Was she broken?

She didn't know who she was; she couldn't remember her name.

But she felt who she ought to be.

Someone... important. With authority.

She did something, she... she answered to something. A calling, a purpose. Something that had meaning.

It must be why she carried a sword.

A sword that represented something, a very comforting and hopeful thing, like the most important type of hope people carried in their hearts. And yet its light was missing, reducing the sword into a hunk of metal.

Without its light, the sword was empty.

Without it, she was empty.

Her name... what was her name?

All she had were instincts; she was being guided by them to walk through the forest. A forest that felt so familiar to her, like she belonged here. These woods, these lands.

It felt like home.

Home... why did she feel this wasn't her only home?

The nameless swordswoman kept walking until she reached a lake.

She knelt by it and looked at her reflection. The smoke coming from her body wasn't the only thing that obscured her; her entire figure was clad in this shroud of blackness, like she was a void in the world that couldn't even reflect light. Her eyes, if she had any, were missing along the rest of her face.

She touched her own face just to confirm the existence of lips, nose, and her eyes, yet she couldn't see any of them. And when she spoke, nothing but a garbled sound escaped her lips.

The water reflected very little.

She drew her hand to the lake and made it ripple with the tip of her finger. A small wave that cleared up in a second, once more showing that empty visage.

She hated it.

Hated how broken this reflection made her feel.

How incomplete.

She snarled and smashed her hand on the water, again and again, as if she could strike down this terrible reflection.

But the waters always returned to their calm state, always reminding her she was not whole.

Why was she enduring this?

Why couldn't she remember who she was?

And this longing, this empty spot in her heart where she knew 'something' belonged... what could she do to fill it?

She hung her head in defeat, finding no answers.

But the lake provided her one.

A faint golden glow, shining underneath the surface. Shimmering in shifting reflection by the lake's gentle waves.

She perked up as it drew closer to the surface; its glow was so enticing, so beautiful. Like it called to her.

The object that rose over the waves was thin and rectangular. A card, made of solid gold. There was a symbol engraved on its surface.

A sword? No, a spear. No-

The symbol kept shifting; the figure upon it did not have a singular form.

Until it landed on one that made her eyes obscured eyes widen. One that resonated within the depths of her very soul.

Something that felt right. Like the missing piece of a puzzle.

A crown.

She reached out for the card and admired it with reverence, feeling she had found her salvation.

The shadowed woman held it close to her chest, as near to her heart as it could be.

The card gently glowed and slowly disappeared into motes of light that seemed to go into her. Dissolving over the blackened surface of her body and slowly peeling away the dark.

Metal shone once more as it became unbound by the shadow, pristine azure fabric revealed itself. A gasp escaped her now free lips as the shadows parted, and from the edges of her vision she saw bangs of blonde hair.

When the darkness was lifted from her eyes, she felt she could finally see clearly at long last.

See herself for all that she was.

She spoke her name.

“Ar...toria”

That’s right... she was Artoria Pendragon, King of the Britons, King of Knights, the Once and Future King.

Ruler of Camelot and Leader of the Round Table.

Blessed by the Fey, wielder of Excalibur.

A woman whose glorious dreams were thwarted by the ambitions of evil folk and her own flaws. But it did not make it any less beautiful.

That’s right, that’s who she was.

She smiled in relief as her history returned to her, with the last bits of blackness vanishing from her figure at long last.

Her past, her life, they were all hers once more. She wasn’t empty, she was whole. She remembered battles, friends, comrades.

She remembered them all.

She remembered... everything.

Too much.

She gritted her teeth, holding her head in her hands as the memories assaulted her all at once.

She remembered too much. Lifetimes, paths, choices, events that could have happened differently, things that took different turns. Battles she had never fought, allies and friends she never met... they were all real as well, because they had happened to her.

To other versions of her.

Versions as similar and impossible as her own existence. The memories flooded her with visions of things too terrible and too magnificent to accept. Too much information to make sense without feeling like her skull was splitting.

Camelot. Fuyuki. Chaldea. ~~Camelot~~ Jerusalem. A grand endeavor. ~~The King of Magic~~ An Evil of Humanity. A consumed world.

Goddess. Mortal. Tyrant. Merciful. Divine. Monstrous.

~~A Lion King.~~

Artoria screamed.

X~X~X~X~X

The girls watched stupefied as Artoria recalled the events that led to her return. The King of Knights kept a calm yet troubled expression with her hands folded over her lap.

“You manifested as a Shadow Servant,” Rin muttered. “An incomplete version of Heroic Spirit. Driven by instinct and lacking in wits or personality.”

"A dangerous creature. It was fortunate I did not hurt anyone."

"And you're saying this Class Card appeared before you and... made you whole again?" Luvia asked for clarification.

"I do not know where it came from, or why. You are more knowledgeable than I in this matter, I wager."

"They've been popping up everywhere, along with the Shadow Servants," Rin explained. "Someone or something has been trying to replicate the Servant Summoning Ritual and the Grail without true success. The cards and the Shadow Servants are the result."

Artoria tilted her head. "And that's why you two host divinities, I see. You found Class Cards."

"Yes, it's... complicated." Luvia shrugged. "We'd best focus on your history first. What exactly happened? Was this Class Card tied to you?"

The king let out a long sigh. "Very much so. This Class Card contained my essence; it stabilized my Saint Graph to form a full Servant vessel. And yet... it did so much more." Her gaze became distant. "It contained the essence and memories of *different* versions of myself. Scattered throughout time, separated by choice and new outcomes. Some of these memories were glorious, filled with people I proudly called friends and comrades, as we battled with true ideals on the line for a common cause. Others..."

Her hands clenched.

"Others were too much. I saw things that sicked me and drove me to tears. I refused to believe I could ever make those choices. That I could ever *become* something like *that*."

Even if she kept her voice controlled, the experience had truly shaken her.

"Multiple versions of yourself from the Kaleidoscope," The Tohsaka muttered in wonderment. "This is an entirely new phenomenon of the Class Cards we haven't encountered before. It's simply astonishing."

Luvia's gaze became surprisingly sympathetic. "And you had to endure lifetimes' worth of new memories in an instant?"

Rin reached out to hold her beloved friend's hands. "Gods, Saber..."

"I'm fine now," She replied earnestly, a small smile tugging at her lips. "It was challenging, but I overcame it. Not easily, mind you. I secluded myself until I could make sense of these memories, of the... changes I was going through."

She continued her tale.

X~X~X~X~X

Once Artoria managed to hold the tides of memories back, she wasted no time in trying to make sense of them. First, she needed a safe and secure place to proceed.

Though time changed the land, she'd never forget this was her beloved Britain; she knew her hills and forests. Her Instincts guided her to the best place where she could calm the turmoil in her mind.

An old abandoned ruin in the high hills. A wreck that had once been home to many knights and lords over the years. Until finally nature was the last one to claim it, for the dilapidated, broken walls were covered by moss and plants.

The fey had claimed this land to frolic; she could feel it in the dew and the smell of flowers. But they were not present, not for a long time. They would not disturb her.

Artoria warily sat on the broken throne in the depths of the castle ruins. The lack of a roof allowed for sunlight to wash over her in a comforting warmth. Her fingers clenched and unclenched over the armrests repeatedly as she steadied her breath.

She had to confront this head-on; there was no other way.

With a deep breath, she closed her eyes and delved into her mind. She peered into the foreign yet familiar memories that made themselves home in the depths of her psyche despite their contradictory nature.

Some of them were familiar. Eerily so. Paths she could have taken, events that transpired differently, had people made other choices.

In two of them, it was she who destroyed the Greater Grail instead of becoming its puppet. Once she saw its corruption, it had been an easy choice after certain events had transpired differently, filling a hole in her heart she didn't know she had.

To think Rin and Shirou could mean that much to her in that sense.

Wrestling with these new emotions would take getting used to. She had always wondered, but...

Another time.

Those weren't even the heaviest emotions she was dealing with...

Her time in that organization, Chaldea... it felt like a wonderful dream. A place where her ideals of justice could live on as she and many brave Heroic Spirits battled for the human order alongside Masters of such stunning character that only they could have taken command of so many different Servants.

Allies and friends, foes of all stripes and sizes.

A glorious quest for humanity's future.

But every brilliant dream casts a dark shadow.

The most challenging memory, the essence that caused the greatest division in her soul... was that of herself, as a divine spirit.

Inhuman, cold, and logical to the extreme. The consequences of wielding Rhongomyniad for so long.

Those monstrous actions she committed, the atrocities perpetrated by her orders. All the terrible things she did by following a ruthless idea of preservation.

How could she ever have become such a monster?

And Artoria couldn't excuse it, saying it had been someone else's doing. It was her, another version of hers perhaps, but a time when she could have made those same choices. A path that would lead down to the utopia she once envisioned... but only in a world that had been burned away, once enough blood had been spilled to create the foundations of an eternal kingdom.

A mockery of what she truly stood for. A goal she lost sight of thanks to the divinity in that version of herself.

A divinity she now carried.

It came with the card; it had altered her Saint Graph so thoroughly that, if not for Artoria's sheer force of will, her form would have mutated into some unholy amalgamation now.

She could feel it pulsate like a heart where her dragon core should be, a fusion- no, an assimilation, the divine energies had created.

If she lost control, if she gave in to it... that cold and ruthless existence would be born.

And in this day and age, Artoria feared that creature would cleanse the world if it meant 'saving it'.

Artoria had different options to ponder. She could return to Avalon, where the world would be safe from her. Sleep under a mountain like so many legends said she did.

That would surely be the most logical choice. The kind of choice she often made as king.

...But it was not what she wanted.

It was this selfish human side of her that wanted to remain. That wanted to exist, to experience, to live.

To enjoy life alongside her beloved people, walk side by side with those who had saved her.

Artoria... wanted to remain.

Even if the risk of unleashing the Lion King remained.

But... she would never place her loved ones in jeopardy. Not while she could do something about it.

"Hear me, other side of myself," Artoria muttered to no one. "You and I are one, though life has led us through different paths; we're still the same. For our dignity as a king, for our drive as a human... I will not deny you. For I know the cost of cutting off pieces of yourself"

The price she paid with her humanity as a king had been the wrong choice.

The only way she could move forward... was if she was whole.

To accept all parts of herself.

"So... let's walk this new life of ours, together"

Artoria took a deep breath.

And stopped fighting the divine core.

She let its power seep through every inch of her body.

And what power it was. She felt the echoing roars of a lion and a dragon blending into each other, creating a symphony of might.

Artoria had expected the full weight of Rhongomyniad's divine power to bear down on her. She had prepared herself, steeled herself for the full brunt of divinity. She knew it'd be a struggle to keep her humanity intact.

What she had not expected was how much power there'd be. It wasn't just Rhongomyniad; it was all the energies from her alternate selves, blending and multiplying with astonishing force. Pushing her stats into overdrive and her Saint Graph to its absolute limits. Forcing her form to accommodate.

As Artoria felt her limbs lengthen, she stood up from the broken throne and walked up a few steps with a trembling gait. Her body was swelling in every direction. She grunted as the flesh tightened under the skin, wrapping around it to the point it highlighted every group. The muscles expanded under the cloth and armor, and it was agonizing to feel her limbs push against the enchanted metal.

From the boots to her gauntlets, the pain she felt from her feet and fingers being squeezed into metal too small for them made her twitch. Yet the material dented under the continuous expansion, groaning in protest as IT was the one to yield, not the flesh. The flesh was too strong, unyielding, even the skin refused to bruise and cut as the metal twisted.

Her chest piece was constricting her; the widening of her torso and swelling of her muscles kept forcing the piece to break, letting bolts fly.

"Ahh!" Artoria shouted as more and more parts of her armor broke apart, swiftly followed by the loud tear of her blue battle dress. Her sleeves tore open for her biceps to peek through, shoulders pushed the threads aside and tore them, revealing expanding cannonballs of muscle. Her legs ripped her pants with sweltering thighs and diamond-hard calves. Her back kept growing until the muscles became small mountains.

Everywhere, she grew. Transforming her body into a figure of absolute power.

And divinity.

The chest piece went flying, split in half by the advent of her wing-like lats and powerful chest muscles. Yet two ample parts showed their immense softness with their equally immense size. Her once modest chest bloomed to staggering size, exploding out of her dress with impunity, bouncing and jostling from side to side as her hips reflexively moved back and forth in pleasure.

“Ahhhhh!” Artoria howled, a torrent of mana erupting around her in an aura of divine energies. The mana burned away whatever remained of her clothes, and she rose from the levitating inside the pillar of energy. Arms stretched to the sides with hands balled into tight fists, making her arms explode with greater girth and veins. She growled through clenched teeth, her vision growing blurred from the tidal wave of power and pleasure.

Her hair crown had become undone, letting her hair flap wildly in the turbulent winds. Golden locks grew and grew, so long enough to reach the back of her thighs. Her face shifted with her transformation, washing away the very youthful looks and leaving behind a perfect level of maturity that defied an age placement. She looked young and wise at the same time, perfectly structured, a paragon of womanhood, something Artoria would have never thought about herself before.

But that wasn't all she was anymore. She was Artoria, King, God, Warrior, Woman. She could be all these things and more; she was never to be limited anymore.

Her power manifested in her hands from solid light, and she gripped them tightly. She caused the storm of mana to subside as she wrestled control back.

Her bare feet touched the ground, and Artoria huffed, looking in awe at the two weapons she once held in life.

Excalibur and Rhogomyriad. Divine Phantasms of the highest caliber.

The King, the God. She greeted them both with honor and respect, embracing this part of herself, acknowledging herself as Artoria, the Reforged King.

She dismissed the weapons into motes of light, and once her hands were empty, she stared at them. Her gaze trailed from them to her arms, going over every sinewy bump and deep line of definition, marveled by the persistence of her throbbing veins coursing under the skin like mighty rivers. “Haaahh,” She panted, looking at her body in awe. “Haaaah.”

She flexed her bicep, and a mound almost as large as her breasts jumped, striated with unbelievable muscles. She slowly touched herself, from the peaks of her biceps to the valley of abs, exploring this new self. And... enjoying it.

Artoria felt... beautiful.

She bit her lip slightly at the erotic feeling of her soft breast flesh under her grasp, gently grasping until it slipped between her fingers. "Mmm, ahhh." She had once absconded the pleasure of the flesh, finding them to be a distraction. But... the memories of her with Shirou, with Rin. They awakened a need; she wondered how they'd react if they saw her like this. Would they prostrate and bow, worship at the altar of her body, and.

"Mmmm!" Artoria moaned as she roughly massaged her breasts while her other hand brushed the folds of her womanhood, slowly inserting two fingers and moving them back and forth. The images of her two loved ones would not leave her mind; she used them and the feelings of her muscular body to fuel her. "Ah!" She gasped and swiftly came, coating her fingers in wet release.