

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

Rin took a deep breath, making her chest rise before slowly exhaling through her mouth. She idly ran a finger under the strap of her bright red bikini, adjusting it over her shoulder and making her left breast bounce slightly.

She shuffled a foot in her equally red high heels. The shift in the weight made her calf muscle flex, rippling over the decently sized muscle group. Rin stretched her arms across her chest, working out the knots and stiffness of her figure.

Behind the stage curtains, she heard the cheers and applause coming from the crowd; any moment now, it'd be her turn.

She had yet to bring out her godly physique, settling into a fit and muscular bikini build instead. Normally, she wouldn't feel this... apprehensive about going on stage; the crowd loved her (as they should), instinctively bowing to the divine presence in her soul. Few could even call themselves her equal; indeed, the women who possessed power and muscle capable of matching her could be counted on one hand. And even then, Rin was very certain about her superiority.

Fuyuki was her kingdom, hers by right as Second Owner (even the official title offended her, as though she should bow to the Association Conventions anymore), and these were *her* people. *Her* devotees, *her* followers. Whether they knew it or not, it was only a matter of time.

This time though... This time, there was someone who put in jeopardy everything she had worked for, everything she had built for herself in this city.

A rival that could truly dethrone her. Who sought her absolute defeat.

Rin's sharp intake of air made her muscles tense, her physique growing slightly as her eyes flashed red for a moment, fueled by the indignity and *rage* that came from having her domain challenged. She slowly exhaled, letting out her frustrations and shrinking her muscles slightly. Not yet, she needed to save her efforts, beat *her* at her own game...

And yet the thought of her rival was enough to make her blood boil. Ugh, how had it come to this? Her life of leisure and divine rule had been going *perfectly*, until she came along...

She remembered the last moments of bliss, before her world was thrown upside down by that *upstart*.

X~X~X~X~X

Rin's day had started very averagely. She walked around town, she went to the gym to regale lucky viewers with the sight of her muscles, and gathered more followers.

Oh, Sakura might throw a fit, give her the whole lecture and everything. But Rin knew what she was doing; she was *careful* about it. Besides, why fight this instinct, this need to be worshipped? It felt as natural as breathing to her; it had become a part of her soul where Ishtar had nestled in quite comfortably.

So, she did as her nature called her to do; she grew her muscles to a respectable (and awe-inspiring) level before picking up her next conquest.

Which came in the form of a pretty woman who kept eying her all the time, always sneaking in subtle glances in a sea of people who openly ogled her at the gym. Rin smirked, feeling the repressed feelings of lust and blooming sexuality she had held at bay her entire life, and took the initiative to make the first move.

She might be rather selfish, but once in a while, she did a good deed. Helping someone come out of their shell (or closet) was a good deed in her eyes.

"What's your name?" She asked, smiling sultrily. And the woman seemed to choke on her breath as she stared at her muscular, sweaty form.

"A-Aiko," She muttered. Pretty name, pretty face, nice bob-cut hair. The type of girl who looked comfortable in seclusion by choice, but secretly yearned for more. Someone who fought against urges or desires to live a completely banal life that would not invite trouble.

Rin would fix that.

She flexed an arm imperiously in front of her face, making her gulp at the sight of the striated muscles and throbbing veins.

“Want a feel?”

She very much did; she reached out with trembling hands to fondle the muscle, marveling at the hardness under her fingertips. Rin could feel the lust radiating from her as she bit her lip, her thighs rubbing together to hold off the heat from rising.

Rin’s blue eye glistened with a bit of red at the center. “How about we go to your place, and I’ll give you a private lesson on how to bulk up?”

Her lips trembled; conflict written all over her face. “I-I have a boyfriend”

The Pseudo-Divine host leaned in and whispered. “And how long has it been since he last satisfied you?”

Aiko’s reply was a stammer.

“When I’m done... he’ll know what to do~”

And so the night evolved into her helping a good young woman come to terms with her desires, her passions, her sexuality. The moment they got to her place, she shredded all her clothes in a mighty flex, and bared her naked, muscular glory to Aiko.

She had to give it to the woman; she only stammered for a few seconds before hungrily launching herself at Rin. The Tohsaka mewled happily as the young woman’s lips desperately kissed every inch of her, from the great peaks of her biceps, to the striated pectoral line and bountiful breasts, before licking her way down to her abs and savoring each block.

“There, there,” She muttered, gently pushing Aiko’s head toward her crotch and letting her feast on her essence. “You’re free now, free to enjoy all you want. Free to go for all you desire. To be *yourself*”

“Mmmhmm...!” She murmured with her mouth busy as she lapped.

Such a good girl, Rin decided to give her one final gift.

And so Aiko grew, ripping her clothes and casting them aside with her old self, crying joyously as she ascended to a higher state, all thanks to the goddess she met this faithful day.

And when her boyfriend returned to the scene, she had learned *many* ways to take their love life to the next level, while enlightening him to the wonders of her muscular physique.

Rin smiled, feeling pretty good about herself.

After leaving the couple, Rin wandered through the streets, clad in a cloak that concealed most of her figure (still boosted to a decent level of bulk, she liked the feeling of muscles brushing against lightly straining clothes). She still wore those long stockings she was famous for, and her strong thighs rolled like cables with each step.

She looked around at her city, its streets illuminated with the lights of tall buildings overhead, while below, multiple signs flashed across the street through the commercial and entertainment districts. Salary men and women coming out of their shift and washing away the tension and stress with liquor and karaoke, groups of friends having fun at arcades, clubs, and various other places filled with activities designed for them, couples on romantic dates in restaurants and other parlors.

And through it all, she could feel *her* influencer permeating the air.

If one were to look closer, then they'd notice how a fair number of women were looking than usual. More fit, more adventurous, *stronger*.

The influence of the Divine Cores of Ishtar and Durga, two powerful divine presences, could affect the world around them simply by existing—Ishtar's war and sexuality, Durga's battle and endless drive. The more they interacted with the world, the more Fuyuki became shrouded in their divine magic.

The women who'd grow stronger on their presence during fits of passion, either directly or indirectly. Instant or influenced over time. Rin was quite aware of what they were doing to Fuyuki's population, and honestly... Good. She was *proud* of this, proud that she, Second Owner, could leave her mark on this city, something that denoted her as a figure of authority and influence. No woman would feel inadequate when flirting with someone they liked, for they were filled with confidence and a powerfully positive sexuality. No young girl would feel unsafe walking down the streets at night; they'd have all the power to crush any potential creep, so Rin had decided for Fuyuki.

Her city. Not the Association's, not the Clock Tower sycophants', hers.

Oh, they most likely were keeping an eye on things the further the appearance of Shadow Servants and Card Classes kept escalating. No doubt planning on something. But she did not care, she had more power in her fingertips than even the Vice-Director Lorelei's entire prestigious magic circuits. They were hopelessly outmatched against the host of a divine from the ancient age.

Let them come, let them jeer and plot at the 'barbarian from the east', she'd remind them why Rin Tohsake was *chosen* and they were not.

Rin smiled, satisfied, feeling the lust and power fill the air like a sweet perfume. She could feel a woman on a building nearby flexing out of her clothes in a display of self-love, proud of her progress and enamored with her body. A young girl cornering a hopeless young man who smiled nervously yet very eagerly at the muscular frame that pressed against him. Only a few reached the size of true amazons, but the rest... they were still great in their own right, from lithe yet toned figures, to rippling and muscular powerhouses. All of them blessed by Fuyuki's goddesses one way or another.

Rin moved between two alleyways to be out of sight, before taking to the sky, concealing herself in a shroud of magic so she'd be invisible to the naked eye. She flew further away, near the mountains, so she'd have a better look over her beloved Fuyuki.

As she strode among the clouds, looking down at the twinkling lights below, she truly felt like the Queen of Heaven who inhabited her body, presiding over her kingdom with divine right. And the power to back it up.

After years of trying to bring honor to her name, enduring the indignities and betrayal, Rin truly felt complete now. Satisfied, *happy*.

Nothing was missing in her life.

Especially after that other night~.

Rin leaned against the couch's armrest in Shirou's living room, her regular-sized form sprawled over it in a coy fashion as she looked at her boyfriend(?) prepare food. Oh, how she adored the

dork, his happy yet focused expression as he prepared the meal, putting all his effort into each ingredient. Dinner was as serious to him as a battle to the death, of which he's been in so many already...

Rin hummed to herself in thought, thinking of all the foolish risks her beloved knucklehead had taken unnecessarily. All because of his need to put his life on the line for a belief in hopes that'd complete him.

Such a fool, she liked to believe she and Sakura were pulling him out of his self-destructive path. Yet his desire for heroism remained. That could not be quenched.

Rin, the vulnerable and in-love young woman, did not want him to end up like Archer.

Ishtar, the goddess dwelling in her soul, would not settle for anything but the best. Her lovers would be paragons of womanhood and manhood; if they were artists, then their crafts would be unmatched. If they were warriors, then their prowess should be legendary.

Shirou's lovemaking was already pretty damn good, however.

Well, if the fool was to follow this path of his... Rin had sworn he'd be there by his side and pull him out before he lost himself.

Rin knew what to do to keep him safe, to make sure his dream would not doom him. So long as he had the loves of his life at his side, his soul would endure. But he needed a... boost, if he wanted to be a Hero of Justice.

It was harder for humans of the modern age to become heroes on their own after all.

"Oh, Shirou," She called out sweetly at him. "Come over here for a second." She said while standing up from the couch.

"Hmm?" He pulled out his apron, revealing the plain white-shirt he wore underneath, leaving the kitchen for a moment as he walked up to her. "What's up?"

Rin wasted no time in cupping his cheeks tenderly in her hands and planting a kiss on his lips... Ishtar's Authority flowing through them.