

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

“Sake wa nome, nome!”

On the streets of Fuyuki at night, a figure wearing a business suit sauntered. Between the rosy color in her cheeks, the way she swayed from side to side, and the fact that she was singing a drinking song, it was easy to deduce that this individual had been drinking.

“Nomu naraba, Hi no moto ichino!”

After partying up with salarymen, drinking away their stress with a round of beer, unwinding with poorly sung karaoke, she made her way to her home... even if she could not find the way right now. The streets all looked the same in her drunken stupor.

“Kono yari wo, nomitoru ho do ni!”

What had driven Taiga Fujimura to drink so much? Was it the stress from work? Problems with her social life? The fact that her darling Shirou was seemingly in a tumultuous relationship with multiple women and no longer that innocent little boy she knew?

“Nomu naraba, korezo makoto no kuroda bushi!”

The answer was *all of the above!*

She was stressed about work. She bemoaned the lack of her social life (Namely, how she had not had a date in so many months... much less had sex), adding to her mounting frustration and stress.

But most of all, it was thinking about Shirou that got her all torn up inside.

Oh, how Taiga had wept when she first realized Shirou was in a relationship with *both* Sakura and Rin. Two girls? For shame, Shirou! That’s not how she raised him!

“Oh my poor Shirou... you became a man when I wasn’t looking...”

Taiga sniffed, a comical tear rolling down her cheek as she pictured the sort of lewd and very not okay things her ward was doing with those girls. She kept wondering how she had failed him, what had led her darling boy to lead the life of a ladies' man.

Or maybe he had been trapped! Bewitched by the charms of women who got their claws on him and would not let him go!

Who knew that under the veil of politeness and properness lay two very devilish women who would prey upon innocent men and take their virtues from them!

That's the reasoning Taiga was going through in her drunken state.

Not that her sober line of thought was much different to begin with.

Gods, she really needed to unwind. Those drinks were a gift from heaven, and she partied with some really interesting people.

She even saw a few of those super-fit ladies who seemingly were everywhere these days. They looked so amazing, with their imposingly muscular physiques; they were truly the epitome of female power Taiga had long since sought to embody.

Not to say she wanted to get huge and fit like them... or maybe she did, they looked *really* hot and sexy.

Taiga was learning a lot about herself these days. The fact that she thought of those ladies as sexy and physically attractive to her was a first. Hey, she was allowed to be *curious*. She had even drunkenly made out with one of those hot amazonian beauties. That had been an interesting experience~.

That and the alcohol made her forget her woes. Problem is she had drunk too much, and now she couldn't tell up from down.

"Hey, is my house here?" The slurred to the empty street. "Wait... nope, it's on the other side of town." She giggled. "Silly Taiga!"

It was then that she heard something among the bushes, a soft growl. Two glowing eyes...

“Ohhhh kitty!”

Man, her gaze was REALLY blurry cause that cat looked as big as a car to her, and smoky too!

It slowly walked towards her.

Maybe it wasn't a good idea; she didn't know where it had been. But Taiga was never one to deny a stray cat's call for attention.

She palmed her thighs and beckoned it. “Here kitty kitty kitty! Want some treats?!” She jiggled her purse. “Got some sushi from the restaurant with your name on it!”

The feline growled and *pounced* on her. Taiga laughed as she hit the floor with the cat's weight bearing down on her. Wow, it was so heavy! Must be overfed.

Then two glowing eyes bore into her own, and darkness overtook her.

X~X~X~X~X

The jungle was alive.

The rustle of plants. The gentle whispers of the wind rustled the leaves on high branches.

The call of birds. The sounds of insects. The howls of monkeys.

Each sound was a small heartbeat of the jungle's lifespan.

She rushed through the foliage, darting between trees so fast that they were a blur at the corner of her vision!

She had never moved with such speed, evading every single obstacle on her way like she knew it was there even before her eyes could perceive them.

Instinct. Honed from years, from ages, memories of times innumeral of men with feathers in their hair, wearing the pelts of jaguars and throwing spears at prey and predator alike.

She heard the war cries in ancient tongues; she somehow understood, as if it were her own. The sounds of drums and chants, of dancing and prayer.

In the heart of the jungle lay the heart of a civilization.

It called to her, it felt... like home.

The jungle gave way to a clearing, and there she witnessed a sight so glorious it made her want to drop to her knees.

A pyramid, carved to the smallest detail with the symbols of animals and gods, terrifying and wondrous in equal measure.

Steps so long you felt you could never reach the end.

And at the top lay a table, a sacred place of the highest importance, a place of bloodshed and loss. Where the sun was sustained each day with the blood of the living.

A most holy site, a most terrible sight. A history of blood and glory.

She opened her mouth and roared.

X~X~X~X~X

Taiga woke up with a start. She let out an unintelligible string of sounds as she waved her arms widely in front of her. "Uwahauhava!"

Ugh, last time she went drinking like that, Taiga thought, making it the 10th time she made that promise. She always said 'never again', and every time she went partying to blow off stress, she'd wake up with a throbbing hangover and a terrible taste in her mouth. Coupled with the fact that her body was stiff and heavy, her vision so blurry and sensitive that even a lamp hurt her.

...Though weirdly, she was feeling none of those things.

Mostly because she could see it was a sunny day overhead, and that wasn't hurting her eyes. Her head wasn't hurting either, and she didn't feel dizzy or anything.

"Huh." It was really odd to wake up feeling so fine (great even!) after the binge she got last night.

Though perhaps she should be more concerned that she was outdoors. Lying over a stone bench or something.

"Oh man, did I pass out outside? I hope nobody stole my wallet..." She sat up and patted herself, looking for her belongings, when she then noticed *several* things.

First, she wasn't wearing her school dress. She was wearing a sort of sports tracksuit with a bitonal orange and white color scheme and multiple stripes over it. She would have felt more upset over the fact that someone dressed her up in a tiger-themed outfit if she weren't so concerned about the fact that *someone dressed her up*.

Second, she wasn't on a bench in the park. She wasn't in a park. She wasn't anywhere near civilization.

She wasn't even in *Japan*.

How did she know this?

Well, perhaps it was the fact that it was *at the top of a huge Mesoamerican pyramid in the middle of the jungle*.

“What the hell?!” Taiga shouted incredulously, her voice echoing in the high altitude. “Did I seriously get drunk I ended up in Central America?!”

Ohhhh god, oh god oh god oh *god*. What was she gonna do?! How was she going to get home?! Where even was she?!

“What HAPPENED?!” She screeched, dragging her hands over her head.

And then she noticed the other thing...s.

Her fingers touched appendages on her head. Made of cartilage and covered in fur. Appendages that let her hear *really* well.

She had ears. Like, cat ears.

Also, she had a tail.

“Uhhhhh-huh,” Taiga said after a moment, patting her extra set of ears a few times. Maybe it was the shock, maybe she had reached her limit, but she couldn’t react to this with more than dull surprise.

It should have felt stranger but... it didn’t? It felt like this was *right*?

“What... am I?” She muttered, looking at her hands and slowly clenching them.

She felt strong, *really* strong.

She heard a sound. Not a physical sound, it didn’t have presence in the world. But she heard it in her soul.

Her ears twitched as she looked back at the pyramid, hearing the sounds of a drum, beckoning her.

Inside... she felt she had to go deeper inside. There she'd find her answers. There she'd understand.

Something in her just knew.

Taiga got up from the ritual bedrock and walked inside the temple.

The murals inside seemed to tell a story carved in every symbol. Words that should have been unintelligible to her resonated within her mind like stories one would hear in childhood. Bringing forth images to the forefront of her mind.

War. Death. Glory. Tragedy.

Warriors of all shapes and sizes. Valor and prowess were the traits they all had in common.

Taiga saw images of glory in all its majesty and terror. It would be horrifying for a person of the modern age, but for the humans of that time, it was simply their way of life.

Strength. Power. Survival. Conquest. Sacrifice. Endurance.

She respected it; she felt so strongly toward those concepts that it made her want to roar in joy.

The center of the pyramid held more carvings, along with small statues representing the ancient gods.

The eagle. The serpent. The bat.

The jaguar.

One of the ancient and most important deities since the times of the oldest Mesoamerican civilizations.

The god of war and death. An entity that took the form of a jaguar and human, often at the same time. Whose influence manifested even in the mystical nagual, those who could shapeshift into supernatural jaguars.

The Jaguar Man. The Jaguar Warrior.

Venerated with tribute and sacrifice. Honored by the great warriors wearing the pelts of its kin.

Taiga's soul *roared*.

She understood.

This is what she was. This is what resided inside her spirit.

Her eyes blazed, iris shifting to a fiery red.

Taiga took a deep breath, her thorax expanded in response... and kept expanding. Limbs trembled as mass filled out the fabric, bumps began stretching the jacket and pants until there was notable flesh underneath. Taiga kept holding her breath until she finally could take it no more and exhaled, and the surge of *power* inside her halted.

"Holy...!" She muttered, looking down at her arms and marveling at the power in them. A flex of her right bicep made the mound rise and stretch the sleeve, looking a good 12 inches big. "I'm looking like those ladies around town!"

The thought was *very* invigorating to her. The jaguar in her wanted more, wanted her vessel to become a true warrior.

And Taiga, too, found herself desiring it.

She had always been a fighter, ever since she was young. Always boisterous and wearing her heart on her sleeve. Kendo had been such an important part of her life, one she never threw away, even if her tournament days were behind her. Her training always continued, the Taiga Dojo still trained young aspirants.

Taiga *needed* to be a warrior. She needed proof of her strength.

Without thinking, she pulled the zipper on her jacket, and the endowed bust she often kept hidden all but popped out when the zipper reached the underside of her breasts, but they were safely kept by the black sports bra she wore. She kept opening it until the jacket was fully open, and then ran her hands over her stomach.

Taiga *purred*. Oh yes, those were some delicious abs she felt, touching them was making her feel all tingly inside.

She flexed her arm again, the other one this time, and patted it. She got very excited with hardness that refused to budge.

She was already on a great path... but she could have more. She could always have more.

In this temple, in this land, the center of the Jaguar's power.

She could take it all.

"Hng!" Taiga grunted as she tensed her body, gathering every last bit of power that was within this place. Cultural power, the influence of the jaguar that resonated with this land. Natural power, the mana generated by the world around her.

She drank it. Her vessel was a cup, too large and empty. She needed to fill it.

And fill it she did.

The sound of flesh expanding, akin to wet leather stretching, was heard, accompanying Taiga's increasingly louder growls as the pressure built inside her. Strong muscles swelled with more energy, cells multiplied exponentially, fibers tore and rebuilt themselves, multiplying and unifying and weaving together into highly dense muscles.

"Mnnnghn!" Her tail thrashed around widely as her legs expanded with furious energy, gorging themselves with girth and mass as they expanded rapidly. Growing in height and width, pushing the fabric to its limits. Tears formed all over the pants, and the material around her shoes slowly unraveled to allow her toes to wiggle freely.

Calves widened past her shins, tearing at the material as heart-shaped muscles took prominence. Barrel-like thighs *boomed* with enormous flesh, rippling and popping, making the muscles underneath the skin grow taut like high-tension cables. So thick and girthy her inner thighs rubbed together, stoking the fire in her crotch.

Her arms kept expanding rapidly, growing longer until the cuffs of her sleeves could only reach the middle of her forearms. Said forearms widened in circumference, filling with meat that divided itself with multiple lines of definition, slowly ripping the fabric. Biceps stretched the sleeves until they wrinkled from the sheer strain, bit by bit the threads tore until finally they loudly snapped from the biceps and triceps pushing themselves free. Deltoids rose larger than bowling balls, looking extremely rugged and defined, ripping the remaining parts of her sleeves.

Abs *jutted out* with enormous mass, eight blocks of pure meat cut with stunning definition, palpating as veins crawled over their surface. Her thorax widened with the rise of her lats, her chest and back stretched with outstandingly dense and highly defined muscles, bulging outward with stunning mass. The jacket tore in multiple places over her back. Her breasts swelled, pushing the bra to its limits, hard nipples were on the verge of slipping out before the sports bra completely split apart, letting her ample bosom jiggle free.

“Oh yes!” Taiga growled in absolute pleasure, baring her teeth and showing the sharp incisors she now had. The euphoria she felt as her body was flooded with power defied description; she felt she was truly ascending, becoming something *more*.

The strips of clothing that remained burned away, incinerated by the rise of power and heat emanating from her body in an aura of might.

“Hah-hahaha!” She laughed as she lost herself to the throes of ecstasy, her laughter mingling with orgasmic moans. “Ah... Ah! Ahhhhh!”

At the moment of climax, the energy around her erupted with a burst. Wind and flames exploded on all sides, covering the temple chamber in a localized firestorm and making the top of the pyramid into a beacon for a moment.

When it died down, Taiga stood on top of the scorched stone floor, completely naked. Her body was *glorious*. A figure of outstanding size and muscular power, feminine to the max, yet mighty to the extreme.

The Tiger of Fuyuki had become the Jaguar Warrior.

And Taiga reveled in it.

“Gao!” She cried out with a wide smile, somehow making a true tiger’s growl come out at the same time.

X~X~X~X~X

“Mn-hnnng!” Taiga grunted as she stretched, pulling her arms over her head and interlocking her fingers. She twisted her torso from side to side, popping joints audibly as loosed her monumental muscles.

Her limbs rippled as she kept stretching, making the various muscle groups flex in a fibrous display. Her amazing level of mass had not hampered her flexibility in the least. As exemplified when she performed a perfect split that stretched her legs almost in a straight line, crossing her arms behind her head, and arching her back as far as she could take it.

The small cracks and pops that followed felt like *heaven*.

“Hmph! Yeah!” Taiga growled throatily, enjoying the sensation.

She stood up with a jump and dusted herself off. Her fingers brushed against the loincloth and tattered bra she had fashioned from her own mana. Hey, if she was gonna be a wild woman, she might as well go all Tarzan here!

Woof! She felt so good! Better than ever! Like she could leap from one side of the jungle to the other. The Jaguar Warrior was here to show the world the true meaning of might!

Her heart thrummed with excitement, like whenever she entered a kendo tournament. She just needed to test her newfound power.

Taiga squatted until her legs brimming with pulsating power, and with a leap that cracked the stone under her feet, she soared through the air, pulling a gust of voracious wind on her path.

Taiga laughed at the exhilarating feeling of absolute freedom, and when she landed with a thundering crash upon the earth, she darted like a blur through the jungle.

It was like that dream, only now she was fully conscious and experiencing every single sensation. Her sharp senses picked up so many smells and sounds, her honed jaguar eye picked up so many things that would just elude the human eye.

Her divine core resonated with the jungle, feeling the territory itself as her den, the home where her influence was at its peak. The land where the jaguar worship started, the place where she was at her strongest.

She stopped with a grinding halt, kicking up dirt as she did so. A feline grin settled on her lips as she spotted her next objective.

A tree, enormous, taller than a house, two times her width. It had to be over a century old, if not older.

She was gonna rip it out.

“Grrrgh!” Taiga growled as her arms grasped the great tree; her arm muscles bulged in response alongside her legs as she planted them firmly and *pulled*. The tree groaned, and the earth rumbled as the roots slowly tore themselves free from the earth. Bark cracked under her iron grip, splintering and bouncing in pieces off her impervious skin. “Come onnnn!” Her muscles bulged, veins throbbled to the surface like angry snakes.

She gasped as she wrestled the tree free from its earthen hold, spitting dirt everywhere. Then she settled the great trunk upon her shoulders, flexing the labyrinthian muscles of her back, and squatted up and down. Her legs flexed imperiously as the weight of the great tree bore down on her. Yet Taiga met the challenge with a wild grin and a mad glint in her eye.

Oh, this is what she was talking about. The Tiger of Fuyuki with the power of a god. In a world full of discord, she’d be the one to put order by might of arms. Criminals, psychopaths, all sorts of vile and deranged people should fear her.

She’d keep her beloved Shirou safe, away from the sort of dangers he *desperately* desired to partake in search of his goal. If she made a safer world for him, there’d be no need for his suicidal dream.

Shirou... how much she wanted to keep him safe, from following in Kiritsugu's footsteps. How many times she had failed him, she was not the guardian he needed; she had not imparted the wisdom the young man required, for she lacked plenty herself.

But in her arms... in her arms, her Shirou would be safe from all harm. Safe from evil, violent men, safe from *dangerous hussies* who dared snatch him into chains of depravity and desire. Luring him with endless lust.

Shirou would need no other woman *but* her. Taiga would become the treasured sight of female allure her ward craved, beautiful and alluring, powerful and sexy. Yesssss, her glorious muscles would captivate him.

Taiga thought possessively of all the things her little Shirou could do to her muscular body. Touch her ample mounds of flesh, worship at the altar of her strength. Disrobe and-

Her thoughts, which were quickly filling her with lust, took a backseat as her ear twitched when she heard a crack.

The grass rustled.

She heard breathing.

Something growled as it leaped out of the shadows.

But Taiga was faster.

She grabbed the trunk on her back and *slammed* it with such force that it splintered against the creature. It was no normal animal; it was too large, like the size of a car. Its coloring was all wrong, black with orange manes. Its type was very hard to discern, but Taiga instinctively knew this animal was not a normal creature, not a regular creation of the animal world.

It was a monster in the jungle.

It rose on unsteady legs, glaring at her with endless hatred and hunger, baring its fangs at her and growling.

Taiga growled back. What was a monster to a god?

She charged at the beast and struck.

It was *almost* a challenge for her. How it fought so ferociously, driven by an instinctive hunger and desire for destruction. The beast swiped and clawed at her without end, yet Taiga moved out of the way each time. Her speed was as godlike as her strength after all, and while a monstrous beast showed a magnificent display of ferocity, it was still below her in terms of might.

She swatted the monster against the trees, kicking it around like a football as she tested the limits of her strength. While her physical performance pleased her, Taiga still felt that something was... missing.

Her power was great, but she felt it was only a part of her true potential. There were things missing from the core of divinity burning in her soul. It churned with divine power, but its more conceptual and esoteric powers, which she *should* have, were just not there.

The jaguar was the divinity of war, but it had manifested in an incomplete form. Leading Taiga to miss something crucial, a small but important part of her. She wagered that if she kept training, kept testing, and challenging herself, she might be able to unlock it.

The monster let out a pitiful dying wail as it evaporated into smoke. Whatever magic that animated its body had not been the product of nature, she could smell the magical chemicals burning in the smoke as the monster dissipated.

She sniffed and gagged in response to the vapors. "Alchemy. Artificial beasts." Man, it's a good thing her possession downloaded a lot of knowledge into her brain; she wouldn't even know what magic or alchemy were otherwise.

She picked up a similar scent coming from the vanishing remains of the monster. There were more out there, a few miles away. She could smell them.

Someone had been breeding these things, infesting *her* jungle.

Magi were callous and greedy creatures; if someone wanted to make this jungle their playground, then they had better earn the right.

Taiga smirked and ran through the dense jungle once more.

She crossed vast distances in only a few seconds, running with all the speed of a race car and the absolute maneuverability of a jungle creature. The smell became closer, and she knew she was reaching her destination.

Between the trees, she spotted more of those monsters, prowling around the area almost in patrol. Her keen eyes detected a figure in the middle of them, one that somehow stood out even more than the unnatural beasts.

It was a man, dressed entirely in white. White pants, white shoes, a long white cloak, white fedora. Not exactly the sort of outfit one would wear when trekking through the jungle. The cane in his grasp with a silver skull just screamed affluence. His swarthy skin had some signs of aging starting to show. The black hair in his sharply trimmed beard had a few lines of grey over it.

He surrounded himself by the beasts, completely at ease with their presence. He was even scratching one's head. Oh yeah, this was a mage. And he was controlling them.

The white-clad mage became a secondary concern when she spotted something truly heinous.

She saw some of the large monsters *herding* women into cages made of wood. They looked native, wearing humble clothes one would expect from simple villages. Yet she could feel the effort and love put into them. Poor scared things, crying as they were trapped and put behind bars like some *animals*.

Taiga's veins *burned* with righteous fury.

The man spoke in Spanish, and yet she understood him perfectly. "Enough with the crying." He said with all the banality of an adult chiding an unruly child. "It's not going to make a difference. You're about to serve a much grander purpose, so cease your weeping before you give me a headache." He pointed his cane at them, making them back away in fright, even with the cage standing between them and the mage.

Clearly, the women knew he didn't need to touch them to hurt them. Taiga suspected they had seen his magic in action. If not, a simple wave would be enough to command his beasts.

“Now, among you is bound to be a good vessel, and I’d rather not risk losing any of you after I went through so much trouble keeping you alive. So if you try to run away again, I’ll at least tell my pets to take a piece off you. Is that clear?”

Okay, that did it. Taiga couldn’t hold it any longer.

She grabbed one of the closest monsters, sneaking up on it before it even had a chance to react.

And sent its head tumbling all the way in front of the mage’s feet. The women cried out in panic. The mage merely looked down in growing shock as his beast’s slain visage looked at him lifelessly, slowly dissipating into smoke.

“...What?”

“Hey! Asshole!” She growled, catching his attention.

The beasts growled, positioning themselves protectively around their master. The woman looked at her with shock and awe, a few finding a renewed sense of hope in the sight of such a powerful warrior easily dispatching the monsters that hunted them.

The mage could only stare at her, slack-jawed. “Impossible... a true vessel?”

“You’re staring at the Jaguar Warrior, the Tiger of Fuyuki!” Taiga said defiantly. “And you’re gonna let those ladies go if you value your life!”