

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

Mordred woke up with a *pounding* headache, like a bunch of giants had taken turns hitting her over and over in the head with their massive fists. Last time she woke up feeling this bad, she had eaten a bunch of Gawain's cooking. Though honestly, she'd take the splitting headache over the nauseating stomach ache.

She groaned as awareness settled, her eyes opening to reveal a blurry blue sky that slowly began to take shape, allowing her to see a few clouds more clearly. She felt the scratchy grass on her back and a thin fabric on top.

She felt weak and hated it.

Mordred moaned as she tried to recall what had reduced her to this state, "What happened...?"

"You overdid it," A voice with the sternness of a teacher called out with great reproach. "As always"

Mordred slowly sat up to take a good look at her surroundings. The masters were there, smiling sheepishly at her. Elena knelt next to her, looking at her as though she was both something awe-inspiring and terrifying at the same time. Then there was Atalanta, who stood further apart from the others, bearing a look of utter disappointment and vindication. Mordred abhorred that look; it screamed, 'I-was-right-about-you'. Mordred took no judgment but her own.

But then there was the memory of what had led to this. The sheer power, the immense buildup of energy that wrecked through her body without control, spawning a tower of flesh and might, surpassing every limit, making her bulge to godlike proportions.

She had fallen for that power like a bear falls for honey, too enticed by its sweet nectar to think of anything else. And it had doomed her. She forced it too much, too fast, and too soon. She had not been ready, and it had overwhelmed her, making her body overload and collapse under the weight of her own strength.

She did not think it through; all she cared about was more strength.

She had proven Atalanta right.

“Fuck...” The realization hurt more than the headache. She leaned forward from her sitting position, making the fabric on her chest fall to reveal her small breasts. Mordred realized she was naked and that the fabric on her was a jacket.

She also realized Gudao was not wearing his, and he quickly turned around with an embarrassed expression.

Mordred did not mind; she took more issue with how she looked painfully *plain* compared to her enhanced state. “Great, lost all my muscle...” She muttered with annoyance as she willed her mana to generate her usual red attire, the one she wore under her armor, to cover herself.

“You brute-forcing your Amazon Spirit,” Elena said, disbelief and horror lacing her words. “I’ve seen warriors who tried it; they barely grow a bit before they lose the power. When you force it without first achieving it through self-realization, it can have strong drawbacks.”

“This damn thing has too many rules!” Mordred shouted in anger. “I thought you made your Spirit stronger with more willpower!”

“Willpower, yes,” Atalanta affirmed with a nod. “But forcing your body and *spirit* to host it before they’re ready for the next level of strength can harm you. It’s like trying to fill a water balloon way beyond its limits; at some point, it *pops*.”

“You really hurt yourself there, Mordred,” Gudako said in concern. “You drained a lot of magical energy; we feared you were going to vanish.”

Another reason why she felt so tired and weak. Mordred grunted, rubbing her temple. “Fine, fine. I get it, don’t go so gung-ho the next time.”

“You may be a powerful warrior, Mordred. But you lack the discipline needed for the tournament.” The Huntress said. “This is a journey where your Amazon Spirit is meant to become stronger, but it can only grow *naturally*.” She emphasized the last word. “Through perseverance, through experience, through *learning*.”

Her green eyes softened for a moment, lacking their previous intensity. “You’ve much to learn, Mordred. If you continue as you are now, you will not be able to defeat the region’s Champion.”

“Caenis,” Gudao muttered, a pensive look in his eyes. “Yeah, Elena told us.”

“And you know *very well* the kind of opponent she is,” Atalanta stressed. “It doesn’t matter if she considers you friends; she’ll come at you with everything she has. And will not even give you a second to breathe”

“Wouldn’t expect anything else from her,” Mordred grunted as she stood up, popping her joints with a pained groan and then picking up Gudao’s jacket, handing it to him. “So what’s the plan then?”

“The ‘plan’ relies on you actually pausing and listening for once.” The lion-woman said. “I can train you. I can teach you how to harness this power properly, without foolish risks or losing yourself to it.”

Mordred looked like she wanted to protest, that the mere idea of asking for help was physically painful for her. Any protest she had died in her throat when the orange-haired master placed a hand on her arm. “Please, Mordred. We don’t want to see you get hurt.”

Gudao had to hand it to her. Gudao had a knack for getting the more unruly Servants under control. Helped that those like Mordred had a weakness for pretty girls.

“Ugh, fine...” She muttered, rolling her eyes and blushing slightly. “But I’m weak as hell, I’m gonna need some top-up.”

“Right. Gudao, if you don’t mind.” Atalanta turned to him. “Can you give Mordred some blood?”

“Wait, what?” Elena shook her head, confounded.

“Oh,” The male Master blinked a few times. “Y-Yeah, guess there’s no issue”

Bodily fluids contained mana; consuming them was a well-documented process for one to recharge their reserves. Be it from just ingesting blood to the more potent... tantric rituals. He already knew what sex with a woman could do, but Gudao had no idea if his blood would carry the same potency.

Either way, it was a risk; if he refused, then they'd be suspicious. If he didn't, then Mordred would get a severe boost in power and expose his blessing. And he wasn't quite ready to reveal it.

He reached into his pocket and grabbed an Azoth dagger mystic code, making a small swallow cut on his arms before presenting it to Mordred. He tried to control his heartbeat as Mordred grabbed his limb and put her lips over the bleeding wound.

After a moment, Mordred pulled back, shuddering slightly. For a moment, Gudao feared she'd grow massively right then and there, but all she did was boost herself up with a decent level of musculature. Flexing her arms and grinning wildly. "That's more like it!" She cheered. "Don't think I've ever really gotten blood from you, Master! Gave me quite the pump!"

Gudao chuckled sheepishly as he healed his small cut with a simple spell. He sighed internally with relief that his secret was now safe.

Unbeknownst to him, Atalanta narrowed her eyes with suspicion.

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With Atalanta having joined their party, they continued their journey. Elena's knowledge of the land came in handy with the Huntress's natural instincts and tracking skills. Right now, they had taken a detour closer to the mountainside, looking for a good place for the Archer to train Mordred. Fortunately, they had found a small cave where they made camp, and Mordred wasted no time getting the training started.

"Alright, what do we do?" The knight asked, stretching her limbs. "You've got any amazon techniques to teach me, or we jump straight to wrestling?"

"I want you to show me how far you can take your amazon spirit," Atalanta instructed. "Without forcing it. Slowly."

"This ought to be good," Gudako muttered from her spot in the cave, and Gudao couldn't help but internally agree. Elena stood by the entrance with excitement, pretty much bouncing on her feet as she eagerly watched the two women.

Mordred grinned, thinking of showing the cat woman how big she could get. Then she remembered her body collapsing when she took things too far, making her pride falter for a moment. Much as she wanted to prove herself the biggest and strongest warrior around, it wouldn't be as simple as pumping her muscles full of energy.

So she did as the Huntress asked. She took a deep breath and drew out the power that nestled inside her, that fierce, wild thing that could be tamed with her strength of will. Her toned muscles writhed and rippled, growing larger with each passing second to the sound of stretching leather. Her long sleeves tightened until the threads began to give in at the rise of her biceps and triceps; the same happened with her stockings, which unraveled slowly as her calves and thighs surged with mass. Her tube top shrank under the expanse of her pectoral muscles while her upper body broadened and her abdominals popped.

Elena always looked thrilled at the sight of a warrior growing stronger, and Gudao silently shared her appreciation. Mordred was truly a fine specimen of female musculature. With her current build, she could compete in the heavy division of any bodybuilding competition back in the modern world. Once more, his blessing came to his aid to keep Gudao from outwardly manifesting his attraction, instead holding a calm gaze as though the sight did not intrigue him much.

Gudako, for her part, clapped at the display of muscle. "You look great, Mordred!"

"Course I do," Mordred sniffed, ripping her sleeves away to let her muscular arms breathe. "So this is my base limit," Mordred felt she could push it further, make her body even stronger, but Atalanta's instruction was not to force it. So for once, she listened.

"Not bad," Atalanta said, moving around Mordred to give her a discerning look. Her hand trailed over her large back before palming the sinewy muscles of her arms. "Good strength, solid mass, and size. Plenty of potential to work with," She patted her shoulder. "The first step is to build up how much your body can take while in the Amazon state. For that, I want you to start doing pushups."

"Push-ups?" Mordred frowned, giving her a look. "I'm a servant, my Endurance will literally let me keep up for hours, more so with the amazon power."

“That’s the idea,” Atalanta nodded. “I want you to do push-ups in this form until you can’t take it anymore. Be it the middle of the night or sunrise, you will stop once your body hits the limit.”

Understanding shone in her eyes as the knight let out a ‘ohhhhhh’. Then, with a grin, she dropped to the ground and quickly started her training regimen. “Easy peasy.”

“Good,” Atalanta nodded. “No breaks, not even for food. When you’re done, we’ll see how many hours you lasted and then go from there for the next part of your training.”

As the knight continued her reps, with Gudako and Elena cheering her on, Gudao merely watched the way her back muscles flexed with her shoulders, the way those triceps pulled taut, and her biceps bulged whenever her chest pressed close to the floor.

Mordred was already a powerful visage, and the goal of this journey was to make her grow even *larger*. He honestly could not wait for that day, for the time when she would stand as a titanness...

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It was late into the night when Gudao felt Mordred huff in exhaustion. He dared raise his head from his sleeping bag and stare at the muscular blonde, her body glistening with torrents of sweat under the moonlight, heaving so deeply that her chest rose and fell with great volume. Gods, she had really lasted until midnight. At some point, Gudako and Elena had fallen asleep in the cave, but not him; he still had plenty of energy.

He leaned his head back into the makeshift pillow when he spotted Mordred shuffling inside, letting her muscular frame fall to the floor with a crash that miraculously did not rouse the others. Her frame shrank, returning to its prior non-muscled state.

He waited patiently until he heard her snore so he could silently sneak out of the cave.

Gudao walked through the woods, far enough until he felt he was a comfortable distance away from the rest of the group. There was a particular destination in mind, one they had passed by during their trek. The chirp of insects and the soft glow of fireflies illuminated his path as the trees gave way to a well-sized pond. The fireflies danced over the bank’s surface, while the

moon was reflected pristinely over the pond's calm surface. On a hot night like this, this pond was exactly what one needed to freshen up and take a bath. And while that was on his to-do list, he didn't sneak away in the middle of the night just for that.

While he could endure, even his Blessing had a limit.

After removing his clothes, the Chaldean master stepped into the water, sighing in relief at its cool waves touching his skin, soaking his body as he submerged himself fully before coming out, dripping and pulling his hair back.

Though the waters lowered his internal temperature, they could do little to douse the fire slowly igniting within. Safe in his privacy, Gudao let himself go, exhaling as he finally reached into what he truly felt, letting the emotions run free. Letting the arousal grow.

And grow it did, as his length slowly lifted underneath the water. He closed his eyes, thinking back to Chief Chiore and her marvelous matriarchal physique, growing in power thanks to his seed. He thought of Mordred, the toned visage she could grow into, the heights she was yet to achieve. And he fantasized about Atalanta, dearly wishing he could have seen her transformed. She had shrunk by the time he and Gudako arrived at the battle scene, taking care of the collapsed Mordred.

But he could still imagine it, her lithe athletic curves bulging with toned flesh, muscles piling around her petite body as this one steadily enlarged until her clothing became strained, almost skin-tight, and then kept growing and growing...

He let out a long breath, fingers tracing the length of his mast as this one slowly came to full attention. He pictured Atalanta in her berserker form, that exposed skin, so perfect, so tight, wrapping around prodigious muscles. A physique that displayed the untamed nature of a Huntress raised in the wilds, and the body of a beast raging.

"Ahhh," He gasped, closing his eyes as he grasped his now solid shaft. "Mhng!" And began moving his hand back and forth, pumping it beneath the water. The waves against his body moved erratically like the waves of pleasure coursing through him, originating from his crotch.

He pictured all these beautiful women, powerful, glorious, mighty, in displays of strength and courage. He fantasized about Mordred, he incredibly spunk, her wild grin, as her body became titanic, letting her lift boulders multiple times her size and fling them like pebbles. He imagined her walking up to him, her body so massive he might as well be a gnat, picking him up with one hand as she licked her lips hungrily...

“Nng!” He grunted, redoubling his efforts, increasing the tempo of his ministrations. The fantasy continued as Mordred handled him like a toy, pulling him close to her lips as she captured her cock in her mouth, sucking him with such energy like she was trying to pull his seed out of him.

Gudao’s other hand joined, and he began panting heavily. His cock throbbed in his hands.

Then he pictured Atalanta, a beast on the prowl, and he was her prey. Her enormous body loomed over him, her expression fierce as she growled. She moved her hips over his flagpole and *drove* into him with one fell swoop, smashing her hips over and over and over as she captured him.

“Ah, ah, ah, ah!” He threw his head back, gasping repeatedly as his body rocked with his masturbation. He could feel himself getting closer and closer to the edge...

Then he thought of Quetz.

Quetz. His goddess. So majestic. So divine. So unparalleled in her beauty and muscles.

Gudao let out a broken howl as he finally ejaculated; the mere thought of Quetzalcoatl as he worked himself up was too much to resist. His body seized, shuddering as he shot his load repeatedly. The thick white substance floated aimlessly on the water, slowly dissipating.

Gudao panted with a drunken smile as his body finally found relief. His legs buckled, and he slowly fell backwards until half his torso was underwater. He leaned back against the bank, resting his arms over the grassy ground as he slowly regained control of his breathing, the quick beat of his heart steadily returning to normal.

Gods, he needed this. Quetzalcoatl’s blessing may allow him to endure the sights of all these beauties without developing a permanent erection, or even act flushed around them, but eventually things piled up so much he had no other recourse but to find a quiet place and relieve himself. The further away he could do it from the others, the better.

He stayed there for a few moments, soaking in the coolness of the pond against his warm skin. Eventually, he decided it was time to go back. A low-rate mage he may be, but at least he knew

enough to dry himself instantly so as not to arouse suspicions. He turned around, placing his palms to the ground... and froze.

Atalanta stood there, watching him critically. Not with judgment or derision. Like she was figuring out a puzzle.

Gudao felt his heart leap into his throat. His brain almost short-circuited, but so many life and death situations taught him how to overcome such freezing. "A-Atalanta," It did nothing for his voice breaking, though. "How long have you been here?"

"Long enough"

He blushed so hard his face turned into a tomato. "I... I just needed"

"You need not explain that, a young man like you has needs. And such needs require relief."

He couldn't say anything; he merely looked down, too embarrassed to confront her.

"What I will question, however," Her voice lowered. "Is the presence of *divine essence* I'm getting from you"