

(Warning: This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, minor action-oriented violence, muscle worship, and graphic sexual content)

Gudao banged his free hand on the wyvern's claw repeatedly, but the tough scales wouldn't even budge. Its grip remained ironclad on him, and at this point, he'd just end up hurting himself in his attempts to break free by force.

Even if he should break free, what then? There was nothing but sea stretching for miles. He doubted his ability to remain afloat for prolonged periods, and that wasn't even taking into account whatever dangerous predators might inhabit the waters.

As he desperately pondered his options, he noticed something at the edge of his vision. A patch of green and brown in the distance, and it was drawing closer the further the wyvern flew.

And an island.

Perfect.

If he could get near, then he'd be able to swim up there.

For that, he needed to wait until the wyvern had flown them close enough.

And find a way to actually break free...

He had gems in his pockets he could use for last-minute offensive and defensive spells, but they were unreachable with how the claws were wrapped around his torso; his arm just couldn't reach far enough. Damn, the gems could have gotten him out of this mess by now.

If only he had enough magical energy, he'd be able to kill the beast, or at the very least harm it or knock it out to release him.

But he lacked the mana capacity for an offensive spell.

“I don’t suppose your blessing will help me here, Quetz!” He shouted at the air. “Some secret power boost I could use!”

He had no answer but the rushing winds.

“Of course not...” He grunted, scrambling for an answer. If he only had something, some way to empower his magic. A source of energy that could fuel his...

Wait.

That’s it!

His Command Spells.

Chaldean command spells weren’t as powerful as the command spells Masters would wield in a true Holy Grail War, but they still served as potent sources of mana that could fully restore a Servant to full health and fill them with abundant energy if all three were consumed at once. Even one was enough to let a Servant fire off a Phantasm after having exhausted themselves.

He wouldn’t be able to recover his Spells until he returned to Chaldea, but it’s not like he had any better options now.

Gudao grunted, squirming and twisting himself to aim at the underbelly of the wyvern, looking for his most vulnerable spot, and held out his hand. The beginnings of a curse formed in his fingertips as he channeled mana directly from one of the Seals in his hand to empower the spell.

He briefly looked to the side, eyeing as the island drew closer.

Almost there.

He let the magic build up until he was sure it’d be enough.

Almost...

“Gandr!”

The Finnish curse was meant to weaken a target physically, but if sufficiently dense energy was gathered for the spell, it could have the same level of firepower as a bullet.

But empowered by his Seal, it had the same strength as a battering ram.

The underbelly of the wyvern seemed to cave, as the monster roared in agony and thrashed in the air.

Its grip on Gudao loosened, letting him go. The Master controlled himself and avoided shouting as he fell to the waters below, taking a deep breath before he submerged. Regaining control, he quickly swam up to the surface and let out a sharp gasp as his head emerged. He turned from side to side until he spotted the island and swiftly swam toward its direction.

Amidst his arm strokes, he heard the loud impact of the wyvern as it crashed upon the water's surface. The beast had clearly been too hurt to keep flying... but apparently not hurt enough to let him get away.

He dared not look back as he heard the wyvern thrash in the water. The creature was clearly not used to moving through the sea, as it was the human who was moving faster as he swam all the way to the shore, praying the beach would get closer.

The wyvern roared in between mouthfuls of water as it gave chase, either to capture the human or to kill him. At this point, Gudao wasn't sure what the wyvern preferred. He merely put all of his efforts into reaching the shore, hoping once there, he'd be able to defend himself better.

The white sand became visible as the island came closer; his lungs burned with effort, his heart drummed against his ribcage, threatening to jump out. He put all his strength behind his strokes, desperately trying to reach his salvation.

Once the water became shallow enough, he stood up and awkwardly shuffled to the surface, reaching into his pocket to pull out his gems.

The wyvern was only a few feet behind him.

Gudao coughed, the gem slipped between his fingers, and he desperately tried to grab it even as the waves tried to take it from him.

The beast reached the shore, slamming the hook-like appendages of its wings and dragging its claws over the sand, its maw snapping at him.

Gudao shouted, falling to the ground and scuttling away from the beast's deadly teeth.

The monster roared, bringing up its great maw to bite his head off.

Only for purple beams of light to collide with it.

Its head snapped back with violent force, the monster couldn't even roar in pain as another beam struck, and another, and another, splintering scales and burning its flesh with magical power.

The barrage of magic missiles continued until the creature was reduced to charred flesh, its corpse lying still on the sandy beach.

Gudao panted, watching astonished at what had transpired before him. Gentle steps over the sand alerted him to a newcomer, and he turned his head swiftly.

A long dark cloak, light purple robes. Long blue hair and elfin ears.

Blue eyes looked down at him with a touch of exasperation, like she couldn't believe how much trouble a single human could get into. "Master." The witch cordially said in greeting.

Gudao kept panting, slowly smiling in relief. "Medea..."

"You're fortunate I felt what was happening nearby." The greek Servant said, looking at the wyvern's corpse. "Would you like to tell me what you're doing here?"

Gudao merely slumped over the sand, panting heavily as his chest rose and fell. "Let me just... let me just pass out for a moment, the adrenaline's... wearing off..."

"Of course," Medea aridly said before snapping her fingers, and it was like he was lifted by the winds, held by soft clouds. "Come on, you can pass out in a comfortable bed."

"That sounds... nice..." He mumbled weakly.

X~X~X~X~X

Gudao woke up in a comfortable linen bed, with a woman on top of him.

He stared, and two bright green eyes stared back at him. Really, there was green everywhere he could see. In her hair, in her skin, the woman clearly wasn't human.

The mischievous grin worried him; he was dealing with a fey, or some other type of elemental. Which could go either way, depending on his luck.

"Hello~" The young woman said brightly, pushing herself off him, but remained straddling his waist. Her greek chiffon was a clear white, complementing her green skin in his eyes. She looked down at him with a tilt of her head, her hair ruffling as though it were made of leaves. "I'm Hama, a nymph. What's your name!"

"G-Gudao," He muttered, rather bewildered. His eyes shifted from side to side, taking note of his surroundings. The roof was made up of hanging vines and leaves, providing a refreshing natural shadow. To his right, he saw marble railings; this balcony had a clear view of the forest and the sea further away. To his left, he saw the interior of an old-style Greek house, with multiple amenities and furnishings that wouldn't really fit with the time this building seemed to come from.

Wait, Medea had rescued him, hadn't she? Was this her place? Did she know this nymph?

"Ohhhhh, you're human?" Hama said with wonderment as she once more got too close to his personal space, uncaring that her modest breasts were squeezing against his chest, or the fact that she was sitting right over his crotch.

He tried to distract himself from the fact that she was a beautiful woman and that their position undoubtedly aroused him. He was calling upon Quetz's blessing to control his body, lest he do something he'd regret. It sounded like a bad idea to give a random elemental the power of the Amazon Spirit.

She sniffed his face a few times and kept smiling widely at him. "And you're cute! I've never been with a human before."

Gudao blinked a few times. "Wait, don't you mean you've never met-"

His words were muffled as the nymph's mouth descended upon his. His eyes widened in shock as his mouth tasted the fragrance of mint and flowers. Kissing her felt... delicious, like savoring a juicy fruit full of sweetness, apples, oranges, and berries all mixed into a delectable concoction.

She parted, much to his disappointment, and gave him a *smoldering* look. "There's something about you... something that calls to me. It's like your body radiates the strength of the heavens and the earth." She muttered seductively, placing her arms behind his neck and pushing herself closer to him.

"I..." Gudao gulped. This was happening so fast, he needed... needed to get his thoughts in order. Clear his head. He had a job to do, needed to get back to his sister and their friends. They had to be worried sick for him; he couldn't just fool around with a random woman!

"Would you like to lie with me?" Her lovely breath hit his skin like a tender caress. "I can show you the passions of nature."

A woman who looked so beautiful, who smelled like spring, whose smile was so radiant...

He felt his loins stir as the battle for control was lost before he knew it.

Gudao leaned in swiftly and kissed her fiercely, a gesture that she vigorously reciprocated as their arms latched around each other, tugging desperately at the clothes that got in the way. He took off her dress, and she proudly presented him her naked bosom. Gudao kissed her breasts and suckled on her nipples, growing harder still with her musical cries of delight. Hama removed his shirt and traced her hands over his toned physique, purring in curiosity before helping him out of his pants.

The bulge under his shorts piqued her curiosity, and she peeled them away so his swollen manhood could spring out. "Ohhhh," She muttered, looking at his naked body with fascination. "So that's why my kin are so obsessed with humans~."

She held his shoulders as she positioned himself over his waist, "So it's like... *this*." She grunted as she impaled herself on his member, "Right?"

Gudao gasped, feeling her warmth envelop him completely. He held her in his arms as she slowly bounced up and down over his waist, bringing waves of pleasure from their cores, building up swiftly as release approached.

Gudao squeezed his eyes shut, grunting as he shot his load inside her. They sat there on the bed for a moment, panting, before he slowly tumbled down with the nymph lying on his chest, satisfied.

"Well..." He froze, sharply turning to his left to see Medea standing there with a tray and a jar of water. She did not look particularly surprised or impressed with the scene before her. "I should have expected this."

He gulped. "M-Medea, I..." He felt mortified.

"Don't worry, she's a nymph." She waved it off, uncaring for his naked state, or the nymph's for that matter. "Hana's people have a knack for charming mortals out of their pants."

"It felt sooo good," The nymph cooed, cuddling closer to his body. "You didn't tell me sex with humans was like this, Lady Medea!"

She was shivering, the pleasure and excitement of the swift love encounter still filling her body with rapacious energy.

"Like I just drank ambrosia from the gods! And I... I...!" Her pupils quivered; her breath came out ragged.

And Gudao understood what was going on. Too lost in the haze of desire he had been, he had not held his gift; he had shot Quetz's blessing alongside his seed into the nymph.

The woman on top of him groaned, and her muscles palpitated. They rippled into existence as lines of definition etched themselves around her frame, small bumps of flesh rose until they gained a few inches of size. Her musculature grew defined, from her back to the calves, until she looked like a seasoned fighter. Not slim, but not bulky either.

“Ohhhhhhhh!” The nymph moaned in absolute ecstasy, flexing her strong arms as she straddled his waist once more. “That was unreal! Is this the power of the amazons?” She licked her lips and looked at Gudao hungrily, trailed her hands from her breasts to her abs. “Humans are full of surprises~.”

Gudao barely had time to respond before she swiveled her hips once more, moving upon and down over his dick and bringing out swift gasps of pleasure from his lips. He reigned himself in this time, as much as he could, lest he accidentally blessed her again. The nymph merely rode him without wild abandon, uncaring that her mistress was watching every moment.

Indeed, Medea merely raised a brow, unimpressed at the young Master, who could only weather her judgment as he quickly succumbed to climax once more.

X~X~X~X~X

After a very awkward bath and a change of clothes, courteously cleaned and dried off by Medea, Hama went off to impress her fellow nymphs in the island’s forest, leaving him alone with the witch. He sat by a table as he awkwardly rubbed the back of his hand, doing his best to avoid staring at Medea in the eye. The greek Servant, meanwhile, prepared a scrying sphere by which to communicate with the other Master and their companions.

“Communications with Chaldea are all but impossible within this singularity, as I’m sure you’ve found out,” Medea said, weaving the spells into the orb. “But it’s still possible to communicate with other people inside of it, I’m sure you’ll want to assure your sister you’re okay.” She held out her hand. “Your communicator, please.”

“Ah, ok. Thank you.” He said, taking off his wrist device and handing it to her.

Analyzing the device and transmitting the right frequency into the orb, the witch established a connection to the other end. “And once that’s done, we’re going to talk about your ‘gift.’” Her tone broke no arguments, to which Gudao shakily nodded.

The orb's reflection wavered as though there was fog inside of it, slowly clearing up to reveal Gudako's comically sniffing and relieved face. *"I'm so happy you're alright!"* She wailed. *"We thought that wyvern had eaten you!"*

"I am sorry, Master." Atalanta came into the picture. *"We were too preoccupied with our fights; we failed to protect you."*

Mordred's grumbling voice was heard at the side. *"And I was fighting Orna further away..."*

"Hey, it's alright." He said with a small smile. *"It wasn't your fault."*

"At least we defeated the three, but Orna ran away." Elena's voice was heard.

"We?" Mordred snorted. *"What's this 'we' you speak of, pipsqueak?"*

"I-"

"Mordred!" Gudako admonished.

"What? Kitty and I were the ones who fought!"

"Enough!" Atalanta stopped them before an argument could break out. She sighed and turned to the male Master. *"Where are you, Master?"*

"He's with me," Medea said, standing next to him. *"Don't worry, I'm taking care of him, old friend."*

"Ah, Medea." The huntress was visibly relieved. *"Good, we have nothing to worry about then. We'll go pick you up, Master."*

"About that..." Gudao mused. *"You gals still have to continue the tournament; we haven't even faced the region's champion. You'd need to find a way to reach the island first, which will take a while."*

The girls looked at him with apprehension. *"What are you saying?"* His sister asked.

"I think you should carry on without me," He said. "Don't worry, I'll catch up."

"Are... you sure?"

"Hey, I have Medea with me," He shrugged with a smile. "I'm sure she has a few tricks up her sleeve."

"It shall be no trouble," Medea replied with absolute certainty in her skills. "Leave it to me, he'll rejoin you before you know it,"

The girls looked among themselves for a moment before the female Master sighed. *"Okay, I'm not happy with it, but I get it."*

"I am," He nodded. "Don't worry, I'll be okay. Right now, the mission takes priority; get Mordred to defeat Caenis. Atalanta, I'm trusting you'll keep training her."

"Without a doubt," The huntress nodded. *"I'll get this knucklehead into shape."*

"Hey!" The knight shouted from the sideline.

"Take care, bro." Gudako waved him off with a sad smile.

"I'll see you soon," He promised.

And the transmission cut off, the orb's surface turning reflective once more.

"Now then," Medea quickly got back to business. "This power you wield..." She leveled a suspicious look at his face.

The Master sighed and got to explaining. Once he was done, the witch looked at him with keen interest, slowly nodding as she cupped her chin.

“A blessing from Quetzalcoatl... well, I suppose there are worse gods to be touched by.” She shrugged. “This power that flows through you... it’s as though you brim with the Amazon Spirit, imparting this singularity’s special ambient energy into other women.”

“That’s a more direct explanation of what I can do, yeah.” The great chief had been more flowery with her description.

“Such power makes you a target.” She said with a sudden wariness that worried him. “Of course that wyvern tried to kidnap you, it had to be *her* doing.” The woman muttered as she paced around.

“What do you mean?” He asked. “Who?”

Medea leveled a serious glare at him. “Koyanskaya”

His brow rose. “Her? I... we figured she was around. But what could she want with me?”

“Do you even need to ask?” She snorted. “She wants *you*, your power, your *blessing* to make those damn potions of hers.”

“Potions-?” He gasped. “The black market potions, t-the one that make women bulk up?!”

“Ah, you’ve encountered them.”

“The women who attacked us admitted using them.” He explained. “Koyanskaya is making them? Why? And how do you know this?”

“You’ve seen this singularity’s culture, Master,” Medea said. “Amazonian views and beliefs permeate every level of society. Even Servants have quickly adopted this view, perhaps as a result of this singularity’s nature. I have no idea what Quetzalcoatl had in mind when she created this place, but strength and power are core values here, expressed through might of arms and how developed one’s body is through musculature. A warrior’s spirit, an amazon’s willpower.”

“Right,” He nodded, understanding that part.

“So people who do not achieve them can become desperate and seek out any solution.” Medea continued. “In comes Koyanskaya, whose miracle potion can allow anyone to get the power and prestige that means so much in this society. Meaning she can amass power and followers herself.”

“I guess that’s true,” He noted, seeing why she’d start trading this potion. “But again, how do you know she’s responsible?”

Her response shocked him. “Because she tried to recruit *me* to refine her work. I refused, of course, I have little interest in these games the people here play. I’m just happy using this place as a momentary vacation spot to do some research.” She shrugged. “Of course, with me knowing and refusing her, she’s been trying to silence me, forcefully.”

“So that’s why you’re on this island.” He said in understanding.

“And now she’s seen you, and most likely figured out your connection to the Amazon Spirit and Quetzalcoatl,” Medea gravely noted. “You’re the next to create a far superior potion, one that’ll make servants unrivaled in these lands.”

“...That’s bad.”

“Quite,” The witch sighed, giving him a look. “You’ve been trying to keep this secret from the others, have you?”

“Yes,” He admitted. “Atalanta found out, though, like you.”

“She’s greek, and she’s familiar with the gods’ power like I am, of course, she did. Before you return to the others, Master. You need to learn how to use this power.”

“I’d say I’ve gotten a good hang of it. I can avoid making women grow if I want to.”

“That’s not enough, you need to learn how to distribute it properly. In as small or as large amounts as you want. And if need be, *take it away.*”

