

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

Mordred liked Atalanta; she was steadfast, honorable, strong, and had a complete no-nonsense attitude that the knight fully respected. She liked to think they were similar in that regard, whereas Atalanta was reserved and did not speak out more than necessary, Mordred was boisterous and loud.

To each their own, but having fought alongside her (kinda) in that Great Holy Grail War, and now much more closely with Chaldea's endless quests, she came to respect and (dare she say it, but not out loud of course) admire the huntress...

...Until she stole her kill, that is!

"What gives?!" Mordred shouted at the Archer up in the branches.

"I wasn't going to let you take my prey," Atalanta said with her deep yet soft-spoken voice, descending from the branch gracefully and dismissing her bow into magic particles. "Not after I went through the trouble of baiting it."

"Your-!" Mordred let loose a string of unintelligible growls. "Oh, you've got some nerve, I challenged this boar fair and square!"

"And what a fine match it would have been." She said with a dry tone, looking over the dead beast. "A Servant against a low-ranking monstrous species, truly a battle for the ages."

"Ohhh!" Mordred mockingly waved her hands. "I'm sorry we can't all have that 'archer's pride' you marksman types have a hard-on for." She scoffed, rolling her eyes. "I saw a monster, I wanted to fight it, that's all there is to it, Atalanta."

"Atalanta?!" Elena, jumping from her spot in the bushes, squeaked out in a high-pitched tone. There were veritable stars in her eyes as she gazed upon the legendary huntress. "Oh gods, oh gods, oh my gods! I heard so much about you, you're the best archer ever!"

"Not even in the top 10, kiddo." Mordred drawled aridly. Her insult caused one of Atalanta's feline ears to twitch, a sign of irritation even as she tried to keep composed in the face of the Red Knight's usual obstinate attitude.

Elena merely went on with her fangirling, squeezing her fists over her chest and excitedly shaking them. "Everyone heard how you killed that enormous boar! And how you can shoot an arrow across the horizon! Oh my gods, I can't believe I'm meeting you!"

Atalanta faintly smiled at the praise. "The first one was a collaborative effort. The second is well within my capabilities."

"M-My name's Elana! Pleased to meet you!"

"The pleasure's all mine, child."

Mordred snorted, and Elena's enthusiasm dimmed slightly.

"N-Not a child though..." She muttered.

Atalanta did not pay attention to her words, merely looking back at Mordred and eyeing the knight's developed musculature. "You have awakened your Amazon Spirit." She observed.

Mordred grinned. "You like?" She flexed a bicep, looking at it proudly. "See you have as well"

The level of musculature the cat woman possessed was quite respectable, not as much as a larger amazon, but her muscles filled out nicely, much like Mordred's. Her outfit was form-fitting, not fully snug, but tight in a few places, like her stockings, highlighting the curves of her muscular legs.

"You'll be participating in the tournament, I see," Atalanta said.

"Yup. Guess you and I have to fight then?" The knight asked with a touch of eagerness.

"You're mistaken."

Both the Servant and the amazon were thrown for a loop.

“What?” Mordred dumbly replied.

“I hold no interest in this tournament. I prefer to keep my training and sharpen my skills through my own methods. These trials do not interest me,” The green-haired huntress said. “Feel free to participate at your heart’s content, you will not find me as a rival.”

She walked over the boar and squatted over, grabbing hold of its base. She proceeded to lift it over her head with one hand. The great beast’s form covered her in its shadow as Atalanta turned to face Mordred, “I advise you not to rush in; train and learn to master yourself before taking on more challenges.”

“Oh really?” Mordred called out just as the cat woman was about to leave. “What, you think I can’t handle it?”

“The fact you’re asking that question is answer enough.”

“Ever since I got here, I’ve done nothing but grow stronger,” She boasted, thrusting a thumb over her chest. “You’ll see how fast I can grow bigger than even the strongest amazons!”

Atalanta, still with the boar held above her, sighed. “As headstrong as always, there is more than just ‘growing,’ Mordred. Amazon spirits demand discipline.”

“Oh yeah?” The knight grinned savagely, approaching the huntress until the two were face to face, under the shadow of the boar. “If you really think so, how about a small spar between the two? I’ll show you just how much ‘disciplined’ I am.”

Atalanta narrowed her eyes.

For a moment, there was only silence. Elena held her breath as she stared, feeling the intensity spark between the two.

The greek huntress sighed. “Fine,” She threw the boar’s body away with a loud crash as it fell to the ground. “Someone has to teach you what control really is.”

“Finally,” Mordred said excitedly, feeling her blood boil at the prospect of a good fight. “Watch closely, Elena. You’re about to see some real good trashing.”

Mordred rolled her arms and stretched them, locking her eyes on Atalanta, who remained passive and quiet, barely shifting her stance beyond spreading her legs a bit, hunching slightly, and digging her heels.

Red lightning crackled around her, and Mordred dove towards the huntress with a burst of speed, kicking up dust behind her. She focused her approach on surprising her, attacking head-on faster than she could react. Her toned legs propelled her a good distance, boosted by her mana, her arms spread wide to grapple her the moment she made contact.

Her confident grin shattered when Atalanta side-stepped out of the way, Mordred's hand grabbed nothing but empty air, and Atalanta's swiftly latched onto her wrist.

Mordred's world spun around, and her back hit the ground with a painful crash, cracking the earth around the impact zone. She gasped, letting out a shrill sound as the air left her lungs.

"Impatient," Atalanta reproached, looking down at her. "Brash. Hot-headed"

Mordred slammed a fist on the ground, and she stood back up quickly. She charged at her once more, her fists swinging wildly and relentlessly, seeking to bury her knuckles against the huntress's skull. But Atalanta was faster, dodging out of the way with great speed and dexterity, swatting away every blow with precision and technique.

"No technique, no tactic, you just charge ahead without a thought."

Atalanta caught her fist, and Mordred gasped when her fist collided with her stomach. Even her abs were not strong enough to withstand the blow without pain. She recoiled back as Atalanta released her fist, holding her stomach and coughing a few times.

"You think those muscles make you strong?" Atalanta challenged. "Strength is half the battle; *power* comes from knowing how to use your strength."

Atalanta leaned forward, and in a burst of speed, she became a *blur*; her leg struck at Mordred from the side, the knight grunted but retaliated, lashing out with a wild swing of her arm. Only for Atalanta to duck out of the way and reappear swiftly on the other side, delivering another sweeping blow that made Mordred stagger.

The huntress's speed was too much for Mordred to keep up; all she could do was weather the blows, remain on the defensive as she shielded her head with both arms, tensing her muscles to stay firm as armor under the relentless strikes.

"Use your mind! Direct your strength! Might alone is not enough to win!" Atalanta called out, her expression hardened as she strove to drill this lesson into Mordred's head. "Survival of the fittest is more than raw strength!"

She rushed in with another sweeping kick-

-Only to be caught between Mordred's elbow and knee.

"Tch!"

Mordred grinned, "Got ya!"

The knight grabbed her arm and pulled her close; her iron grip remained strong as she locked her limbs around Atalanta's form, squeezing with all her strength until her arm muscles bulged, tightening the confines of her sleeves.

Atalanta grunted, feeling her bones pop under Mordred's savage strength, her arms were pinned at the sides, useless to her now.

"How's this, kitty cat?!" Mordred boasted with a savage grin. "I don't need your smarts or tactics, all I've ever needed were my own...!" She grunted, her back muscles tightening and expanding lightly. "Guts!"

Elena stared in awe at the sheer intensity of the battle before her. Mordred had completely thrown things around! From being on the ropes to squeezing the daylights out of *Atalanta* the Huntress! She was entranced by the sight of these powerful warriors engaging in the purest of combats, testing their mettle with magnificent skill and courage.

Not so entranced to miss the sounds of branches snapping and trees groaning in the distance.

Elena turned around, confusion etched in her face as she tore her gaze away from the fight. "Wait... something's there," She muttered to herself, her survival training coming to the forefront, urging her to ignore this great duel for the moment and focus on what she heard.

She walked away, intent on finding the source of the noise, leaving the two women to their duel.

Mordred grinned, enjoying the sensation that came with overwhelming her fellow warrior, proud to finally shut her up, giving her a demonstration of what her raw strength could achieve. Mordred was not the smartest, nor the fastest, but what she had in spades was pure determination and passion, the likes Atalanta was so casually dismissing.

Atalanta kept throwing her head back in every direction before finally landing on the correct direction, straight for Mordred's face.

Mordred recoiled as her forehead exploded in pain, stars flashed before her eyes, limbs lost strength for a moment, just enough for Atalanta to exploit the opening and set herself free.

The greek's arms reached out to grab her, but Mordred recovered fast enough to do the same; their hands grasped each other in a tight hold, pushing against each other with shaking arms. Her feet dug into the ground, uprooting the earth around them with the sheer weight behind them.

"I won't let you look down on me!" Mordred hissed through clenched teeth; the intensity between her and Atalanta could set the air between them ablaze. "I'll show you... why I'm the strongest knight!"

Red lightning crackled. Her form shrouded with magic, her muscles rippled with sinewy movements under the skin, waves of muscle pushed through. Her sleeves filled out until they were almost painted on. Her chest muscles tightened, deepening the line between them while her shoulders and back expanded.

"You do not *force* the Amazon Spirit!" Atalanta cried out. "You invoke it... like this!"

Her legs *bloomed* with muscle, highly strained flesh burst into being from already toned limbs. Her thighs ripped the upper sides of her stockings, while her calves opened gashes in the fabric, each limb. Power coursed through their veins, enough power to stand up to Mordred's and actually *push her back*. Step by step...