

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

Gudao woke up in the middle of the night, the darkness of his room only exacerbated by his blurry vision and groggy mind still addled by coming out of his slumber. He mumbled, smacking dry lips together.

It wasn't nightmares born from the haunting experiences in Lostbelts and Singularities. It wasn't thoughts burdened with stress or guilt or fear. It wasn't any alarm or anything like that. Sometimes people just wake up for no rhyme or reason.

But after enough invaders in his room (usually of the Berserker variety...) Gudao's instincts were honed enough to warn him he wasn't alone in his room.

As his vision focused, he managed to make out the figure standing at the edge of his bed. Tall, shapely, clearly feminine, her golden hair stood out even in the darkness of the bedroom. Her poncho and tribal accouterments were easy to identify, as well as the lovely visage smiling at him with such overabundant joy.

Gudao blinked a few times, muttering with a groggy throat. "Quetz?"

The goddess of lucha was uncharacteristically silent, merely smiling at him.

"What's... What's wrong, what time is it?" He slowly sat up on his mattress, removing half of his covers and unveiling the dark shirt he used for sleeping. "Is something wrong?"

Quetz finally spoke up. "On the contrary, *mi querido Maestro*" Her lightly accented voice was musical, carrying an eager tone to it. "Something *wonderful* is about to happen"

Several things happened at once.

First, Quetzalcoatl began floating a foot off the ground.

Second, her golden hair shined, illuminating the room. Same as her eyes which seemed to reflect the sun's light.

Third, she was *growing*.

Quetzalcoatl was already one of the fittest ladies of Chaldea, with her lithe body and toned muscles, there was no questioning she was a fine specimen combined with her beautiful looks.

But now here muscles were *expanding* to staggering proportions. Her entire body swelled and bulged out incessantly in every direction. Becoming absolutely gargantuan in size and sheer rippling definition. The arms that could swing a build-sized axe for miles became mighty pythons of incomparable sickness, with split and striated biceps dwarfing the size of his head, the armguards cracked under the growth of her meaty forearms as veins crawled all over them with the thickness of his *fingers*.

Her legs *bloomed* into tree trunks of pure flesh, her calves shaped themselves into sinewy diamonds expanding beyond her shins, both footwear and kneecaps splintered into pieces under the swath of flesh, while her tremendous titanic thighs bulged with jaw-dropping thickness and glorious definition, group after group of corded muscles jumping in tandem on her quads.

Her toned abdominals deepened, creating ravines under in between each swelling bag of fibrous flesh as the light four-pack became six, and then eight. Her lats widened like wings, adding to the impressive width of her torso.

Her poncho suffered no strain, yet this too was being torn apart by the sheer *pressure* of her power. Exploding into tatters to reveal swelling breasts of behemoth size to the point they rivaled *Barghest's*, supported by two granite-like slabs of pure pectoral meat. Her neck jewelry shattered at the growth of her bulking neck, while her crown and headband suffered a similar fate. Her proportions, her height, all of her was expanding in tandem with her *godly* musculature.

She spread her mighty arms and growled in a soft yet *feral* way, sending shivers down Gudao's spine as he witnessed the end of this marvelous transformation.

Quetz had become a giant of a woman, enormous, beautiful, mighty, with a body that truly reflected her full power.

He thought he'd gotten used to the sheer beauties living in Chaldea, many of whom got into... compromising situations with him. Yet the sight of Quetz's muscles gave him a raging erection under his briefs.

“Quetz...” He muttered his throat dryer than before. “What”

Quetz smiled lovingly and climbed over his bed. Her sheer weight made the whole thing groan. Gudao gulped as that beautiful face (which was easily twice the size of his head now) attached to that titanic body was so very close to him, eclipsing him fully.

“I want to invite you, Master” She whispered huskily. “To an event of a lifetime. A path for many women... and you have my blessing to help them see their journey through”

Then she kissed him. Two lips longer than his own captured his lips in the sweetest of gestures. He could barely react as a large finger easily pushed him back over the mattress, and then her hand sneaked down below the covers, below his briefs...

Gudao gasped, his world and cognition shattering, everything faded to white as Quetz wasted no time in mounting him, guiding his length into her canal as her enormous legs pressed his smaller form on both sides. He held on with desperation, dragging his fingers over great quads as Quetz’s form bounced up and down over his erection. She moaned, she laughed, she *flexed*, and those magnificent muscles only helped to stimulate him even more.

Gudao threw his head back and came. Then he came again. Over and over, shot after shot of pure pleasure, ropes of his seed filling her yet it was never enough to overflow.

As all energy drained him, Gudao slowly drifted back to slumber.

“Sweet dreams, Master” Quetz leaned in to kiss his forehead. “Go now with my blessing...”

X~X~X~X~X

Gudao woke up with a startled gasp, panting repeatedly as he sat up. The first thing he noticed was that he wasn’t in his room anymore, he wasn’t on his bed and he was fully clothed in his usual black uniform. He was laying on grass, a sea of green surrounded him from all sides as gentle rays from the sun slipped through the canopy of tall tropical trees. The sounds of rustling leaves and birds reached his ears as he sat up to get a better look at his surroundings.

“Where... am I?” He muttered to himself. Could it be a Singularity? A shared dream with a Servant? It wasn’t the first time any of those had happened so Gudao knew it was well within the realm of possibility he ended up outside Chaldea again.

His mind reeled back from the memory of last night. Was it truly a memory? Had it actually happened? He honestly had no answer to that, but... the physical sensations had been beyond pleasurable, it had been the most world-wrecking experience of his life, in a good sense, where he swam in an ocean of pleasure and sank into Quetzalcoatl's depths. The goddess's muscular visage was engraved into his memory, unable to forget such beautifully powerful sight. He only wished he had done more, had explored more...

The Master grunted, feeling the rise of his manhood. It was difficult not to feel that way after what he experienced, so he put all the training and knowledge he got from a variety of Servants when it came to controlling his emotions and his body, and got rid of his 'issue' in a few short breaths.

Now, he thought as he stood up and dusted himself off, first he had to analyze the situation calmly. He'd be through this far too many times to lose his cool, so all he had to do was-

"Gudao! Holy shit, bro!"

-wince at the incredibly loud volume from a way too familiar voice.

Emerging from the foliage he saw a young woman with bright orange-red hair and bright amber eyes. Wearing a similar field outfit like his (only hers had a skirt because either she or the designers were... daring like that), the back of her right hand had a familiar set of Command Seals like his own, indicating her status as a Master.

"I was having a super nice dream about all the Cus and *bam* I'm in a jungle!"

His sister Gudako was pretty much his polar opposite, excitable, outgoing, sociable, *very outspoken* and incredibly... well let's say 'passionate' to keep it in polite terms. He loved her dearly but good grief she could be a handful.

"I think it's safe to say we're in a Singularity" Gudao theorized while crossing his arms in thought.

"How you figure?" She asked as she walked up closer to him.

"Because this *always* happens to us" Gudao deadpanned.

"Okay yeah, good point" His sister bowed her head feeling dumb.

"So, first order of business is-" He prompted.

"Check if communications with Chaldea work!" She proudly said, always happy she remembered protocol on her own. She checked the communicator on her wrist with a wide smile, but all they got was static. "Signal's dead!" Gudako said with the same peppy tone.

Yeah, that tracks...