

(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.

X~X~X~X~X

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 keeping 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 titaness...

X~X~X~X~X

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.