

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

Gudao was getting used to this life.

Nuzzling against the muscular body of amazonian beauties, enjoying the feeling of their mighty frames pressing against him after a night of passion. He could live like this, he realized, just spend the rest of his days happy in this paradise of beautiful warriors Quetz had most likely created.

He let out a pleased hum as his face pressed against the side of Medea's breast. The tender flesh was the only soft spot she had left; the rest was pure hardness and muscle. He idly kissed the mound of her bosom while his hand traced her abs.

A gesture Medea enjoyed, given the way she purred. "Still have energy for more, Master?"

"I'm blessed, what can I say?"

"Blessed indeed." She grinned, turning around to hold him close and kiss him, the two smiling in joy at the gesture as their naked bodies rubbed together. "Mmm, how I wish to keep you to myself in my island, do all sorts of experiments with you."

"You almost had that." He pointed out with mirth. "Then Penthesilea came in and wrecked everything."

"Too true, too true... Welp"

She suddenly stood up, completely pushing aside their amorous moment like it hadn't even happened in the first place. Gudao's lips comically kept puckering as his hands grasped the empty air. "Hey...!"

"We have a lot of work to do," Medea stated as she conjured a new size-adjusted cloak and dress for herself. "We're in unknown territory. Koyanskaya's agents are hunting us, and she has an incredibly empowered Penthesilea with them. If you want to reunite with your friends, it's best to make a move on."

With a wave of her hand, Gudao's clothing was completely restored. He sighed to himself as he ran a hand through his dark locks. "Yeah, yeah. I get it." With his arousal diminishing, he stood up and dusted himself off. "Wouldn't be right to just fool around all day."

"Do not worry, Master." Medea winked at him. "That can come later."

"Was gonna come now, but..."

She rolled her eyes at him. "Men,"

The two ventured forth outside the cave, shielded from the snowstorm by Medea's magic. Even the loud winds were barely an obstacle as he talked to her. "So, the next course of action would be to find out where we are."

"Now that I'm at full health, and my powers have received quite the tasty boost." She grinned. "It's a simple matter." Medea suddenly frowned. "Though... hmm, I'm feeling a vast number of mana signatures in the area, two of them are very powerful servants."

"So we have amazons here?"

"No doubt. But... there is no mistaking it, half of those signatures come from aberrations."

"Aberrations." He repeated. "You mean, demons?"

"Indeed," Medea confirmed. She quickly grabbed him by the waist, lifting him up as Medea flew through the air. "Hang on tight!"

Gudao yelped as they moved through the snowstorm with unparalleled speeds; the terrain moved in a blur. The tundra advanced, showing mountains and snow-capped peaks, revealing just how vastly this snowy landscape stretched. Gudao once more marveled at the size of this singularity.

"There they are!" Medea pointed, and from their position in the air, Gudao was able to observe a grandiose sight.

A battle.

There were demons, dozens and dozens of them. From small goblin-like on oni of Japan, to the giant ogres with red, blue, and green skin. They were fighting a force of armored women dressed in Japanese armor. Segmented silk armor, armed with katana, naginata, bows, and odaichi. They fought the monsters with exceptional precision and skill, thinning their numbers.

Yet it wasn't the number of warriors and monsters battling that was the most eye-catching sight.

It was the huge explosions going off nearby. The blasts of snow rising in the air as though land mines detonated underneath. But it wasn't due to explosives; rather, it was from the terrible clash between two immensely powerful individuals.

He heard the familiar laughter of Shuten-Doji, who celebrated in joy as her claws clashed against a blade clad in purple lightning. The familiar and incredibly attractive figure of a woman clad in a purple spandex fought with immense ferocity and hatred, looking at Shuten like her mere existence was the gravest of insults. Raikou fought with such supreme skill and ferocity that it took a monster of Shuten's caliber to match her head on.

Gudao was very familiar with this sort of situation. The two were always a hair's breadth of tearing each other apart at the best of times, needing constant vigilance from other Servants and both Masters whenever the two were in the same room. From an outside perspective, it would look like funny antics to most people.

To him, who had to keep the peace between the two, it was a stressful job.

And now, summoned in a Singularity, the two had no reason to hold back.

Was this the world telling Gudao he's been having it too easy lately? It certainly felt so.

"Who do we help?" Medea asked.

"One side is literally demons!"

She gave him a look.

“...Try to keep both from killing each other.”

“See? I know that bleeding heart of yours too well.”

The two descended at high speed. Medea was already casting a large array of spells that shone across the snowy skies. The sudden glare and presence of her raw magic alerted both factions, samurai women and demons turned to look at the sky, at the ample array of magical circles ready to bombard the area at a moment's notice.

It was enough to get the two leaders to stop fighting, looking up with surprise etched on their faces.

Shuten soon formed an amused smile at the sight of the muscular witch. “Oh my...”

Raikou stared wide-eyed, displaying both surprise and relief to see him. “Master,”

“Shuten! Raikou!” Gudao shouted from his spot on Medea's muscular grasp. “I don't know what you two are doing right now, but I'm putting an end to this! I'm on a mission right now, so I need you both to lie down right now!”

Despite the brave air he was putting on, he was *desperately* hoping they listened. Servants were wont to act very strangely during singularities, to the point that it was sometimes difficult to predict their actions. Shuten would just do whatever caught her fancy. And Raikou... well, Raikou could turn into just as much of a wildcard given her mad enhancement. So he prayed that seeing her 'child' would soothe her.

“Ohhh, the boy wants us to play nice.” Shuten teased the demon slayer. “What are you going to do? Will you hold your oath, or obey your Master?”

Raikou's katana trembled in her grasp from how tightly she was holding it. A growl built up in the back of her throat. For a moment, it looked like she was about to grow, given her already tight spandex seemed to stretch from her body, enlarging. Gudao feared that her demonic rage might get the better of her.

In the end, she let out a sigh, halting her growth and returning to normal.

“Leave, you insect,” Raikou warned her. Her violet eyes seemed to reflect the light of her lightning for a moment. “Before I cleave you in twain.”

Shuten merely laughed. “Oh, don’t worry, I intend to return soon.” The petite demon walked away, waving at her warband to follow her. “We’re done for the day, boys! We’ll continue our fun next time!”

Demons growled at their opponents, who merely glared back, as they followed after their warlord. Soon enough, the battlefield was no more as Shuten and her demons departed the area, leaving only Raikou and her war party.

“That silver tongue of yours has won yet again.” Medea dryly mused as she floated him down.

Raikou swiftly approached the two, coming over to inspect him. “Master! Are you hurt? Hungry? Do you need some juice?!”

Barely a few minutes and she was already in her ‘mother’ mood...

“I’m fine, Raikou.” He assured her. “I was with my sister when we arrived at this Singularity. But we got separated.” He crossed his arms and nodded in the witch’s direction. “Medea here saved my life.”

“You prove your honor yet again, Witch of Betrayal.” Was that suspicion in her voice... or jealousy?

“I intend to return Master to his companions’ side soon enough,” Medea said, unbothered by the use of her title. “But I need time and preparation. Can you provide us with shelter?”

“Certainly.” She nodded and waved at her troops to move. “In formation, back to the castle!”

“*Hai!*” The women replied with military discipline as they gathered to march in single file.

“Seems you got yourself your own troop,” Gudao commented as they began walking next to the women.

“They needed direction.” The Berserker stated. “So I delivered. They are brave, diligent, and have taken to my training extremely well.”

“What was that about with Shuten?” He asked. “Why are you two fighting?” *Again*. He wanted to say, but held that part.

“Why, it’s the Tournament after all,” Raikou said. “The winner needs to advance to the capital if they want to win and earn an audience with Quetzalcoatl. This area is contested territory between challengers and its Champion.”

“Ahhh,” He mused, suddenly getting it. “So, wait, Shuten is the Champion of this region?” A leader of brigands like her? It sounded very unlikely.

Raikou giggled in a very delicate way, like a noble lady. “Oh goodness, no! Can you imagine? That homerless insect a Champion?”

She gave him an earnest smile.

“I am the Champion of this region, Master.”

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Raikou’s abode was a large fortress built near the mountains. Traditional Japanese structure designed to function as a citadel with multiple layers and levels, with a crevice surrounding the vulnerable sides of the structure, and a long arched bridge crossing over that led them directly into the entrance.

Gudao took notice of the people inside; much like the soldiers that accompanied them, they were all women. From servants to samurai-in-training, Raikou’s forces followed an amazonian theme in that she surrounded herself with others of her gender. Gudao noted how the soldiers wore large armor, covered by layers of clothing, appropriate for the weather here. It made it hard to see if they possessed muscular builds or not. As such, most of these soldiers looked normal. If not for a few who had sufficiently large biceps and thighs, he wouldn’t have known they, too, were amazons. Japanese amazons, given the features and face structures, contrasting the Mediterranean greek women he had met when he and Gudako first arrived at this singularity.

The women who trained in the yards did so with efficiency and professionalism, contrasting the other amazons he had seen, who were guided by tradition and passion for their craft. Raikou clearly installed in them a deep sense of duty.

Naturally, he wondered how muscular some must actually be under their gear. He gave a passing glance to Raikou, noticing how she also kept herself in her muscle-less state. Even though he was certain she had nearly grown during the battle with Shuten before she reined in her temper.

Raikou was already an outstanding example of womanhood and beauty. And he had to admit, he *really* wanted to see the Amazon Spirit unleashed upon her... it raised the question of why she was not using it right now.

As the soldiers dispersed, tended by servants and other women, Raikou motioned for them to follow her. "Come, you must have quite the story to tell." She guided them into a spacious office where she knelt behind a low desk filled with scrolls and papers. A servant girl approached her with a tea tray, while a scout handed her reports. Overall, Gudao mused, Raikou looked very at ease here. It was fitting; she had led soldiers in the past, so it wasn't surprising to see her in this role again.

"So," She helped them to a cup of tea each to warm them up. "What sort of shenanigans have you gotten involved in this time, Master?" The purple-haired woman teased with a small smile.

Gudao exhaled and began his tale. Raikou took it all in with a composed expression. "I see... Koyanskaya. Yes, it is no surprise she is meddling with the Tournament."

"How aware are you of her involvements?" Medea asked.

"The black market potion has been making its way into the hands of less than suitable people. Those not strong enough to channel this Singularity's power," She explained. "The previous Champion of this region was a mockery to the amazonian pride who feasted on those concoctions. So I relieved her of that position and claimed it as my own." She waved a hand at the fortress around them. "I gathered the women in the area and trained them to be a disciplined fighting force."

"They're fit, I'll give you that," Gudao observed. "But you lot don't look like you're using the Amazon Spirit much."

“Oh, of course not!” She exclaimed. “Such power must be used in reserve, for it carries a lot of temptations and indecent behavior!” She sat with her back straight, going into one of her lecture modes that Gudao had become so familiar with. “I will not allow such debauchery in my ranks. So I taught them to restrain themselves.”

“That... sounds like it will backfire eventually.” Medea pointed out. “Natives of the singularity instinctively seek conflict and empowerment through the Amazon Spirit.”

“I have taught them a better way.” She smiled in a way that was a touch troubling. “I am the very image of control after all.”

Gudao was going to step around that particular landmine. “What about Shuten?”

Raikou’s smile twitched only *slightly*. “I am certain that insect is working with Koyanskaya. She seeks to challenge me and keep the Singularity in conflict for that woman’s own ends. But my warriors have matched her warband multiple times already. They wield the Amazon Spirit like a finely honed blade.” The Berserker turned to the Caster. “I hope this doesn’t sound rude from me, but I must admit I am surprised to see you wield that power, Lady Medea.”

“You and me both,” Of course, Medea would say nothing of Gudao’s own power. Not to someone like *Raikou*. She turned to address him. “Now that we have settled, Master. The best course of action would be to contact your sister.”

“My communicator got all wrecked.” He sighed.

The witch thought for a moment. “Hmm, then I shall need to travel and find them.” Medea turned to Raikou. “Can you accommodate him?”

“Oh, certainly!” Raikou perked up very happily. “We would be most delighted to host dear Master.”

“Excellent.” Medea was secretly enjoying this; he just knew it. “I’ll contact you once I manage to find your companions.”

Wicked witch.

The male Master tried not to gulp too noticeably. Him, alone with a bunch of repressed women. Oh yeah, that would turn out *great*.

Gudao already got a feeling of how this would play out.

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The Chaldean Master was learning more and more about the nature of his blessing as time went on. He acted as a channeling force for the Amazon Spirit, this mighty mana that saturated the air in the Singularity. His increasing understanding of it led him to see that when a woman reached a certain metaphysical threshold, they would open themselves to receive this mana from the world and store it in themselves, continuously leaving a mark upon her being.

At this point, Gudao was able to *feel it*. He felt it in the women who trained under Raikou's command. As they practiced their swordsmanship with diligence, and fired arrows with absolute precision. They moved as one as they trained their formations and drills. Each and every one of them possessed some level of Amazon Spirit.

No possessed more than Raikou, however, which made sense given she was the region's Champion. Yet it staggered him how she could possess this much and still look like she always did. Certainly, Raikou was a very beautiful woman who had fueled many fantasies of him, but a part of him really wanted to see her unleash the amazon inside.

Though having also witnessed Raikou's bouts of madness, he knew how risky that was.

"This region was pure chaos before I stepped in." Raikou proudly stated as they walked about the courtyard. "Now the women under my command have the discipline and purpose they need to excel as warriors and protect their homeland. Raise your elbow higher, Tachi!" She instructed one of the women in the archery field.

"Hai!" She did as instructed and let loose her arrow, landing nearly at the bullseye center.

Raikou smiled in approval as they kept walking. "Purpose. Disciple. And strength. Amazons rely too much in their raw power, so I make sure they hold themselves to a higher standard." The

large-breasted woman stopped next to the sword field and gently guided one of the trainees. "Legs a bit more spread, one foot in front of the other. That's it, great work, Tsume."

"Thank you, commander!"

"You're quite taken with them," Gudao observed with a smile.

"Oh, they make me so proud!" She said, placing a hand on her cheek. "It feels like I raised them myself!"

She felt that way about most people, though...

"With how much they train under you, they must have a pretty advanced Amazon State," He noted as he watched a few women lift rudimentary weights. Their musculature wasn't as advanced as he would have thought.

"Oh, they have the capacity, no doubt," Raikou confirmed before adding. "But as for unleashing the state? They are under explicit instructions to keep it to a minimum."

Gudao did a double-take at that. "Wait, really? Why?"

"Hmph!" She huffed, adopting a look of stern disapproval. "I've seen what that power makes of young women around her. Turns them into highly indecent seekers of debauchery!"

Well, she wasn't entirely wrong, but...

"Is it safe to repress it so much?"

"Of course it is!" Raikou brightly said. "Any dark feelings or urges a person has must be completely squashed down, buried so deep that they cannot even see the light of day! That way you will always be your most ideal self!"

There were so many things wrong with that, but trying to argue about mental health with a Berserker like *Raikou* was an exercise in futility.

“Look at me! My power is magnanimous, yet I do not let it rule me in the least. I keep it all on the inside!” She then looked a touch sheepish and embarrassed, smiling at the sight. “Besides, women here may adore the... changes it brings to the body, but it might not be lady-like for young men like yourself. Right, Master?”

“It... has its charms.” He settled on saying, feeling he shouldn’t trigger her.

“Is that so?” She mused distantly, giving him a look he had seen too many times before.

Gudao quickly changed the subject. “So, do you have any plans to deal with Shuten?”

“Once I muster my forces to a certain level, I will spearhead a hunt for that pest. Then I will mount her head on a spike.”

Yikes. “Maybe I could end hostilities between the two of you. I’m good at that, remember?”

“In Chaldea, perhaps. Singularities are another matter.”

He would point out that he had a great track record regarding those, too. But one of the samurai women approached Raikou and interrupted him. “Commander, we need your input on the new defense.”

“Of course.” She nodded and dismissed her. “Apologies, Master. We’ll have to discuss our next movements later. I need to tend to my duties.”

“Sure,” He nodded as they waved goodbye. Gudao took a deep breath and looked at the women present, all of them seeking to perfect themselves to make their commander proud, directed by a sense of pride, a warrior’s drive.

An Amazon Spirit, desperate to get out.

He felt in many of them, repressed to the point that it could make serious trouble later on.

It called to him, made his loins warm up at the thought of these ladies becoming the amazons they wanted to be.

Gudao approached one of the women, struggling with a dumbbell far too heavy for her. Her hair was arranged in a bun, with a few strands falling over her forehead. Her dark brown eyes narrowed in concentration as her jaw clenched. She huffed as she dropped the dumbbell to the ground, rubbing her arm.

“You might be pushing yourself too hard.” He said.

The young woman looked at him with surprise. “Oh, you’re the man from Chaldea. The commander speaks very highly of you.” She bowed her head in respect. “I am Meiko, a samurai in training. It’s an honor to meet you.”

“Pleasure’s all mine. I’m Gudao Ritsuka.” He nodded back. “Looks like you’re training hard.”

She chuckled, rubbing her neck and incidentally making her small bicep rise slightly. “The commander demands much of us, and we must meet her standards.” She then rubbed her hand a touch awkwardly. “We’d... have greater progress if we were allowed to use more of the Amazon Spirit, but she made her instructions clear.” She sounded so disappointed.

This woman burned with raw potential... should he take the risk?

His impulses were telling him ‘yes’, much as he tried to fight them. It felt like Quetz herself was guiding her actions. Like he *should* be doing this. He was meant to guide them.

He reached out and gently touched her arm. A bit of the Amazonian power flowed through.

Meiko softly gasped.

“I think you should trust your instincts.” He smiled and let her continue her training.

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Gudao was only partly surprised when he met Meiko later that night in his bedroom.

Coming out of a hot bath, Gudao slipped into a comfortable yukata and walked back into the bedroom where he found the young samurai-in-training waiting for him. She wore a similar yukata of dark purple color, kneeling in the middle of his room with her eyes closed as though in deep meditation. The cloth hid much of her physique, but it did show the firm muscles of her shoulders and neck, along with a bit of her cleavage and the nice definition of her chest muscles.

“Commander Raikou teaches us control above all else. To suppress our urges lest they dominate us.” She said with a soft tone. Brown eyes opened to stare at him rather accusingly. “I have only met you today, and yet I feel this inescapable need to be closer to you. There is this... aura that surrounds you, something that pulls me in.”

Gudao set his clothes next to his futon. “You’re perceptive.”

“Some say I have the makings of a shaman.” She replied. “When you touched me that time, I could feel the Amazon Spirit surge even stronger. Even with all my training, I struggled to hold it back.”

She stood up and slipped her arms out of her sleeves. “I still do.”

The upper part of her yukata fell from her shoulders, leaving her only with her sarashi, revealing a finely-toned physique. Corded arms and marked abdominal. Muscles built for precision by intense training, but in a professional fitness way, still far beneath the realm of bodybuilding. This wasn’t a body designed to show off.

But the way she tensed, how she looked with such longing at her own body as she clenched her fist... Meiko wanted it to. A hidden urge she kept repressed for a long time, Gudao could feel it.

Her bicep slowly rose into a mound as she raised her arm into a flex. “I told myself this was enough, but then I saw the way you looked at me...” She breathed heavily. “And I just... wanted more. I can’t help myself any longer. Just what kind of spell did you cast upon me, mage...”

Gudao shook his head. “Nothing that wasn’t already inside you. The potential is all yours, the urges you feel are natural.”

“The commander-“

“Raikou holds herself and others to huge standards. It doesn’t mean she’s right.” He argued.
“You want to be strong and beautiful... so don’t fight it.”

Meiko gasped softly, eyes fluttering while her face flushed. A sudden wave of heat seemed to emanate from her, hitting like steam. The power in her body was elevating, triggering his own arousal as a bulge slowly rose.

Her muscles shuddered, palpitating into bigger mounds of flesh by the second, deepening the lines separating them. “Do you... enjoy the body of an amazon, Master of Chaldea?”

“Yes,” Gudao grunted, running a hand over his bulge. “Very much so.”

A trembling smile formed on her lips. “I... I’m glad. Because I can’t hold it any longer.”

Meiko threw her head back, letting out a sharp ‘hng!’

And her body bloomed beautifully.

Gudao watched with fascination as her frame grew thicker and larger, holding her arms to the side in a half-flexed position, her breasts tore the confines of her sarashi and bounced unimpeded. The globes inflated to impressive size to match the rest of her swelling physique.

She was half a head taller than him when her lips suddenly clashed against him, powerful arms held him tightly, smooshing her bosom against his toned chest, rubbing her muscular quad against his throbbing erection.

They broke the kiss with heavy pants and a trail of saliva connecting them. “Make me feel like a woman...” She hissed, waves of pent-up frustration and repressed desires were being unleashed all at once, leaving only a desperate need for release. “Fill me with your blessing!”

Gudao was all too happy to oblige.

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In her room, Raikou knelt before an incense burner, hoping the scene would aid in her meditation.

It was a daily ritual, something she did to stave off those... *urges* from that other side. That part of her she kept under the heaviest lock and key. The divine demon in her had been raging all day, desperate to get a taste from the fierce forces emanating from her Master.

Gudao shone like a beacon of Amazonian power. He felt like a raging river where the ocean of Quetzalcoatl's blessing flowed through. A link between this sacred power and the women of these lands.

So tempting, so very... *invigorating*.

Her lips pressed together tightly as her brows drew closer into a cowl. A sharp breath escaped her nostrils as she fought a renewed surge of pleasure.

Her muscles tensed, growing unbidden for a moment before she forced them back to normal.

It was with a heavy burden that she took the title of Champion. But the woman she had defeated had not been worthy of it. Honerless and greedy, using the other young women as mere stepping stones in her rise to power. Power she had to purchase from Koyanskaya while the others fought for scraps.

Raikou took some delight in dethroning her. The expression on her face once she understood that no amount of ill-gotten power could stand up to the legendary warrior of the Miyamoto was priceless.

Because of that, she strived to keep her fellow warrior women from falling to that same level of debauchery. They'd all be fine onnamusha, prim and proper. She'd guide them through a better path. One of discipline and decency.

Raikou had done it before, after all. She had commanded warriors and molded them into their ideal selves. Even while keeping her darker nature hidden.

But the Amazon Spirit made it more difficult to control her demonic side. As the power and pleasure touched all aspects of her being, even those she sought to sever.

She had to keep it under control. She *had* to.

The regular body of a human. Lithe, demure, unassuming. Yes, that is what Raikou truly was. A human to the core. The model visage of a dutiful woman, a doting mother. Her darling Gudao, her child, would never see that side of her.

She didn't want to imagine how he'd react if he were to see that *unsightly* thing.

Oh, her poor heart couldn't even take it. Just imagining it was a nightmare! Her darling Gudao, such a noble and good boy that he was, staring aghast and slack-jawed as her body throbbed with godly power. Her form expanding on all sides, bulging muscles elevating her to something beyond human.

Towering over him, his dear 'mother' losing herself to the urges and-

Taking him.

Raikou's eyes snapped open, a gasp escaped her lips.

Her muscles swelled, pushing against her yukata. Her enormous breasts quivered as pinpricks of pain became hard knobs.

Enormous. Glorious. Beautiful. Magnificent. Muscles of divine status. A figure of towering might, her darling Gudao shuddering in absolute pleasure as her figure invoked the highest levels of arousal. She saw herself flexing her mighty frame, driving him mad with desire, forcing him to unveil his swollen manhood and pleasure himself with frenzy right then and there.

"N-No!" She silently cried out as the robes began ripping. She arched forward, hands leaning over the wooden floor and cracking it under her grasp. "S-Stop!"

She couldn't... couldn't lose control right now!

She was human, she was....!

...Riding him. Jumping up and down over his potent manhood. Mmm, what a virile man her darling Gudao became. He moaned in utter ecstasy as she felt his seed flood her-

Her yukata was split in several places, leaving her almost naked. Raikou swiftly dove a hand into her crotch and buried two fingers. Her eyes went cross-eyed as she instantly climaxed.

After a few seconds of enduring her sudden release, Raikou's body returned to normal, the torn strips of fabric hanging indecently over her nearly naked frame.

The Berserker felt like crying. "What an indecent woman I am..."

Raikou renewed her vow to end Shuten Doji, lead this brave band of women, and guide her master to safety, all without losing herself in the process.

She would not allow this *thing* inside her win.

No matter how fiercely a part of her wanted it to.