

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

Gudao had been caught surprised multiple times in his tenure as a Master. He wouldn't really say it was due to any fault in his abilities, but often because their adventures had sprung many sudden challenges that had taken him, and his Servant comrades and friends, off guard more than once. Monsters appearing out of nowhere, beasts jumping from the shadows and cornering them like prey.

And right now, Gudao felt like prey as he was caught literally with his pants down as an apex predator looked down at him with hunger.

In a Singularity filled with muscular beauties, Chief Chiore stood out not because of sheer size, but the presence she commanded. Built like some of the biggest and most graceful bodybuilders on Earth, the bronze amazon cut such an imposing figure it still amazed him he had not grown hard at the sight of her during their first meeting when Mordred was accepted into the tournament.

He felt too shocked to even feel mortified, as she looked down at his erection still dripping over the sink. "I... I..." The words failed him, he didn't know how to process this. He was sure the embarrassment would strike any second now and he'd die right where he stood.

"You were pleasuring yourself thinking of the goddess, if you calling out her name was any indication" Chiore chuckled. "Oh don't be embarrassed, it's common for anyone to feel that way. Hmm, the priestesses often engage in lovemaking to her statues, the acts of passion please her just as much as acts of valor and strength. I've partaken in my fair share of 'offerings' to her as well~"

The images she conjured, of muscular women touching and pleasuring each other, of herself furiously masturbating to images of Quetzalcoatl, woman amongst women, was enough for his erection to renew its hardness.

"I felt it the moment you arrived, but I had to be sure" Chiore muttered, almost reverently as she approached, looking down at the smaller man. "Flowing through you is her light, her *blessings*... Quetzalcoatl has manifested herself to you and showered you with her gifts and her love.

"Quetz..." Gudao gulped, momentarily choosing to ignore he was still half-naked in front of this gorgeous woman. "You can tell she- Those weren't dreams?"

“Only those who have trained themselves to feel her power, and who have personally met her, can feel traces of her presence” She took a deep breath through her nostrils, taking in his scent. “And now that I feel your essence at its most primal it is clear to me. In your sweat, in your seed... Quetzalcoatl has blessed your body in ways you cannot imagine”

“But... why?”

“Her goals are always the strength of women and the liberations of passion,” The chief said. “So knowing that... I believe a more thorough inspection will yield results”

The way she looked at him sent shivers down his spine. “I-Inspection?” His erection was *throbbing* again, it wasn’t just her physical proximity, it was something else...

Her smile was devious. “I’ll need a taste of your virility, to ascertain what blessings Quetzalcoatl has bestowed upon you”

Gudao felt his heart do a jump in his chest, his lips felt dry as he swallowed. “W-When you say ‘taste-’”

He barely finished his words when several things happened at once.

First, Chiore removed her lion pelt crown, throwing it on the floor.

Next, she grabbed his shirt and easily tore it from his body, complementing him as she did. “Hmm, lean but you’ve got some muscle going. Good”

And then, she lifted him up by the waist with one hand as though he weighed nothing. Gudao remained motionless as this all happened, feeling he couldn’t do anything at all to prevent what was happening... not that he wanted her to stop this.

His erection, filled with renewed intensity and vigor, pointed straight at her lips as she stared at it curiously. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath from her nose. “The essence of her divinity in your seed... can it truly be?”

And finally, she plunged his length into her mouth.

Gudao's world *exploded* with pleasure. The warmth of his hand when he had pleased himself, even when fueled by the most intense fantasies, failed to compare to this sudden and *powerful* surge of pleasure. The only thing that came close was those wonderful dreams involving Quetzalcoatl, which led him to believe they were not mere dreams.

This ecstasy felt too familiar for those experiences to have been all in his head.

Her head bobbed back and forth, lips brushing over his shaft without any friction. Her tongue made sure to lubricate all of him as she took his member deeper still. Gudao shuddered, groaning in pleasure, *throbbing* at the intense pleasure flooding his senses. From the tip of his cock, the head swollen and red, savored by that skillful tongue, stopping just an inch from the base of his length, her mouth was sending him to heaven.

Her soft hums, sounding like appreciation as she savored him, invigorated him further. His sack quickly filled even after the impressive load he had shot previously. Waves of delight washed over him from his crotch as the familiar pressure of an orgasm built up. Gudao squeezed his eyes shut, grunting in effort as he tried to hold it back, make this experience last as long as possible.

But it was not to be, "Hmm! Aaugh!"

His dick pulsated, hot white fluid rushed through its length. His 'shot' landed all over her tongue, spreading through the lower half of her mouth, filling her with his essence.

Chiore froze for a moment, then she kept licking, taking every last drop, and cleaning him up. She pulled away with a pop, a trail of saliva and sexual fluid still connecting his erection to her lips.

She frowned, her expression shifted as she closed her eyes. It wasn't discomfort or disgust, it was like she was pondering something.

Then she audibly swallowed.

"A larger volume than I expected, given your previous release," She said, panting slightly. Chiore walked out of the bathroom with him still in her grasp. She set him down on the where

Gudao proceeded to collapse, panting heavily with a drunken smile as he recovered from this amazing orgasm.

“What did you...” He gasped, “do that for?”

“Are you complaining? Was my skill that bad? Apologies, I haven’t had a man in a while” She teased him with a chuckle. “I was just collecting evidence to confirm my theory”

With a long pant, Gudao propped himself on his elbows, looking at the amazon chief. “About... Quetz’s blessing?” Interestingly, he wasn’t so winded anymore. He was recovering amazingly fast even.

“There is no doubt about it, your body carries her blessing” The amazon explained, placing her hands on her hips. “Can you feel it, how your body recovers faster than it should? How your seed flowed again after such a short time?”

He... hadn’t really considered it. But now that she mentioned it...

He did feel more ‘recovered’ now. Even when he should be a tired mess given everything that happened.

“And how your blade remains sharp” She grinned at the sight of his erection, raised like a flagpole. “Your body has been endowed by the great lady’s grace. You are filled with unrivaled virility, your seed carries potency”

So, Quetz made him better at sex? Not that he complained but...

“Potency for what?”

Chiore’s grin grew.

Her hands balled into fists on her hips as she flared her lats.

Her body slowly grew.

“The Amazon Spirit,” She said with strain. “Is a blessing all warriors strive to improve. With training, with willpower. To seek greater heights, hone our bodies into even stronger weapons. Like a reservoir, we keep pulling until it runs dry and hit our limit. Then we train to make that reservoir larger!”

She grunted, hitting that size she had when displaying her Amazon Spirit to Mordred. Only this time she didn't carry bracelets or jewelry to snap, so it was just her leather chest piece that strained. She wasn't flaring her mana out like before, so there was no explosion of power in the room. She was guiding it slowly. She went from Iris Kyle (he guessed he had Quetz to thank for knowing who that was) to a great specimen of amazon musculature whose muscles rivaled Kintoki.

“But your seed” She panted, her smile becoming invigorated and a touch manic. “It feels like... it's a reservoir all on its own”

Chiore *growled*, spit flying between his teeth.

And grew once more.

Gudao stared in astonishment as the already large amazon kept growing in height, the width of her shoulders expanding as her monumental back became a mountain range. Thighs grew to be as thick as his own torso while those powerful arms made his head look like a grapefruit next to their awe-inspiring size.

“Ohhhhh gods!” She cried out, throwing her head back while her traps rose further. Chest muscles exploded in girth as her breasts jumped and pushed with such force they split her leather piece in half.