

Luviagelita Edelfelt was a busy woman. Her studies and work at the Clock Tower, her business as the heir of the Edelfelt clan, demanded much of her time. But she prided herself on being the very model of efficiency. She could handle all her duties and more with regal poise and posture. An unflappable attitude and a go-getter mentality, Luvia didn't run away from challenges; she *thrived* in them. She wasn't just some delicate, pampered lady who bathed in luxury. She worked for it, she *earned* it. Through sweat and blood. Literally, at times, given her passion for wrestling.

Though she couldn't lie and say she didn't feel a bit... apprehensive.

Very strange things were happening in the magical community, and it all traced back to Fuyuki and the dismantling of the Holy Grail War system.

A very fascinating concept that... had never borne any fruit in generations. Where prominent mages had gone off to meet their end in that land of barbarians.

Now it seemed the consequences of that ritual were far from done. Someone had stolen shards of the Lesser Grail and spread the knowledge around like it was candy, which completely went against the unwritten laws of mage society.

There were groups of people trying to recreate the summoning ritual all over the globe, leading to the presence of half-summoned Servants that seemed to be guided by a compulsory need to seek conflict and fight. It made sense given what the original ritual was designed for.

But it soon became apparent nobody was in control of the damn things. It was hard enough keeping the non-magical population ignorant of things; specialists on cover-up duty were running around the clock, and Enforcers were constantly being dispatched to deal with the magical anomalies. Because things couldn't be as easy as just managing rogue Shadow Servants, as they were being labeled, oh no. They were also dealing with an increase in mysticism that led to the manifestation of phantasmal species.

Now the worst scenario had happened, and the Mages Association was forced to deal with the consequences.

Everyone was running around like maniacs. Magi were nervous, unsure of how to fix this problem. Luvia herself had been assigned to investigate one of the potential sightings in the underground, located between the network of tunnels that was London's subway.

It was what made Luvia apprehensive (she would never say afraid), Shadow Servants were a threat for even experienced Enforcers, clad in old mystery. Luvia knew she was a powerful fighter, capable of reinforcing her body to superhuman levels. But her jewelcraft would not be able to stand up against a Shadow Servant on her own.

And yet, alone they sent her...

"Tch," She clicked her tongue in displeasure. "Steel yourself, you're an Edelfelt."

She walked through the hidden passageways, feeling the rumble and echoing sound made by subways passing by in nearby tunnels, and found a broken wooden door.

"Hmm, curious"

There were *traces* of a boundary field here, but it had been completely broken. Stepping through the ruined door, she found a mage's workshop, trashed beyond recognition. Papers, books, scrolls, alchemical tools, they were all scattered around like a rhino had taken out its anger issues on the room. "I hope *some* of this is useful..." Her superiors were trying to scrape as much information as they could.

As she scoured the room, something caught her eye. A golden card, shining under candlelight. It rested over a miraculously intact table, seemingly innocuous. But Luvia could feel the *deep* mystery emanating from this simple thing...

Luvia reached out for it, her fingers tingling as the magical energy exuded from this item was so dense it felt like running her fingers through water. The metallic-like surface was... oddly warm to the touch.

It held the image of a woman holding a scale.

She barely had time to ponder its meaning when the card glowed and dissipated into motes of light.

The light flowed into *her*.

Luvia gasped, her heart throbbed with increased potency against her chest. Her arms and her spine went ramrod straight, shuddering while letting out a choked gasp.

Her circuits... oh *gods*, they flared, they burned with such incredibly potent mana she felt she was going to burst!

Her iris became a warm honey gold.

Incredibly powerful mana laced with ancient mystery flowed through her.

Luvia's body, already a slim and athletic thing of beauty with her years of wrestling training and her prodigious breasts, *bloomed*. Lines of definition etched themselves across its surface, deepening the division between each muscle group as her mass expanded rapidly. The fabric of her regal blue outfit groaned in protest; the threads gave up with the sudden swell of her musculature.

Luvia would have complained about the loss of the expensive fabric, but this... this feeling was *incredible*. She was bombarded with pleasure as a truly *divine* essence slipped through her pores and settled inside every cell of her body, reinforcing them to levels she could have never achieved on her own.

"O-Oh god..." She groaned gutturally, her neck pulsating with thick muscles as her traps rose imposingly. The dress loudly tore in multiple places, as though the muscles themselves demanded its destruction for daring to hide such a magnificent physique from the world.

Her breasts, two large prodigious mounds of soft flesh, split the dress down the middle with the aid of her magnanimous back.

"Y-Yes!" She grunted with a drunken smile.

The power was so much that she *levitated* off the ground, burning away her garments and instead clad her in robes of peerless azure and golden tassels. Decorated with all the dignity and regality of a queen.

But with the body of a goddess.

Luvia raised her arms imperiously, marveling at the sheer *girth* and the throbbing veins that erupted under the surface with an orgasmic cry. “Yes!”

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In the privacy of her family’s state in London, Luvia tested her newfound abilities. Her magic circuits felt like they had been refined to outstanding levels. Already they were of pristine quality, the product of generations of the Edelfelt family, carefully guided lineage. The rivers of energy coursing through her veins had become potent streams, connected to a new metaphysical organ that wasn’t there before.

A core of magical energy. Pure. Raw. *Ancient* in its quality.

A true regression to the age of gods.

Luvia felt that core pulsate with the energy of hundreds upon hundreds of gems filled with mana. If her body had been a high-quality generator, then now it was a nuclear power plant in terms of sheer energy output.

The reinforcement of her muscles, tendons, fibers, bones, and other ligaments had increased to 500% efficiency and potency. Making it so her already mighty strength transcended into truly divine levels.

Luvia grinned to herself as she curled the full *deadlift* bar with one arm. The large plates piled up on each side caused the bar to bend. It clanked with each repetition as she performed a feat that would have taken far too much energy from her in the past, straining herself until she could barely do this one or two times.

Now? She was curling it like it was a light workout.

Luvia enjoyed the way her bicep bulged, the veins sprawled across its surface like roads on a map. The vast landscape of her muscles could only be captured by the most skillful painters and masons, for it had become a peerless work of art. She huffed gently as the arm rose and lowered, perspiration dripping down her skin and seeping into the stretchy material of her workout one-piece. The straps across the shoulders were stretched thin thanks to a combination of her voluminous traps, the wideness of her torso, the sheer thickness of her pectorals.

And of course, the awe-inspiring fullness of her breasts.

Luvia dropped the weight with a loud clang, shaking her arm slightly and squeezing her fist a few times. It was not particularly sore, a sign of how resilient her body had become. “Fufufu,” She chuckled to herself as she softly ran a hand over the ridges of her wide forearms, tracing the soft veins before palming and kneading the hardened hill that was her bicep. “Perfection.”

Luvia strutted up to her mirror, once more mesmerized by the combination of elegance and raw power. She ran her fingers through her locks, long liquid gold cascading into drill-shaped aqua-toned tips. The luxurious quality of her hair, plus the shifting color, made it look like a weaving from the gods.

The heiress grinned and snapped into a fierce flex. Arching forward and bringing her fists together into a potent flex. The action made her upper body bloom with such girth and speed that her leotard snapped, unveiling her upper body. Luvia merely blew a kiss at her reflection as the sight of her nude torso invigorated her.

“I’d *love* to see that Tohsaka sow’s face right now.” Poor Rin, so small, so flat like a board... she’d die of jealousy.

Before she could continue with this hilarious line of thought, her phone beeped a few times. She spared it a glance and snapped her fingers, making the item float to her hand swiftly. “Edelfelt here,” She paused as the person on the other line spoke. “...What?”

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The British Museum was home to many artifacts from Britain’s history, as well as to many others plundered from other cultures. There was no shortage of individuals who would love to get their hands on such relics, either to sell them in the black market, for their own personal collection, or merely for the sport of it.

As people ran away, terrified at the sheer ruckus made by the rambotious laughter, Luvia merely marched on with a stern glare on her features.

The situation was unprecedented. There was a magical anomaly in the museum, an active one, that was causing a commotion and creating a full breach of the Clock Tower's rules of concealment.

The anomaly in question had the shape of a human man, very tall. Most of his features were obscured by a heavy, dense fog surrounding his face. His body seemed to be outlined by a shade, like darkness was clinging to it, casting a perpetual shadow over his features wherever he moved.

The figure laughed with great hysteria as he made his way through the Egypt section. He was in the process of lifting a sarcophagus over his head. *"Treasures. Treasures! Gold and jewels! So many riches all in one place!"* The man's voice rumbled; there was an echoing quality to its tone.

Luvia stepped in after making sure there were no civilians around. "I will need you to stop right now and surrender to the Clock Tower's authorities."

*"Surrender? Surrender?!"* The figure cackled insanely. *"Stabbed. Shot. Cut up. Quartered. The Dread Pirate Blackbeard never surrendered! Plunder and treasures, sea and riches! I will have it all!"*

Blackbeard? The pirate?

This... was a Shadow Servant, but his manifestation looked a bit more advanced than the quasi-manifestations some summonings were able to perform. Perhaps it was the area, and his instincts had felt the museum's treasures? Perhaps it awakened more memories instead of leaving him alone with just the base instinct of conflict.

A fascinating case, if true. One the Clock Tower will no doubt investigate thoroughly after she captured him.

"Hmph!" Luvia's eyes shone like gold, and her form was shrouded in divine power, sparkling with all the colors of the rainbow. Her form enlarged until she was larger than even the most proficient female bodybuilders in the world, her hair growing much longer as tips became a bright aqua in color. A type of golden wrestling leotard formed over her person, with a pristine azure dress complementing it. "You'll be a fine test of my new skills." She grinned challengingly at the pirate.

“Ohhhhhohoho!” She could almost *feel* the lecherous grin on his face. “Strong lady! Big lady! Hmmmmm, big mommy muscles! Yes, squeeze me! Wreck me!”

...Well, he just ruined this completely.

Instead of grappling with him (because she didn't want to get close to him AT ALL now), she summoned a bunch of gems around her and charged them with the powers of the stars themselves. The multicolored array fired off with trailing beams of light as they impacted the pirate with such strength that it rattled the whole area.

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“So after knocking him out, I managed to stabilize and immobilize him with my spells. And handed him over to the Clock Tower.” She finished explaining to her audience.

“And that's how they know about you being a pseudo-servant,” Rin noted. “And why did they send you to keep an eye on me here?”

“Good, you were paying attention.” Luvia sighed as she sank further into the warm waters.

There was much to enjoy about Japan and its cultures, and hot springs were definitely at the top of her list. Luvia thought as she submerged herself in the hot waters. She let out a long sigh of relief as the warmth did its magic, loosening up tense muscles and filling her body with bliss that seeped through the cracks.

Fuyuki was being such a *tedious* affair. Everywhere she looked, Tohsaka's influence could be clearly felt. The women empowering themselves through the magic that saturated the city, through the goddess's own blessings, through the multitude of Shadow Servants who seemed drawn to this place like moths to the flame.

Just the other day, she had to fight *two* of them. She had to pause in her attempts to seduce Shiro just to deal with those annoying things!

Luvia huffed, rubbing a palm along the length of her arm to wash imaginary grim and massage her limb. In an ideal situation, it'd be just her and Shirou right now. Fufufu, oh yes, she could

picture it. His slim yet athletic figure, shadowed by her impressive godlike physique as she grew with the power of Astraea, ohhhh, she would make sure to show him the *stars*, alright.

Hng, she'd better calm down before she loses control. Don't be like Rin; that was her rule. She kept herself in check at all times lest she become a depraved seeker of pleasure like that arrogant girl. Luvia prided herself on her self-control, yet she couldn't help but feel challenged by this city.

"They just let you go?" Sakura asked with surprise evident in her voice. "Here I thought most mages would love to study you as well."

"Oh, I made it quite clear that while I was happy to collaborate, any 'invasive' research upon my person would be met with a very decisive retaliation by the Edelfelt family." Luvia sniffed a touch too proudly. "They were not eager to test how effective their spells would be against me."

Even Lorelei, Wizard Marshal and the so titled Queen of the Clock Tower, did not seem too confident of her chances against her. Her supreme abilities hailed her as the ultimate mage of the present era, but Luvia was now empowered by mysteries from the Age of Gods. For a woman who upheld the laws and policies of the Clock Tower, it'd mean fighting against someone who had now borrowed the Authority of law and justice.

Could Lorelei defeat her? There was always a chance. But the fact that scales were tipped in her favor boosted Luvia's ego a great deal.

"So, we all came to a compromise. I would put my new powers to use for the Clock Tower to help hunt down these Shadow Servants." Luvia boasted. "Which I have been doing with utmost efficiency, if I do say so myself."

"Your abilities are quite promising." The King of Knights nodded in acknowledgment.

"Sabeeeeer!" Rin petulantly whined. "Don't encourage her! Her head's big enough as it is..."

"Merit earned should be praised, Rin. Do not be blinded by your own pride. 'Tis good to recognize other people's brilliance."

Luvia just grinned at the way the Tohsaka grumbled and tried to sink as much as she could into the hot spring to stew in her own anger.

At the heart of Rin's territory, it was like stepping into another world. No wonder the Mages' Association wanted her to keep a close eye here. The supernatural remnants of the Grail Wars had left their mark, made even worse by the divine levels of mysticism that kept rising thanks to Rin's actions.

Ugh, that girl had no care for the potential repercussions of her actions. She could only hope the World wouldn't get involved at this rate. Luvia really needed to relax for a while from all her occupations. Which is why she had chosen the hot springs, where she had been enjoying her peace and quiet.

For about 30 seconds.

Before her relaxation time had been interrupted by a bunch of loud *interlopers*.

There was Sakura, whom she could tolerate. There was that girl Ayako, whom she honestly knew little about and was neutral about. That incredibly *loud* guardian of Shirou, Taiga, who often made her feel her eardrums would burst just by being in close proximity to her endless exuberance. And Artoria, who was regal, proud, very polite, Luvia could enjoy her company.

And of course Rin, whom she hated. Enough said there.

All the girls had arrived in their muscular frames, because just like Luvia, they all enjoyed the feelings of their muscles soaking up in the thermal bath.

"I benched two tons the other day!" The tiger woman boasted, flexing an arm that was bursting to the brim with highly coiled muscles.

"Cute," Rin sniffed haughtily. "Maybe one day you'll get to the big leagues, Fujimura-sensei."

"Oh, don't snappy with me, girl." She threatened with a growl.

"No violence here, please," Sakura said diplomatically. "It's our day off."

"Is *any* day not your day off, though?" Ayako questioned. "I feel the lot of you just spend your days running around doing whatever."

"Hey, we work!" Rin snapped. "You think it's easy, running this city?"

"Didn't know you were the mayor."

"I'm the Second Owner, which means my role is even more important than any non-mage who thinks they're in charge here."

"Doesn't 'second' imply there is someone above you?"

Rin stammered.

"Oh yes, Tohsaka," Luvia took the chance to mock her. "Please, explain to your friend who the *real* owners of Fuyuki are."

"W-Well, that *technically* is the Association. But I'm running the show here! I'd love to see those old fossils try to take my inheritance from me."

"Oh, they want to," Luvia droned. "And they've tried. But so long as I keep apprising them of the situation here, telling them everything is fine, there's no need to come to blows."

"She has a point, Rin," Artoria said. "What have you been doing to facilitate ties between Fuyuki and the Association?"

"I've been building up my power base so they will not challenge me."

"Wise," The Saber nodded.

Luvia scoffed. "Yes, well, that will not stop them from long. Unless I tell them things are under control."

Rin rolled her eyes. "What, you expecting my thanks?"

"It'd be a good start. A war with the association benefits *no one*. And I thought you, with the knowledge of a god now, would understand that" Luvia huffed. "But it seems your mind is just too dense for divine wisdom to be of any use."

Rin was growing even larger; her shoulders and traps peeked out of the water as they expanded with size and definition. "Why you...!"

"No," Artoria's voice was like a thunderbolt. Divine retribution delivered with nothing but the strength of her words. "Fighting. Understood?"

She did not even have to boost her power for her sheer *presence* to blanket the area.

The girls stared at her, and Rin slowly shrank. "Sorry..." She apologized to her lover.

The six finally settled into silence, and Luvia felt she could finally take a break. Until the Ayako girl broke it once more. "So what else have you been doing with your powers?"

Luvia opened an eye, noticing she was addressing her. "Excuse me?"

"Your powers, the Servant you're hosting." She clarified. "You told us how you got them, and that you've been doing your job with them. But have you also been using them for... you know," She shrugged, either her cheeks blushed, or that was the heat from the hot spring doing its work, "for fun?"

"Yeah!" Taiga shouted. "Are you beating up challengers in wrestling?! Are you bench pressing buildings?!"

"You building a harem with them?" Rin grinned deviously at her. And that was clearly the Ishtar in her talking.

Luvia rolled her eyes and scoffed. "Do you all really need to delve into each other's personal lives like that?"

“Basically”

“Yes.”

“It’s tradition.”

“I have NO sense of boundaries.”

“So I see,” Luvia annoyingly muttered. “To that I say, it is none of your business. I’d suggest you all instead on focusing on your duties in this town. It’s only a matter of time before another ‘gas leak’ is heard...”

How long could they run with that excuse, though?

She was honestly deflecting the subject. She didn’t want to admit to Rin she had gotten a touch... frisky with her muscles regarding certain lovers she may or may not have taken to her bed.

“Besides, I’m not Rin.” She gave the brunette a smarmy smirk. “I do not open my legs to just anyone.”

Rin was *instantly* floating off the water, eyes glowing gold as an aura of divine power surrounded her. “Why you...!”

Luvia grinned in challenge as she also floated and burst with a holy aura.

The air around them vibrated as a low tremor already began building.

If there was one thing Luvia loved using her powers on more than anything, it was to fight Rin and put the Tohsaka in her place.

This rivalry of theirs would continue so long as the stars shone in the sky.

...Or until Artoria and Sakura pulled on their ears and dragged them back to the water, like they were doing right now.

Even their powers had to concede when facing those stern reproaching looks and *very* tight grips...