

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

“So that’s the situation” Gudao finished summarizing.

He and his sister sat with their recently reconvened Servant on a table inside the inn, there were a few loaves of bread along with cheese served on plates, a jar of water set between the three and while they each had a cup in their hands (he had to keep his sister from ordering the wine...)

“Yeah, I figured this was one of those weird singularities” The Knight of Rebellion shrugged her toned shoulders. “Aside from a few beasts here and there, there really wasn’t anything out of the ordinary” She leaned back on her chair with one arm slugged over the backrest. “Then again, you never know with these things”

“I’ll say” Gudako quipped with a leery smile at their servant. “Looking good there, Mordred~”

Mordred gave her a toothy grin and brought back her arm to flex it. The small bicep rose nice and toned. “Don’t think I’ll be wearing my armor now. It’d be a crime to hide these!” She boasted.

“So this is what’s going around this Singularity” Gudao pointed out, once more amazed he could resist the clear attraction he felt for those muscles. “Women seem to grow stronger here from what we can gather, this ‘Amazon Spirit’ is some sort of phenomenon that affects them once a criteria is met”

“That criteria are rather vague” Gudako continued. “The gals here say it happens when ‘one strong in spirit manifests their power physically’” She said in a dismissive tone while waving her hand. “Which is a flowery way of saying they only have a vague idea about it. It’s like a spiritual thing for them”

Gudao frowned. “What did it feel for you?”

“Hmm” Mordred crossed one arm while the other hand cupped her chin, looking up in thought. “It felt... similar to when I use my Mana Burst, it was a surge of power. But that burst comes from my pseudo-dragon core, it’s like a battery that I can overcharge” Moving her hand away she looked at it, her gaze lost as though she could stare at the energy that had coursed through her. “This power though... it came from something beyond me, and at the same time it felt familiar like it was inside of me all along, and yet... it wasn’t”

The siblings stared at her clenching and unclenching her hand.

She fell silent for a moment before grumbling and scratching her hair. "That's the best way I can explain it. It's something you have to experience for yourself, and however the actual process works is most likely gonna go over my head"

Gudao sighed while Gudako slumped in her seat. The orange-haired master then grew thoughtful as she remembered something.

"You know, Elena also mentioned the Goddess of Lucha. Which of course means Quetz--"

Mordred snorted. "Of course, that lunatic is here"

"-It does sound like Quetz is behind this singularity. This 'Tournament' and all" She looked at her brother. "Perhaps finding her should be our priority?"

"Contact with Chaldea is still out" Gudao shrugged. "We don't really have a way to communicate with Da Vinci and get a clear idea of what's going on. So, I think you're right"

"Great!" Mordred slammed her hands on the table, rattling the plates. "Let's go find the wrestling fanatic then!"

A sudden laugh barked in their direction. "Hah! You can't just go and meet Quetzalcoatl!" They turned to see Elena walking towards them, the tomboy amazon had a wide smirk on her lips. "She resides at the high temple in the center of the lands, only those acknowledged as champions of the tournament can earn the right to an audience!"

"Eh, Quetz is like one of our best friends" Gudako deadpanned at her. "I think she won't mind an exception"

It also sounded odd that such a personable goddess like Quetzalcoatl would keep herself recluse. That didn't sound like her. Was it part of whatever she was hoping to achieve here?

“Riiiiiiight” The greek’s tone showed she did not believe them in the least. “Look, you want to meet the most muscular and strongest woman in the lands, you *have* to earn it through the tournament”

The trio shared a look. “I don’t think we’ve got much of a choice,” Gudao said resigned.

“Hey, if this tournament goes like I think it will, then I’m all up for it” At least Mordred sounded excited about it.

“Okay then” The male Master looked at the young amazon. “How do we get in?”

“Well, it would be Mordred that gets in” She pointed at the knight. “You would be free to accompany her as her entourage. The rules are very loose, there’s nothing against alliances or people helping you, but to be found worthy you have to clear the challenges the various champions in the lands give you” She explained. “Only that way you can advance”

“Okay,” Gudako slowly nodded as they took note of her words. “So, we just go find this place’s champion then”

“This region’s champion resides elsewhere, to officially enter the tournament you need to have the blessing of the appointed examiners. They decide if you are worthy of entering the tournament or not”

“Right,” Gudao slowly said, it wasn’t that much information to take at once but he was mostly surprised by the fact they needed to be officially cleared before entering the tournament, even if said tournament had ‘loose rules.’ “So, who is the examiner around here?”

A wild smirk formed on Elena’s face, once more reminding him of the Servant present.

“Our village chief, of course”

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Elena led them to where their chief resided, which turned out to be a larger building that looked like the mix of a town hall, training arena, and temple all in one. With large carved

pillars painted in ancient greek style frescos depicting various warrior women fighting, statues of muscular heroes and goddesses, all in the classical marble style.

There was a large sandy arena in the middle of the central chamber, and at the back, there was a platform with various chairs and even more statues. Some of these looked... familiar to Gudao, like he'd seen them before.

But the one in the middle, the largest and most imposing of them all, that one he definitely recognized.

Arms outstretched with her fists clenched, legs standing apart in a firm posture, a large belt around her hips from which dangled a tabard. Long locks carved perfectly out of the stone as the handsomely chiseled face stared at the ceiling, facing a painting depicting a sun, with a confident grin.

Gudao's breath caught in his throat. He could recognize her anywhere.

That was Quetz, carved in all her muscular glory as he had seen her in that... dream.

It only captured a *tenth* of her beauty. No statue, no idol, nothing could capture the real thing's glory.

"Wow," Gudako muttered as she stared at the Quetzalcoatl statue. "Guess Quetz is the biggest one around here huh..."

Oh sweet little sister, you had *no* idea.

Gudao bit his lower lip, vanishing away the wave of arousal that threatened to erupt within him, and focused on the task ahead.

A woman was sitting in the chair in front of Quetz's statue, she was marvelously built as her revealing attire let them see. With a long tabard hanging from her waist, a strapless leather piece covering her breast lined up with fur, she had various pieces of jewelry in the form of bracelets and arm rings tightly secured around her strong forearms and biceps. The last piece of her apparel was a pelted lion's mane adorning her head like a crown, hiding her forehead as piercing eyes peeked in between the rows of teeth.

Her olive skin was a delicious bronze tone that seemed to glisten, Gudao would compare her body type and fitness to Iris Kyle, and *how the hell did he know who Iris Kyle was?* He *never* had investigated anything related to bodybuilding before, much less women's bodybuilding, and yet he seemed to know it *instinctively*.

She was beautiful, those muscles spoke of strength and experience. The lack of scars wasn't a sign that she had never seen battle, oh no, it meant that nothing she had faced had seriously wounded her before. There was wisdom and tenacity in those eyes, with such insight that they seemed to stare right through them...

Was it just him, or was she paying close attention to him?

Elena stepped up front, bowing in respect. "Great Chief Chiore, I bring with me the newcomers who--"

"I have ears, girl. I know what's going on in my village" The chief interrupted, her voice firm and mature. "Word travels fast around here, so I get a good idea of what they want" She cut to the chase instantly. "I want to hear it from them"

"We're from far away, great chief," Gudao said respectfully. "We think entering the tournament will help us get home" It was more complicated than that, but it was the truth all the same.

"Hmph" The woman leaned forward, resting one hand on her knee. "And I suppose that toothpick-limbed here is your contender?"

"Toothpick-!" Mordred gritted her teeth in outrage. "I may not be as buff as you, but I sure as hell ain't no weakling!"

"Child" The chief laughed. "You know nothing of strength, not yet. The tournament isn't just a flight of fancy, it is a *calling*. You enter to seek strength and glory because you follow your soul, your passion"

"Well great!" Gudako pipped out. "Ain't nobody more passionate than Mordred!" The knight puffed up her chest proudly at the master coming to her defense.

The chief shook her head disappointed. "Hotheadedness is not the same as passion," She said. "This Tournament is more than a competition it is a sacred right. Women prepare for months, even years, so they might compete. The Amazon Spirit is the blessing this world bestows upon those who walk with courage and ironclad willpower in their hearts. It is why only those who have called upon it at least once can compete, so they might embark on this journey to enrich their souls and empower their spirits"

"Tch" Mordred clicked her tongue. "You don't know me, lady. I triggered that Amazon Spirit without even knowing what it was! I bet I can do it again easily, it ain't no big deal"

Elena gasped, both aghast at Mordred's blasphemous declaration and the way she spoke to the chief.

The muscular woman glared at her.

Chief Chiore stood up from her seat and walked over to the arena to meet them. Mordred glared defiantly at the taller woman who looked down at her the same way a stern teacher would a misbehaving child.

"No big deal' huh?" The chief muttered.

Chiore took a deep breath... and mana *exploded around her*.

It felt like a hot gale wind, kicking up sand like a storm. The woman let out a valiant cry, guttural and savage at the same time, as power flooded her body.

Already muscular limbs expanded to even greater size, flesh piled upon flesh as the muscles competed for room within her increasingly expansive body.

"Hnng! UGHK!"

The jewelry cracked; bracelets split open as they could not contain the widening forearms. Armbands snapped into fragments from the sheer strain produced by biceps that doubled in size. Her pectorals stretched from side to side, lifting firm breasts and almost causing them to spill from her top, showing the upper part of dark areolas.

Then, as soon as it started, it was over.

The chief panted a few times and slowly flexed her arms into an impressive double-bicep pose. "This... is the power blessing you deride. It is not something that comes 'easy', it awakens in you because you paid for it with sweat, blood, and tears... because your *soul* cries out for it"

Mordred could only stare in utter astonishment. And Gudao could safely guess what she was thinking. The sheer magic power that had flowed from the woman was... Servant-level, and at a very potent density at that. How had she achieved this? Was this the extent of the Amazon Spirit?

"Gods..." Gudako muttered in awe.

Elena was grinning toothily, her cheeks flushed at the sight. "Chief's Amazon Spirit... oh it's so amazing"

Chief Chiore took a deep breath and exhaled, her muscles returned to their previous size as the power washed away from her.

"If you truly wish to compete in the tournament then you need to convince me" The chief turned around and returned to her seat. Without looking back, she snapped her fingers and called out; "Orna, come here!"

Elena hissed. "Orna? Oh boy..."

"Who is Orna?" Gudako asked.

Orna, as it turned out, was a tall amazon who wore pelts, had the sides of her head shaved with the center mass of locks arranged in multiple long dreadlocks, and had a muscular build that while not as pronounced as Chiore's, it still was bigger than Mordred's. The woman entered the arena with a sneer that said 'I don't have time for this'. "So this is my test then?"

"This is *her* test" The chief pointed at the Servant before glaring at the fellow amazon. "And your chance to make amends"

The woman glowered, turning a side eye at Mordred, glaring as though her presence offended her. "Let's get this over with..."

"Defeat her," The chief told Mordred, "And you'll enter the tournament with my blessing"

Mordred grinned, happy to finally get some action. "No problem" She cracked her knuckles and popped the joints in her neck. She walked up to the center of the arena, standing up before the taller woman and looking at her defiantly. The other woman however looked annoyed, as though this was beneath her.

The chief cleared her throat. "This is a clean bout, no weapons nor magic. Only the strength of your bodies and spirits" She raised a hand and swiftly brought it down in a chopping motion. "Fight!"

What followed was a brutal beatdown, an exchange of devastating punches and multiple strikes that pummeled into each other with great speed and strength. Gudao winced when Mordred recoiled from a strong haymaker, yet held his ground even as the taller amazon seemed to hold the advantage with her superior reach and build. Amazons were truly something else to keep up against a Servant of Mordred's caliber.

"So what's the deal with this Orna?" He asked their 'guide'.

"She was training for the tournament with a few of our sisters" Elena replied with bitterness, her eyes focused on the fight. "They fought a minotaur but it was too strong for them. Orna got away from the fight unscathed, but only because she didn't help the others when she should have and only drew in for the killing blow. That behavior is unacceptable to us amazons, glory is not handed to opportunists and cowards..." Her last words had a strong bite to them.

So this was not just a test for Mordred, but for Orna as well.

And by the sheer ferocity in her eyes, the savagery in her grin, and the wildness in every blow... they could tell she did not lack motivation. A dangerous opponent who wouldn't stop until she got what she felt she was owed.

"Is this little wimp really my test?!" She shouted, delivering a swift hook across Mordred's cheek, making the knight's head turn as a deep bruise formed. "I'm supposed to prove my worthiness with unworthy prey?!"

The Knight of Rebellion kept her arms raised, face hidden behind them in defense as the barrage of blows kept coming at high speed without end. Mordred gritted her teeth and endured the onslaught of fists descending all over her upper body. This woman was strong, Servant-level strong. She had fought amazons before, even non-Servant ones had the blood of the War God... they were a force to be reckoned with.

Mordred admired that about them.

But her pride wouldn't let her fall against anyone, particularly not against this arrogant *bitch*.

Her muscles, bruised and hurt after so much punishment, *hardened* even more. They slowly swelled with a bit more side, forming armored rows of plated fiber as the fists collided. Her legs developed deeper lines of definition and larger muscles spawned upon her lithe toned limbs.

Her back solidified, broadening slightly. The abs pushed out more against the fists repeatedly striking them. Forearm muscles repelled the blows with greater endurance as the biceps inflated.

A growl ripped out of Mordred's throat, arcs of red lightning formed around her as she let out a fierce roll, thrusting her arms to the side as the mana exploded in a shockwave, kicking sand everywhere and making her opponent stagger against the pressure of dense magical energy.

"Keh!" Orna gritted her teeth, covering her eyes with an arm to keep the sand away, her feet skidded back against the floor, pushed by the sheer pressure of Mordred's magic.

"Wow!" Gudako praised with a clap and a beaming smile.

Elena stared in awe. "She's triggered her Amazon Spirit again!"

With a dose of her Mana Burst, Gudao realized.

Mordred clenched her fists, growling as the feelings of intoxicating power washed over her. She reared back her arm, making the muscles bulge with the movement, her legs flexed as she prepared herself...

And with a powerful impulse, she dashed towards Orna. The amazon woman gasped as she barely had time to react, a solid fist buried itself on her cheek, making sounds and colors mix while the room was spinning. The amazon was sent flying to the other corner of the room, where she hit the wall with a loud crack.

Mordred huffed, her larger muscles lightly deflated as the power waned, yet still conserving a bit more of the mass they had gained just now.

Orna slowly peeled away from the wall, falling to the ground unmoving while letting out a low groan.

Chief Chiore smirked. "I think we have a winner"