

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

Mordred was no stranger to training. She loved training, loved the feeling of pushing her limits and growing stronger. Though upon becoming a Heroic Spirit, she manifested as an almost immutable existence. Training and working out did virtually nothing for a Servant, except for refining their skills. They could not change their stats or improve their physique.

It *was* possible for a Saint Graph's body to change, but it required strenuous or special circumstances. The Amazon Spirit, boosting her power and making her muscles grow, was one of the most extreme examples, as her Saint Graph swelled with delicious power.

Which was why Mordred loved it so much. That blessing could allow her to keep improving, make her bigger and stronger. It would allow her to reach limits previously undreamt of. Turn her body into a weapon, to the point that, eventually, Clarent would not be necessary.

And close the gaps between her and the people she admired and wished to defeat in equal measure.

The image of a flawless king appeared in her mind, making Mordred grunt as she redoubled her efforts.

Her current training consisted of her carrying a huge boulder on her back while walking up the steps of a mountain, with the ever-watchful eye of the Huntress measuring her progress. Her pride had stung when she had acquiesced to the idea of being trained by her, but she couldn't deny that Atalanta knew what she was talking about. The woman was a harsh taskmaster, and honestly, Mordred wouldn't have it any other way.

Unlike last time, when she kept doing push-ups while maintaining the Amazon state for a full day to gauge her limits, this time, Atalanta told her to remain in her 'base form' for this exercise, to gauge her body's natural limits.

It started getting annoying when she reached the top of the mountain, and Atalanta told her to go down and back up again.

She had done that damn walk at least three times already.

With the mid-afternoon sun bearing down on them, Mordred grunted as she re-adjusted her grip on the boulder, a bead of sweat rolling down to her chin and dropping on the ground, paving a faint trail of wet earth. The mountain top was not steep, and it was covered with the same density of foliage and trees as the forest below, so she had plenty of room to move at least.

It wasn't until she reached the second-highest point in the area, for the third time today, that she started showing signs of exhaustion. Panting as the weight of her stony companion on her back began to bother her.

"Enough," Atalanta called out, standing a few feet away from Mordred with her arms crossed. "We can stop here."

Part of Mordred wanted to question it, brag about how she wanted to keep going. But she'd be lying if she said she still didn't feel the aftereffects from last night. So she merely let out a long groan and threw the boulder with the strength she had left, breaking a tree to pieces just for being in its way.

Mordred huffed, letting out a long exhale before plopping to the ground. She fell on her rear and instantly leaned on her hands, "About time." She ground out.

"Don't tell me you're already tired," Atalanta said with a teasing grin, lion ears flickering. "Here I thought a Knight of the Round would have more stamina than that."

"Fuck off, pussy cat." She swore. "You forget I was doing your damn pushups yesterday for the whole day?! And that I was channeling my Amazon state at the same time!" Even for her, that had been very taxing.

"And you did a very impressive job, I'll grant you that. You lasted all the way till nighttime."

"Where were you even last night? You weren't there to give me the runaround." Though to be honest, the last stretches of that training exercise were a blur. Mordred was certain that at some point she had forgotten her own name.

"I was busy."

She said that with such a neutral face that Mordred couldn't help but be a bit suspicious. But whatever, she didn't care about that right now. "What's next?" She then asked.

"Already want to go on the next part of your training? I thought I was clear that you shouldn't rush things."

"I found my limits. That's what this training has been about, hasn't it?" Mordred replied. "I want to know the next part so I'm ready for it."

The Huntress slowly nodded. "Next part is about teaching you finer control," She said, walking closer to the knight. "The Amazon Spirit's power is a flow of energy channeled through your body, much like one channeling mana. But it is... different in its flow, it comes from the world around us, yet our souls ignite it. There is only so much you can draw before you 'burn up'"

The archer dispelled her clothing into motes of light. Mordred did not even blink as she suddenly stood in her underwear. After you wrestle with a person in the nude, apprehension and any sense of shame go out the window.

Atalanta stood there, showing her petite form to Mordred. She had to admit that even without muscle, she looked really nice. A lean athletic form befitting a runner like her. "You've been pouring water until the glass overflows. And while that can have its benefits when your back is against the wall, proper control is the way to go."

Her form began looking more toned, fitter, her muscles a little bit fuller as the flesh tightened and became more toned. A nice bikini figure, combined with her catlike traits, Atalanta cut a very alluring figure still.

Hey, she liked a pretty girl. Sue her.

"You feel how the energy flows through every fiber?" She twisted her body around, showing her the faintly toned muscles of her back while extending an arm and flexing her bicep. "Through every pore and cell, your body transforms to accommodate the increase in power."

"I'm familiar with it," she said, a touch impatiently. "I've gone through it before."

"But you were too busy reveling in the power; you always went all in," Atalanta said, already knowing how Mordred acted whenever she got a boost in energy. "You kept pumping more

and more energy through your body, focusing solely on raw output. And you did the same through our fight, until your body paid the price.”

The knight said nothing.

“That is why the last exercises were all about finding your limits. So we can start training you on how to channel the Amazon spirit more delicately,” Her abs tightened, showing more definition, while her arms sprouted decently sized biceps and her thighs widened. “When you’re focusing the energy to strengthen your muscles individually, rather than pouring it all over your body at the same time, you’ll find a greater increase in power and endurance, along with your body withstanding the limits of the Amazon state better each time.”

Mordred could kind of see it. She had always acted like she had a big reactor inside of her... which she did, given her artificial dragon core. It is what has allowed her to match monsters and other legendary figures. But it was as volatile as her personality; she always poured it out in swift, strong bursts. Flooding her body to the limits when she sought to annihilate her enemy. But she couldn’t treat the Amazon Spirit the same way, not all the time at least.

She needed to respect it more, learn to use it from scratch, and truly master the discipline.

Watching Atalanta was instructive; she recognized that skill and talent. She was a veteran, not just as a Heroic Spirit from an even older age, but more in tune with the Amazon Spirit and its power. With the culture of the women here. She wondered how long she had been here, how long this singularity had lasted.

Mordred wanted to excel, and she understood that by following Atalanta’s teachings, she’d do so.

Helped that kitty cat was easy on the eyes. The way her lithe body bent and coiled with cat-like grace as she turned her body and flexed her small muscles. Mordred found larger mass, a more palpable expression of power, to be more beautiful. But she couldn’t deny the attractiveness of Atalanta’s current form as she slowly ramped up, knowing the full potential she truly had.

“What?” Atalanta clearly noticed the look she was giving her.

Mordred merely grinned and stood up, stretching her limbs before pumping her arms a few times. “Slow and steady, huh?” She channeled the Amazon Spirit through her limbs, solidifying

her musculature and making the mass swell slightly, shifting the fabric of her long red gloves. She felt the fibers strengthen pleasurably under her skin, pushing outward with more muscle and strength. Mordred *desperately* wanted to explode with size and girth, to shred her clothes and bask in the naked glory of her enormous musculature. And she would, but she had to show Atalanta she was listening.

Her body inflated at a slow pace, gaining a decent size and musculature; her frame widened, yet did not grow much taller. Muscles pumped larger and more defined, worthy of a bodybuilder, staying within the range of a normal physique that a human could gain with enough training.

Atalanta stared at her with reproach.

“What?” Mordred said cockily. “I took it slow like you said.” She casually ripped away her too-tight gloves before flexing out of her stockings. Her girdle was annoying her, so that too was discarded in one swift pull. She let out a long breath, rolling her shoulders and bringing down her arms while tensing her clenched fists, making forearms, biceps, and shoulders all flex and ripple with the motion, deepening the lines of definition. Even if her muscles were far from being the size of a man’s head, she still took a lot of pride in them.

Atalanta huffed and walked closer to the knight. She placed her hand over Mordred’s arm and squeezed, feeling the hard muscle standing firm under a tight grip. “Potent density, defined tone,” She mused. “I can feel the flow of energy, you’re keeping a nice steady stream of energy flowing,” The Huntress said with approval. “I dare say this form is stronger than before, even if you’re not using your Amazon Stat’s maximum output.”

“I do feel harder,” Mordred commented. Tensing her chest and flexing it, she did not miss the way Atalanta looked at it. Heh, that was interesting.

“It’s the results of your training; size only counts when you know how to apply your power.” The lion-eared woman said wisely. “The more control you have, the stronger your muscles, regardless of size. And when you finally undergo a larger shape, it’ll keep itself stable.”

Fuck, Atalanta’s hands felt *good* on her. Making her muscles twitch and tingle.

She kept flexing her muscles as the huntress examined her. “The nature of this power is... intimate. It is bringing out your potential to the outermost layers of your person. Your heart, your passion, your will.” Her tail swayed from side to side. “You’re not just posturing and

banging your chest like a gorilla, you're baring your spirit to the world and showing how strong you can be"

She was pressing so tightly to her body, those lithe muscles rubbed against her own, sending sparks of electricity down her spine.

"All that you are, all that you can be..." She muttered as she glazed over the rising mound of her bicep. This feline beauty was making her crazy, tempting her with images of her writhing and moaning under her, her muscles swelling larger in the throes of pleasure.

Mordred couldn't take it anymore, she closed the distance between them and sealed their lips together into a searing kiss.

Atalanta jumped back, her hand going to her mouth. "What was that?!"

"I kissed you, duh!" Mordred ground out, irritated that it was cut short.

"I noticed!" She hissed, and her muscles swelled slightly. "Can I ask *why*?"

"You were all touchy-feely with me and didn't expect me to get horny?!" The knight called out.

Atalanta scoffed, shaking her head. "Ugh, Mordred."

"What, I thought you greeks were very open about this stuff."

"There is no 'stuff' here," The huntress sternly said. "I'm training you, I was measuring your progress, that's all there is to it."

"You sure took your sweet time doing that." Mordred grinned. "Come on, you can say it. You like my muscles," She flexed her chest, making them bounce one at a time.

"Whatever... allure you may have, it's inconsequential. You're a hundred years too early if you think you can seduce me. I don't give myself to anyone."

“Aren’t your oaths to Artemis over or whatever?”

“That is beside the point!”

“Hey, you’re the one who admitted I have ‘allure’” Mordred’s grin threatened to split her face. And she was certain it suffocated Atalanta with its sheer smarminess. The Huntress made a very cat-like sound of irritation, turning away with a huff and crossing her arms.

That was fine by her; it did give Mordred a nice look at that toned rear. She casually sauntered over to the Huntress and slowly put her hands on her shoulders. The fact that she did not swat them away told her all she needed to know. “You’re pretty hot yourself, kitty-cat.” The knight said with the tone she had used many times to charm fair maidens. “When you got all feral on me that day, it drove me *wild*.” She traced her palms over the toned muscles of her shoulders and arms, enjoying the firm flesh underneath.

“Hmm, you think yourself so smooth, don’t you?” Atalanta said defiantly, but that sound she made showed she was enjoying Mordred’s touch. “Are you truly trying to seduce me right now?”

“Hey, I know what I like.” She shrugged. “Sides, don’t you greeks have a whole ‘teacher-student’ thing going?”

“When inducting someone into the ways of adults,” Atalanta replied. “I very much doubt I have anything to teach you.”

Mordred’s grin grew wider. “Oh, maybe I can teach you for a chance,”

“Sorry to disappoint you, but you’ll find no virgin in me.” The Huntress grinned. “My bows ended a long time ago, like you said.”

“Feisty~” Mordred felt her loins warm up at the mental image of Atalanta riding someone in a domineering manner. She trailed her fingers over the bumps in the lion-eared woman’s stomach, pressing her hand over the firm abs.

The Huntress hummed, letting out a pleased sound. “What do you seek out of this, Mordred?”

“Think I was clear about that, wasn’t I? I’m horny, you’re fucking *gorgeous*, and the memory of our fight is very fresh in my mind. You’re a powerhouse, kitty-cat, and I *love* that.”

“Such a talent with words,” Atalanta sighed. And yet, her tail swayed against Mordred’s thigh, the contact of the fur against skin made her tingle.

“Plus, I can tell you’re into me.”

“...Excuse me?”

“You feeling me up? Remember that?”

She growled, “I told you I was measuring your-“

“Progress, yeah, took your sweet time doing that.”

“You’re impossible...” She sighed.

“Maybe, but you wanna know what else clues me in?”

“I’ll ask out of sheer morbid curiosity: What?”

“I’m still holding you, and you seem fine with it.”

And it was true. Mordred kept embracing Atalanta from behind in a very intimate hold as her hands wandered over the currently lithe and toned frame of the huntress. The way her fingers trailed across her limbs and muscles sent tingles over the greek hero, who could not deny it felt... invigorating. She should not feel this way after the passionate night she had with Gudao... or perhaps it was because of it that she felt the arousal building. The memory was fresh, along with the memory of fighting Mordred with such passion. The heat of battle could be an aphrodisiac in and of itself.

Mordred was confident, stubborn to a fault, wildly uncontrolled... And yet those were qualities Atalanta could respect.

Mordred's hot breath descended on her neck like a warm blanket of steam. And it made the hairs on her tail frazzle. A pair of lips planted themselves on the skin and suckled with a soft breath when they parted, "Fuck you're beautiful."

...To Hades with it.

Atalanta twisted her head to look at her and chose the right words to motivate the knight even more. "You're a terrible kisser."

With a growl, Mordred slammed their lips together, determined to prove her wrong. Atalanta returned the kiss this time, with great fervor. She twisted around in Mordred's embrace to coil her arms around the muscular woman, feeling her own muscles expand with her mounting arousal. She had to keep herself from growing too big lest she realize something had happened to her, thanks to Gudao.

Mordred's hand brushed against her abs. "God, I still remember when we fought, how fucking hard our bodies were against each other."

"You were a beast," Atalanta throatily growled, feeling the hand descend lower still. "Uncontrolled, wild"

"Wild for you right now," Mordred huskily replied, as the fingers slowly slipped inside the huntress's underwear. "Kitty-cat~"

Atalanta gasped when she felt them close up against her wet lips...

Her ears twitched.

A sound, distant.

A scream.

She gasped and quickly pushed Mordred away.

“Hey, what the-?” Aroused and confused, the knight only stared incredulously at the greek.
“What gives?! Did... Did I do something wrong or-?”

“Shhhh!” She quickly shushed, the intensity in her eyes showing her something serious was happening. “I hear something.”