

# MUCHO TRAINING

## FEBRUARY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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Ritsuka had agreed so readily, but now after a few rounds he was beginning to think that maybe it hadn't been such a good idea. He'd already gone a few rounds with her, and sweat was pouring from his body. He was panting wildly, his body sore. That's right... *He'd agreed to be Astraea's training partner.*

It hadn't seemed like such a bad idea at first. He knew that none of his Servants would harm him in a dramatic way, particularly if it was just to train. That said, Astraea was an extremely buff Servant that had a strict training regimen. She really hadn't pulled any punches -- or throws -- in their first few sparring matches. Ritsuka had stood no chance in the end really. Could he even continue like this?

He was pretty sure the Ruler didn't think he could. After their last match she'd left the training room saying she'd be back in a few minutes. She'd been wearing a dejected expression compared to the enthusiasm she'd shown at the outset. Which, in a way, made the Master feel bad. He wanted to be there for his Servants however he could. He was constantly worried that he wouldn't be *enough* for some of them, which in this case maybe he *wasn't*...

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Astraea, the goddess occupying the body of Luviagelita Edelfelt, had not gone as far as her Master had expected she had. She'd merely settled in the locker room attached to the training hall, hands rooting through the contents of her own locker before pulling out a cup. Not just any cup though, but a golden one. That shape, that glimmer, that overwhelming sense of power that emanated from it. It could only be a Holy Grail. She wouldn't have held onto it if she didn't know what she wanted to use it for.

**"I feel sorry for Master, but since this is only temporary..."** She mused for a moment, channeling all of her wish into the magic device. More than anything right now, Astraea wanted a suitable training partner. So she could protect Ritsuka in the future it had to be done! The cup began to glow as said wish was put into effect. **"I wish Fujimaru-kun would become--"**

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Ritsuka felt a chill run up his spine. He couldn't have known that Astraea was off wishing his existence away with supposed good intentions. All he could sense was that something had just become fundamentally wrong as he sat on one of the resting benches on the outside of the training ring where most hand-to-hand Servants threw down.

It was like a buzzing that numbed his mind at first. All of the soreness he'd accumulated from his one-sided bouts with the Ruler seemed to dull as what felt to be a second wind washed over the boy. He was an individual that, typically, knew his limits and was hesitant to force past them knowing the risks unless the fate of the world depended on it, but as a renewed motivation struck him he leaped back up and onto his feet.

He was dressed in a simple set of gym clothes. A baggy, white t-shirt and a pair of loose, red shorts held on by a draw string. Astraea had given him the odd condition that he train with her barefoot and so bare toes sunk into the gym mat as he hopped up and down in place in a manner meant to psyche himself up. **"Okay... Okay! This training session is going to be *muy bien!*"** Punching his right hand into the palm of his left, that buzzing in the back of his head persisted to the point that he hadn't even caught the sudden use of gratuitous Spanish.

Mental corruption aside (Ritsuka particularly weak to mental afflictions), since he was wearing such a lacking and loose ensemble it was easy to see that something very peculiar was indulging his body's form. The tone of his skin had always been constant from birth, but evident in his arms and legs there seemed to be splotched of a different color coming into view. It was like someone had applied a light bronzor to take away the pales and suggest a subtle gold. These splotches were few and far between, at least at first, consistency clearly not something of concern for whatever was creating them.

But everything the gold touched worsened as well. Provided your idea of '*worsened*' was any change that made Ritsuka look less and less like himself.

It was like the flesh that was painted bronze had begun to bubble. A closer examination would reveal that this wasn't quite the case so much as it was Ritsuka's muscles engorging to new heights. Patches generating across his stomach, for example, saw his already trained abdominal muscles tighten and bulge to new heights, the paler spaces in between remaining the same until the bronze consumed them as well. It was giving the boy a very uneven appearance.

He stumbled, noting that his energy was offset by difficulty moving her arms in legs. “¿Qué está pasando? Why can't I move proper-- *WHAT!?*” Eyes dashed down and to the side to look at one of his arms, and what he ultimately saw surprised him. His muscles were bulging, and they were tanned. Just... not completely. Bulging areas on his arms and legs rose and fell with the discoloration, which explained the inconsistency in his movements he figured. No, he knew. It wasn't like he knew all that much about muscles. Not *typically*, anyways, but for some reason he was beginning to feel like he knew a *lot* more.

Stomach feeling tighter and tighter as the uneven muscle growth began to settle into consistency, his navel looked to duck deeper thanks to the illusion cast by the bulging strength. Patches took form across his back as well, flesh beginning to ripple with strength as more and more area succumbed to this power that felt better and better to Ritsuka the more he changed.

It felt *right* to feel this strong.

Muscles in his legs bulged, but as they did his posture gradually felt more and more uneven. This was a trend that could be seen in his arms and torso as well, but it was like the muscles were seeing his height corrected upward as well too. It would be substantial by the end, but at first the clues were most evident in how his baggy clothing hung from the boy's body. The red shorts normally fell to his knees, but they were now hanging up as high as his thighs -- thighs that didn't look correct for more reasons than just the muscles. It was in their curvature, or perhaps it was the breath of his hips that were now pulling the drawstring of the shorts past its limit? Regardless there was an alluring softness to the design of his pelvis, bulging thighs rounded with the bronze skin glistening under the artificial lights of the room.

His shorts were already uncomfortable, but as the splotchiness spread across his ass it was difficult to even consider keeping them on in the first place. Muscle bubbled of course, but more than that there was also an abundance of fat that gave rise as one cheek ballooned with a small gap in time before the second grew to match. Fatty tissue dug into the back of the shorts and strained them past their limit, and before long tiny tears had formed across the rounded surface of the material to reveal bronzed flesh poking out from beneath both the shorts and torn boxers as well.

Shirt rose, exposing his muscular stomach as he grew taller and taller still. Navel, strangely enough, experienced a sharp pain as an emerald gemstone was fastened into place. Feet, still planted on the ground, crackled as his natural heels became sharper and toes swelled with strength. There wasn't a callous to be seen across their surface, for a Servant's flesh was not as susceptible to wear as a human's was.

Ritsuka had gotten a good look at his new ass and his mind had jumped into full panic mode, even though that mental buzzing from earlier had become something akin to a hum. It was like, as wrong as his body looked or felt he couldn't properly drum up the motivation to call out or seek help. *Like he was excited to keep changing*

*deep down*. But his primary fear was realized when the growing ass constricted his lower wear against his dick, and he could feel it's size diminish under the material's discomfort to the point that his loins were left vacant. "**I've become la mujer!?**" A woman!? She grappled with this realization, her voice rising in pitch even as she spoke.

She hadn't noticed, but the numbing sensation in her mind had been seeing the way she processed thoughts change over time. Originally she thought in Japanese (those thoughts conveniently auto-translated to English for your reading pleasure), but things had slowly shifted over to thinking in Spanish. That was why so many Spanish words and phrases were now leaking out. It also explained the tone of her skin, Hispanic heritage increasingly apparent in her own design.

It was her face where this was showing more obviously now. Bronze patches didn't give her a muscly face, but that didn't mean there weren't things to spruce up there either. Tan claimed her chin at first, the patch bleeding into her lower lip and seeing the lower lip fluctuate in size when compared to her untouched upper one. It was like it had ripened, a glistening to it as a sharp pain just below it suddenly made her squeak out a surprise. Fingers, nails long and finger shapes dainty, came up to touch the source of the pain. It was hard, like an accessory? An emerald gemstone piercing. She didn't need to see it to know that. She just suddenly *recalled* having one. Her upper lip soon bloated as well, Ritsuka's lips extremely kissable in design. The girl couldn't tell, but she'd become a lot more expressive over the course of her transformation and these thick lips would only add to them.

Eyebrows became thin and blonde as the skin color beneath them shifted. Eyes, normally a bright blue that reflected the sky, now shone with the colors of an emerald gemstone. Her lashes were long and luscious, and any Asian shaping to her eyes themselves had softened and taken on a roundness that was not Caucasian but Hispanic.

"**Quetzalcoat!?** I'm becoming Rider?" A name suddenly dawned on her as she plucked a stray hair of blonde that had danced into her field of vision. It spread through her mane like wildfire, seeing length substantially bolstered as she was completely robbed of the typical straightness she was accustomed to. Blondes spiraled and spin, a curly mane sprawling out far behind her right past her ass.

But that name she just realized struck a little too substantially. The moment she'd said it, it stuck in her mind as her name. She had a different one... didn't she? Her Master's name, right? Was she... Master? No, obviously she wasn't! She was the Rider-class Servant Quetzalcoat! A proud warrior! A doting elder sister type! But as much as it rang true it also didn't. Truth be told, Ritsuka's core self would not completely be wrestled away by Astraea's wish.

There was just one area left before her physical shape was left entirely corrupted by the Grail though. Full control had returned to her limbs now that the muscles were evenly distributed, but her chest was still largely pale beneath her risen shirt, short

of a few bronze patches. But all at once they bubbled and grew, nipples rising to the call as they tripled in size themselves. Breasts quite evidently strained against the shirt that, once baggy, was now far too tight to contain the rippling body and the tits that were fighting the material for supremacy. It didn't take much growth to see the neckline of the men's shirt begin to tear, and before long bronze-colored breasts erupted from beneath -- although the shirt still remained bound at the bottom to keep them contained. The dark coloration of her nipples could be seen beneath the white cloth, and because she was so fit her tits were both large but firm. They weren't excessively huge, but they surely weren't anything to scoff at either.

Quetzalcoatl gasped for breath now that her tits were free. Until they'd burst forth she'd almost thought the pressure was going to crush her lungs!

**"That's not quite the ensemble I was expecting, but as you ready for a serious match now Mast-- erm, Quetzalcoatl!"** A voice boomed from the edge of the training room, a voice that demanded the attention of even the great Quetzalcoatl. There was no shame in the Rider's expression even as her body bulged out of an outfit that so very clearly didn't fit. She was proud of her strength, proud of her body!

**"Estoy confundida."** She was confused, the Hispanic goddess commented as she buried her bare heels in the ring beneath her. What had just transpired, why she was dressed in these uncomfortable clothes, why something was screaming at her that this was wrong? She had no idea. But when challenged, her warrior's spirit had boiled up and drowned out any concern. If Ruler wanted a match between wrestlers, then who was she to argue? **"But come at me!"**

And so those two Servants, in all of their muscular glory, had a one-on-one training session of the century. They finished exhausted and sweaty, bodies slipping against one another before all was said and done. But Astraea was content. So content that maybe she'd leave Ritsuka like this.

Just for a few more days. Maybe longer?