

**(Warning:** This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, minor action-oriented violence, muscle worship, and graphic sexual content)

Gudao ran through the forest as fast as his reinforced legs could carry him, while Medea flew at his side at top speed. He briefly noted how his reinforcement seemed stronger than usual; he certainly didn't reach speeds this fast before. And he wasn't using that much mana. Was it perhaps a side effect of Quetzalcoatl's blessing?

Those questions would have to wait; right now, they had a much greater concern bearing down on Medea's doorstep.

The witch clicked her tongue in both annoyance and worry. "She's just barging through my Boundary Fields like they're wet paper!"

"Do you have any other safety measures?"

"Golems and dragontooth warriors should be holding her back. But I doubt they'll be too effective against *her*."

Gudao bit back a swear. "What does Penthesilea want?! Why is she attacking your island?!"

"I believe she works for Koyanskaya!"

That almost made him falter in his steps and trip. "Why on Earth would she be doing that?!"

"I have no idea!" The witch shouted. "But I've been monitoring their activities, and I believe Koyanskaya has her under control somehow!"

Great, just what they needed. A Berserker with a known attitude problem at the service of a nascent Beast with an even greater attitude problem.

"Please tell me she hasn't been enhanced with Koyanskaya's potions at least."

Their trek led them to a clearing in the middle of the woods, where the shadow of the trees gave way to a large open field illuminated by the midday sun. The type that would be the

perfect scene for a nice patch of nature to sit down and enjoy. But what awaited them was not a lovely field of flowers, not even a gentle pond. No, the clearing was home to a battlefield.

Or massacre rather.

The scattered, broken bones of Medea's dragon-tooth warriors littered the clearing. Shattered, destroyed, some looked like they had been put through a grinder. The force of magical foot soldiers had been reduced to little but rubble.

To say nothing of the large rocks spread around the field. Remnants of the mighty golems Medea had crafted to defend her base of operations, one of the last lines of security in case her Boundary Field and other defensive measures were not enough.

But not even her golems had been.

At the center of it all stood a warrior. White haired, clad in a revealing outfit with a few segmented pieces of armor, namely the heavy plates of her greaves and gauntlets. She also had an eye-catching red waistcoat of the finest design. Her body was extraordinarily muscular and large, like Atalanta had been when she first transformed in front of him. Gudao reckoned she was at least two heads taller than him, and almost three times as wide.

Penthesilea stared dispassionately at a large golem she held over her head, her enormous arm straining the sleeves and armband around her bicep. She held the construct that was twice her size without the barest hint of struggle.

Before slamming it to the ground, and the golem exploded into hundreds of tinier chunks with a cloud of dust erupting as a result.

From the dust, the Amazon Queen emerged, staring unfazed at the Chaldean Master and the greek witch.

"There you are." She said. "You kept avoiding us long enough. Now, make this easier for yourself and just come with me."

"What do you want, Penthesilea?" The Master of Chaldea demanded, showing no fear before the powerful amazon. Of course, not showing it wasn't the same as not feeling it. Gudao knew very well just how dangerous Penthesilea could be. She was a Berserker for a reason; her

demeanor could change at the flip of a coin... particularly if *certain* subjects were to be spoken in the same breath as her. Or within her earshot. Or related to her at all.

Penthesilea had a hair-trigger temper, if what he's saying.

"You," She lazily replied with a thrust of her chin in his direction. "I want you. So come along and let's get this over with. Hand him over, Medea, and I'll be on my way."

"My reputation may precede me," Medea sniffed deridedly. "But I assure you I'm not so ready to jump at the chance of turning on an ally."

A small rumble came from the Berserker's muscular chest. "I've already turned your pests to scrap. Do you really want to follow suit?"

"You still haven't told us *why* you want me?" Gudao intervened.

"I do not want you. My current employer does, so I'm here on her orders. Whatever she wants with you is her business... but I believe you can hazard a guess."

The words implied she knew more than she let out.

"Koyanskaya." The Master said, and a small frown on Penthesilea's expression confirmed Medea's suspicions. "But why are you working for her? What is she giving you that you're willing to do as she asks?"

"Power, mainly." The white-haired Servant bluntly replied. "I'm an amazon, we revere power above all else. Is it so hard to believe this is a mutually beneficial transaction?"

Medea snorted. "There is no such thing with that woman." Her voice softened slightly. "Lady Penthesilea, I believe you are under Koyanskaya's control."

Golden eyes grew confused and a touch... dazed. "Control?"

"How many orders have you followed? Did they all truly align with your morals and your goals? Have her rewards truly matched all you've done for her?"

Penthesilea's face twitched. "I..." She looked like she had never thought about it, and was wrestling with the realization.

"She must have done something to you; there is a strange signature coming off your Saint Graph, an alteration done to it to keep you obedient. It is a subtle effect, one you do not realize it's happening." She placed a gloved hand over her chest. "If you allow me, I can help you be free from it. Just give me a chance, and you can be free of it to pursue strength as you desire."

Penthesilea stared at the witch for a moment. It felt... like it made sense?

But why did it make sense? This is what she wanted, wasn't it? Penthesilea worked for Koyanskaya, and in return, the devious woman gave her the gift of power. Power... she could have achieved on her own, given the laws of this singularity.

So why had she pledged herself to her? Why...?

*They think you're weak.*

A voice like her own echoed in her mind. Yet it carried a distinctive flanged effect that overlapped with another's voice.

*They believe you are so weak-willed that you were swayed into someone else's control. What a joke! The powerful Amazon Queen turned into a mere servant!*

"No, no, that's not..."

Gudao stared at her in concern. "Penthesilea?"

*Of course, they think this of you. They know your history after all. How easily you lost THAT duel.*

"Shut... Shut up!" She hissed, suddenly under severe strain. Her muscles tensed so much that veins started to come out to the surface.

*They know what you're worth; they know all you amount to is THAT. It wasn't your power, it wasn't your will... it was all that lovely face.*

"Keh... Argh!" She flinched as if struck, before suddenly doubling over and holding her head in her hands, much to the shock of the other two individuals present.

*To them... you're not a powerful warrior. You're a very beautiful lady.*

The sound of breaking glass echoed in her mind.

"Ah... ahhhhh!"

A red aura emanated from her body like liquid smoke.

The white of her eyes became black, and her iris a bright white and red.

Penthesilea's spine arched, spreading her flexed arms to the side, and she *roared*.

Gusts of violent wind pushed against the witch and the Master, forcing them to shield their faces from the power of Penthesilea's amazonian roar. The aura of power shone all the brighter, shrouding her like a pyre's flames.

She *grew*.

Her already superb amazonian physique expanded in every direction at an astonishing pace. The metal of her gauntlets and greaves cracked as the muscles were becoming too large to contain, before exploding in a shower of broken metal that flew off like shrapnel.

The fabric of her outfit tore violently and was incinerated under the sheer heat of her rising mana. Her breasts exploded in size and annihilated her chest piece. Each and every single muscle group in her body deepened in definition proportionally to their swelling size.

The Berserker grew, and grew, and grew...

To the point, Medea and Gudao had to crane their heads.

“AHHHHH!” Her roar continued even as her size reached true monumental heights, a venerable giant in stature and girth. Muscles palpitated with power flowing through each of those python-like veins that spread over her massive physique.

Gudao gulped in both fear and arousal at the sheer *size* of her...

He was only a head taller than her *knee*. That’s how tall she had grown. To say nothing of her sheer breadth. Her breasts were larger than his torso, and her biceps were even bigger than his entire *body*. He was a toy before such enormity, a bug before a goddess...

“You think me weak?!” Penthesilea hissed, steam coming from her mouth as her red gaze bore down on them. “Witness my glory!” A single step made the ground tremble.

They were in so much trouble.

Medea did not let the shock keep her frozen; she was in the air before Gudao could even blink. Her cloak extended to reveal glowing lines forming articulate designs that mimicked the wings of a mystical bird. Arcane sigils formed by the dozens around her, and began firing a continuous barrage of magical beams.

They descend upon Penthesilea with all the might of artillery shells. The air boomed with explosions, and the ground was being torn apart by the relentless blasts, while the titanic Berserker growled, shielding her face and staggering back. Such was the unrelenting power of Medea’s arcane bombardment.

Yet she was not put down; each of those shots would have destroyed a lesser Servant, and Penthesilea was anything but. At this stage, her form could be called utterly monstrous, a Divine Body if there ever was one. Her divinity was maxed out, alongside her endurance.

“Grrr!” She growled even as the beams struck her without end. The blasts were intensely bright and loud, temporarily obscuring her sight and hearing. Her foe was too far from her reach, but that did not mean she was helpless.

Amidst the barrage, Penthesilea spread her tree-like arms and *slammed* her palms together with such force that it created a shockwave. The air itself grew hazy, the dust picked up, and the magical projectiles were blown away.

Gudao landed on his rear, and Medea struggled to remain steady in the air.

Penthesilea crouched, her monstrously large legs coiled with thick muscles, and *jumped*. The ground cracked under the force of her leap.

Medea gasped when the enormous Berserker loomed before her, casting an immense shadow. Her titanic frame was half-obscured, yet those blazing eyes were unmistakable.

Once more, she brought up her hands and *slammed*.

Another shockwave, less potent than before but powerful all the same.

Yet there was nothing between her hands, Penthesilea realized. "Hnng?!"

Medea's form reappeared behind her in a glimmer of light. She raised her hand above her head and gathered all the mana she could. A sphere of highly dense magic, shimmering like a plasma ball, formed around her until it became multiple times larger than the witch.

Penthesilea's head turned just in time for the sphere of pure mana to slam into her, making her fall to the ground like a meteor with the magic sphere bearing down on her.

Gudao shielded his face at the moment of collision; not only did the ground erupt into jagged peaks with dust flying everywhere, but the attack detonated into a bright blast of light. Yet there Penthesilea remained, among the scorched, broken earth, without any serious injury on her.

Her body was just unreal; there was no way they could win this. At this moment, Penthesilea was truly godlike...

Mystical ropes and chains made of arcane letters formed all around the Amazon, digging into the ground and keeping her bound. The raging Berserker growled ferally as she struggled against her bonds, just the act of standing up broke a few...

“You will not... cage me!” She screamed in defiance, breaking her binds as fast as Medea could conjure them. Gudao theorized the only reason the Caster could keep up was because of her High-Speed Divine Words, letting her cast quite complex spells with a single action.

Said Caster descended next to him, looking incredibly harried and taxed. “Master, you need to leave, now!”

“I’m not leaving you!” He argued. “Besides, where on this island could I go!”

“My... workshop!” She hissed through clenched teeth, holding out her hands to keep Penthesilea locked in her prison. “There is a magical displacement array meant to traverse vast distances!”

“A teleporter?! Why can’t you say that?!”

Penthesilea roared again, making the air vibrate.

“Now is not the time!” Medea swiped her arm at the Master, and Gudao was engulfed in a sphere of pure magic.

Then, like a pinball machine, he ricocheted at high velocity.

Gudao shouted as the world became a blur of trees until he finally landed on Medea’s workshop. He quickly shook off his dizziness and began looking for this array, “Come on, where is it, where is it?” He muttered desperately as his eyes darted back and forth.

Alchemy tables, dissected mystical creatures, piles and piles of tomes.

“Damn it, Medea, why can’t you organize your stuff properly?!”

“I have a system.”

He yelped when the witch suddenly appeared next to him, looking extremely winded and tired.

“You okay?!”

“I bought us some time, but not for long. Quickly,” He floated, rather wobbly he noted, towards a section of the workshop where a set of five candles was arranged neatly in a circle. With a snap of her fingers, the candles ignited with blue flames, and a magical array formed between them.

“How was I supposed to find this on my own?!”

“Less... talking!” She grunted with strain, grabbing his arm and dragging him into the circle. “More fleeing!”

The ground trembled, and Penthesilea’s roars echoed.

“Come on...!” Medea growled as she hurried to activate the teleportation array. “Come on!” She said with desperation.

Gudao’s eyes widened as the walls began cracking, books fell, and alchemical vases shattered. He saw a titanic hand burst right through the wall before Penthesilea’s face, and the rest of her enormous upper body followed, bursting through the reinforced defenses of Medea’s workshop like they were made of styrofoam.

Then, just as she opened her mouth to roar once more, they were gone.

X~X~X~X~X

The greenery of the forests and jungles that Gudao had long since grown accustomed to since arriving on this Singularity was replaced with white. White as far as the eye could see.

Which was not much to be honest.

They were in the middle of a snowstorm, with the wind making a deafening sound against their ears as it picked up so much snow in the air that it was impossible to see more than ten feet in front of them. Their feet were caked in snow, going all the way to their shins and making it difficult to move around.

The Chaldean Master grunted, shielding his face from the very rapid winds that threatened to knock him off his feet. Snow hit against his skin like tiny knives, spreading the 'burning' sensation of the icy frost flakes, even with his specialized Mystic Code meant to resist the unwavering cold of the arctic.

"Where are we?!" Gudao shouted over the loud winds.

"The array was not properly calibrated! I used it in a hurry to get us to safety!" The witch shouted back.

"Safety is relative here!"

Medea glared at him as she tried to keep her hair from flapping around. "Would you prefer to be back at the island with Penthesilea?!"

Good point, anywhere where the Berserker wasn't around was immediately an upgrade.

"We're gonna have to move through this storm and find shelter!"

Medea chanted something in a few greek words. In that instant, a bubble seemed to form around them that shielded them from the rushing winds and the ceaseless snow assaulting their frames. The cold was also much more bearable.

He sighed in relief, nodding in gratitude at the greek woman. "Thanks, that's much better."

Medea nodded in turn. "Hurry, let's find shelter. I don't know how long I'll be able to keep this."

Gudao frowned, wanting to question what she meant by that, but he could leave that for later.

They moved through the snow, a task made all the easier thanks to the Caster's bubble of protection. Though Gudao kept noting how her breathing seemed a bit more labored, perhaps she was just tired from fighting Penthesilea? Regardless, they kept moving because they knew stopping would mean a cold, icy end for the human, not so much for the Servant who could astralise.

"Over there!" Gudao pointed at a natural formation that appeared in the distance, becoming more visible the closer they got.

"A cave." Medea breathed out in relief as they hurried towards it. "Excellent..."

It was dark, damp, and cold, but it was leagues better than the storm. The witch swiped her hand and conjured small spheres of light around the cave, illuminating it, before creating a magical sigil on the floor that ignited a fire without the need for wood.

"There, that should keep you comfortable until the storm passes..." Medea panted, a bead of sweat running down her cheek.

She looked terrible. Haggard and exhausted from just doing those simple spells, like she was going to pass out at any minute. Her posture was hunched, and she was leaning against the wall for support.

"Medea!" He hurried to her side. "Are you okay?"

The Caster panted and gave him a look of resignation. "Penthesilea wounded me; it chipped away a lot of my Saint Graph's health, and took me plenty of energy to recover. Using the teleportation array did not help matters..."

His eyes widened in fear. "You're going to vanish?"

"Not..." She muttered hesitantly. "If we can help it," She gave him an apologetic look. "I need mana, Master."

Gudao's expression slowly shifted. "Oh... I-like, just my blood or-?"

"Won't be enough." Medea bluntly stated. "It has to be a tantric ritual."

“...Ah,” Gudao clicked his tongue. “So you need me to-“

“Get your semen inside me, yes!” She suddenly shouted in utter exasperation. “I watched you fuck a nymph, and I’ve no doubt you’ve had your fair share of experience prior, why are you so shy about this?!”

“I dunno, this is still all new to me! And it’s not like it’s every day you hear, ‘Have sex with me or I’ll die!’”

“Well, you need to have sex with me so I don’t die,” Medea said with a forced smile. “Can you *please* focus?”

“Alright! Alright...” He sighed. “So, how do we do this? I’ve never actually performed this type of ritual.”

“I’ll handle most of it; your involvement will be the direct part.” The witch slowly walked toward the center of the cave and knelt. With a wave of her hand, she conjured a large array with multiple arcane symbols and greek letters. She sighed as she lay back upon the center of the arcane circle, taking a deep breath. “Come”

Gudao did so, albeit with some nervousness on his part. “Do I just...?”

“Whatever gets you in the mood,” She muttered. “Just... go with the flow.” Medea grabbed the opening on her dress and ripped it so she could bare the lower half of her body to him, shamelessly presenting her womanhood.

Skipping straight to the point without any sort of foreplay. Odd but... doable.

Gudao took a deep breath and knelt in front of the Caster. In the past, he would have never been able to perform this; there was just too much at stake, too many things making him nervous and keeping him from focusing.

But now he was blessed by a goddess with superior potency, all he needed to do was think about the multiple muscular beauties he had met in his journey, and recall the sensual experiences he had gone through with them.

His member swiftly stiffened under his pants.

Medea still found it in herself to grin and say jokingly. "That was fast."

He unbuckled his belt and pulled his pants low enough for his member to spring free. He leaned over Medea, placing his hands at the sides of her head as he looked at her, expecting permission.

She shakily nodded. "Go"

With a push of his hips, Gudao grunted as he buried his length inside her.