

(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 up 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.