

Morgan was many things. She was a witch, a queen, a tyrant, ruthless, cold, and calculating. But let it never be said she was irresponsible or thoughtless.

The former Lostbelt Queen mused on her 'children'. Whether they could be called her children or not was a matter of debate, given that they were sired by her Pan-Human History counterpart, even if she had the knowledge and memories of said counterpart.

Regardless, she felt a certain attachment and kinship to them, much like she had taken in Baobhan Sith as her own. Morgan could not help but feel she had a responsibility to them, as well as a certain amount of pride. She saw their drive to be powerful knights on their own right, and could only nod in approval at the display of willpower and dedication to their goals.

Mordred, the puppet her counterpart had created... she felt a swell of guilt in her chest. Not unbearable, as she could live with it perhaps, but Morgan was a woman who settled debts and rewarded effort. She felt compelled to make it up to the young knight, allowing her to achieve the strength she desired.

She had been working on a spell, one that would vastly boost Mordred's physical attributes to new levels, and through her training, she'd achieve the sort of strength she always dreamed of to challenge her 'father'. The Knight of Treachery could become a magnificent force, with her pseudo-dragon core acting as a potent amplifier to her natural abilities; it'd have *tremendous* effects.

Of course, that was easier said than done. Mordred made a considerable effort to avoid interacting with Morgan on the best of days. She'd flat out refuse any help the witch queen would offer.

Though there was another avenue open to her...

Mordred was not the only daughter Morgan sought to help.

Gareth, fair of hands and bold in spirit, her compassion coupled with a shining brilliance and great potential, she displayed a ferocious temper on the battlefield, like a wolf on the prowl. She wanted to prove herself an excellent knight, and by all accounts, Morgan saw the makings of one. Oh, if only she would stop idolizing Lancelot so much; she deserved better role models. Morgan, too, was adamant in making sure Gareth could reach the heights promised to her.

Gawain had often voiced his concerns for her, wishing she'd become a great and mighty warrior he would not have to worry about. He had one time commented how he wished she had been able to grow up and develop a body like Barghest's, and Morgan had taken that to heart.

Yes, the plan was forming. Mordred's and Gareth's shared blood as sisters would allow her to help both, bypassing Mordred's obstinacy entirely. Gareth was earnest and eager to prove herself; she'd be the one to ensure both sisters could achieve their potential.

With a decisive nod, Morgan readied her preparations and went in search of Gareth.

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Gareth always lamented that she had died before achieving her physical peak. A knight was to be strong in both mind and body, and no matter how much she trained, she could never get past the physical limits of her frame because of her youth. Sir Percival's hearty meals and Sir Lancelot's rigorous training could only do so much. Not to rest importance on the effect both had on her. After all, she did run around in heavy armor, carrying a large shield and an even larger spear!

But she always felt she had failed to meet her own expectations, that she had not been able to reach her peak.

Mother- Or rather, Queen Morgan- had offered her aid in that matter.

*'I shall cast a spell to ensure you keep growing.'* She had said. *'You will achieve the potential you have locked inside you.'*

It felt more like a command than an offer, but that was mother for you!

Eh, not her mother. She technically was not- Ugh, God. The Throne of Heroes was so confusing...

It had been odd, accepting an offer like that. But the queen was an ally, one who had accepted her defeat with grace once she joined the ranks of Chaldea. And she possessed the sort of magic and knowledge to alter her Saint Graph without dangerous drawbacks. It'd be in poor manners of a knight of her standing to reject such a generous offer.

Gareth felt excited! The goal to become stronger even as a Heroic Spirit was no longer impossible; it was a tangible objective she could very well reach!

All she needed was to put in the effort.

“Hmph!” The young knight let out a soft groan of effort as she lifted the dumbbells in tandem. “Mnn!” The muscles in her arms were pulling tight with effort, as the machines in the training room were designed to test even a Servant’s might. Her arms, once smooth and lithe, were beginning to look *toned*. More than that, she was gaining actual mass!

Her body had always been small and demure (not in the chest department, thank God...), but ever since Morgan’s spell took hold of her, filling her with this invigorating energy, Gareth could feel it grow larger and stronger the more time she put in her training. The more she kept challenging her body’s limits.

Her back spread with a myriad of dense muscles, tightening her workout top. Shoulders had inflated with girth and definition, leading down to muscular arms whose biceps swelled with each rep, the signs of veins surging to the surface becoming clearer with each passing moment.

Her legs were thick yet curvy, brandishing firm, large quads and wide calves that rippled with the slightest movement. Her core was sinewy and toned, showing six bags of dense abdominal flesh that coiled with each breath. Gareth’s lats had widened to the sides, adding more curves to her growing muscular physique. And her breasts, still developed and well-sized, were supported by two strong slabs of pectoral muscle.

She was looking more and more like big brother!

Oh, he’d be so proud of her! She looked like a true child of Orkney! With shoulders that doubled as pauldrons and arms too large to be contained by sleeves!

The young knight dropped the weights and walked up to the wall mirror, basking in the sight of her empowered frame. Gareth’s lips spread in an all-too-happy smile, barely keeping her jaw from dropping at the sight of her. She was massive, broad, and thick in all the right places! Her legs were ample quads that stretched the shorts so much that it forced the fabric to recede, making it look like a pair of briefs. The vastus muscles jumped like high-tension cables, rippling at her command as Gareth tensed her legs.

Twisting to the side, she admired her calves, looking at the way the muscles sharply jumped in place, widening past her shins. Tightening as she angled a foot and made the hamstrings pop.

“Hng!” She grunted with effort while grabbing her wrist and flexing her arm with all her might; the muscles *bulged* with obscene strength, jumping under the skin and straining it to the point that the crevices in her flesh deepened even as the muscles rose. Veins of stupendous girth flowed across the peaks and valleys of her arm muscles. “Nice!”

She dropped the pose to adopt another one, placing her fists on her hips and *flaring* her lats in a way that broadened her upper body tremendously. The workout top stretched thin, pulled on all sides by the rise of her traps, the widening of her torso, and the ample breasts that pushed the fabric. She giggled to herself as she flexed her pecs, making the breasts bounce in tandem almost rhythmically.

“What the hell?!”

A very flabbergasted voice called out in disbelief. In the mirror’s reflection, Gareth spotted her sister Mordred standing in her own red version of her workout attire. She was slumping forward, arms dangling, much like her jaw, as she stared with very wide eyes at the much larger knight.

“Oh, hey Mordred!” Gareth cheerfully said, turning around to wave at her. The motion caused her bicep to shift repeatedly. “Join me for a training session?”

“Why the hell do you look like Gawain now?!” The red knight questioned in shock. “How?!”

“Oh,” Gareth twirled with a lock of her hair, an act that looked a touch out of place for someone of her girth. “Mother- I mean Queen Morgan, cast a spell on me to help me get stronger! And well...” She smiled widely as she flexed her biceps. “It worked out great!”

Mordred took a few moments for her brain to catch up. And when it did, she snarled in disgust. “Ugh, really, you went to *her* to get stronger?”

“Well, she offered actually.”

“Whatever!” Mordred cut the air with a sharp wave of her arm. “Only reason you look like that is because of the witch, it ain’t something you earned!”

Gareth chose not to comment on how Mordred herself possessed a lot of power through artificial means since her inception. She did not want to upset her... any more than she already was.

“I mean, it came in good faith-“

Mordred snorted. “Nothing that witch does, any incarnation of her, is in *good faith*.” She walked up to her sister, forced to stare up at how much taller Gareth had grown. “Those muscles don’t make you strong, strength makes you strong!”

Her sister may be charismatic, but it has always been through deeds. An orator, she was not.

“Come on, we’re gonna settle this!”

“Settle what...?” Gareth replied, confused.

“You and me, we’re gonna spar right here!” The Knight of Treachery stepped back to the center of the gym and over to the training mats. “Show you that huge body ain’t enough to beat me.”

Gareth did not remember having challenged Mordred at any point, but... well, she wasn’t going to reject spending some quality time with her younger sister.

“Sure!” She chirped happily and followed after her.

Mordred grinned and held up her hand, intending to armwrestle without support. “Bring it!”

Gareth bent down a little so their hands could be on the same level and grasped it tightly.

“Ready... go!”