

Thanks to Queen Morgan's spell, Gareth had crossed a massive threshold in terms of power. It went beyond stats; it awakened a deep-seated surge of strength that blossomed from the depths of her spiritual core, growing within her like a dragon's raging fire. Her body had transformed in kind, becoming *outstandingly* muscular in a way that would make her older brother Gawain beam with pride.

And Gareth herself was quite taken with the results, too.

She confessed to having indulged in a little bit of vanity at times, flexing repeatedly in front of the mirror, admiring the way her sinewy limbs *bulged* with tremendous strength and power. Pulsing with absolute girth as veins throbbed to the surface, and deepening the striations with each flex. She also had to admit the sight of her in the mirror was... invigorating, in a way that bordered on arousal. Indeed, even a strenuous workout where she pushed her limits would also make her feel quite excited. Feeling her muscles burn and push herself harder, it... it inspired some very improper and unchivalrous thoughts. So she always took care never to take it too far.

She wanted to impress her king, Sir Lancelot, and her fellow knights after all! She had to act the part.

Though there was also another very important figure she always wanted to show off- um, impress with her strength.

In Master Gudao's room, the young master sat at the edge of his bed, watching as Gareth stood a few paces before him, wearing a workout bra and shorts. "What do you think, Master?!" The knight boasted with a proud Grin as she flexed arms crisscrossed with veins. "It's like I have Numeral of the Saint powering me up!"

"Y-You look great!" Had Gareth been more observant in this moment, she'd have noticed the sheepish and a touch awkward look on his face. Alas, she was too blinded by the pride his praise stirred in her. She'd have paid more attention to how Gudao blushed, particularly when she turned around to spread her back, displaying rows of striated muscles, and his gaze focused on her strong glutes straining her shorts.

"Thank you!" She said happily, shifting around once more to strike a side-chest, holding her wrist tightly and both blasting her bicep to bulging size while thrusting out her strong pectoral muscles, making her bosom rise and push out her top even more. "I'm gonna keep training hard to be the strongest knight I can be!"

Gudao chuckled weekly. "I-I say you're already there."

While Gareth beamed at the praise, internally, it only motivated her to get stronger. She'd never stop improving; perfection was a false premise. There was always room to become stronger, more skilled, to always reach higher.

The mental image of herself growing stronger, testing herself with even greater challenges, made Gareth flex all the harder. She grunted as her bicep seemed to flex so hard it looked ready to jump out of her skin, the network of veins spread further and further all across the surface of her arm, crossing through her deltoid to reach the striated pectoral lines. And the way her master looked at her in awe... Gareth very much enjoyed that feeling, so she kept flexing all the harder.

Had she not been lost in the thrill of it all, she would have noticed how much of a strain she was putting on her bra. The way the threads slowly gave out one by one.

She could only blink in confusion for a moment when she heard a tearing sound coming from between her breasts. The fabric ripping.

And froze when her bra loudly snapped in half. Freeing her torso completely... particularly her naked breasts to her gawking Master.

For a moment, the two stood perfectly still like statues.

The heat rushed to her face in a fit of deadly embarrassment, wishing she could do *anything* other than stand there half-naked before Gudao. This was the most humiliating moment of her life! She had wanted to show off her progress to him, but not this much! Oh, what he must be thinking of her. Seeing her in such an indecent state-

Gareth's gaze drifted to her Master's lap... and the bulge rising in his pants.

He tried to cover his shame. "S-Sorry, it's just a reaction! Y-You just look so amazing I...!" He couldn't even finish the sentence, such was his embarrassment.

She... had caused that. He was *aroused* at the sight of her. Of her muscles, of her *glorious* body. Her Master was enthralled with her...

And it made her feel amazing.

Gareth lowered her pose. "Am I... beautiful to you, Master?"

She grabbed her shorts.

"Do you like my muscles?"

And tore them out.

Gudao's breath hitched at the sight of her fully naked form. Bristling with definition, bulging with erotic strength.

Gareth felt raw, filled with a primal desire she could not contain. She merely walked up to her Master and raised her arms, widening her torso as she made the mounds of her biceps swell. Making Gudao all but salivate at the sight of her. The way the definition tightened, the veins throbbed...

His erection *lurched* at this magnificent knight in front of him.

"Master," She whispered hotly, her breath hitting his face with the force of a steamy sauna.
"Lay back, please."

He did it so fast it was like she had pushed him down on the bed. Gareth took her time, slowly looming over to him, hands running delicately over his frame, ruffling his clothes.

She peeled them off him like unwrapping a present, revealing his slim yet firm physique underneath, and he shuddered. The last item to go was his underwear, and Gareth softly gasped at the swollen member bobbling out.

He gasped when her hand reached out and *grabbed* him.

The knight licked her lips, thinking of all the things she wanted to do with the manhood in her hand... and it was the wet folds of her depths that clamored for it the most.

Gareth climbed over the bed, trapping his waist between her muscular legs as she poised herself right over his erection. Her womanhood was completely moist and ready for him.

Gareth flexed once more, bringing her arms down with ferocity. Her arms and shoulders bulged out impressively; her neck was framed by the rising traps around her bull-like neck. She seemed to *swell* a few inches more from the sheer force of her flex, to the point her veins covered every inch of her arms, to her striated, slab-like pectorals. A soft wolf-like growl ripped through her throat, brandishing her enormous muscularity in a way that drove him *wild*.

“Need this...” She slowly sank on his cock, moaning out in absolute delight with him. “*Master!*”