

(**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."