

Medusa hated the gods.

It was an undeniable fact about her character and an understatement that couldn't fully be measured.

She held no illusions over her own person, she was a monster after all. She had done things that warranted that title. But she never let go of the fact that the gods were responsible for her *becoming* a monster. Whether it was their fault or not, that always varied from telling to telling. And Medusa was not keen on remembering her own horrible backstory.

As such, the Gorgon held bitterness toward most gods, particularly those who afflicted her to begin with. Medusa wanted nothing to do with the gods in this new life, which was a blessing that they were as far away as possible from the world in this modern age.

...Truly, she was cursed with misfortune.

For not only had the gods managed to find her here, but they dwelled in people who were very close to her. Even if they were fragments, the divine stench was enough to put her on edge...

Rin hosted a core of Ishtar herself, one of the most dreaded goddesses the world had ever known. Regal authority and desire incarnate. It was a miracle that Rin had not been consumed completely, her personality avoided the fate of becoming ruthless and greedy like Ishtar.

She was... impulsive, to say the least, and was not afraid of going for what she wanted, seeking gratification and pleasure with wanton lust. Indulging in her power with some level of restraint, never hurting others.

Honestly, part of Medusa could respect that.

But what truly frightened Medusa was the other person who became host to a god.

Sakura. Her beloved Master. The girl who reminded her so much of herself she'd move heaven and earth to keep safe.

She too hosted a goddess. Durga, power incarnate, the mightiest of the warrior goddesses.

It was still Sakura, even under the influence Durga's divine core put on her personality. The same kindness and selflessness that was too good for this world. But... there was ambition there now, hunger, desire. Even if not as overt as her sister's. Sakura had evolved to lay claim to what she wanted, such as Shirou. Once more she felt conflicted, for Sakura still showed great restraint. Of course, Durga was not a malevolent god, but that sort of power could corrupt most mortals...

She was happy her dear Master finally sought what she wanted without fear, to pursue what was truly her heart's desire... But it still pained her, to see Sakura as this newly-born half-divine, and feel that aversion to gods rise its ugly head.

No, not with Sakura, please. It shamed her to even feel such an ugly thing. She didn't want to feel that way with her...

And she knew keeping quiet would only make things worse in the long run.

Medusa looked for her, dressed in the garments she used to blend among humans, a dark sweater and blue jeans, her white socks dampened the sound of her footsteps against the wooden floor. It was easy to track Sakura, through their bond, her scent, and unmistakable *divinity* flowing from her...

She opened the sliding door to her room and found the purple-haired young woman wearing long workout pants and a tank top. She half-expected Sakura to be in her enormous form right now, but it seemed she had chosen to work out in her regular state, given the weights displayed on the floor.

"Those should weigh nothing to you," Medusa noted as she closed the door behind her, observing Sakura's sweaty form, her chest rising and falling as she stretched. "Yet they still taxed you?"

Sakura giggled, unperturbed by her sudden entrance as she stretched, moving her arms in an arc before joining her hands in a type of yoga pose. "I restrain most of my power, so they can challenge me still" She tilted her head cutely, "Blame the warrior goddess in me"

Hmph, she certainly wanted to...

“Besides, I enjoy the strain” Sakura held her hands together, taking in a deep breath as her skin began tightening. “It makes this feel even better...”

Medusa watched with a conflicted heart as Sakura ascended. Her form enlarged in seconds, piling muscles upon muscles as her entire body proportionally expanded to accommodate. Her lithe limbs became massive, striated things bursting with power and veins, rows of abdominal muscles filled her stomach as her already-developed breasts inflated even further. Sakura purred in delight as the clothes shredded around her, her purple hair going white, retaining a tinge of pink, while her eyes became lovely red gems. Medusa was forced to look *up* as Sakura surpassed her in height now, and almost twice in width.

*‘This was Sakura’, Medusa said to herself, ‘This is your beloved master’*

“Mmm~” Sakura let out a pleased sound as she arched her body to the side, holding her arms aloft in a flex without clenching her fists, “Am I beautiful, Rider?”

*‘And she’s becoming a god’* Medusa was forced to admit with a heavy heart.

It seemed that her distress was notable enough that Sakura ceased her posing, giving her a concerned look as she stared down at the Servant. “Is everything alright, Rider?”

Medusa took comfort in how Sakura kept calling her that way with care. “I’d say yes, but I’m certain you’d be able to tell I’m not fine”

Sakura smiled softly, “I think I know you enough, yes” She stepped closer to greek, holding her hands. “What’s wrong, you know you can tell me anything right?”

Medusa stared at her red eyes, briefly missing those purple orbs. She sighed, deciding it was better to be open about it. “You hold a piece of a god within you now, Sakura. It... concerns me greatly”

“Hmm, we’ve had this conversation before” Sakura pointed out. “I know there’s been... changes, physical and mental, but Rin and I made sure we’d still be in control of ourselves. We don’t overindulge, and our morals remain-“

“Can you promise me you’re still you?” Medusa ever so softly asked, squeezing Sakura’s hands tighter. “That tomorrow, and the day after, you’ll still be you?”

“Rider?”

“The power of a god, the essence of the divine... after all you’ve been through, I worry it might change you one day, permanently, until there’s nothing left that makes you... *you*”

Sakura’s lips pursed. It’s not like she didn’t have... *history* with such changes, when outside forces warped her, fueled by her pain and trauma, empowering darker thoughts.

“Durga’s power is not like *that thing*,” Sakura assured her. “She’s righteous, virtuous, and brave”

“And Kali is her rage made manifest”

At that, the former Tohsaka had no reply.

Medusa sighed warily, looking down at their joined fingers. “I know what it is, to be a god, and then to... change. It starts slow, you justify your actions, you keep indulging and committing terrible things. Then before you realize...”

“You’re not a monster, Medusa”

She laughed ruefully, “How can you say my name and still believe that?”

“Because I know you, and I know your heart” Sakura placed a hand on Rider’s sternum. “A monster wouldn’t be so worried for me”

“...Gods corrupt, Sakura” The pink-haired woman muttered, “Even if they don’t mean to, even if they are ‘good’ gods, they are not compatible with humans. So, I look at Rin and you, and I... feel afraid I’ll lose you one day, for good this time...”

“...Is that how you see yourself? As a monster in the making?”

“One of the worst in Greece, remembered by how many she killed, how she was killed, and what her head was used for” She merely stated, recalling her sordid history in a single sentence.

“Who did *everything* to save me” Sakura smiled at her with eternal gratitude so sincere and earnest it almost made Medusa cry at how much she actually meant it.

And once more Medusa felt shame, for daring to believe Sakura would fall under the ecstasies and promises of power divinity held. Sakura was no monster, nor a god, she was better than them. She was better than *her*.

“Let’s make a promise,” The goddess-host said, “You’ll be there to keep me grounded, and I’ll make sure to always remind you you’re not a monster. I’ll always let you know how beautiful and kind you are”

Medusa stared at her for the longest time, before her gaze softened and her lips quirked into a soft smile. “You must be the first god to truly be kind to me, Master”

“You were kind to me too, when I needed it the most” She gently replied, “So I’ll always make sure you have the happy life you deserve, I’ll always repay your kindness a thousandfold”

After a cursed life, Medusa felt truly fortunate in this new one. She let go of Sakura’s hands, and instead opted to embrace her as best as she could, slipping her arms underneath hers and hugging her back, planting her cheek on the shredded muscles upon Sakura’s breasts. The white-haired young woman let out a pleased sigh, embracing her back with her enormous arms.

They don’t know how long they stayed like that, but enough time went by for Medusa to feel comfortable enough to tease her. “You certainly are built like the gods of my homeland,” She noted, squeezing the dorsal muscles on Sakura’s back, feeling every striation and crevice.

“Hmm...” Medusa felt the rumbling sound from Sakura’s chest. “R-Rider, you know I’m sensitive. Particularly when I’m like *this*”

“Oh?” Medusa grinned, shifting her head a bit to put her lips upon that hardened pectoral flesh. “Perhaps I forgot~” And squeezed a powerful glute that barely dented under her hand’s grip.

“Ah!” Sakura gave a small jump, and Medusa capitalized by kissing the chest muscles... or she would have, had she not come to her senses.

“Apologies, Master” The Servant said, slowly distancing herself. “I am a... very self-indulgent person myself. I should have respected your boundaries”

Medusa blinked in surprise when Sakura cupped her cheek, looking directly into Rider’s green eyes. She could feel the hot breath on her lips. “I don’t... I don’t want you to stop” Medusa’s breath hitch. “I want to... to kiss you, hold you, and...” She licked her lips.

A gesture Medusa repeated. “Am I getting in the way... of your senpai?”

“No,” Sakura smiled. “With Durga, her view on love, and her boundless affection... I feel so many things now. I can give senpai all of my love... and still have plenty for you too. If you want it”

*Thank you, Durga.*

Medusa exhaled and breathlessly spoke. “More than anything”

Sakura scooped her in her powerful arms, and their limbs and lips locked into a passionate embrace.

Medusa had tasted ambrosia, a lifetime ago, back when she too was a full goddess. The taste of the divine nectar was like your fantasies coated in honey, so sweet and fantastical. That was exactly what Sakura’s lips tasted like. And the muscles under her fingers were warm marble, the most perfect sculptures not even Endymion could create. “Flex it for me,” She muttered breathlessly.

Sakura effortlessly held her in one arm, keeping Rider’s breasts pressing against her bosom, while she flexed one arm at the side for the Servant to fondle, “Like this?”

“Yes, *fuck*” Even her own strength had trouble making a dent in the ball of muscle that striated like corded cables. “You’re magnificent...” She closed the gap and kissed the bicep at the peak, sensually leaking the surface of a vein.

Sakura shuddered, feeling her loins burn and her nipples harden. The divinity in her soul pulsed, feeling her heart beat a mile a minute, bursting with boundless affection for her dear Rider. Such an accursed life turned into a monster, remembered as one forever more. Jealous deities damning one of their own...

Sakura wouldn't let that stand.

Durga's blessings rose through Sakura's lips and when she kissed Rider with supreme gentleness and care, the Servant felt her eyes widen as something familiar yet distant, like a forgotten dream, dripped down more than just physically. It settles in the depths of her soul and *expands*.

She trembles, pulling back as gold drips from her lips. "What did you do...?"

Sakura smiled, "I gave you what's yours"

Medusa grunts, feeling her flesh *coil*, and Sakura sets her down, stepping back to give her room.

It felt like when her body mutated into the monstrous form she's known by. The writhing of her flesh, the stretch of her bones, the expanse of mass... Yet it's not a foreboding loss of self that accompanied that harrowing transformation, no, what she feels is *exaltation*.

Like apotheosis.

Medusa moans, and *grows*.

Her height slowly catches up to Sakura, the width of her body following suit as sounds of leather stretching accompany her moans. Spasms wrecked her body, forcing her to hunch over and hold her arms, her hair began to float as if caught by an invisible gale, writhing and moving as though her bangs had minds of their own.

Medusa swelled, larger and larger until her sweater and pants clung tightly to her figure, small tears formed over the fabric of her jeans as calves and quads began spilling out.

With her hunched posture, her back rose like a mountain and split the sweater down the middle. As her fingers dug into her sleeves, the pulls she made spread the tear further until her dorsal muscle, monumental and labyrinthian in size and shape respectively, were freed at long last.

Medusa then arched back, thrusting her chest out as two magnificent orbs of flesh tore the front, little bits of fuzz sticking to her sweaty skin as her heaving bosom bounced, the tear in her sweater revealing the first rows of abs and the lower part of her shredded pectorals.

The Servant grunted, flexing her arms and making her sleeves tear into multiple pieces, leaving nothing but torn uneven strips of fabric from her tree-trunk arms which swelled with muscles and pulsated with veins.

The pants were coaxing her uncomfortably, so with a simple twitch she reduced them to tatters, her socks all but disintegrated around her feet. The burst of clothing exploding like confetti revealed the widening heart-shaped calves, and the prominent thighs splitting into four shredded muscle groups. Her rear swelled to even greater heights of female beauty accented by powerful shredded flesh, swallowing the remains of the fabric between the globes.

Medusa threw her head back and howled in *ecstasy*, a wave of mana emanating from her body and hitting Sakura with such a pleasurable sensation it made her shudder. The energy coming from her body burned up the pitiful remnants of her attire, leaving her in her full naked glory.

And what glory it was. Rider stood as an equal to Sakura now, with comparable height and muscle density, her female beauty only accented by her muscles as her lats and muscular hips made the curves all more notable. Her arms stood at an angle from her torso, pushed by said lats and the thick biceps rubbing against each other. Her breasts proudly stood, supported by the two thick slabs of meat, forming perfectly striated pectoral muscle, while eight backs of delicious abdominal flesh rose and fell with each breath.

Medusa stared at her beloved Master in shock, awe, and gratitude. "My... My divinity. I can feel it stronger than it's been in... ages"