

POTION OF COMBAT

APRIL 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was a warrior's role to stand proudly on the battlefield. It was an amazon's duty to be as strong as she could to protect her sisters. It was a creed of sorts that Penthesilea had lived her life by as an amazon queen. The battles that needed to be fought had to be fought with one's own hands, the sacrifices needed experienced upfront. That was why, for all she cared about her Master Ritsuka, she had some fundamental misgivings about his position.

It was the Servants who fought on the front lines while the Master, weak as could be, remained the tactician in the back. It was a coward's way to live, and one the amazonian Berserker did not approve of. From her perspective to train him up would be doing him a favor, but the training did not stick. He was too fragile, too frail. He didn't have what it took to be as strong as an amazon.

But there were ways to make it doable.

“Oh, I guess Penthesilea left this for me?” Already changed into his workout clothes, which consisted of a black tee and silver shorts, Ritsuka hovered around a water bottle with a note attached. The bottle itself was translucent so he could make out lime green contents inside, and the note spoke to what these contents were. An energy drink it seemed, an old recipe from the amazonian vault according to the letter. The Master wasn't sure how it'd *taste*, but there was no harm in trying, right?

So he squirt a little into his mouth, swishing it around before swallowing. Any fears he'd had about it tasting bad more or less dissipated since it

tasted like it appeared: like lime. Though it left an unusual tingling sensation in his mouth. One that he shrugged off as he wandered towards the weights so he could start while he was waiting for Penthesilea to show up. She'd been putting a lot of emphasis on actual combat training over strength and speed training, but Ritsuka knew the latter two were necessary to improve the former.

The boy took a seat on a bench next to the dumbbells before picking what he wanted from the selection. He was lifting a little more than what was average for his age and size at this point but when compared to a Servant it still wasn't very much. Even so, it was meant as a warm-up to get his muscles going after stretching; because he knew once Berserker showed up it would become *way* more intense.

One rep of curls. Two. He'd probably fit in about twenty reps before moving onto another exercise and he was totally focused on it. Eyes didn't leave the weights nor his hands, which made it all the more surprising when he pulled them up for another curl and... they went flying out of his fingers and into the ceiling with a *CRASH*. "**Huh!?**" It had been a combination of factors that had allowed this to happen.

The fingers on both hands had opened while plagued by an unusual cramping at the moment he'd pulled up, but the strength he'd demonstrated in the lifting portion couldn't possibly be normal for his body. Was another Servant nearby playing a prank? As much as that would have been nice, the yelp he made that came paired with a very uncomfortable and painful phenomenon took hold of his arms.

Under *no* circumstance would his Servants hurt him. Even for a prank.

It was like his muscles had all caught on fire and cramped up at once, each tensing and bulging against the skin of his arms as he rested them on his knees with palms open towards his face. At least it looked like cramping at first, and it felt like the entirety of his arms had suffered a charlie horse. But then it all just... *exploded*.

Naturally it wasn't an explosion of fire and gas, but the appearance itself was explosive. Muscles that had been only a little more optimized than most young men his age swelled and refit to triple in size, veins running rampant in visibility as they strained against his skin. Ritsuka assumed he was bruising at first based on how the skin of his swollen arms had begun to darken in places, but bronze became a consistent hue across them wholly as each twitch of an appendage saw the defined strength tense and release.

Hands fared no better in the coloration department, each becoming more bronze with the passing of seconds. Fingers had become thicker

around, each not only stronger of grip but also taking on even more abundant callouses than Ritsuka had typically. It was his *fingernails* that looked the most bizarre. They were a little longer than he normally kept them, but they weren't properly cared for. Nails were cracked, and more than that they were filthy: riddled with specks of dirt. But his arms in general had taken on a similar state which made him wonder if he'd missed them when he'd showered prior to coming in.

But that couldn't be the case, right?

“This is weird, and it looks out of place...” Ritsuka's voice had taken on a raspy contralto as well, pitch arguably more suited for a woman than a boy of his age. He wasn't wrong though. His arms were massive, so much that they'd torn his black short sleeves at seemingly broader shoulders. Yet, when he stood to get a better look at them, and look at the holes in the ceiling the flying weights had created, the cramps began anew.

Muscles in his legs stiffened just like those in his arms had, but because they were so tight even with the pain he couldn't bring himself to sit back down. He still didn't think he was in any real danger, and in fact had probably zeroed in on a cause. That drink. Pen had constantly been nagging him about getting stronger, so was this her way of seeing it to fruition? Well, he certainly had the arms for it now, and the legs were coming along nicely too.

Bronze spread quite rapidly across the surface, swollen muscles protruding as they hardened with raw strength. Ritsuka's knees became firmer, bone throughout his entire body alight with a newly created durability that transcended what was expected of regular humans. The bottom of his shorts naturally strained against the power given rippling form, hips dislodging and popping into newer gait to best accommodate the new thickness of the boy's form. What he couldn't tell at that moment though was that his lower body's design was looking different. Of course it was already different thematically -- he had rippling muscles -- but the way his legs now flowed despite how buff they were? It looked practically feminine.

One step with his new legs was enough to blast out the bottom of his shoes, feet stronger than they were capable of supporting, and so with a raspy sigh the boy knelt down to take them off the moment his legs had regained their flexible nature. It was hard manoeuvring his thicker arms the way he wanted to but before he could do anything else he had to take those shoes and socks off. Didn't going barefoot just sound better somehow?

Ritsuka would have been lying if he'd said he wasn't a little anxious about his sudden transformation, but it was his trust that kept him calm. He was assured by his own heart that Berserker wouldn't do anything dangerous to him and that, whatever this was, it'd be reversible. But he also hadn't really taken proper measurement of the fact that it wasn't a mere muscle and tanning job. This was something that was more reflected in how swollen his thighs were, or how his butt cheeks had begun to poke up and over the top of his shorts while more than mere muscle filled them to the brim. Quick work really was being made of his boxers what with wider hips, a swollen rear, and those plump yet muscular thighs of his. But it took one simple change for him to understand his folly in thinking too optimistically.

It was like he'd been punched in the nuts. *Hard*. Even though he was technically in a public space he couldn't help but shove his hand down his shorts to get a real feel for what had happened, but fingers grasped nothing as they ran past disheveled, silver pubes. Rather, fingers slid into a place that was both cramped and warm, promptly removed as he couldn't hold in a gentle gasp. **"I have a... I'm turning into a girl?"** *A pussy. She definitely* had a pussy. Okay now this was a problem, particularly when he could feel the muscles in his stomach beginning to clamp up.

But it added more context to things she'd felt but hadn't questioned. Like her lips feeling heavier or why her hair was tickling the sides of her face? Silver tufts had replaced his head of black, and bronze had crept into her facial features quite some time ago to make them feminine but rough, complexion soiled by a life without modern facial care products. Her hair was in a similar condition, strangely tangled and rough like shampoo wasn't a thing.

Ritsuka arched her back backwards as she rose from her kneeling position, shoes and socks off showing her feet were big dirty like her hands had become. But as she rose she could feel the torso of her black tee begin to unravel as muscles in her back exploded, parting shoulders and rippling both bare and bronze as her top could not contain them. Abs became rough and burly, essentially a twelve pack emerging as the cloth that struggled to hold them split apart. Ritsuka felt like she was like, the Hulk from those old comics.

Considering her new sex however it went without saying that it wasn't merely muscle that added to her shredded appeal. While the woman's workout shirt was shredded by muscle elsewhere, around her chest grew soft as supple gold began to leak through the many tears that were forming, nipples erect and eventually poking out in a larger size and a much darker color than they normally were. She couldn't help but give him a quick squeeze, just to see if they were real.

They were so sensitive they could only be real.

Not that they were super huge or anything, or maybe they were but her muscles made them look smaller? Regardless it did not change one simple fact: she was *older*, she was *taller*, she was *buffer*, she was a *woman*, her named was *Rinkah*. Although, short of that name nothing in her memory really seemed to change. If anything it was just to make referring to her easier.

“You’re not quite an amazon, but I suppose for a Japanese equivalent you’ll do.” A voice in the doorway stole Rinkah’s attention. It was Penthesilea, dressed as she always was -- though her expression was one of judgment as she swooped in and begun to touch Rinkah’s arms... and legs... and tummy... and breasts, much to the bronze woman’s own shyness. **“I wasn’t expecting your proportions to be better than mine, that’s kind of annoying, but you’ll be able to hold your own in a test of strength against me now, Master. You’ll be more capable on the battlefield too.”**

Rinkah understood where she was coming from, but? **“Err... I’m going to change back, right? I can’t stay like this.”** Even though it felt oddly pleasing being this strong. Being... a woman. She almost felt like if she was stuck this way for too long she might never want to change back.

“Who knows?”

“WHO KNOWS!?”

“Beat me in sparring and I’ll tell you.”

But five out of five matches, Penthesilea won every time. Strength was no substitute for experience, and Rinkah had to learn that the hard way. The potion of combat could only do so much.