

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.*