

**(Warning:** This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, and graphic sexual content)

Millie had been positively giddy the entire trip to Wrath. Even before they left Pride, she was vibrating with uncontrollable excitement. Her eyes were wide and full of unending joy, biting her lower lip to hold back the squeal that threatened to burst.

She clutched the red envelope in her hands so tightly she wrinkled the paper as she did a little dance with her shoulders. All the while, her husband watched her with plenty of amusement in his loving eyes.

“You look like you’re about to explode with happiness.”

“Can’t help it, hun! Didn’t sleep a wink all night!”

Moxxie drawled to the side. “Yeah, I’m aware...”

“I can’t believe they invited me! *ME!*” She giggled almost deliriously as she clenched the envelope close to her chest.

In her hands was possibly the single greatest honor a wrathian imp could receive in their lives. An invitation for the Wrathian Sun Tournament. A celebration of strength and toughness hosted every fifty years by the great Sin of Wrath himself, Satan, creator of impkind.

Their lord and master would send these invitations to imps who distinguished themselves through sheer fighting prowess. The methods by which the great Sin knew were not all too understood; perhaps he went on rumors and investigated them, or perhaps it was an inherent intuition for a being as powerful as him.

A competition that would see some of the best fighters in the Ring elevated to the ranks of legends. Rewarded by Satan himself to be more than servants of the Rings, to be champions and commanders in the legions. It was the dream of every wrathian kid to be chosen...

When Millie got her envelope delivered by a Reaper just a few days ago, her scream of joy shattered windows.

She, who once struggled to make a name for herself as a merc in Wrath, was now chosen to participate in the grandest competition.

She, of course, took Moxxie with her; the games would be hosted at the furthest edges of Wrath, where even the most hardboiled wrathian-born imps would hesitate to travel alone. A place fraught with danger and all manner of monsters, the ideal scenario for the Wrathian Sun to be hosted.

The train reached its destination, and Millie jumped out of her seat to stare in marvel at the small village Great Satan had literally raised with his own power. Rustic, almost spartan in terms of aesthetics. At least a few hundred imps would be staying in the village to watch the competitions in person. The streets were filled with tough wrath-stock demons, old scarred veterans, and youths with plenty of attitude and spirit. The long stretch of the main street led to a large coliseum where the tournament would take place.

“Unholy cow, look at this, Mox!” She excitedly waved at the village. “Can you believe this place didn’t even exist until a few days ago?”

“Lord Satan’s power sure is something.” Her husband didn’t even question why destroy and recreate this place every fifty years instead of keeping it around. But for a Sin of Satan’s power? It was a piece of cake. “Now, where exactly is our hotel...?” He looked over a billboard with the town’s map, trying to recall the right address.

His wife was more focused on the large gathering of imps, knowing many of them were fighters. But only a select few would participate in the tournament, “I wonder how many people here are aspirants,” Millie said in wonderment at the prospect of testing her mettle. “I’m gonna give them a show they’ll never forget.”

“Oh, I’m sure you will.”

The sudden intrusion made Millie’s smile crumble like a house of cards, replaced with a frown and dark growl building from her throat. She turned around, glaring with her blazing yellow eyes at a woman who was leaning against a building. Her horns were short and stubby, her skin a dark red. She wore her long black hair in dreads pulled into a ponytail. She was a bit taller than the average imp woman, at least half a head taller than Millie herself. She wore denim jeans and a tattered dark vest over a sleeveless shirt, showcasing two pretty toned arms.

The way she smiled at Millie did not convey any sense of friendliness. It was a gesture filled with smug mockery.

Her next words conveyed it properly: "Everyone's gonna see that poor circus act you call fighting and *laugh* so hard they'll piss themselves." She spoke with the same wrathian drawl as Millie.

"Drona," Millie growled with spite. "Ain't you a fucking sight..."

The now named imp woman approached her with her thumbs hooked inside her jeans' pockets. "Millie, darling, been so long." She smiled down at her. "Heard you left Wrath after you couldn't make it as a merc." Drona's grin stretched until she showed her teeth. "Can't say I'm surprised, you always had to scrap the bottom of the barrel to find work."

"*You* are the one who kept poaching my targets AND my clients."

"Honey, reputation is everything. Ain't my fault you kept fucking up your jobs."

"You sabotaged half my jobs!"

"*You* wrecked my family's farm!"

"After you burned down our barn!"

"Which I did because you stole Marky from me!"

"He came on to me! Ain't my fault he had taste, you hag!"

The two were practically grinding their foreheads together, smoke coming from the sheer friction. Each word was laced with untold fury. All the while, Moxxie could only hopelessly watch.

"Um," He cleared his throat. "Is this a friend of yours, honey?"

“Moxxie, this is Drona.” Millie introduced them without taking her eyes off her, the two still butting heads. “Some bitch I’ve known since high school. Drona, this is my husband, Moxxie.”

“Yeah, hi. How you doing?” She waved at him without looking. “So what brings a has-been like you here?”

Millie’s grin became savage as she showed her the red envelope. “Guess who got chosen, *bitch?*”

“Oh, you got an invite?” Instead of balking in shock, Drona brandished *her own* red invitation. “*So did I.*”

Their standoff only became more intense with the knowledge that the two would be competing against each other, teeth bared and lips trembling with a growl.

“Oh, this is gonna be *fun.*” Millie grinned. “All of Wrath will know I beat your ass.”

“Oh, I know how much you wanna beat *this* ass,” Drona smacked her rear in response. “I know how much you stared at it, always looking but never brave enough to touch~.”

“I’m will *fuckin*g end you,” The smaller imp promised. “Gonna wreck you so bad.”

“Oh yeah, you gonna give it to me hard?” Drona darkly chuckled. “I’m gonna make you *beg.*”

“You’re gonna be screaming my name.”

“You’re gonna be all under me, where you belong.”

Moxxie’s eyes switched back and forth between the two, growing oddly aroused the longer this went.

The ‘moment’ was interrupted by a loud trumpet sounded by a flying reaper. A signal all the people in town knew very well, it seems, as they quickly began walking to the coliseum.

“...See you at the ceremony, Millie.” She winked at her and walked off with a noticeable saunter of her hips. “And yes, *my ass is still amazing.*” She smacked it one last time for show as she disappeared amongst the crowd.

Millie’s fists trembled with impotent rage. “Fuck, she’s right. Still the best ass in Wrath...”

“You don’t get along, I gather.”

“Oh, we’ve always fought, ever since school. Damn bitch always made my life impossible. Ruining my dates, my social life, my work, making me doubt my sexuality-“

“What?”

“-but I ain’t gonna let her show me up here, no sir.” Millie vehemently swore. “I’m gonna show her who’s the best. Once and for all.”

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The aspirants were all gathered around in the center of the arena while the observers took their seats. Cheers and showers of confetti were abundant in this place where the tournament would be held once every fifty years, a monumental occasion for all the Wrathians.

Millie kept glaring daggers at Drona, who kept mocking her with a smug grin. Oh, she’d piledrive that bitch into the ground if she wasn’t afraid of displeasing the great Sin. So she forced herself to look away and stare at the competition. Hmph, interestingly, the aspirants were all women this tournament, seems there wasn’t a single fella who made the cut this time.

The air in the area suddenly grew notably hotter, even for Wrath’s weather. And a tower of flame erupted.

The crowd went wild as from the flames emerged a draconic visage. His height was impossibly towering, so large that an imp of her size was barely the size of one of his fingers. His body was broad and outstandingly buff. Two wings unfolded, vanishing the flames and spanning the full width of the arena.

Cheers and reverence were given freely at the creator of their kind, the great Sin of Wrath, He Who Held the Second Throne of Hell, the Judge of the Damned, Mighty Satan himself.

The great dragon held out his hands and spoke, his voice a booming thunder that swiftly silenced the arena. "When I created impkind, I saw the need for loyal, driven people who would fulfill all the small yet essential work in Hell. I molded you from mud in the bowls of hell, and breathed life into you with my flames."

He waved his arms around the arena. "Small you may be, made to be dutiful. But over the ages, I've seen how true greatness can emerge from even the smallest demon in hell. It is that greatness, that strength, I seek to cultivate. That potential I seek to test."

He clenched his fist, and the aspirants stumbled as the ground beneath their feet broke off, levitating them in floating small islands as they stood before the great Sin's draconic visage.

"And that courage, I will reward." He smiled sharply. "Among the eight of you, ladies, I've felt the true song of wrath. Spirits wild and fiery, worthy of this Ring... but they've yet to be tempered."

He opened his hand again, and from his flames he forged goblets filled with liquid fire. Each goblet floated toward the chosen aspirants.

"This here is my gift! A mere droplet of my flames, my wrath, made manifest! It is in you I see the strength to endure my blessing. This crucible of the Wrathian Sun shall be the forge that shall turn you into weapons worthy of the legions. Throughout the following days, you shall face all manner of challenge, from the fiercest test of strength and endurance to the most bloodthirsty beast in Wrath. It is in you to decide if you are to rise into champions, or be cast down to the mud once more"

Millie stared at the cup filled with swirling golden liquid, heat and flames emanating from it in a hazy aura.

"This power is not given; it is *earned*. Even if you partake in it, my blessing will only manifest the more you act. The more you *prove* your will."

Each of the aspirants slowly took their own cup.

“The winner shall forever be known as one of the strongest impkind has to offer! Now feast!”  
He raised his arms toward the sky. “Fight! Let us all celebrate what makes Wrath our Sin!”

One by one, they each drank.

“Be reborn, Daughters of Satan!”

Millie pulled the goblet to her lips, and fire poured down her throat.

X~X~X~X~X

Millie had never been one to do drugs. Or take performance boosters. The biggest highs she’s ever known were the thrills of the fight. And whenever she drank and/or ate her weight in sugar. So she had been *very* unprepared for Satan’s blessing of Wrath.

No rush of adrenaline, no invigorating fight, could even come close to *comparing* with the feeling of these liquid golden flames washing down her throat, and igniting her from within.

The power of Hell itself inside her stomach, churning like a hundred energy drinks and making her vibrate on the spot. Anointed by Satan himself, Millie would prove herself one of his champions.

And for that to happen, she had to prepare.

Great Satan had blessed Hell with the promise of *gains*. His workouts were legendary, his physique an inspiration to any Wrathian Imp with fire in their veins. Millie had tried, Hell knows she did, to achieve a physique worthy of the champions of old. But she never could.

Her body was a force of nature, strong, agile, and fast. But she never did manage to get it to reflect that. She remained smooth and slim no matter how many weights she lifted or how many laps she ran. It had always been a sore point for her (particularly whenever that bitch Drona showed off her biceps)

She’d seen pictures of the best warriors of wrath, imps who proved themselves in the Wrathian Sun games and were forever immortalized in legend. Like the great Vetric, an imp lady with the curves of a succubus and a body forged by Satan himself.

And the source of her power had been the great Sin's blessing.

She finally had the chance to be like her idols.

And so it was with that newfound determination that Millie hit the gym. The flames of Wrath would fuel her body to become an unstoppable weapon. She grinned with vigorous energy as she kept benching the bar, lowering until it reached her chest before straightening her arms, on and on until she felt her muscles go through that delicious burn.

The tournament village had plenty of gyms; Satan would place no less than five for those who traveled all the way to witness the games firsthand. If you came to see the best of impkind give it their all, you were expected to share in the spirit of the game and train as well. But the aspirants? Oh, they got the *best* stuff.

They would be staying at the aspirant's very own hotel, equipped with all the facilities they could need. It was no five-star hotel, Satan didn't want his aspirants to grow lazy and pampered, oh no, they would *earn* his gift.

Which Millie was more than fine with.

She could feel how the power of Wrath flowed through her veins, coursing like molten lava and flowing from the depths of her core to the tips of her fingers. Her skin shifted in red waves, giving previously toneless limbs a much desired and dreamt of definition. Shoulders rippled with the movement of her arms. Her forearms slowly widened as she gripped the bar, the weights clanking with each repetition, resulting in small, defined mounds of muscle becoming ever so slightly more prominent with each lift.

"You're lifting twice your usual weight," Moxxie muttered, impressed as he stood behind her, ready to spot her if needed. But Millie showed she clearly had no need.

"That's it?!" Millie took it as a challenge, because of course she did. "I feel I could lift three times that! Bring on the plates, hun!"

"How about you just finish with this set, honey?" He asked a touch nervously, afraid that his wife would take it too far. "You're already making a lot of progress after all."

Millie ended up placing the bar on the rack after a few more reps, huffing a long breath as Moxxie handed her a towel to dry off. “I *am* getting results already, aren’t I?” She grinned, flexing an arm. The bicep that rose in response wasn’t a tower mass of muscle (yet), but it was firm and very notable. A hard red fruit that she just knew would tempt her hubby to take a bite of. “Check out these gains!”

She stood up and proudly brandished the rest of her body to him. The red surface of her skin was carved with notable lines of definition, splitting her stomach into four large bags of hardened flesh. Her legs were a bit wider, denser. She could make a calf jump by arching her leg. But it was her upper body that filled her with pride; her shoulders were standing a bit further apart than before, giving room for her dorsal muscles to grow larger and more defined the longer she worked out. Her traps rose like small hills between her toned deltoids, and her chest stood out a bit firmer with a faint line manifesting down the middle, stretching even further up than her cleavage line.

“You look amazing, honey!” Moxxie praised with that dorky and very adorable look of utter adoration he always gave her. “You’re even getting taller, I think. At this rate, you’ll be much taller than me.”

“Oho? That some eagerness in your voice, I hear?” She drawled with a seductive twang in her voice, accompanied by a husky grin. “Wanna see me get all big and strong?”

“I would certainly not mind if my lady goes all muscle mommy on me,” He said with a purr.

“Just you wait,” She said a bit gutturally. “I’m gonna make you look like a bug next to me~.”

“He’s gonna have to wait for years.” Her mood and horniness plummeted when she heard Drona’s voice. “Only way you could get a decent bulk going.”

“Okay, you know what?” Millie sharply turned around to face her rival. “You can fuuuuuuuck...” Her voice trailed off as she stared at the state Drona was in.

Holy smokes, she was even bigger than her by a wide margin. Her arms were large and corded, biceps looked like stuffed baseballs wrapped under tight skin, her shoulders stood out prominently as lats rose at the sides of her thorax. Her abs were *shredded*, a potent and highly defined six-pack. To say nothing of the state of her legs, good grief, did she have *cables* under her thighs or something?

“Yup,” Drona chuckled, flicking the braided ponytail over her shoulder and striking a bicep flex fluidly. “That’s the appropriate response to greatness.”

“How the fuck did you get so big already?!” Millie cried out in disbelief. “We took the Wrath at the same time!”

“Well, I dunno what to tell you, hon.” Drona’s grin was all teeth. “Guess some of us have more potential.” She walked up to the smaller woman, leaning very close. “I could share some training tips with you if you ask nicely~.”

Millie growled. “Rather eat mud.”

“Suit yourself. But if your husband wants to know what a real muscle mommy is like, my door is open.” She walked away, making sure they’d stare at her muscular glutes. “Or you can go first while he watches, whichever you prefer.”

Moxxie watched with concern as his wife’s torso inflated and deflated with rapid breaths, each exhale carrying enough heat to boil water, while one eye dangerously twitched. Her hands coiling into shaking fists, popping her knuckles from the pressure.

She stomped toward the squat bar and loaded *multiple* plates on each side. Moxxie quickly approached her, raising a hand. “Millie, careful you-!”

“Am not gonna beat her if I play it safe.” She growled, squatting under the bar and grabbing it tightly. Her heave came accompanied by a fierce grunt as she raised it from the rack, making the plates clank against each other. Her quads *quivered* as she began pushing herself up and down with a slow yet steady rhythm. “Gonna be the biggest. *Have* to be the strongest”

With each rep, it was like her muscles came alive. Pushing in every direction, filling with wrathful power. Faint veins spread across the surface like roads on a topographical map, dancing asymmetrically over the mounds of her arms and the swiftly bulging cords of her legs. Her body responded to her will, her *anger*, making her muscles expand rapidly. Her arms surged with larger mass, popping both her biceps and triceps with strained definition. Her grip tightened so much she was slowly denting the bar over her shoulders, which inflated as the lines of definition began caving inwards on the flesh.

Moxxie watched in awe as his wife grew right before his eyes, expanding in width *and* height as her body transformed itself in response to the challenge and her determination. Going from

a fitness athlete to a small bodybuilder. Her sports bra and shorts tightened so much that a few threads ripped in response to accommodate the growing bulk. The cuffs of her shorts opened at the sides as the thighs insisted on their expansion, pushing the fabric tighter still and forcing it to recede until the shorts looked like briefs. The straps of her bra thinned, the cleavage lowered, revealing more and more of her thickening pectorals.

“Gonna win,” Millie swore to herself. “Have to show that hot bitch... *I’m made of pure Wrath*”