

(Warning: This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, physical violence ranging from fights to implied more visceral damage, and graphic sexual content)

Millie was a simple gal. She liked three things in life: Her husband, her job, and fighting. And wouldn't you know, all three overlapped perfectly! She worked with Moxxie, which meant seeing him all day, and her job involved lots of fighting. Hacking and slashing some poor mortals who found themselves on the wrong end of her axe was what her job was all about. It was amazing that she got paid for doing that.

Well, most of the time.

Business had been... slow lately.

Couldn't blame Blitz on this one; his bird boy toy needed the Grimoire for his own job, and he needed to use it a lot lately. A Goetia not doing his responsibilities would raise suspicions, and the last thing they needed was someone looking too closely at how they did their business.

Unfortunately, that put their usual job on hold, and bills were piling up—the office's, their own.

They needed to get extra work to keep things afloat until they could get their access to the mortal world again. Blitz was pulling some old contacts (the ones that still talked to him) to get security gigs here and there and distributing them to the crew. Millie was thankful for it, but it wasn't going to cut it in the long run. Plus, it just wasn't as fulfilling for her. At least going to the human world meant danger, disguises, and the opportunity to get into all sorts of weird shit and crazy fights.

The fight against government spooks was totally fire. Ten Millie Times out of Ten in her book.

Millie sighed inwardly. She'd just have to make do with security duty for a while. And hope Blitz found them more jobs to pay the bills.

Adjusting the backpack hanging from her shoulder, the small imp looked up at the gym sign in front of her. At least membership here was affordable, and she actually got a great trainer to go with the place.

All but slamming the doors open with a kick, Millie burst in shouting. "Sup, bitch! I'm ready to burn!" She casually tilted her head to the sight and caught a dumbbell thrown her way.

"Ten minutes late," Her trainer said with a toothy grin, wild dreadlocks swaying with the way her whole body vibrated with a chuckle. "That's an extra ten pounds today!"

"Ohhhh, you know how to treat a girl, Trish." Millie merely grinned eagerly at the challenge ahead. She threw the dumbbell back at the gym owner.

"Damn right," The muscular imp lady caught it and began spinning it around in one finger. "Hop to it, you fatass, I can hear your thighs brushing from here." She casually slapped Millie's rear as she passed by. "Thighs are meant to be muscly, not flabby."

Millie merely chuckled at the friendly ribbing she got from her trainer. Trish was the person who was between an acquaintance and an old friend. The two grew up in the same region of Wrath, she remembered her family often doing business with Trish's. Both girls got along fine growing up, getting into fights, wrestling with the cattle, and roughing up the occasional bandit.

Much like her, Trish loved a good scrap. She wanted more than farm life. But unlike Millie, who tried striking out on her own, Trish joined the Wrath Legions. And damn, had her time there done her *good*. Her biceps were bulgy, her thighs ridged, and her abs shredded. All compacted in a 4'8" cornfed Wrathian frame. The marks on her body weren't white spots and splotches like some imp had, oh no, those were faded scars from bites, claws, and blades. Millie wouldn't call her a bodybuilder, but Trish was definitely someone who breathed and lived the gym life. More than that, a *warrior's life*. Millie would kill for a body like that. So, she had no problem killing herself with Trish's training regime.

Girl was tough and knew how to motivate you.

After some stretching, Millie started the day's routine, picking up a pair of dumbbells while Trish counted the reps. The dreadlock-haired imp nodded in approval at her pace and form, placing her hands on her hips and unintentionally flaring her lats a bit, showing the damn nice tonnage she had all over, as courtesy of her shorts and sports bra. Though maybe that was on purpose to motivate Millie.

"So, how's work?" Trish asked.

“Boring,” Millie droned with a huff as the dumbbells went up and down.

“That bad?”

“Last one was some lame escort for some new Overlord who’s gonna be gone by the end of the week.”

“Ugh, Sinners.” Trish rolled her eyes. “Give them a bit of power and they think they’re the next Sin.”

“Half the time, I wanted to chop his head off myself. Almost did!” She said brightly before deflating. “But Moxxie reminded me he still had to pay us.”

“Hubby keeps you from flying off the handle, huh?” Trish teased with a smirk. “Can’t see how a mild-mannered Greedian can make a firestorm like yourself simmer down”

“He’s charming, makes me laugh, and he’s *great* in the sack.” The wrathian replied with a wink. “He knows how to cool me down.”

The fellow lady imp merely chuckled in response. “True marital bliss right there, I guess.” She walked around, leaning her arms over a racked weight bar as she inspected Millie’s progress from another angle. “So your other job is still on hold.”

“Yeah, our ticket to the mortal world gonna take a while.”

“Mmm,” Trish mused. “You know, I never heard what sort of channels you go through to make that happen... But maybe I’m better off not knowing, that way I can say I didn’t know anything in case that gig of yours ever blows up.”

“Oh, we’ll be fine.”

“Yeah, until the Reapers arrive.” The ripped imp sighed, raising her palms. “But, not of my business,” She gave Millie a look, a different one from her usual coaching stare. “So, if you’re strapped for cash, maybe I have a solution for you.”

“Precciate it, but I ain’t looking to join the Legion.” Millie didn’t do well taking orders. That’s why she went mercenary and bounty hunter instead of joining the army, even if promised a lot of good fights. She did not see the appeal in fighting at the behest of Goetia. “You know how I feel about people who use us as cannon fodder. Or cannon *ammo*.” She had seen that happen.

Trish wasn’t offended at the insult to her beloved legion, at least. “In this job, you wouldn’t be reporting to anyone but me.”

That made Millie raise a brow. “Thought you were discharged.”

“It’s a semi-retirement thing, I go when draft orders call for a ‘specialist’” She said with air quotations.

IE: Someone who could fuck shit up like a pro.

“I’m authorized to put together any team of my choosing, either drafting from the regiment or calling in some extra muscle from mercenaries.”

Okay, Millie’s curiosity was officially piqued. “Hmm, what’s the job?”

Trish grinned like she had already won her over. “Hunting orders. Some Spawn got farther away from the frontline than my superiors are comfortable with. So they want them dead. Sly fuckers though”

Hellspawn, or Proto-Demons, were malformed, dangerous, and *truly* monstrous things. Spawned from the pure chaos of the Abyss at the very bowels of the underworld. The Legions were constantly at war, driving back the endless chaos lest they consume all of creation. The main theatre of war was on the edges of the lower rings, with the legions commanded by mad fallen angels. But sometimes the Abyss (insidious and corrupting thing that it was) managed to open paths to other rings and let the freaky monsters through.

Millie couldn’t say she’d ever fought a Hellspawn before... and if she only had to listen to Trish...

Okay, she was intrigued.

“What’s the payment?”

“Ten thousand Souls”

It was a good thing Millie wasn’t doing bench presses, or the bar would have fallen right on her throat. She still choked like one did, though.

Holy shit, that was a lot of money. That’d cover their bills for the next month and then some!

Which also meant it was a *dangerous* job.

Millie went from intrigued to excited.

Trish’s grin only grew as the fellow Wrathian gave her one of her own.

“Where’s the job?”

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The job, as it turned out, was in the Wrath Ring outlands. The most inhospitable and harshest part of the ring. The scorching heat during the day was only matched by the freezing temperatures by night, beasts and wild animals of all shapes and sizes (usually large enough to gobble imps whole) stalked the wilds in search of prey.

Oh, Hell save her, Millie always felt nostalgic when visiting Wrath, even the most dangerous parts. Especially the most dangerous parts.

Have accepted Trish’s job offer, the imp assassin brought the right gear for the region, and more than a few spare weapons. Oh, Moxxie fuzzed and worried like the worrywart he was, constantly and repeatedly asking if she remembered to bring everything, to be careful, and to call him regularly in case anything happened. She assured him she’d be fine, and that put her hubby at ease for the most part. Of course, that didn’t stop his worrying, which she found endearing.

"Yeah, I'm alright. The folks here are nice." She said honestly to her phone as she watched a couple of demons brawl over at Trish's forward camp, a small base to station the troops in case some Hellspawns drew near the closest settlement. "Look, Moxx, I gotta head out soon, so- Yeah, I brought my lucky axe... Yeah, yeah, I know, will text you when I'm free. Don't worry," She giggled and blew a kiss at the speaker. "Love ya too, mwach!" And hung up.

"My my my," A long pink-haired succubus peered over her shoulder, something easy to do with her being three times taller than Millie. "Even with all that mushy love talk, I can still feel the lust," She giggled at her. "Someone's eager to get back home~"

"A good hunt's gonna pump my blood good," Millie said earnestly. "I'll come back with a trophy and get all revved up for my Moxxie~"

"That's the spirit," The succubus, Meela, said with a devilish grin her kind had long since perfected. "But if the itch becomes too much, my tent's always open~"

Succubi and incubi were experts at relieving stressed soldiers. But Millie was sure Trish hadn't brought this one along if that was her only job. Millie knew a fighter when she saw one. And for all her curves and exposed bosom, standing around and looking pretty wasn't this gal's job.

"Thanks, hon, but only my Moxxie gets to tap this," She said with a playful smack on her tush. "Plus, sorry to disappoint, I'm straight as an arrow."

Meela gave her a long, rather unreadable look that made Millie a bit uncomfortable. It wasn't glaring or anything, more like she was piecing together a puzzle.

Finally, she let out a snort. "Yeah, right."

"Uh, what?"

"You'll figure it out." She walked away with a deliberate sway of her hips.

As Millie stewed in her own confusion, Trish walked up to her. "You all set?" Contrasting to the workout clothes she was used to seeing on the fit imp, Trish now wore a black sleeveless top with a black jacket full of jagged red patterns, along with military style pants, but still left her hooves free. Wrathian imps didn't need any footwear when it came to their own Ring's terrain. "We're about to leave."

Millie particularly approved of the thick, broad blade she strapped to her back. Wicked looking thing, all polished black metal with silver edges, and a nice jewel hanging by a chain from the pommel.

“Right-o!” Millie said brightly, resting her axe over her shoulder and strapping a couple of shorter blades on her person.

“Great,” She smirked approvingly and then addressed the other six demons in the camp. “Listen up, you lout! I want full radio contact the moment you have eyes on the targets. We’re hunting a few Hellspawn that managed to break free all the way from the Abyss to here. You all know the procedure, I don’t want any heroics, so cover each other’s backs, that clear?!”

“Ma’am!” Was the dutiful reply given by three imps, a big shark demon from Greed, a double-heated goat lady from Sloth, and the succubus Meela. They all grinned very eagerly at the prospect of the hunt.

“That’s what I like to hear. Now pair up, we leave in five,” She tapped Millie’s shoulders a few times. “You’re with me”

“Nice talk. Very military”

“Oh, I learnt more than that in the Legion,” She grinned at her fellow Wrathian. “Stick around and you’ll pick up a few things.”

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Millie had hunted wild animals before, tracked people during her stint as a mercenary/bounty hunter, so she could keep up with Trish’s way of hunting Hellspawn. It wasn’t just tracks; they apparently emanated a bit of ‘Abyss residue’ which lit up like a Sinsmass tree when the legionnaire waved her hand over a hoof track half the size of their bodies. If the Sinsmass trees were made of dark sparkly miasma.

“We’re on the right way,” Trish said, dispelling the light from her hand with a shake. Man, she really needed to learn magic at some point...

Millie spotted a few claw marks on a few boulders that led to a path further down the jagged paths of the canyon. "Went this way," She pointed out, looking at the marks. "Big fella," She deduced from the size of the hoof marks and the claws.

"Just means a bigger trophy," Trish said excitedly, adjusting the broadblade on her back as they followed the tracks.

Millie hummed in thought. "So you didn't tell the group what we're hunting."

"Not much of a point, really." Trish shrugged her toned shoulders. "Use Ring folk? We have our types, our class, all in neat categories. Proto-demons though? Hellspawn have no rhyme nor reason; they are just monsters that come up with the Abyss from whatever nightmare the darkness conjured up. You could be facing a legion of leeches with teeth, or a group of beasts that don't look at all similar to each other."

"So, what, every Hellspawn is unique?"

"For the most part. There's no clear strategy. You observe, you adapt, then you strike fast and hard." She said with a half-hearted swing at the air. "The legions are always fighting hordes of the damn things. They're savage, some are barely sentient, but there's an endless number of them. Once in a while, an Abyss Lord pops up and..." Trish grew uncharacteristically serious for a moment. "I'm not scared easily, but those things are *smart* and powerful. That's a terrifying combination. Takes the Goetia or the Sins or some other Hell Lord to take those on."

"Whoa." She learned about the Abyss in school, but they skimmed on a lot of details. She had no idea the fighting could get *that* intense so often.

Trish then chuckled. "Lemme tell you, nothing picks up morale like watching Great Satan have a kaiju fight with a giant Abyss Lord. Or Lord Kul'as raining pure mage-fire on a horde of Spawns"

"Damn girl!" Even the mental picture of it was getting her hyped up. "Maybe I should have gone with you all those years ago. The legion sure sounds like a badass time."

"Heh," Trish shook her head. "It ain't easy for an imp. Took a hell of a lot to get my superiors to acknowledge me, till I finally earned..." She paused for a moment. "Anyway, if you had, I don't think you would have met your hubby," Trish smirked as she gave her a playful punch on her shoulder.

“Yeah, you’re right.” Millie acknowledged with a happy smile. “It all worked out in the end.”

“But if your assassin gig doesn’t work out, I’m more than happy to put in a good word for you on the legion I served.”

“I’d rather fight with friends than take orders from a snooty Goetia... or be sent to the front by an insane Fallen.”

“Oh yeah, the frontier legions.” Trish blew out a breath as she placed her hands on her hips. “They’re... *fucking nuts*.” It said a lot that while the thought of greater Abyss demons made her pause, the thought of the damn crazy Fallen Angels fighting on the frontline against the Abyss made her shudder.

Their talks about their jobs and experiences continued for a bit, until the trail led them to a closed-off area formed by tall walls of jagged rocks. The two immediately went on alert; the trail ended here, but there was no sign of the Hellspawn. Which meant...

“It’s near,” Trish said with seriousness as the two covered each other’s backs, looking over the tall rocky walls. She brought up a radio and relayed a message to the team. “Team One reached the end of our trail, about to confront the Spawn.” She radio buzzed for a moment before she placed it on her hip.

Millie’s ears twitched as she heard the sound of pebbles falling over the cliffs. She quickly brandished her axe and pointed. “There!”

The moment she said that, a large figure jumped down and picked up a large dust cloud with the sheer weight of the impact. As it cleared, they saw a tall beast, easily a head taller than a succubus, its body full of matted, full of bulging muscle in its broad, hunched-over frame, and its head bovine in appearance. With two large horns and a giant snout that blew fire rather than steam. The glare of the flames was matched by the hellish light in its eyes.

The minotaur-like beast smashed its huge fists on the earth, cracking the ground, and howled at them with animalistic fury.

The two ladies readied themselves. “We’ve reached the Boss Level!” Millie called out excitedly.

They charged at the beast, and it charged back.

Millie had faced her fair share of nasties. Wild animals in the ranch, bandits, mercs, and assassins. But fighting a proto-demon was an entirely different thing. The beast fought with a rage and power she'd never seen before. Its imposing size and heavy musculature matched its enormous strength, as each blow that landed on the ground sent tremors and uprooted the earth. Millie and Trish dodged out of the way of its fists, for they knew a single strike from them could result in a broken bone.

"Hng!" Millie grunted as she slashed her axe over the beast's arm, cutting fur and drawing blood. But the blade did not manage to cut through like she had expected. Its sinewy muscles were too tough, too dense. Her axe would just bury itself in its thick flesh without cutting more than an inch.

The minotaur-like hellspawn roared, flinging its head wildly from side to side, trying to gore them with its long horns. It kicked the air as it entered an animalistic frenzy. Trish shouted as she jumped on its back and managed to bury her sword through its shoulder. The monster howled in pain and rage, thrashing around while Trish held on for dear life like some deathly rodeo. Its erratic thrashing did not give Millie a good opening, and when she tried to get a hit in, the beast's hoof lashed out. Millie was forced to use the flat of her axe as a shield as she was sent flying back against the rocks with a painful crash.

"Millie!" Trish called out in worry, but her brief concern allowed the monster to shake her off, swatting her away to the other side, where she rolled over the ground, dragging dirt and dust in her wake.

"Trish!" Millie called out, and the Hellspawn glared back at her with its baleful eyes. "Oh shit"

The beast stomped the ground a few times, snarling and breathing fire out of its nostrils. Millie had seen more than a few bulls about to charge, so she knew what was coming. Even with the sword still stuck on its shoulder, the beast did not hesitate.

It bellowed with a guttural noise as it charged, horns first, poised to gore her. Millie stood her ground, holding her axe firmly and raising it to-

Crack.

“Oh no,” She muttered in horror as she saw the blades falling from a weakened shaft, which had splintered from the proto-demon’s blow. “No no no no shit!”

The axe’s blades fell and buried themselves in the ground, leaving Millie without her primary weapon. She hastily reached for her backup blades, but the beast kept charging, and her blades would not be enough if her vaunted axe had barely drawn blood.

In its blazing eyes, Millie saw her death coming. For the first time in a very long time, she felt weak, small, and afraid. Whereas once she had taken dozens upon dozens of scumbags singlehandedly, those demons and sinners barely held a candle to what the animalistic rage and endless hatred spawned from the Abyss could bring. Millie had been eager for the fight, the hunt... but only now did she realize she was the prey all along.

As she thought of Moxxie to give her strength, her salvation came in the form of her fellow Wrathian.

Trish had managed to stand up and jumped between her and the charging bull-spawn. Her hands reached out just in time to grab the horns as she buried her hooves deep in the ground, leaving long trails as the beast pushed her back.

“HNNNNNG!” Trish growled through clenched teeth, eyes squeezed shut in concentration. Millie watched in astonishment as the beast’s advance slowed down, even though her friend kept losing ground until her back was a few feet away from Millie. “You *fucking* beast...!” She growled gutturally. “I’ll show what *rage* is!”

The beast’s charge grinding to a halt.

And then, before Millie’s eyes, it was like Trish was glowing. Like her figure wrapped itself in quasi-ethereal flames as pure power emanated from her form, boiling like a bubbling lava river, making the air go hazy.

Trish *shouted*, and her body *grew*.

The imp assassin watched with increasingly wider eyes as Trish’s already toned muscles *swelled* with even more mass, growing larger and increasingly more striated. Going from a professional fitness to a bona fide bodybuilding imp. Her height increased along with her width, as her body stretched to accommodate the increasingly larger muscles. Her jacket and

cargo pants struggled to contain the widening musculature, going from loose to snug and finally skintight, wrinkling all over from the sheer strain as the threads loudly began tearing.

“RRGNHG!” Her arms bulged with a truly mouth-watering level of beef, striated beyond belief as furious veins throbbed under her red skin, pulsating with power as her mighty limbs held the Hellspawn back. Her biceps erupted into mountains as the grip on the horns tightened, flexing the muscles even harder.

Her clothes began shredding in every direction, spilling the bulging red flesh. Trish took one step forward, and the thickening thighs burst from her cargo pants. Another step, and they were reduced to tatters hanging from them in strips. Her imposing back split her jacket and top down the middle, revealing the thin straps of a workout top that miraculously remained intact, even as her dorsal muscles and rising hill-like traps ripped the rest of her clothing to pieces. Millie got a clear view of those enormous back muscles coiling mightily as her back flexed, creating a labyrinthian valley of corded muscles. She saw the hamstrings pop and ripple like high-tension cables, and a rock-hard, toned derriere swallow her panties between her great glutes.

Trish howled with a fury that would make the Ancestors of all Wrath demons proud. She kept pushing forward, step by step the driving the beast *back*, like pushing a giant boulder up a hill, a daunting task, but she was *doing it*.

The beast bellowed and thrashed, trying to loosen her grip on its horns, but Trish’s hold on them was like titanium.

“AaaarugGHGGHA!” With a guttural yell, Trish began pulling to the side, *twisting* the creature's neck. It resisted, turning this struggle into a tug of war. But the warrior would not relent, she kept applying more and more pressure, and while it looked like for a moment she had lost all ground-

SNAP.

She suddenly twisted her grip with full force and turned the Hellspawn’s head upside down.

The beast went still, and then it fell to the ground like a puppet with its strings cut.

Trish let go, arms shaking and sore as they fell to her sides. Her wide chest heaved up and down as she took deep breaths. Millie watched in utter awe as her friend emerged victorious

from this bloody fight, slowly grinning as Trish's arms rose in a victorious pose, her howl of triumph echoing through the valley.

After a moment, Trish turned around, and Millie got a good look at that *gloriously* shredded front, with abs for days and pecs the size of book covers.

She smiled sheepishly while she panted. "So, guess you must have some questions."

"About half of them are about your workout routine, and what kind of supplements you take."

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"So, you're basically juiced up on Wrath Essence?"

"It's a bit more than that, but essentially."

Their trek back to the base saw a lot of questions from Millie, to which Trish answered openly. She was still in her 'super buff form' (which, among the reasons Millie felt jealous, was the fact she was now two feet taller than her) and was easily dragging the hellspawn's body with a rope tied to its horns. She didn't look at all bothered that she was walking half-naked across the outlands, but Millie wasn't going to complain. Those muscles *deserved* to be shown.

"Wrath Essence is a great stimulant, yeah. It's pretty much Ambrosia for warriors down here." Trish explained. "But some demons react *really* well with it. It's pure passion and *fiery rage* in liquid form. Some of us are compatible enough and driven enough to get stronger the longer we fight and train. To the point, its boost becomes more or less permanent."

Millie grinned. "So that's why you look like you follow Satan's workout plan religiously."

"Girl, this body was blessed by Satan!" Trish boasted as she flexed an enormous bicep larger than Millie's head. "Feel this?! This is what Wrath Essence gets you when you have the willpower!"

Millie did feel it as she placed a hand over the mound of shredded flesh. "Woooooeee!" She whistled excitedly. "Damn girl, you're hard all over!" A pat on Trish's chest felt like tapping a rock, the lack of breasts was more than compensated by them thick boulders she called pecs.

"You were *amazing* back there, you killed that thing with your bare hands!" Her smile faltered. "Would have been a goner if not for you," She absently rubbed her arm as her expression became downcast. "Sorry, I wasn't of much use here."

"Girl, you did a great job. That beast was a tough bastard to begin with; it forced me to use all the power I keep stored." She placed a comforting hand on Millie's shoulder. "So don't feel bad, you did your best."

"Well, my best wasn't good enough." She shrugged and sighed in self-deprecation. "Guess I'm not Legion material after all."

"That's where you're wrong, Millie." It surprised her just how firmly Trish said those words. "I can see a lot of potential in you. One of the reasons I asked you to come here is because I think you'd actually be a hell of a strong candidate to train with Wrath Essence."

"Whoa whoa whoa." The assassin imp shook her head repeatedly. "Are you serious?"

"Are you kidding? That passion of yours? That warrior spirit? Girl, I've never been more sure of anything in my life. I think you could become one of the strongest imps worthy of the legions."

"I..." She was at a loss for words. "Do you really believe that?"

"Millie, part of my job is scouting for talent to fight the Abyss. See who has what it takes to fight the Hellspawn, and most of all, who can be compatible to train with Wrath Essence." She smiled with absolute faith in Millie. "You've got what it takes; you just need some help to bring it out. Lemme train you like the legion trained me... and baby, I'll make you *great*."

Millie had always respected strength, all Wrathians did; she'd always desired to be stronger to take on even greater challenges. This proto-demon showed her she had been over her head, that she had not been ready yet for this sort of fight, and had nearly paid the price... but here Trish was offering to make her *powerful* like her.

And after what she saw, the sheer strength, the unrelenting power, and wrathful might. How she shone like a red star that burned on the battlefield.

It wasn't much of a choice at all for Millie.

“Does the training come with muscles like yours?”

Trish grinned widely as the two shook hands.

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Millia gasped in ecstasy, throwing her head back and smiling drunkenly as the rush of pleasure flooded her senses. She rode Moxxie with such vigor that the bed creaked, his manhood throbbed and lurched inside of her, spilling its contents inside of her as their essences mixed. Her body’s toned muscles coiled reflexively, from the faintly toned legs squirming at the sides of her husband’s hips, her firm abs quivering reflexively, and her firm arms flexing as she ran her hands through her messy, wild locks.

“Mmm...” She cooed in satisfaction as she slowly leaned against her husband’s frame. “You were amazing~”

Moxxie merely gasped, smiling at her with one eye closed; “You think so? I can barely keep up with you anymore.” He laughed, “And I already had trouble before you started training.”

Her training was shaping her body into a fine work of art; she could feel herself getting stronger every passing day. The ample fountain of energy she always possessed was also growing bigger and deeper, like a lake. Her limbs, which could already break stone and *people*, were steadily filled with newfound power. Under Trish’s training, she was beating all her previous records.

All thanks to that Wrath Essence goodness. Millie remembered the first dose; it tasted like a slap to the face and lava injected directly into her veins. She *loved it*; it was a rush of the likes she had never experienced before. Blasting her muscles with heavy weights felt like the volcanoes of the Wrath Ring exploding inside her, filling her every fiber with the raw power of the realm.

And she was just starting; she could not wait to get stronger, *bigger*.

Like Trish.

The image of her friend just ending that Hellspawn with her bare hands lived rent-free on her head. Especially that amazing transformation that turned her into six feet of pure shredded imp beef. When they returned to the camp, the others applauded her on her victory, praising her strength and her body. And Trish basked in the adulation as she flexed her amazing muscles for them, inviting all to touch and feel her strength.

If that moment hadn't cemented Millie's desire to get big, then what happened at night certainly did.

She hadn't meant to spy; she just got up when nature called, and on the way back, she heard the grunts and moans from Trish's soundproofed tent. Through a small tear in the fabric, she witnessed something that honestly aroused her. Trish, in her bulking state, fucking Meela with relentless energy. Grabbing the succubus by the waist as this one locked her long legs around her waist, letting Trish thrust his hips with all the force of a jackhammer, grunting in the same way she did during the battle with the beast, driving Meela to the throes of pleasure.

Such power, such dominance...

Licking her lips, Millie sat on Moxie's waist once more, his length hardening inside. "What if I get even bigger?" She coyly asked him, slowly swiveling her hips. "The biggest I can possibly get. All this," She flexed her toned arms as an example, "But *more*. So big you're barely half my size."

"Honey," Moxie grunted and spoke breathlessly. "I think you'd look even hotter."

"Ohhh?" The lady imp grinned savagely. "You got a muscle fetish now~?"

"Everything you do is my fetish, Millie." He muttered, tracing his thumbs over the corners of her abs as his hands moved up and down her torso. "You're already a beast of a woman to me, and if you get even stronger... *than that's more than okay for me~.*"

Millie chuckled devilishly, increasing her tempo as she bounced up and down his length. "I'll get *super yoked* then. I'll get muscles so big I'd...!" She gasped, pleasure building up as her walls clenched around his length. "Hng! So big I could squash you with one bicep!"

"Y-Yes, fuck" Moxie grunted, eyes squeezing shut. "Get as big as you can, honey...!"

Millie could already envision it, her body *brimming* with pulsating muscles, biceps the size of enormous cannonballs with all the destructive power. Every corded sinew rippling into existence with the slightest flex, the largest, strongest body an imp could possibly achieve, as she rode her husband and broke him like a wild stallion.

Huge, peerless, mighty. Her muscles growing as large as Trish's as she too became powerful enough to slaughter those Hellspawn monsters bare-handed.

The thought of Trish, her ideal, made her swiftly go over the edge as she pictured her friend's tremendous muscles while she fucked that succubus, and fantasized about becoming just like her while fucking her husband.

Millie climaxed even harder than before, her moan becoming a guttural grunt.

X~X~X~X~X

Slow, steady breaths escaped Millie's lips as her legs pressed the thigh machine's pads together, the weights clanked as they rose and fell. Cable-like muscles rippled under the skin, rising vastus muscles surged with strength under the strain. Her quads had doubled in size in only a few days, her veins coursed with the liquid fire that was Wrath Essence, fueling her every muscle's growth.

"Just five more, come on!" Trish, ever the encouraging trainer, said with a wide grin as she watched her mentee's progress. Leaning forward with her hands on her knees to watch Millie's legs up close.

Her triceps bloomed with striated lines as her hands tightly gripped the handles, her arms ramrod straight. The soft breaths coming out of her mouth slowly morphed into grunts. Her legs kept bulging and flexing with each rep, making the shorts hike up even more. Her six blocks of abdominal muscles clenched with effort each time she lifted the weights, brimming with energy and strength.

She exhaled a final gasp as she finished the last rep, letting the weights fall with a loud clang. Trish praised her progress and handed her the water bottle, which she drank greedily before spilling the rest of its contents over her head, cooling off.

"Take five," Her friend said, throwing her the towel.

Millie sighed into it as she dried herself, standing on tense legs before looking them over and inspecting her progress.