

(Warning: This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, and graphic sexual content. Some liberties are taken with the characters.

Being Mammon's top clowns was everything Glitz and Glam wanted and more. They got the fame, the money, the creepy fans. The two performers ate nothing but the finest foods, hung out with the sexiest people, and went to the hottest clubs. They could get *whatever* they wanted by just ordering their dumb servants to get it for them.

Working for Mammon meant being at the top of the world. They breathed and lived Greed like their master, shelling out for any product the Big Clown himself would promote in their image, appearing on shows and going to multiple events. It was... a bit exhausting at times, but hey, life as a celebrity like them was worth the extra effort, particularly when the rewards were so *good*.

That old has-been Fizzarolli didn't have what it took to make it in this world. Fine, let him mooch off his giant sugar daddy. The twins were perfectly happy to take his place. They didn't care that they won because he dropped out; what mattered was that he was gone, and they were now at the top.

Glitz and Glam did not care in the slightest about being exploited for their looks, their fame, or anything like that. In fact, that's how they had thrived all their lives.

The fish demons were sisters only in the political sense. The two grew up in the same foster home, growing closer over the years than with the rest of the kids. The two styled themselves as twins, as their looks were pretty similar to each other, the key being their voices. Just a slightly different pitch and they could sound just like the other on a whim.

People gave you more attention when you were part of a set. When you were two against the world, the world was at a disadvantage. Glitz and Glam quickly learned how to use their similarities and their good looks to get what they wanted. If all a hot woman needed to do was flutter her eyes at some dumbass with more brains in his dick than his actual head to give you his money, then *two* could make him give up all his worldly possessions.

Since their early adulthood, the two modeled together, styling themselves as a pair of sexy twins who did not mind getting handsy with each other. Holding hands, placing their arms around the other, while posing suggestively. People were freaks who paid plenty of money for some sexy twin action.

Sure, they were not blood-related, but they still considered themselves close as sisters, given their history.

But even if they were, that would not stop Glitz and Glam from playing on their own sexy looks. Greed was their sin, which was what had driven them to work for Mammon in the first place. Modeling, singing, performing, they could only reach the top, the height of fame and money, by working with the Big Clown.

They worked their asses off... and here they were.

Clothing lines, toys, song records, their own new Glitz-Glam robot line to replace the out-of-production Fizzi line.

They made it.

Now *they* were the top klown bitches.

They walked the place like they *owned* it because they were the face of the company, only Mammon was above them in the hierarchy. Walking around dressed in all their finery and expensive clothing, the two made their way to the rehearsal stage, where they prepared all their acts and numbers.

An imp with a headset and a clipboard quickly walked up to them, trying to catch up. "G-Glitz, Glam! Y-You're here..."

"Course we are," Glitz snatched the soda from another stagehand and drank it in one gulp.

"Can't do anything without the stars after all," Glam grinned, flashing her sharp teeth.

The imp gulped. "Um, actually, it's eh-hh."

They didn't have time for his dumb stammering; they all but kicked the doors open and walked to the stage. "We're here, we're here! We can get started."

The Big Clown himself was sitting in the pews, looking over some finance reports or other documents with a pair of glasses they weren't sure he needed. "Okay, so we can schedule it for the next quarter..."

"Mammon," Glam called out to their boss. "Hello, we're here for rehearsal."

Usually, the boss would greet them with his biggest and most fake smile, laughing boisterously and praising his biggest stars. This time, he barely paid attention to them, and they did not like that one bit. "Oh yeah, cool." He idly pointed at them with his pen. "You two can be eh-h-h, act three. I'll get your routine later."

...What in the actual *fuck*?

"Act *three*?" Glitz sputtered, throwing her soda away and hitting another stagehand. "Are you shitting me?"

"Why the fuck are we act three?!" Glam seethed. "We're the stars here!"

"Girls, girls, girls!" He laughed, picking up his giant belly as he stood up. "I'm just trying out some new talent, is all. Have spice the act a bit, you understand!"

The girls looked at each other, "What new talent?"

There was a rumble, and the stage further in the apron shook.

The fish demons slowly looked at the platform that was slowly *rising* from the ground. The wood groaned in protest, clowns and actors stumbled and fell over the floor upstage, holding on for dear life.

As the stage rose higher, they could see a figure underneath *lifting* the damn thing.

It was a large imp, one born and bred in Wrath by the looks of it. An imposingly muscular build, full of bulging flesh and striated muscle. Distinctively feminine given her curves and bust, held tightly by an off-shoulder tunic in the classical circus strongman outfit, or rather strong*woman* in this case. The imp woman had frazzled silvery hair, a strong jaw, and shoulders wider than the two sisters put *together*.

“Meet my new act number!” Mammon smiled in that typical way of his, the smile he gave when he could see money in the making. “Our strongwoman *Bicepia!*”

The strongwoman growled, lifting the entire stage over her head with visible effort, her arms bulging with throbbing veins.

The fish clowns felt their jaws drop.

“Whatchu think about the name? Still working on it.” The Sin of Greed idly mused.

“What the fuck...?” Glam muttered.

“I know, right! All this time thinking women can’t be funny, turns out they can be strong too!” He rubbed his hands eagerly. “And whaddya know, that can make a ton of money too!”

The strongwoman heaved and set the stage once more on the ground, with a mighty tremor that made everyone jump. She huffed a breath and sat down, instantly swarmed by multiple assistants who began toweling her, giving her water, readying snacks, and massaging her all at the same time.

That should be *their* current treatment right now, but instead, their assistants were busy with this overground lump of flesh. Who did she think she was? The sisters thought in unison, their mutual frustration and anger bouncing back and forth between the two like a feedback loop. And most importantly, they were pissed at their *boss* for shoving them aside like this for some new prop.

“Boss, with all due respect,” Glitz started, trying to rein in the anger. “What the ever-loving *fuck?*”

“Uh, we’re the stars, okay?” Glam continued, flickering her wrist in indignation. “What does she have that we don’t?”

“Ahhh, the answer to that is trending value!” He said boisterously, grinning widely. “It’s this new potion that’s been going around by this Overlord, Helmet, or whatever. People love it! They’re drinking it up the whaaazo! Whoever drinks it gets twice as strong! And our girl here

has been juicing for a while!” He thumbed at the strongwoman’s direction, who was already proceeding to deadlift two large rows of seats with multiple demons on them. “Bought my shares on the product, so you bet I’m gonna use it to turn my act into the best one in hell! Gotta hit the iron while it’s hot!”

“But why the hell go this route? What’s wrong with our act?!”

“Ladies, ladies!” Mammon put his hands around their shoulders, pulling them close against his inflated belly. “You’re still my stars, you’re the center of this show! But you gotta know when to share the spotlight! If we don’t vary up our show, then people get bored, if people get bored, they don’t buy tickets or my merch!”

“But...” Glam futilely raised a finger.

“You two are too young to remember when Luci’s act was all the rage. We had Satan lifting a *mountain* and throwing it all the way to the other side of Wrath! People went crazy for insane shit like that!” They could see the Soul signs in the air generated by his sheer greed. “Once I’ve gotten Biceptia there big enough, I’m gonna hold the biggest strength feat shows the Rings have seen since Satan himself! We’ll sell sports gear, gym equipment, nutrient bars that are shit, and a lot of sex toys! Chart shows there’s a potential 37% profit for muscle mommies or whatever new gross thing freaks are into.” He put on his usual fake heartbroken face. “Girls, you don’t wanna argue against my charts, do you?”

His tone brooked no argument. They knew his temper would flare up if they got between him and his money-making schemes. When Mammon made up his mind, everyone else had to obey or *else*. The only one who ever managed to tell the big clown off had the protection of *another Sin*.

Much as they hated it, their hands were tied.

“No, sir...” The two sighed in unison.

“Awesome! Hey, muscles get over here!” He snapped his fingers at the strongwoman

The strongwoman dropped her make-shift bar, causing multiple demons to fall from the pews, and walked up to Sin. The girls quickly got a sense of how big she was, at least two feet wider than them, and a full head taller, almost reaching their boss’s height in his base form.

“Yeah?” She called out rather uninterested.

“Meet your coworkers!” Mammon waved at the clowns. “Glitz, Glam, you’ve heard of them. And girls, this is Bicipia, the show’s new strongwoman!”

“Nice to meet you,” She might have sounded genuine, or completely bored; it was really hard to tell.

The sisters formed a very strained grin each. “Like...wise,” Glam hissed.

“There you go, you’re pretty much family already!” Mammon slapped his belly and hopped out of the way. “Alright, gotta check how the new toy line is going, you girls keep practicing for the act!” He disappeared like a balloon popping out, followed by clown horns, with confetti and cartoonish money signs jumping everywhere.

Once the boss left, the mask slipped out completely. “Alright, here’s the deal, muscles,” Glitz growled, shoving a finger into the woman’s very solid chest. “We are the stars of the show, and we’re not gonna let some roidhead who can’t count because of how juiced up she is-“

“I have a master’s degree in engineering.” The frazzled-haired demon replied, unaffected by her words.

“-take the spotlight away from us, you understand?!”

“I couldn’t care any less about your spotlight,” Bicipia replied roughly. “If you were actually good at your job, Mammon would just keep shilling you. I’m here because I like to hit things, lift things, break things, and get bigger doing it. Mammon pays me to get strong, so I’ll do my job. You just stick to yours, and we won’t have any problem.”

Oh, the *nerve* of this bitch. It was one thing to have competition, but to be losing against somebody who didn’t even *care*?

That hit a nerve, right in their pride.

“Watch yourself,” Glam growled, baring her teeth.

“Or what?”

The sisters shared a look and *grinned*.

This newbie needed to be taught a *lesson*.

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So, it did not go according to plan.

The idea was to have a typical clown off, defeat her by showing their act, why they had become the best clown duo in all of hell. Music, dancing, the tightrope while being *on fire*. As performers, their act had to be better and more varied than anything this strongwoman had to offer.

If only...

Bicepia's act was simple, by definition, because she did not do things that were too elaborate or complicated on paper. Unlike a clown act. She lifted things, she broke things, and she even *fought* things. It should have been a great victory for them, right?

Yet throughout it all, the strongwoman demonstrated this... this *raw* animal power that generated an undeniable attraction, making their eyes follow her every movement, every ripple and bulge of her muscles. She not only replicated her ‘lifting-the-stage’ act, but showcased the multiple ways her strength was put to use.

When she raised giant, multiple-ton, spherical weights above her head. The twins had to acknowledge her strength and stamina.

When she crushed it in her arms, Glitz and Glam felt a touch intimidated by that sheer display of beauty. The way her arm muscles *swelled* with staggering musculature, veins throbbing to the surface as the lines of definition etched themselves deep into her vast flesh. The way she gritted her teeth and grunted...

Okay, at that point, they had to admit they were getting a bit aroused.

The highlight of her show was her throwing hands with one of Mammon's *fucking battle robots*. Not the commercially available bots for multiple everyday use he liked to mass-produce, but the *actual war machines* he sold to Hell's legions.

Glitz and Glam had seen it up close once, with multiple arms, saws, drills, flamethrowers, and *grenade launchers*. That thing was a fucking nightmare in the shape of a washing machine with *teeth*.

And Bicepia *ripped it apart*.

Her blows dented the machine as though huge boulders had been chucked at it. She tore off its limbs with such force that her upper body ripped through her tunic and bared her shredded torso.

The sisters' thighs unconsciously rubbed together in response to the heat growing in their loins.

No wonder Mammon was promoting her when she could do things of such caliber.

So at the end, half-naked and covered in oil, she merely huffed and made her way to the showers, uncaring for any results of their little competition. "Need a shower," She called out to the twins, sniffing the air. "You too. Join me?"

Fuck, why did they say *yes*?

One second, they were hating the woman's guts, the next, they were all naked under the same showers, sneaking glances over those enormous muscles and the way the water cleaned the oil and grime off her, revealing peerless, toned skin and her flawless muscles.

She noticed their curiosity and invited them to feel like it was nothing.

And once more, they said *yes*.

They touched her muscles, caressed her hardened flesh, marveled at the volume and definition... got lost in their own lust.

They couldn't remember who started, who threw the first kiss, the first lick at her muscles. But once it started, there was no stopping it; the 'sisters' began worshipping their rival's body with gusto, moaning and rubbing themselves all over her while running their hands over the wet surface of her mighty musculature.

Bicepia looked so very much aroused, yet held back through pure force of will. "So, that's how you gals act, huh? You do *everything* together?"

Glam hummed as she pecked a large shoulder. "Hmm, we're not blood related..."

Glitz sighed as her hand brushed over the washboard stomach. "We just keep up the act."

The strongwoman paused for a moment. "Ah. Good to know."

Then she fucked them.

Holy fuck, they got taken to the ride of *their lives*.

She first pinned Glam against the wall, getting between her legs and *thrusting* with all her might, making the fish demon howl in utter ecstasy with the force of the strongwoman's hips. Glitz did not have to wait long for her turn, as Bicepia's relentlessly hip thrusts quickly brought her sister to the throes of pleasure, making her orgasm in moments.

Then Bicepia drove her to the ground and gave her the same treatment.

The whole thing was just a blaze, the most erotic experience of their damn lives. At one point, they lost sight of who was fucking who, with the two giving the strongwoman an arousing show with their seductive dance moves as they grinded against each other and kissed sensually. Only for the muscular demon to grab them, kiss them fiercely, and once more reward them with vigorous fucking.

When it was done, the sisters got dressed and made their way back to their room with wobbly legs, ignoring any assistants who got in their way, and just locked themselves in.

Glitz and Glam stared at the ceiling with lost gazes as the whole weight of what happened finally dawned on them.

“We’re fucked...” Glam muttered. “She didn’t just fuck us, she proved we’re *fucked*.”

“Holy shit, she’s gonna be the star here.” Glitz moaned into her hands. “Shit, we were putty in her hands. *We!* Just imagine how the public will be! She’ll have them eating off her damn palm!”

“We gotta step up.” Glam quickly said, sitting up on the bed. “Work on our act, do stuff they’ve never seen before!”

“It doesn’t matter if they haven’t seen it before; what matters is that we won’t have as much of a presence as *her!*” Her sister shouted.

“Then what can we do?!” The other twin hollered, jumping out of bed and pacing angrily. “It’s not like we can be both clowns *and* the strongwomen?!”

“...Who says we can’t?”

Glam’s confusion gave way to shock as Glitz reached into her leotard and pulled out four vials. They were *very* familiar-looking, after all, they had seen the commercials everywhere around Pride.

“Holy shit!” She hissed, bending over to look closer at the potions. “Where did you get this?!”

“Remember when you spent fifteen minutes eating her out?”

“I... vaguely remember that, yes.”

“Well, she was also distracted enough she didn’t notice when I slipped out and... looked through her bag.”