

(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 labyrinthine 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. "Woooooeeeh!" 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 Moxxie'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," Moxxie 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" Moxxie 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.

She shook a leg a bit, making the wide quad muscles wiggle from side to side before snap-flexing them in place, solidifying them into corded groups that writhed with strength, almost competing with each other for room. Millie twisted her body to the side and slowly flexed more of her legs, looking at the effect of her calves surging outwards and her hamstrings rippling.

“Looking good, girl,” Millie said to herself, biting the corner of her lip as she checked herself out. “Looking very good”

“About to look even better,” Trish called out, her voice full of mirth and excitement as she threw Millie a vial of Wrath Essence.

Millie caught it with some surprise and plenty of eagerness. “Already a new dose?”

“You’re progressing faster than even I anticipated; you’re *very* compatible.”

The imp assassin merely gripped and popped the cork, quickly taking the vial to her lips and pouring its contents down her throat with greed. The effect was immediate, filling her veins with fiery power and making them pulsate, throbbing under the skin with even more girth than before.

Her already pumped muscles trembled, and Millie grunted in response to the sudden pressure of her fibers tearing and healing, bonding her muscle groups together even stronger. Her firm, muscular legs saw a mild increase in size, the definition of her abs deepened, and her biceps and triceps swelled a couple of inches more in circumference. A spasm wracking through her body made her tighten her fists, incidentally breaking the empty vial without so much as scratching her skin. Her workout top tightened around her chest, though her breasts (small as they were already) were disappearing, her pecs more than made up for it.

“Wooooo, baby!” Millie groaned in delight as she rode off the high. Her muscles looked fantastic, like decades of gym time had piled up. Even her height was affected, catching up to Trish’s.

Trish whistled and applauded, "There you go, babe! We'll make you a legionnaire elite in no time!"

Millie checked herself in the mirror, flexing her abs and chest while stretching her triceps. "Gonna have another Hellspawn for me to fight?"

"Soon, sweet thing, soon," Trish promised as she looked at her friend with an appreciative grin, walking up to her and feeling her muscles and progress. "First, we'll get you *big*." She slapped her hard rear, something she had taken to do throughout their training.

Millie's tail wiggled from side to side, the heat in certain areas of her body becoming too much. "Oooof, is it normal to feel this horny?"

"Not uncommon for people who get really boosted by the Wrath Essence, it makes your body go into overdrive. Heh, I spent quite a lot of time fucking anything on two legs."

"Luckily for me," Millie grinned as she raised her arms and flexed her toned back. "I've got the perfect stress reliever at home~"

X~X~X~X~X

Millie groaned gutturally as she leaned against the wet walls of the shower, her arms ramrod straight, flexing her triceps into horseshoe-shaped bulges of muscle while her long biceps stretched. Her fingers *dug* through the tiles as her body shuddered.

Behind her, Moxxie was doing an *excellent* job as always.

He held onto her hips for dear life while his hips swiveled back and forth at great speed, impacting the solidness of her muscular glutes with loud smacks of flesh, penetrating her from behind with ample energy and vigor. His manhood throbbed inside her with each thrust as she clenched tightly around his length.

"Fuck, yeah, that's it!" Millie hissed through clenched teeth. "Give it to me, baby. Harder. Harder!"

Moxxie obliged his beloved wife as much as his body allowed. He slammed his hips with all the strength he could muster, losing himself in the shower's warmth, splashing all over their bodies, and the delicious heat exploding from within as they joined carnally. Finally, Moxxie could take it no more; his body seized as he grunted, shooting his load in sporadic bursts inside her.

Millie's spine bent as she leaned forward, a drunken smile forming on her lips as she felt Moxxie's hot seed filling her up, triggering her own release as their essences mixed.

She felt Moxxie collapse over her back, holding her tightly as his body heaved. The gap in stamina between the two had only increased since her training began, but bless him, he would never leave her unsatisfied.

Their tails intertwined as Millie hummed, standing up and sliding Moxxie's cock from out of her. She turned around to hold him tightly, enjoying how she had become almost one foot taller than him. Something he deeply enjoyed, too, given the way he rested his chin between her pecs and looked up to her so dreamily.

"Feeling tired, hon?" She coyly asked.

"Spirit is willing," He panted. "But flesh is *very* worn out... give me five minutes"

She giggled, planting a soft kiss on his forehead. "You never disappoint my Moxxie."

"Well, I'm very motivated." He kissed her chest, licking the line between her pecs and making her moan. "Beast of a woman like you with muscles like this, really gets me going~"

Millie cooed, throwing her head back and enjoying his hands wandering over her, prodding the hardness and tone of her musculature. She flexed an arm for him, and her bulging bicep enticed him to kiss and lick the rising mound. "Fuck, I never felt this hot in my life," She shuddered as he licked the peak. "Getting my muscles worshiped like this... might be the hottest thing ever"

"Well, get used to it, baby," He promised, kissing his way down her stomach, tonguing each of her firm abs as he slowly got to his knees. "'Cause I'm *never* gonna stop," His face poised itself before her entrance. "Treating you like the buff *goddess* you are," And buried his lips on her slit.

Millie let out a shuddering gasp, her entire body twitching with absolute delight. "Oh, you ain't seen nothing yet," She assured him as his ministrations filled her to the brim with pleasure. "When I'm finished... *I'll get so fucking massive*"

Moxxie redoubled his efforts, inspired by the mental vision of his wife built like an absolute unit. Millie moaned and pushed his head deeper into her crotch.

X~X~X~X~X

Go big or go home, that was Millie's motto these days. And home was not an option in her mind. No, she had to go big, the *biggest*.

"Ngh!" Her jaw was set as she tightly ground her teeth, her arms almost trembling as she pulled the cables of the chest machine with all her strength. They were almost trembling, struggling to lift the enormous plates as Trish kept increasing the weight. Her workout top was skintight due to the pumped state of her body, and the sweat seeping into the fabric, highlighting every corded muscle of her 5'7 frame.

"Keep going, babe." Trish prompted with zeal. "Show me how much you can do."

"Uck!" Her teeth bared and her eyes squeezed shut as the weight increased yet again, her arms were reaching their limit. *She* was reaching her limit.

And she couldn't allow it, she wouldn't.

"Wrath," She growled. "Now."

"Are you sure?" It wasn't admonishment or concern in Trish's voice, but mirth and teasing. "You already had plenty of doses today."

"I can handle it," Her eyes burned with intensity as she looked at her friend, who had a very infuriating grin on her face. "*Give it to me.*"

Trish merely chuckled and pulled out a vial of the sweet warrior ambrosia.

She tenderly placed her lips under Millie's chin, a tender caress, while the rest of Millie's body struggled to lift her lips as she poured the glass to her lips. Millie drank the Wrath Essence, taking in the power of hell deep within her as it pooled in her belly like magma, before its heat spread everywhere.

Millie gasped, and with newfound vigor, her efforts redoubled. The plates lifted up and down with great speed, clanking loudly as they hit the top of the rails before hitting the floor, only to rise again. And so on and so on.

Oh fuck the hell yeah. Millie thought as she felt the *good burn*. Feeling her muscles pump themselves full of that sweet inferno. Her arms steadily bulged larger, her legs inflated as veins pumped to the surface even harder, her thorax kept widening, while each and every last muscle in her body clenched and bulked up, the definition between them growing deeper.

Ri-Riiip. Went the threads of her top as her sweltering pectorals kept pushing outward, stretching the fabric until it began giving up. The way her striations carved themselves over the surface of her pecs made them look like jagged rocks grinding against each other.

The clank of the weights grew louder still.

Y-Yes, Millie sought that threshold of strength and pleasure with desperation, feeling her shorts rub against her increasingly wet crotch something fierce. The burn, the power in her muscles, it was too much. But she could still get more, get more power, more strength. Her bigger, bigger, bigger!

Her top split in half, unveiling the mighty pectorals and four rows of shredded abdominal muscles. Millie let out a loud guttural roar as her thick arms pulled with one last surge of strength, wrecking the machine to pieces as the weight impacted with such force they dented the metal and severed the cables.

Trish could only watch with an excited grin at the panting, sweaty, *bulging* form of her friend, whose torso flared with each deep breath. All that pumped flesh, all that deliciously ripped muscle. "You're gonna have to pay for that one."

"Don't care..." Millie roughly muttered with a wild grin as she stood up from the machine and walked up to the closest wall mirror. Her former top was a vest now, open to show her bare pectorals and hardened nipples. She casually finished ripping it off her person while staring at

her shorts, which looked more like a bikini at this point. She ripped those off too, uncaring that she got completely naked, the gym was closed, and the only people here were her and Trish.

Not that she would have minded an audience~.

“Fuuuuuuck...” Millie bit her lip as she slowly flexed her arms, marveling at the absolute level of beef she had achieved. She had to be six feet tall now, *almost* the same height as Trish’s empowered state. The way she destroyed that machine made her feel as though she could chuck boulders three times her size and wrestle with things *ten* times larger. “I feel so *fucking good*.” Shit, she was so turned on right now, watching her herculean physique rippling and bulging, aroused her to no end. She kept switching her poses to admire every part of her as best as she could, from the way her biceps inflated in a side chest, to her bulging legs with those throbbing quads that could crush metal between them. “So fucking hot...”

“You *are* fucking hot.” Trish agreed with a manic grin of her own, tracing her hands over her friend’s glorious musculature. The way her own muscles pulsated meant she was barely resisting growing with her, so the two could compare muscles. Right now, she was more interested in inspecting her progress in detail. “Look at you, a fucking champion of Wrath. If I had just a few more of you and we’d clear a hole battlefield ourselves.”

“Just a few?” Millie chuckled, making her pecs bounce up and down. “Honey, just the two of us are worth a full legion.”

“Yeeees.” Trish all but hissed, roughly pawing and squeezing Millie’s imposing muscles. “Oh, I can just imagine it, we’ll be a terror on the battlefield. Slaughtering through scores of the damn Hellspawns.”

“Yeah...” Millie closed her eyes, feeling tingles of pleasure jolt between her skin and her friend’s hands. “Oh yeah.” The devastation, the power she could bring, the *glory* of the fight...

“We can do it all, baby,” Trish muttered huskily, tracing her digits over Millie’s blocky eight-pack.

Millie bit her lip and fought back a moan. Fuck she just knew all the right ways to touch her, the way Trish’s tail crawled up her leg and...

What... what were they doing...?

Millie panted, looking with hazy eyes at Trish, who stood in front of her, her deft hands massaged her pecs and sent shivers of pleasure through her body. She slowly grew until their height matched, her muscles strained her clothes to the ripping point. Her friend, her inspiration, her goal, so strong, so beautiful and sexy...

Wait...

Millie felt drawn to those supple lips, to that damn sexy smirk.

"How about a match?" Trish muttered, oh so seductively. "Muscles bulging, veins throbbing, our bodies sweating, clashing against each other... until the sweat *release* of victory?"

Millie's lips trembled as their mouths drew closer.

Ye-

"No"

A sudden moment of clarity, and Millie put her hands on Trish's wide shoulders and pushed her away.

"Can't..." She panted, suddenly breathless. "We... it's not like that, Trish. I love my Moxxie."

Trish did not look insulted, offended, or even mad at the rejection. Her expression was one of realization and shame. "Oh," She muttered.

"Yeah," Millie said tersely.

"I'm..." Trish's mouth closed and opened several times as she tried to formulate the right words. "I'm... I'm so sorry, I let myself go. I'm- fuck." She stepped back, her body slowly deflating. "In the legion, we're all used to... we can die any day, so we just look for comfort and relief any chance we get. So we all... so a lot of us start viewing things differently. How it is with friends, lovers... relationships in general. We just go so casual it's..."

"I get it." Millie couldn't find it in her to be mad at her friend. Not when *she* got tempted like this. "I get it." Her body too shrunk to a much smaller yet pretty muscular state, now that the... tensions eased.

"Again, I am so sorry. Millie," Trish looked at her pleadingly. "I would *never* try to get between you and Moxxie, much less for something so... base and casual"

"It's alright," Millie said, raising a placating hand. "We can just... put this behind us"

Trish blinked repeatedly. "Okay"

The heavy silence stretched for a small eternity.

"You should," The legionnaire cleared her throat. "You should take a shower. I'll- I'll get you some clothes."

Millie's lips pursed into a thin line. "Thanks," And quickly walked away. The quicker she was out of Trish's presence, the better. Or else she didn't know what she'd do.

...No, that was a lie.

Millie knew exactly what she'd do with Trish if she remained in her presence any longer.

She barely realized she was in the showers until the water began to fall over her frame. Easing the tension in her muscles, but doing little to quell the fire that still raged inside her. How could she even *have* these thoughts? How could she even *consider* doing that to Moxxie?

Her sweet little Mox, whom she loved more than her own life.

And yet her loins still clamored at the possibility of a night with Trish.

Millie punched the wall, and the tiles cracked into a jagged spiderweb. "Fuck..." Her arm lined up against the wall as she leaned forward and rested her head on the forearm.

Her hand trembled, inching closer to her crotch, for there was only one way to quench the fire.

“Fuck,” Millie gritted her teeth as guilty pleasure flowed in waves, her hand moving back and forth. She moaned as her inner walls clenched around two fingers. “Fuck!”

The conflicting images of her husband, her most beloved man, surged through her mind at the same time as Trish, her friend and comrade, her sister-in-muscle. The tempo of her hand increased while her body spasmed as she quickly neared the swift, guilty release.

“Fuuuuuuuuck!” Millie cried out in shame as she climaxed in her hand, her legs giving out and falling to her knees. For all her strength, for all the sizeable muscles she had achieved, Millie felt oh so very weak in this moment. A weak, weak woman...

She hoped the sound of the shower masked her sobs.

X~X~X~X~X

The sobs had stopped, and once she returned home, they came back in force. Just one look at Moxxie, and all her willpower broke down. She was going to tell him, obviously, but she wanted to remain strong in front of him, not reduced to a sobbing mess who clung to the bed like a child.

What a pathetic sight she was. But that was the least of her shames.

Moxxie did not shout, did not cry, did not even raise her voice at her. He just sat next to her on the bed as she tightly held a pillow for comfort and let her vent it all. Every detail of her sordid tale.

“Why aren’t you angry?” She asked, her voice breaking. “After what I did...!”

“From what you said, you didn’t do anything.”

Curse him and his infinite patience.

“The fuck I didn’t!” She shouted, sitting up on the bed. Her eyes burned with tears even as she couldn’t quite look at him. “She was right in front of me and for a moment I almost... I wanted...!” She barely had the strength to repeat those words again.

“But you didn’t.” Moxxie placed his hand on hers and gently squeezed it. “Millie, you’re torturing yourself over something that didn’t happen.”

“That I was tempted in the first place doesn’t bother you?!” She was too upset to even grasp where this bout of understanding was coming from. If it were her, she’d go all fire and brimstone.

Moxxie did not look particularly bothered. His voice was even a bit sardonic. “What, are you gonna leave me for her? Did you suddenly fall in love with her?”

“Of course not!” And that was the strongest truth in her heart. “Never in a million years would I leave you.”

“And that’s why I’m not upset.” The male imp replied. “Because what we have is deeper than any attraction any of us could feel for other people. Millie, I am *never* threatened by anybody coming between us. Nor is that something I fear one day happening, because that is not us. That is not you, you hear me?”

His words helped comfort her very troubled heart. “Yeah,” She sniffed, managing a small smile. “I hear ya... Thank you, Moxxie.”

He merely smiled at her as she leaned her head on his shoulder, taking solace in their proximity as he let her know everything would be okay. Hell, what did she ever do to deserve a guy like him?

“So,” Moxxie clicked his tongue as his gaze shifted, trying to look for the right words. “Let’s not mince words, you are attracted to Trish.”

Millie let out a long, weary sigh as she removed her head from his shoulder and sat at the edge of the bed. “Yeah, I... fuck, I don’t know how it started. The more she trained me, the spars, the stories of the constant fighting. It was all so... raw and primal. I didn’t even realize it was happening until that moment.”

Moxxie found it in himself to chuckle. "Well, seems I'm not the only bisexual in this marriage."

Millie would have given him a half-hearted punch in the shoulder were she not afraid she'd accidentally break him. "Yeah, yeah, not how I wanted to find out either." Oh shit, was that what Meela meant that one time?

Fucking succubi, knowing things about yourself before you do...

"I'll have to stop seeing her," Millie said decisively, though not lightly. "It's gonna be so awkward from now on. It's best if I just... cut things here and now."

"Or..." Moxxie scratched his cheek. "You could get it out of your system."

It took a few seconds for his meaning to register, and when it did, Millie slowly turned her head to give him a look as dry as Wrath's deserts. "You are such a man," She muttered. "Thinking about me and her going at it gets you hot? Is that it? Bet you wouldn't be singing the same tune if it were a guy..."

"Millie," Moxxie said with a severe level of seriousness. "The thought of you riding another guy's dick is just as hot as the thought of you going down on Trish."

At that, Millie's jaw dropped.

"And I'm serious. You think I haven't imagined what a beast of a woman like you can do when she's *at her biggest*, manhandling any lucky sap that catches her fancy? Because the thought of my wife, and the absolute *beefcake* she became, dominating other people like she dominates me, is honestly something I've been fantasizing about for a while. Baby, I cannot properly articulate how fucking sexy that would be. I don't care if you're blowing another guy, taking it from behind, or (most preferably) riding him like a horse-

"Okay, okay, I get it!" Millie quickly ended his rant before she got any more aroused from it. Christ on a stick, the knowledge that Moxxie was okay with such things, and given by the rising state of the bulge in his pants, he was *more* than just okay with it. "Fucking hell, Mox, where did this come from?"

"Heh," He chuckled awkwardly (oh, now he felt awkward...). "Well, once you started getting big enough, and when you kept throwing me against the wall," he cleared his throat. "I had

this passing thought; 'Wonder how she looks dominating other people?' And... it kinda became its own thing that got me going too."

Millie blinked a few times. "Okay, I'm... processing."

"You remember I'm bisexual, right?" He felt the need to point it out, even though it had been recently brought up.

"Yeah," Millie said crisply. "Yeah, just... never really thought of ourselves as that kind of couple. I mean, we've kept Blitz away for that very reason."

"To be fair, that's because it's *Blitz*." Her husband deadpanned. "I'd swallow nails before doing it with him."

"Yeeeah, he's a great pal, but I wouldn't really go that way with him." Not like she wanted to go with Trish...

The two fell into a bit of an uncomfortable silence after that.

"So that's something new about us," Millie finally said in a weak attempt to break the tension. She looked at her husband, trying to find *any* sort of uncertainty that would keep her from going along with this. "Are you... sure about this, Mox? I don't want to make a mistake and hurt us."

"You said it yourself, you're not in love with Trish, you just want to do it with her." He held her hand again. "And honey, whatever makes you happy makes me happy too. Besides," He grinned at her saucily. "I did tell you everything you are, everything you do, is my fetish."

"Oh, Mox," Millie couldn't help but shudder, drawing him closer into her muscular arms. "Here I was tormenting myself when we could have talked about it like adults." She gave him a soft kiss. "And... well, if you don't mind, I guess I myself don't mind the thought of your giving it to another gal." She bit the corner of her lip. "Or guy. Or taking it from a guy. *Or gal*," They still had those toys after all.

A very playful growl escaped his lips. "Oh, we've opened up a whole bunch of kinks for us, haven't we?"

“Ohhh, the ideas are flowing.” She grinned wildly. “So... I’ll go talk to Trish then, see what she thinks.”

“That’d be best-Uuf!” He huffed when he suddenly found himself pinned to the ground.

His athletic wife slowly grew larger on top of him.

“Right after I show you how happy I am to have such an attentive husband~”

X~X~X~X~X

After spending time with her beloved husband, and mustering up the courage, Millie went to Trish’s apartment. Which, conveniently, was in the same building where she had her gym. Trish lived where she worked after all, she preferred it that way.

Her dreadlock-haired friend looked so surprised when she opened the door, her expression shifting through a fast range of emotions that all mingled with each other. “M-Millie!” She said, her voice a bit high-pitched. “Hi! What-What’s up?” She tried to sound casual, and failed.

“We need to talk.”

Her face fell, and she sighed. “Yeah, yeah, okay. We do. Come on in.”

Millie did so, and as soon as Trish locked the door behind her, she began apologizing. “Again, I am so sorry for the other day. After having so many open relationships in the legion, I forget that most people do things differently. I should have realized your marriage isn’t like that. It’s just that I already consider you a comrade, so it was easy for me to mistake-“

She could have continued her rant had Millie not stopped her. “I talked to Moxxie,” She said. “And we cleared some things.”

“O-Oh?” Trish blinked a few times. “Like what?”

“That I really have the hots for you, and yes, I want to sleep with you,” Millie said without preamble. “Moxxie agrees that I should”

Now Trish looked both lost and surprised. “I, *really?*”

“Yup.” Millie popped the ‘p’ at the end. “I can’t lie and say I don’t feel this way. Fuck, things have gotten so raw between us that I fear this won’t just go away.”

“To say the least...”

“But!” Millie raised a finger. “Before any of that, you and I are gonna clear things up too; Understand?”

“Of course!” Trish quickly nodded, showing she wanted to make her friend comfortable with all this, and she would respect her boundaries.

“First of all,” She kept that same finger up. “You and I have the hots for each other, but that’s all we feel. You’re a good friend, I care about you and respect you. The fact that I want to jump your bones doesn’t make this anything more. Moxxie’s the only one who has my heart, so don’t get any ideas.”

“None, I promise!” Trish raised her hands placatingly. “Trust me, I feel the same. And I’d never come between you and Moxxie.” She chuckled, “Not that anyone could anyway. You two are like the textbook definition of a happy marriage.”

“Which brings me to the other point,” She raised another finger. “Moxxie ain’t gonna be hanging out to dry. He gets in on this too from time to time; he deserves more than one amazon imp showing him the time of his life.”

Trish slowly nodded, “...I won’t lie. I have fantasized about the three of us doing it together, too,” She grinned. “Especially with the two of us in our boosted state.”

“Good.” Millie nodded, satisfied. “Glad we could talk about this like adults.”

“Yeah,” Trish agreed. “I’m happy too.”

The two fit imps stared at each other for a moment.

Before throwing themselves at each other's arms, their lips all but slamming together with the force of potent repressed arousal and attraction unleashed at long last.