

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

It was a typical morning in the Hazbin Hotel. As 'typical' as it could be in the establishment. Nifty went on her cleaning spree and pest extermination. Guests checked in and out; some days were better than others, but thankfully, Charlie was undeterred. She always welcomed the day with gusto and a song on her lips. Already designing multiple trust and group therapy exercises during breakfast.

Said breakfast involved a giant bowl of rainbow-colored flakes swimming in milk, which she devoured by the spoonful. The sight of the large and imposingly muscular princess of hell enjoying her fruity dish was as amusing as it was endearing to Vaggie, a similarly large and powerfully built woman.

"So I was thinking," Charlie said with her mouth full. Her crimson bathrobe tightened against her whenever she moved her arm to grab another spoonful of cereal. "Maybe exercise could be a good thing for Sinners! Physical therapy is important too!"

Vaggie hummed to herself as she crossed her legs. Contrasting her girlfriend's attire, her nightgown revealed her long, muscular limbs freely. "Not what 'physical therapy' means." She said, drawing the cup of coffee close to her lips. "But maybe working out can do some people good."

"Ohhhh, it's also a trust exercise! What's more trustworthy than having a spotter you know won't drop the weight on your throat!"

The fallen angel shook her head, amused, taking a sip of her coffee as she switched channels, stopping at the news to catch up on the day.

She wished she hadn't, as the annoying soundtrack of Vox News instantly soured her mood.

"-with our special guest, Glacier of the Treachery Circle!"

Charlie choked, and Vaggie spat her coffee.

A bestial-looking demon with a wry figure came into view, complete with tacky scenery and a frozen throne of ice. His form was spiky, with ice-like spikes all over his body, and a long maw

filled with razor-sharp teeth. He was an old demon, not in appearance, not even in posture. But you could feel it in his nature, even if his behavior did not reflect it.

“Well, hello all you stuck-up denizens of Pride!” He spoke with a loud, exuberant voice and a wide grin, like he loved hearing himself talk.

Charlie knew for a fact he did.

“It is me, everyone’s favorite big cheese of Treachery, coming to you live with an offer of a lifetime!” He leaned as the camera zoomed in. *“Lot of talk here these days about ladies trying to become the strongest fighters in the Rings! From the fighters in the Legions’ frontlines to the gangbangers on the streets, we’re swimming with amazons these days! And I, for one, am curious as to who exactly we can call the strongest~.”*

“Oh, what is he planning?” Charlie rumbled, knowing nothing good would come out of this.

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Nothing good, thought Carmilla as she stared at the screen.

Glacier had a reputation, a wildcard of a demon who went by the beat of his own drum. You could never tell what his goals were, or what he’d truly do to achieve them. He was a denizen of Treachery after all. You’d have to be a fool to trust, or even make deals with, the demons of the Circle.

One thing the arms dealer knew for certain was the fact that many Sinners and demons were growing in power and size these days... and she was partially to blame.

Her research had led to one of the most popular compounds that had found its way to the black market (a leaky pipe she was desperate to fix, but the damage had been done). Inspired by the Wrath Legion’s stimulants to empower their champions, she had developed it on a commission, and partly to have an ace up her sleeve in case it was ever necessary.

Sometimes you couldn’t rely on steel to protect your territory or your people. You had to count on your own flesh.

“So in collaboration with Vox-Tec, I’m hosting a grand ceremony worthy of Satan’s Hell-wide famed trials! A competition for ladies of all stripes and ranks to join and show all the Circles what they’re made of!”

If his reputation was anything to go by, then Glacier had just the thing to tempt them.

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“We’re talking giant monsters, we’re talking beasts taken from the wilds of Wrath and Violence. Robots made with the finest tech available in lust, built by the cheapest possible labor in Greed!”

“Alright,” Millie nodded to herself, pausing mid pull-up as she stared at the TV. “This could be fun.”

“Right?” Trish added with a grin. “Been a while since I entered any competition. Wouldn’t mind getting the chance to crack a few skulls.”

Sitting on the corner of the gym, Barbie curled her biceps to explosive effects, making the arms bulge with girth as veins throbbed to the surface. She looked interested in the announcement, feeling this could be a chance to make a better name for herself.

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“And what do you get out of it? Why, you get to be famous as the strongest fighters in all of hell!” Glacier laughed shrilly. *“Just kidding, fame ain’t worth shit if you don’t get the cash to go with it. You’ll be swimming in souls to buy all the weird shit you’re into!”*

“There’s gotta be more to it than that.” Charlie mused suspiciously as she and her girlfriend watched with rapt attention.

“But that’s for the pussy shit losers who get that ugly bronze and embarrassing silver!” He jumped out of his throne and extended his arms with manic enthusiasm. *“The winner will get to be the truly strongest lady in all of hell... because the first prize will be my one and only, the original, the true source of power in all of Hell... a BUNCH of my special blend of Qlipoth Extract!”*

And there it was.

The thing that would get every power-hungry lunatic lady out there to join the competition.

How to celebrate being crowned as the strongest in Hell?

By getting that which would make you even stronger.

“So, make sure to register for this tournament, and get ready for the most badass competition of all time!” The demon of Treachery said with a loud cheer. *“I wanna see some action, baby!”*

The segment cut back to Vox, ready to brag about all the facilities and challenges designed by his company. To which Vaggie quickly turned off the TV to avoid exacerbating her headache.

It would be a *nightmare*. Qlipoth extract was dangerous at the best of times, but giving a bunch of it as a reward? It was insane. There was no guarantee it would fall into the right hands, or that those right hands wouldn't just *explode* because of the power overload.

This was bound to sow chaos... most likely what that jerk Glacier wanted.

“We can't let this happen,” Vaggie said defiantly.

“We definitely can't.” The princess vehemently agreed. “We have to stop this from spiraling out of control, but it's not like we know where he's storing his potions.”

“I could just beat it out of him.”

“And then we'll never find them!” Charlie exclaimed, throwing her hands up. “I know how he does things, Vaggie. He may be a total ass, but at least he's smart enough to plan ahead...”

The fallen grunted as she stood up, pacing around the room with her hands resting on her hips. “What are we supposed to then?”

The princess pursed her lips as her gaze shifted, pondering the possible courses of action. Direct confrontation was impossible; Treachery folk always sneaked their way out of trouble, lying and tricking even the higher-ups of Hell. You could always trust them to lie about everything.

God knows how he got Vox to play along. Maybe the Overlord was overconfident enough to think he could outscheme someone born from Treachery itself.

Even if she got her dad to tell him to back off and stop this thing, nothing was stopping Glacier from taking it *underground*.

There was only one solution to this, really.

“We have to join.” Vaggie looked back at her with surprise. “If we want to stop whatever Glacier and Vox are cooking up, we need to play their game. Win the competition, and get all the Qlipoth they have before someone else gets it.”

“He’s a *liar*,” Vaggie pointed out. “They *both* are. Why would they even give so much Qlipoth if they’re sitting on it?”

“It’s not like anyone can take it. But Glacier doesn’t care; he’s counting on people being desperate enough to take it, probably better in his eyes if they explode.” Charlie shook her head. “Old demons may be a lot of things, but even they have to keep their word about something like this. If not... well, we can always beat it out of him.”

Vaggie looked at her for a moment before sighing. “This is a bad idea.”

“But you’re with me?” She squared her shoulders in a cutesy way, even with her muscles in the way.

The fallen looked at her with adoration before walking up to her. “As if you even need to ask.” And gave her a tender kiss.

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This was going to be a damn *disaster*, Carmilla thought as she leaned over her desk with her fingers interlocked in front of her mouth.

The multiple power-boosting drugs running around were already a mess she was trying to contain within her own territory. She lost count of the fools who thought they could become the new Overlord and take over her holdings just because they got a taste of power. Carmilla was a seasoned lord who owned hundreds of thousands of souls, of which those contracts empowered her greatly, far more than those roid heads could achieve just by getting large. Brawn was no substitute for the magic she wielded from all those souls.

But what Glacier promised, if he was telling the truth... potential gallons of Qlipoth Extract, the unholy fruit of Hell itself.

Overlords had been born from consuming that fruit. Some of the original lines of Goetia were sired by demons who partook of such power.

He threatened to unleash a damn plague in Pride just for his own amusement. War would flood the streets for a taste of might.

Carmilla feared who could win such a prize. Either someone who'd hoard it all to herself, or spread it through the streets to create an army that would change the balance of power.

Had it been her fault? Had she started this?

Her original drug was based on research from Qlipoth remnants. Once she had started enhancing some of her soldiers, that foolish doll Veltette decided to copy her work and create her own batch to counter her forces.

Those damn Vees, always playing with things they didn't understand without care for long-term consequences.

...But the same could be said about her, couldn't it?

Had she been more careful, then perhaps...

No, she couldn't waste time moping. Carmilla had to *plan*.

She could not allow a single drop of Qlipoth to fall onto unworthy hands.

She needed to win the tournament. But who to send? She had women she had boosted with her own Pasyr potions, loyal soldiers who would do their utmost to secure the prize for her.

But it wasn't enough; Carmilla was not comfortable leaving this matter for other people to solve.

She had... other options.

The Overlord took a long breath and sighed, venting out her frustrations through her nostrils. "Maldición..." She muttered, rubbing the bridge of her nose.

Could she do this? Should she?

"Desperate times." She said to herself, opening a drawer on her desk and taking out a small box.

A simple flex of her magic and the seal opened, recognizing its owner. Inside was a vial filled with a glowing purple liquid.

A special bath of her Pasyr, multiple times stronger than the average dose. One she had kept in reserve for her... personal use should the need arise.

She held the vial in her hands, twirling it around as she pondered, wondering if she should stick with this course of action. She turned to look at a picture of her daughters, fearing what would become of them if someone more powerful than her were to come along. Knocking down her door to destroy everything she owned.

She dreaded to think what would happen if someone like *Velvette* won all that Qlipoth.

Why was she hesitating? She threw herself at angels to protect her beloved children. Carmilla wasn't going to let a spoiled brat or any arrogant jumped-up Sinner or demon pose any threat to herself or her family.

With a growl, Carmilla stood up, knocking her chair backward as she popped the cork and tilted the vial to her lips.

She swallowed the potion in just a few gulps.

She panted, placing the vial back on the box, and walked around the desk. Carmilla mentally prepared herself as she knew what was about to happen. She had seen it multiple times with everyone who had consumed the potion. The effects were going to be... intense.

Joining her hands together, Carmilla took a deep breath and slowly let it out.

She felt a rhythmic pulse of magic emerge from the depths of her core as the potion settled in her stomach. She had to keep it steady, guide it slowly through-

“Ah!” Carmilla gasped as her eyes snapped open.

The pulses became violent and erratic, coursing through her like sudden bolts of electricity, making her hair stand on end.

This pressure, this power... it was far more than she could have foreseen. She had watched so many women grow in power and girth, heard their cries of pleasure as they lost themselves to the throes of power.

As an Overlord, she thought she was beyond that. That she could handle it with more discipline and control.

But this? It was *overwhelming*.

She thought she knew power; she commanded hundreds of thousands of souls who empowered her in turn. Yet she had never felt them course through her own being so vigorously.

The potion flooded every nerve, seeped into the last cell of her body.

And made her *bloom*.

“Ngh!” She grunted and bit her lip as her clothes tightened around her. God, the pain... it felt like her body was tearing itself apart and rebuilding instantly after. Yet the rush of energy flowing through her made it feel pleasurable at the same time.

Her hands shakily untangled, slowly clenching as the muscles underneath her gloves swelled until the steams strained audibly. The fabric started highlighting the various muscle groups as they began taking shape, strong and firm with raw power building inside every crevice.

“Ohhh!” Carmilla threw her head back and groaned painfully as her poor legs were being constricted by the long, criss-crossed ballerina shoelaces. Quads and legs spilled over the openings and surged with mass, straining the fabric of her stockings to the breaking point while her shoelaces groaned in protest.

Her dress grew a couple of sizes smaller with the spread of her back and the swelling of her chest muscles. The buttons snapped from the sheer force applied by her growing bust. Every single inch of her attire looked like it was fighting for its own survival.

But it was a lost cause.

“Ahhh!” Carmilla howled as her dress began ripping all over, tearing itself apart as the muscles pushed in every direction. Seams opened with loud rips, deltoids and sweltering biceps pushed through her sleeves as her shoelaces snapped into multiple pieces, and her stockings unraveled to show her enormous and powerful legs brimming to the brink with corded muscles.

Her back tore the fabric in half, revealing the grey skin etched with the most flawless definition amidst the bulging muscles. Pecs pushed out with raw strength, turning stone-like with their raw hardness and density. Cobblestone abs jutted out of her stomach, helping rip apart the fabric around her core while her lats tore large openings above.

“*Dios mio!*” Carmilla swore, stumbling back as her feet came free of her very tight shoes. She held her head in her hands and violently shook it from side to side, arching her entire body and accidentally undid the long, horns of hair, unraveling into a wild mane. “*Me quemo, mierda me quemo!*”

The heat inside her burned like the fury of hell itself. The energy pulsed in every pore, every inch of her growing amazonian figure. She had never experienced power or pleasure like this before.

“Ahhh! *Me vengo!*” Carmilla cried out euphorically as her arms clenched next to her face, hunching over as her figure kept swelling and pushing the last remnants of her clothing to their limit. “C-Can’t contain it... I’m gonna...!”

The Overlord’s spine arched forward as she thrust out her chest, flexing her arms to the side and *flaring* her entire form with a magnificent display of muscle. The bits of fabric blew away in multiple directions, falling around her like confetti as Carmilla’s gloriously muscular form became fully nude.

She cried out with euphoria as the orgasm coursed through her at long last, with her release came the feelings of power, of invincibility. She stood naked under the lights of her office, feeling like she could take all of Hell.

And no one would ever dare come between her and her family.

She’d make sure all of Hell knew that in the competition.

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“Well, I gotta hand it to you.” Holographic screens flew around the overlord in a circle, displaying all sorts of data which the TV-headed man absorbed at great speed. It wasn’t just because of his demonic nature or abilities, Vox was *that* good at going over data, ratings, and the fast world of information. He had always been, back when he was alive. “You sure know how to draw an audience. Website’s *flooding* with registrations for the tournament.”

His ‘guest’ spun around on the chair in front of his desk. “Eh, it ain’t that difficult. 50% is the prize. Then it’s 30% showmanship, and 20% fetish allure.”

Oh, that Vox was well aware, big muscle mommies were all the rage lately. This was just another market trend he could use for his own ends. Not like he hadn’t done it before, there were all those vore-targeted ads a few years ago when *that* one was popular.

Though he had to admit, it did turn him off from eating for a while...

People were freaks in hell.

Well, it was hell anyway, what else did he expect?

Sinners were *easy* to predict and understand. Hellborn were just as simple, if not more so. Creatures born of instincts with a particular sin imbued into their very souls. To the point you could safely generalize their behaviors and wants. To a TV man like himself, that was the dream. It gave him ample opportunity to play on his audience, convince them to buy what he sold them, and watch what he broadcast.

Though some were a bit more complicated than others.

Like his current business partner, Glacier.

Spinning around in his chair, bearing a wide, toothy grin while looking very excitedly through his phone at people going nuts over his announcement.

Never trust a demon from Treachery, that was a common saying in Hell. They lived and breathed lies, always scheming for their own benefit and looking for the right opportunity to screw everyone else.

Most would say doing business with one was idiocy itself.

But that's the thing: Vox was a liar, too.

He knew how to handle liars.

When Glacier came to him with the offer, he asked all the right questions to get as much information from him as possible, piecing together what was true or not.

'Hell's been too boring lately, nothing's worse than boredom for immortals!'

'I just wanna see people kick the shit out of each other for fun!'

'I'm running out of fap material and wanted to get new footage!'

Vox could trust that Glaciar was bored and just wanted to have fun. From his reputation, the lunatic acted on pure impulses and wanted nothing more than to see Hell fall into disorder for now rhyme and reason. Simply because he found chaos more appealing than stagnation.

He figured his prize was meant to sow chaos in the Pride Ring, just to give the Overlords more weapons to fight, give sinners and hellborn the right tools to upset the established order. And to give Lucifer a big headache.

That served him just fine. What Vox cared about was the *opportunity*.

Qlipoth, the hellish counterpart to Ambrosia. A great source of power for any denezins of Hell... provided they didn't explode from sheer overload.

Nine canisters. *Nine* extracts of the Hellish fruit were the prize for Glaciar's competition!

And the madman was willing to part with them.

"You gotta be the dumbest motherfucker alive to give away such treasure." Vox had deadpanned when he first heard the offer.

"Or maybe the smartest!" Glaciar had countered with a wide grin.

Of course, not everyone could use this batch. The alchemy in them was designed to work on women.

Vox knew. He had a guy try a tiny dosage.

They were still cleaning the room where he blew up.

Glaciar had made this game in particular to draw out the little princess. He wanted Morningstar to enter the competition and fight.

For what purpose? Vox wasn't sure yet. But he didn't care; he could still use it to his advantage.

"You got everything set for the tournament, my man?" The icy demon asked the Overlord.

"Almost ready. Arena is finishing construction, and the robots are coming out fresh from the assembly line." Vox said as he brought up the schematics and photos of the building and the machines in question. "Plus all that other stuff that looks like a mix of Ninja Warrior and Indiana Jones. Very original..."

"Ssssssssweet!"

"Now," Vox leaned forward, intertwining his fingers under his TV head. "I trust you'll keep up our end of the deal?"

Glacier gasped. "Ohhh Vox, what kind of demon do you take me for?!" The *Treachery* demon recoiled aghast.

Vox rose a digital brow.

"Fair," He then laughed. "Yeah, I wouldn't trust me either. Honestly, I'm surprised you did in the first place."

"I'm a businessman!" Vox laughed as he threw up his hands, shrugging. "Sometimes the best ventures are the risky ones."

"True that!" His icy smile spread all the more. "You know, I used to think Overlords were a bunch of rubes who are way in over their heads!"

He paused, giving no sign of continuing.

"But?"

“But what?” Glacier tilted his head.

“Riiiiight,” Vox was just gonna ignore that. “Back to my point. *Our deal?*”

“Sure, sure, sure.” Glacier waved it off. “Of the nine canisters, *one* goes to your team for you to experiment as you see fit. I already gave it to your little fashion witch, didn’t I?”

Hmph, well, here’s hoping Velvette was making progress with it already.