

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

For as much as she posed for the cameras, indulging the paparazzi and fans with pictures and signatures, the truth was that Verosika Mayday valued her privacy. The fact that she'd been able to host multiple annual parties to hate on particular guy and keep them invite only said a lot about her ability to keep things on the down low.

A simple shapeshift to turn her hair short and black, keep herself pretty but not too much (an ugly succubus would gather more attention than a pretty one), a slight re-arrange of her features (bit shorter horns, thinner lips), and nobody would be able to tell it was her in disguise. It allowed her to just walk around, have a coffee or do whatever without being hounded by the annoying press. Or deranged fans.

She'd rather not have Vortex bury more bodies. Her ditch was running out of space.

Under the guise of 'Marianne', the currently shapeshifted succubus-pop star wore tight yoga pants and a sports bra that adjusted perfectly to her figure, carrying a bag under her arm, as she walked through Pentagram City's western district (and on a city meant to house millions upon millions of Sinners, a district might as well be the size of a medium-sized city by itself), heading toward a specific location, a gym. The gym was decently-sized, not very transited given the relatively calmness of the neighborhood, barely a dozen demons inside.

The place was cozy, remote, and most importantly it wasn't a place that people would think to look for Verosika.

Sure, she could go to grander and better equipped gyms that doubled as spa. Lust certainly had the ones with the best service (contrasting Wrath's which was a never-ending chorus of grunting meathead who thought 'massage' meant 'drop heavy rocks on my back'). Her regular gym had become very tedious, with Mammom's agents hounding her for business propositions, following her everywhere. So Verosika went out of her way to find a nice quiet place to work out.

Even a succubus had to put the effort to remain *this* good looking.

And... something to keep her body in check when getting off the drugs.

She shoved those thoughts away as she entered the gym. Not bad, good selection of machines, well kept, and a distinctive lack of paparazzi and business representatives. All in all, not bad.

The sights weren't bad either, Verosika decided with a bite of her lip as she stared at a lovely female imp with curled ram-like horns who squatted down a large bar over her shoulder. Wearing a tank top and shorts let the succubus see how well defined the cute thing's muscles were. Had to be a Wrathian to pack such nice definition in that four-something foot frame. The soft breaths escaping the imp's lips were delightful, and there was something very alluring in her diligence with the weights.

Her Lust instinctively came to surface. "Not skipping leg day, I see" She said with a teasing tone.

The imp let out a short laugh. "Never"

"It's impressive" She said, sauntering over to the imp. "How much weight is that?"

Another huff, another rep. "Eighty kilograms" Then her voice came back flirtatious just as Verosika's. "Enjoying the show?"

The succubus grinned. "Am I gonna have to pay?"

"For you, honey, it's free" The imp huffed and set the bar over its rack once more.

Hmm, was it just her or was there something familiar about this imp. She had been a bit too distracted by the muscles to notice but-

The imp turned around, swiping the sweat off her forehead and Verosika's heart skipped a beat.

Barbie. Blitz's sister. Her rehab 'buddy'.

Shit shit shit. She was too worried about being found out that she didn't have time to panic over having flirted with her ex's sister (that'd come *later*). It was okay, she just had to gently turn tone down the flirting, go about her day. It'd be fine, she was using a disguise. No way Barbie was skilled enough in magic to pick up on it.

The imp stretched and smiled at her. "So what's your name, cutie-" She stopped, frowning. She turned up her nose and sniffed the air a few times... reminding her of Vortex when he picked up something.

Barbie's face shifted through multiple emotions. "Verosika?"

Her cover blown, she acted fast and bent over, putting a hand on the imp's lips. "Shhhhh!"

"Hmfphf?" She let out a muffled and confused response.

"I don't want people to know I'm here, okay?" She hissed, looking around to make sure they weren't drawing attention. "So don't tell anyone"

"Mky mky!" Verosika sighed in relief and removed her hand. "What gives, why are you sneaking around?"

"Paparazzi, Mammon's mooks, creepy fans, take your pick" Verosika glared at her. "What I want to know is how you knew it was me"

"Your perfume" Barbie said, a touch smug. "The one you *always* use? Hell, you used that one in rehab even"

Asmodeous's 'Cum To Me' Number 4. Her absolute favorite brand.

Curse you, beauty products...

Pinching the bridge of her nose, the succubus groaned. "Okay, well it's been nice seeing you Barb. But I gotta go find another gym-"

"Why though?" She shrugged. "Only one who knows it's you is me, and I ain't snitching"

“Really?” Verosika droned, crossing her arms under her bust. “The Barb I remember never wasted a chance to either bribe the orderlies, or scam them out of their money, or both somehow”

“Hmph” She crossed her own set of toned limbs right back at her. “Well, the Barb you knew went through some... changes. Trying to, ya know?”

Those words struck a chord with her, reminding her of Barbie’s brother.

Hmph, these damn imps...

“Working out to stay off drugs?” She asked.

“Partly” Barbie suddenly lit up, grinning as she took Verosika’s hands. “Ohhh you gotta meet the owner, she’s why I’ve started hitting the weights. Trust me, one meet and you’ll want to stay”

Eh, what did she have to lose?

Barbie guided her through the gym until they reached the area all the way to the back and the posing mirrors. There she saw another imp, but not just *any* imp.

She was *ripped*. With firm large thighs, blocky rows of abdominal muscles that coiled with each heavy breath, and a pair of *amazing* arms that bulged and writhed with hungry veins with each repetition of the absurdly large dumbbells she held.

Now, Verosika as a succubus was into a lot of things. Muscles were just one of those. But there was more to this imp than her shredded crossfit-worthy figure. It wasn’t the five feet of height, or the tangled dreadlocks of her hair where two sharp horns sprouted from.

Because she was a succubus she could feel a certain degree of emotions in others, mostly lust, but if something was sufficiently touched by passion then she could get a good grasp on it too. And this woman was training not just for her body, it was pure definitive *drive*. Passion to hone herself into a powerful weapon, her body being a tool, a catalyst to focus that pure willpower. She exuded confidence and brimmed with allure because of it.

In short, she was *fucking hot*.

“Who. Is. That?” Verosika’s grin widened with each word.

Barbie grinned back. “Trish, the owner. Who is currently lifting *one hundred kilos on each hand*” She nudged her. “Not bad for an imp huh?”

Trish kept grunting, her face twisting in delightful agony as the reps continued, pushing through the burn.

Verosika licked her lips. “Oh honey, she isn’t any imp. There’s something about her”

“Weeeell” Barbie said. “Could be the fact she was part of the Wrath Legions down in the lowest levels.”

Verosika’s lust was cut off by surprise. “The lowest levels? But that’s-“

“The Abyss, yeah”

The succubus blinked slowly and once more looked back at the ripped imp. “Holy shit, she fought in the front lines?” Imps often did of course, Wrathian legionnaire imps were auxiliary per order of Satan but... to have survived long enough to be granted leave spoke volumes of her prowess.

It was rare to see imps who survived that chaos.

Verosika was *intrigued*.

The dumbbells hit the ground with a loud *clang*. And Trish huffed, slowly recovering her breathing before taking a long gulp from her water bottle and splashing herself with the rest.

Oh *baby*, Verosika felt the compulsion to pin her down and rode her until the imp saw stars.

Little ripped badass machine walked over to them, smiling jovially. "Hey Barb, finished your set?"

"Yup!" Barbie waved a hand at the succubus. "This here's uh-" She stammered for a moment.

"Marianne" Verosika quickly said, reaching out to shake her hand. "Nice to meet you"

Trish took it, "A pleasure"

"Oh it *will be*"

Trish merely chuckled, clearly used to dealing with her kind. "So, you a friend of Barbie?"

"You could say that" Verosika shrugged. "Didn't expect to run into her honestly, was a... pleasant surprise"

"Marianne here wants to join" The other imp said, placing her arms akimbo. "How about it, chief? Think you can show her the ropes?"

"Ropes, handcuffs, chains, I'm all up for it" Verosika chuckled. "I'm down for *anything*"

"Keep it in your pants" Barbie droned.

"No"

Trish laughed, "Well if you wanna turn give some muscle to those curves of yours then you've come to the right place. If you're looking for some coaching then be warned, I do not take it easy on newbies"

Barbie laughed, part awkwardly part haunted. "She does not..."

"If it means getting to know you better, sweet thing" Verosika grinned, "Then I'm all for it"

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Ancestors and all the primordials, Trish was giving her the pounding of her life.

And *not* in a good way.

The imp lady was relentless in her teachings, constantly hounding Verosika and pushing her to train harder. If she wasn't sweating buckets and turning her limbs to jelly through sheer exhaustion then she wasn't training hard enough.

Bicep curls, squats, treadmill, jumping jacks, pushups, sit ups, Trish made her do *everything*.

"Keep it up, sunshine!" Trish barked like a drill sergeant in boot camp. "You know what we call wimps like you on the front lines? Snacks! Because the damn beasts would eat you whole in one bite! So you better get your buff on!" She shouted right next to her ear, hanging from Verosika's back to add more weight as she struggled to pull her chin over the bar. She'd have enjoyed those strong legs around her waist if this were any other moment.

Part of her wanted to quit, this training was grueling and challenging, far more than what being a pop-star demanded of her. She didn't sign up for full on crossfit, she just wanted to work out in peace.

But quitting felt... too easy. A simple way out. How many times had she quit rehab for a moment of inebriety? It felt easy to dull out the pain and shame with whatever poison she could get in her body.

But then that idiot had to apologize, and hating him and blaming him didn't come as easy anymore. Drinking herself silly or injection or smoking something wouldn't do her any good, she saw that.

As demanding as it was, training under Trish was simpler in a way, it kept her mind busy and her body in shape. Purging all the damage done to it one rep at the time.

Her break finally came, with Trish hopping off her back, Verosika collapsed on the ground and heaved heavily. Trish smiled down at the succubus: "Alright, take five"

Verosika mumbled in return, idly accepting the water bottle offered to her. As she slowly regained her bearings she sat up on the mood, drinking greedily from bottle before looking to her right.

Barbie was on the benchpress a couple of machines away. It was honestly very impressive how much she had progressed, from what Verosika understood she had been training under Trish for some time, that soldier knew her stuff as Barbie looked like she could enter a fitness competition. Lower tiers perhaps, but the imp's body was definitely going from fit to muscular.

It was an alluring sight, how she put in the effort and made those muscles work. But it still felt a bit awkward considering she was her *ex's* sister.

Hey, she was a succubus. She was into a lot of things but she still had her limits. There was a lot of complicated history there.

It was honestly... inspiring, to see Barbie put all that effort. To build herself back up after suffering so much in rehab. She remembered a very angry, very bitter thing so full of herself. Their 'friendship' had been tenuous sometimes (if their dislike for Blitz being the only thing pulling them together), but she was honestly happy to see her-

Barbie suddenly stopped, putting the bar on the rack and quickly sitting up, starting at her shaking hands with apprehension and mild panic. "Shit..."

-completely lose her shit.

She hurried to the bathroom, thinking she wasn't being follow (few people on the gym today) but Verosika wasn't going to ignore that. She knew that expression Barbie pulled, she recognized the signs. Craving, withdrawal.

Barbie was using again.

Oh Lucifer no. Verosika stomped angrily to the bathroom, entering and locking the door behind her. There she found Barbie leaning over one of the sinks, gripping the marble tightly as she stared at her own reflection, her face twitching and going through a series of emotions. Shock and panic gripped her when she looked at the succubus.

"Verosika" She muttered, lightly panting.

“Where is it?” She demanded. “Where are you keeping your stash?”

“Stash? I’m not-“

“Oh yeah, and all that shivering is because you’re cold” Verosika dryly replied, crossing her arms. “I can tell you’re using, I know the signs”

Annoyance marred Barbie’s features. “Listen here, I don’t have time to deal with this bullshit” Her voice came out strained. “Leave me the fuck alone, *now*”

“Oh no, I’m not gonna do that, not until I make you flush your stash down the toilet”

A low growl rumbled. “*Verosika*”

“So where is it? Are you gonna make me frisk you? Cause let me tell you I’m not in the mood so it won’t be fun for either of-”

The sink *cracked* under Barbie’s grasp.

Verosika fell silent.

The imp closed her eyes shut and let out a long swear. “Fuuuuuuck!” She clenched her teeth tightly. “N-Not now!”

Barbie let go of the sinks, broken bits falling from the surface. Her hands clenched tightly as she threw her head back, “Hng!” Verosika could feel the intensity coming from the imp, like a swirl of wild magic as her body began to change.

It wasn’t shapeshifting, it wasn’t a swirl of magic that would change her appearance in an instant. No, this was Barbie’s body experiencing a transformation in the rawest physical sense. Toned muscles expanded with larger muscles, pushing against the skin tightly as crevices of definition deepened with each passing second, expanding the length of her muscle groups while the fibers snapped and rebuilt themselves stronger.

Shoulders inflated with mass, bones cracked and grew to accommodate a larger figure. Her biceps swelled notably as her torso stretched, flaring lats and a wider back that stretched her black sports bra, which only highlighted the tone of her chest muscles as the line between them deepened.

Her short stature became less so, if only by half a foot, with the lengthening of her hooved legs and widening of her calves and thighs. Fibrous muscles popped to the surface, pushing back against the fabric of her shorts and making the piece hike up those muscular thighs. The deep ragged breaths caused her abs to pulsate back and forth, tighter and more defined each time.

It was a *raw* thing to behold, one that titled Verosika's tastes given how much Barbie was enjoying it. Even if she still felt a large sign with the words 'Blitz's sister' poked her on the back, she couldn't help but like what she saw.

Barbie panted, bringing down her arms with her fists clenched, making the muscles flex as she looked down at her larger sweaty figure. She had gone from gym-goer to a middle class bodybuilder in *seconds*. This wasn't a drug like Verosika had expected, this was magic, alchemy. Barbie was using but not what she expected.

"Shit..." The imp muttered, looking at herself with glee as she admired her new muscles.

Verosika could only stare. "What did you do?"

She had been too distracted to hear the bathroom door open, but Trish's voice snapped her out of her reverie. "I'm afraid that's my doing, kinda"

"Trish, look at me!" Barbie boasted in joy, flexing her stronger arms. "I got huge!"

"Relatively" The fellow imp smiled teasingly. "Didn't think you'd hit a spurt like that"

The succubus gave her withering glare. "I hope you have a good explanation, for your sake"

The dreadlock-wearing imp just scratched her head and sighed. "Let's go to my office..."

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Verosika looked over a wall of trophies, not the type of awards she got from the music industry or some other shit like modeling, oh no these were *war* trophies. Pieces of dead monsters, medals awarded to valor and skill. Momentos of the front lines against the Abyss.

Trish's office was on the gym's upper floor, a small and modest thing, same place where she lived actually with her living room and bedroom just a hall away from here. Trish sat on the edge of her desk while holding a serrated dagger in her hand, meanwhile Barbie couldn't stop admiring herself in the mirror.

"So" The imp started. "To clarify things, you could say I'm on recruiting duty"

Verosika looked at her with a raised brow. 'Recruiting duty' could mean a lot of things, usually get mortals to sign a contract or form a cult in the living world. "Hmph, done some recruiting myself before with my position." Sinner Souls didn't become succubus upon death, no mortal could become the same race as a hellborn demon. But they could come *really* close if they showed the aptitude for it. All they needed was the right guide and incentive. "But I'm guessing we're not thinking of the same thing"

"Indeed" Trish nodded, twirling her blade. "So, the Abyss frontlines. How much do you know about it?"

Verosika shrugged. "Bout as much as any demon does; Lowest pit of existence, a center of swirling chaos, wild magic and primordial dark energies. Spawns endless waves of monsters" Proto-demons, beings of pure and utter chaos whose only instinct was destruction. Wrath's legions were the first line against the endless tide lest they consumed Hell and all of creation if they weren't careful.

"Right-o" Trish said, pointing the knife to accentuate her reply. "So, we've got all sorts of demons down there. Wrathians mostly, but we're varied, we take anybody who wants to point a blade against the Abyss. Imps are auxiliary for the most part, we also have mages to heal and support, then we got our heavy hitters to take care of the monsters."

Verosika gave Barbie a look, who suddenly looked a touch... solemn. "Uhu" She said.

"We train our people well, we give them the best tools, the best training..." She reached over the desk and opened a drawer. "And the best advantages to make them true warriors" And pulled out a vial.

If 'liquid fire' was a thing, then that skull-shaped casing definitely contained it. There was some *fierce* magical alchemy in there. It took Verosika a few seconds to recall her education and identify what that was. "Holy shit, that's Wrath Essence"

"The hell warrior's equivalent of Ambrosia" Trish said fondly. "A steady intake of these and your body will become stronger, faster, more durable. With enough training and you get to become a proud member of the Wrath Legions"

The succubus connected the dots. Barbie's growth, the Wrath Essence, the talk about the Abyss and Trish's 'recruiting'.

Verosika's eyes snapped to Barbie. "She recruited you to fight against the Abyss?!" She cried out with outrage and concern.

"I *volunteered*" Barbie insisted with a firm tone and a glare. "I was *tired* of wasting my life away with drugs. Peddling drugs, taking drugs, dealing with dumb druggies, just sinking lower every time and having nothing to show for it" She gave Trish a grateful look. "So when I met Trish, when I heard about her time in the front lines it... it was inspiring, that people like her, imps like us, can accomplish so much" She muttered with longing. "I wanted a life that meant something"

"It'll be a short life" Verosika hissed. "The casualty rates for imps is the highest!"

"You're not telling her anything I haven't told her myself" Trish replied. "I told her the risks, she still accepted"

"So what, you just take any imp off the street and sign them up to fight?"

"My superiors tasked me to look out for *potential*" She emphasized the last word. "Wrath Essence doesn't react the same with every demon, some barely even get a boost. It's passion in liquid form, a type of fiery and consuming passion, only the most compatible and *driven* can truly become strong with Wrath's power." She looked at Barbie, waving at her more muscular body. "Determination, a desire for strength, *true* desire, is what causes the body to become stronger with the potion. My job is to find demons who fit the bill, and are willing to sign up for service once the call comes"

Verosika ran a hand over her face, "Ancestors..." She gave Barbie a concerned look. "And you truly want this?"

"Taking control of my life, improving myself, a job that means something?" She slowly nodded and grinned. "Yeah, can't think of anything better"

The succubus's lips thinned into a line. "Already, not gonna pretend I'm not freaked out but... you're entitled to your choices" Dangerous as they were.

Barbie let out an explosive breath. "Thank you"

"I'd ask you keep this a secret" Trish said. "My job is on the down low, my superiors don't like me advertising this"

"It's fine" The pop-star waved it off. "I've got secrets of my own, I know how to keep them"

The dreadlocked imp smirked. "Is one of them the fact you're Verosika Mayday"

"...Barbie!" She shouted at the imp whom she just *knew* was responsible.

"It slipped out the other day!" The muscular woman shrank under her glare, holding up her hands in surrender. "Sorry!"

Trish only brightly laughed. "Gotta say, didn't think I've have someone so famous visit my gym. Thought you'd have your own private one or something"

"Nothing is ever private when you're famous" She droned dispassionately, letting her glamour fall and revealing her true looks. "So I keep your secret, you keep mine"

Trish chuckled, "I can work with that"

Barbie's gaze shifted between the two. "Soooo, we all good now?"

"We're good" Verosika agreed. "Though I'd like to talk to Trish. In private"

“Oh” Both ripped imps shared a look. “S-Sure. I gotta get going anyway”

“Bye, Barb” The imp waved her away. “See you tomorrow!”

“See ya!” She replied, waving both demons goodbye and closing the door, leaving them alone.

Verosika once more directed a suspicious glare to the imp, moving around the room and looking over the various trophies of victory. “So, a veteran of the Abyss working as a recruiter” She idly traced a finger over a large pincer mounted on a plaque.

“Served my time, honorably discharged now. But I believe I’ll return one day” She replied. “You stare at the Abyss, you eventually go back to it”

“And you seek to bring others with you”

“I don’t appreciate your accusations, Miss Mayday” The imp said, firmly yet lacking anger. “I seek out those I believe have potential to be warriors, that is why I gave Barbie that choice. She is far from lost but she wanted a new purpose. Would you really take that choice away from her?”

“I’d rather she doesn’t risk her life” Verosika said. “She’s my friend, as much as I can call anybody my friend” You don’t forget that time in the rehab center, or the people there. And given what she did know about Barbie’s history... “I’d rather she doesn’t get hurt”

“I didn’t recruit her to go to the slaughterhouse” Trish replied. “I offered her that choice because I see in her the potential for a true comrade in arms, the Wrath Essence doesn’t just take to anyone, and it’s taking *very* well to Barbie”

“Hmph” Verosika crossed her arms, looking away for a moment. “Guess just asking you not to risk her life unnecessarily is all I can do”

“We’re not just training her body, she is learning how to fight properly. She’ll make a fine soldier one day” She said confidently.

"I don't know how it is down there in the Abyss Legions, but you lot seem to care for each other"

"Us grunts in the front lines have a simple code; Watch my back and I watch yours, Lord Satan made us imps to be servants but when you're staring at the jaws of an abomination, rank and caste don't really exist in the battlefield" She said distantly, clearly remembering the horrors of the war, yet still had a fondness for said time. "We're all brothers and sisters against the Abyss"

Verosika's lips quirked despite herself. "That's a nice sentiment all things considered" She walked around some more, shifting her gaze from the trophies to the imp. Looking over her muscular shoulders, the delicious tone of her back and sinewy arms. The faint scars in them. "You've seen a lot of fighting, haven't you?" She reached out, boldly yet slowly tracing her fingers over the hardened flesh and scars.

Beyond the suspicion and concern she had felt, Verosika could not lie that she was very attracted to this imp. There was a clear passion in her, a longing for a place where her valor had been tested against the nightmares of the Abyss. She longed for the times where she fought alongside her comrades.

Her emotions were 'pure' in that sense, a longing for not for the war, but for the bonds she had forged in it, for the time where she turned herself into this *beautiful* war machine.

Verosika could respect that, more than that she wanted to *experience* it. Experience her, feel what she felt, taste her emotions and her passions.

Trish looked over her shoulder, her dreadlocks swaying slightly as she did so. "Enough to earn these scars" She muttered softly, grinning at the succubus. Verosika could feel she liked how she was touching her.

"Enough to earn these *muscles*" The other hand reached out, and both her palms kneaded the dense muscles of those firm traps and rising shoulders, pressing all the right places and squeezing with her fingers over the hard muscle.

Trish shuddered. "You've got a thing for muscles, Miss Mayday?"

“Darling, I’m a succubus. I’m into everything” She paused. “*Almost* everything. I still have standards” She grinned deviously. “I’m just enjoying the sights of a fighter, your body tells a story”

“Training, fighting, sleeping on a tent, day in and day out” Trish said. “Making walls out of the bodies of voidlings, wondering if tomorrow would be your time... with your fellow soldiers as the only company, either to talk, spar, or just relieve stress any way we could”

Verosika leaned in, whispering hotly into her ear as her massage continued. “Was there no respite for your lot?”

“We’ve had visits from Lord Asmodeous’s succubi and incubi, they’d perform, play music” She let out a gasp when Verosika touched the right spot between her shoulder-blades. “And share our beds...”

Oh she could just imagine it. Hardbodies writhing in pleasure, stress and ferocity unleashed on the beautiful experts of Lust.

Trish being pleased to oblivion, a position she wanted to take part of.

The arousal in their frames kept building up, more and more they felt this heat surge from deep inside them, bubbling to the surface...

“Oh you got a taste of the *pros* then” She slowly encircled an arm around Trish’s muscular midsection. “I hope they made you *scream*”

Trish’s fiery yellow eyes locked with her owns. “Honey... It was *I* who made them scream”

The tension snapped, and their lips slammed into each other with great intensity. Muffled moans were exchanged directly into each other’s mouths. Tongues darted and rolled around the other with maddening desire as Verosika leaned forward, hugging the imp’s muscular yet petite figure close. She still needed to lean down even with Trish sitting on the desk.

They parted for breath and Trish stood up. She removed her tank top in a swift pull, unveiling her *magnificently* toned torso. Each abdominal was marked to perfection, her arms rippled with every movement, while strong bricks of ripped pectoral muscle stood proudly on her chest, lifting small breasts.

What a magnificent powerhouse she was, Verosika thought as she smirked savagely and drooled, licking her lips.

Trish grinned back, holding her hands together over her stomach and flexing her upper body, making the proud muscles tense and striate with hypnotic rhythm. Particularly her pectorals, which she made bounce one after another playfully.

Verosika sighed in pleasure as she trailed her hands over the muscles, running a finger over the line between each pec. "Hmm~, how much Wrath Essence have *you* taken?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

"I'd just like to imagine what you'd look like... *bigger*"

Her lips went to her chest, pecking those concrete-hard pecs and trailing the tip of her tongue over the sinewy surface. Lower she went, trailing kisses until she reached the soft mound of a breast, where she sensuously captured a hardened nipple on her lips and *suckled*.

Trish grunted, shuddering at the bold advance of Verosika's ministrations. Then suddenly the succubus gasped. gasped as Trish's arms reached out and grabbed her waist, pulling her close and squeezing her rear, making Verosika's tail move erratically. Her standing up on the desk put Trish's eyeline above her own, letting her smoldering eyes stare down at the succubus who trembled with desire.

"Maybe some day you'll find out" Trish muttered huskily. "Right now, I'm more interested in seeing *your* body. *Now*"

Verosika grinned. And with a flick of her fingers, and a touch of magic, she was fully naked.

Trish growled and *slammed* the succubus over the desk, knocking away a few items and making her gasp. Her lips descended upon her neck and breasts, returning the favor by sucking a succulent nipple, lightly playing with it with the edges of her teeth, and Verosika moaned sharply at the contact-

Then she worked her way down the succubus' flat stomach, and finally reaching the bare folds that were so wet already.

And delicious.

Behind the door, Barbie heard Verosika moan loudly, calling out Trish's name.

Her fists clenched so hard her arm muscles *jumped*, angry coiling veins rushed to the surface while she clenched her teeth hard, keeping her growl of frustration from being heard.

Not that it was needed, considering how loud the moans became... which only served to stoke her anger.

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Trish was a nice gal, Verosika decided, letting them use her gym after hours just because she mentioned her schedule was a bit packed this week. Place was empty, save for her and Barbie, while Trish was busy in her office, it was the perfect time to lay her glamour down and just admire herself in the mirror.

"Mhmm, check you out" She muttered as she snapped pic after pic of herself. Ever since she started training here, she had gotten nice and fit under Trish's diligent coaching. Her biceps stood out nicely, her flat stomach began acquiring definition. And her legs looked *great*, nice and pumped. Honestly some muscle looked fantastic on her.

Though she wouldn't go about announcing it to the world. Tabloids were a constant headache and she'd rather they didn't start pointing things out about her new appearance, so she actually used another glamour to look like her older self, pure curves without visible muscle.

This was for herself, she did it because she *liked it*. She liked coming here, she liked hanging out with her friends without worrying about paparazzi or fans.

She *loved* having sex with Trish. That small ripped as hell thing was passionate and wild, like a frenzied animal on the prowl. Skill and energy combined that made her *sing*.

"Looking good~" She smirked, flexing a bicep and snapping another picture.

“Careful there,” Barbie called out jokingly as she approached her. Her impressively muscular frame was coated in a thin sheet of sweat, which she was in the process of toweling off. “Your head’s gonna get too big at this rate”

“I’m a succubus, darling. All of us are a bit full of ourselves”

“Not surprised there” She chuckled, rolling her eyes. “In all seriousness though, you look amazing. Think of taking it further?”

“Hmm, I’m not sure” Verosika replied. “Getting in shape is great, but I didn’t sign up for Trish’s recruitment” She put her phone away on her bag. “Although that might mean a few extra ‘private sessions’ with her~” Lust dripped from her tone, indicating what she truly meant.

Barbie’s reply was strangely reserved, clipped. “Took a liking to her I see”

“How could I not?” She shrugged. “She’s driven, she’s passionate, and she has convictions she stands by. That’s rare in some people”

“Hmph, bet the muscles don’t hurt”

“Oh she’s sexiness on two legs, indeed”

Barbie’s face twisted in annoyance. “You realize I’m bigger than her now, right?”

“Size isn’t everything” Verosika shrugged.

The imp merely huffed, turning around to lift a large barbell and began doing reps without prior warming up or preparation, showing how much her strength and stamina had improved. “You’re right, it’s not” She grunted, blasting the reps as her sinewy arms rippled and coursed with thick veins. “Strength counts too”

The succubus raised a brow at her. “Is there a problem, Barb? You’re very... confrontative lately”

“Nooo, why would I have a problem?” She bit back sarcastically. “I don’t care that you two are spending so much time together. Why would I care you’re screwing each other’s brains out? It’s not like you two just met or anything...”

Oh... boy.

Jealousy. Of course.

She should have known. Barbie knew Trish the longest, she had been coached, *mentored* by the other imp to become a soldier of the Abyss Legion. That type of relationship was a personal one, and clearly Barbie held it as something very special. Perhaps even wanted something more.

Then she came along, and wasted no time in seducing Trish. It must have stung to see the two blatantly flirt and only do the minimum to keep the fact they were sleeping together a secret.

Now she felt like an ass, maybe she should have talked to Barbie first. Clarify things between the three of them like adults. It’s not like she wanted to steal Trish’s attention from Barbie, she’d rather the two could be intimate as well.

Verosika sighed. “Okay, we’re doing this” She muttered and walked up to the still lifting imp. “Look Barbie, I’m sorry I didn’t talk to you beforehand. Trish is your... friend” That was the best word she could use to describe that relationship, for now. “My lust got the better of me, that’s no excuse”

Her grip on the bar tightened. “You know what it’s like, hearing you fawn over her constantly and act like I’m not here?”

“I’m seeing that now” She said apologetically. “But hey, I don’t want to come between the two of you. Perhaps you should talk to her, a girl like Trish I’m sure would be open to the idea of-“

A vein jumped on Barbie’s neck, followed by a growl and the sound of metal twisting as she slightly curled the barbell in her grasp. “I’m not jealous of you, you fucking idiot!”

Verosika fell silent as Barbie threw the warped barbell away with a crash. Her broad body heaved as she took deep ragged breathes, frustration and *power* building up inside her.

"I'm jealous of her!" She hissed through clenched teeth.

Verosika took a second to process that. "Of... her?"

"I have to listen to you, day in and day out" She muttered harshly, clenching her fists so hard they shook. "Fawning about how hot she is, hear what you two are doing... when you don't even have the decency to look at me!"

It all clicked into place for Verosika.

"Oh..." She muttered.

"I'm bigger now!" She cried out, flexing her strong arms. "I'm strong, I'm fucking hot as all hell. *Why aren't you putting your hands all over me like you do her?!*"

Verosika's brain was slow to respond as the reveal dawned on her. Barbie... wanted her?

"Oh Ancestors, Barbie. I'm so sorry" She replied. "I should have realized sooner"

That only slightly calmed her down. "Yeah, you should have. I haven't exactly been subtle..."

A lot of things were reframed on her mind, and yikes she had missed the signs. *Her*. That stung...

"It's just..." Verosika struggled to find the right words. "We've always had a complicated relationship. Our time in rehab, we've seen each other at our lowest, it... didn't feel right to push for more"

"Hmm..." Barbie said noncommittally, looking away.

"And" She clicked her tongue. "I guess it's hard for me to see you as more than my ex's sister"

Barbie froze, and slowly looked at her with wide eyes.

Okay... that may have been the wrong thing to say.

“Just as Blitz’s sister” Her nostrils flared, the heat coming from them was *scorching*. A sign of the literal inferno brewing inside her. Raw magic and power surging, fueled by *wrath*. “All because of Blitz?!” Her eyes seemed to blaze, the magic swirling around her was *fierce*, and it made Verosika recoil.

“No wait that’s not what I mean-“

“That asshole has nothing to do with me!” She growled ferally, like a beast of the lower pits. “That’s why I’m training, that’s why I signed up for the Legion, why I became strong! And if you can’t see that...!”

Her veins pulsated under her skin.

“Then I’ll show you what I truly am!”