

(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, dominant behavior, and graphic sexual content.)

Velvette wasn't the backbone of the Veas because of her social media presence. Well, she was, but that was simplifying her role in their organization. Vox handled the finances and tech development, Valentino organized deals under the table in the underbelly of Pentagram City. Velvette, however, was the face, the one who managed the public, their presence in the City, who organized their number of followers to turn them into an army, true and proper.

When people were motivated to join you, it was easier to force them into contracts. She *gathered* talent for the Veas, keeping their followers increasing with every post, through every outlet, including Vox's media. She knew what people wanted, and she knew how to make it, be it fashion or drugs; her love potions were advertised in billboards all across Pentagram City, while some more... esoteric stuff was sold under the table in Valentino's clubs.

As such, Velvette knew how to keep an ear to the ground and pick up information on what their enemies and rivals were up to. Who was shaking hands with whom, and who was keeping secrets from whom. Velvette knew what drugs were popular, anticipating the trends on the market like she understood fashion.

And right now, her sources were telling her that *hag* Carmilla was straying away from her weapons development for a secret project, dabbling in the *alchemical* arts.

Tch, that bitch thought she had what it took to brew potions? Though... much as she hated to admit it, harvesting angelic metal and fusing it to hell-weaponry took a certain thaumaturgical expertise. She had to give the hag *that much*.

However, her pride was still insulted.

Naturally, she had to figure out what Carmilla was up to. So she got her little minions to work.

It had taken days, a lot of money, and buried bodies, but finally she got what she wanted.

Velvette's feet rested on top of her desk, and the back of her large chair faced the tall window, which gave her an ample view of Pentagram's colossal expanse. She watched with keen interest as a silvery briefcase was placed upon her desk and slid closer to her.

“This is what they managed to procure, ma’am.”

Dainty hands opened the briefcase, revealing its contents. A sealed flask containing a glowing purple substance.

Velvette’s grin stretched from ear to ear as she leaned closer, kicking her feet off the desk to rest her elbows instead. “Well, well, so this is Carmilla’s little project.” Her white and red eyes looked over at the individuals gathered in her office. “So what does it do?” She asked expectantly.

Disappointingly, the three fidgeted. Though Velvette was still pleased knowing the three were still *very* aware of their place.

“From what we’ve gathered,” Nayreen, the one who had brought her the briefcase, said. She had long dark hair that was combed back. Combined with her two-piece burgundy and black suit, she looked the very image of a bodyguard and enforcer. Which was her primary role in Velvette’s circle. “It is a booster, meant to enhance demonic power.”

“More than that,” A cute ash-haired sinner, much shorter than Nayreen, added. Her outfit consisted of a very short pencil skirt and a vest. Her messy curls were held back by a ribbon, with a pair of glasses to complete the look rather than actually being necessary. Jessie was her little nerd, an assistant who oversaw her alchemical creations. “I procured a smaller sample to analyse and replicate. It enhances a user’s physique by a notable margin.”

Velvette raised a brow. “Enhances as in...?”

“They make you go ripped!” A higher-pitched, exuberant voice cut in. The most fashionable member of her entourage (aside from Velvet herself, of course). There was a reason Tabitha was her second when it came to fashion; her punk-rebel attire fit her party-girl attitude very nicely, with the micro-shorts, the torn fishnets and high boots, and the loose tanktop that had one strap falling over her shoulder. Her long, wavy locks cascaded over her shoulders like a shower of red wine, framing her cute little smile. “Heard one of Carmilla’s researchers looks like a crossfit nut now!”

“Interesting,” Velvette purred, giving them all a wide grin. “Good job, girls~”

Her little ones deserved praise once in a while; it kept them coming back for more. Velvette had *made* these three. They rose from their initial spot as models when the Overlord took an

interest in their other developing skills. Jessie's brain, Tabitha's social media influence, Nayreen's strength. They had been handpicked by Velvette to be her hands, her ears, and her muscle whenever she needed them.

Of course, the three still modeled for her. It'd be a shame to lose such pretty faces with hot bodies.

Speaking of...

"Now, who'll try it?"

Her assistants all looked at each other. "Ma'am?" Nayreen muttered with apprehension.

"Well, somebody needs to make sure this works as advertised," She picked up the flask, swirling the contents inside. "Carmilla's an old shrew, but she's *shrew*. She might have swapped this, and you got me *poison* for all I know."

"I-I thought perhaps we'd gather some test subjects from your modeling line...?" Jessie weakly offered. "Y-You have so many, after all"

"I do, but I also would be *really* upset if my *most trusted lieutenants* messed up this job." Velvette's grin became less friendly by the second. "And I don't really like how none of you are volunteering *yet*. I said I wanted one of you to test it, and that's it. Or have you all forgotten," Her eyes shone momentarily with a burst of magic, reminding them she possessed great power at her disposal beyond mere magic tricks, "that whatever I say, *goes?*"

The three froze, looking very frightened among themselves. Afraid of incurring her ire, afraid of *disappointing* the woman they owed it all to...

"...I'll do it," Nayreen finally said, standing confident and resolute before her overlord.

Her friends look at her with concern, glancing at each other with shared apprehension.

Velvette's grin shone with excitement. "Knew you would, poppet," She threw the vial at her bodyguard, who caught it deftly in her hand without flinching. "Just a sip, don't take too much."

Popping open the cork, Nayreen took a sniff, taking the scent of the concoction. One last look at her Overlord indicated that she was not kidding; this was not a test of any sort. And that she should just get on with it before she lost her patience.

So Nayreen did, she lifted the vial to her lips and drank, just a bit, barely a quarter of the serum, before quickly setting the vial on the desk and pushing it away toward her Overlord's direction. She panted, like one does after taking a shot of tequila. It certainly burned like one.

"So?" Velvette asked with a raised brow.

"So?!" Jessie looked much more eager, already having pulled out a pen and clipboard to take notes.

"Ack," Nayreen grunted, squeezing one eye shut as she felt her insides churn. "It's... heavy. Like I just did a bunch of shots at once. Fuck, I can- can feel my flesh *pulling*." There was a sound akin to leather stretching. Her shoulders looked like they were getting wider, pulling at the seams of her sleeves with an increase of mass from her arms. There was also a rise in her bosom; her tie pushed to the side at the advent of her enlarging chest. "Ah, shit...!" She swore as a button came flying, exposing the designer underwear and gray skin.

Jessie wrote it down fast without taking her eyes off. "Can you feel the energy building? Is your magic getting stronger?!"

"Fuck. H-Hard to focus right now, Jessie!" *Rip!* Her shoulders tore at the seams, her arms clenched, making the fabric of the sleeves wrap tighter around her arms. "Ugh, my arms! Fuck, it feels like I'm on fire," She gritted her teeth, mouthing off silent obscenities. "My fucking veins are boiling!"

Tabitha gasped, a hand covering her mouth as she watched Nayreen grow a bit taller. Velvette looked on with interest as the changes happened to her top lieutenant. There was clearly a massive buildup of hellish energy going on inside her. The transformation was swift and violent... but not undesired, given the rising knobs on Nayreen's breasts. "Feels good, huh?"

"F-Fuck yes!"

She flexed her arms, and the sleeves came undone. Dozens of tears spread across them, ripping both her jacket's and her shirt's fabric, the threads snapped and pulled apart as grey, sinewy skin jumped forth through the openings. Rippling muscle made itself known as the sleeves barely managed to cling across their shredded surface.

Nayreen panted, a few beads of sweat rolled down her forehead as she stared, amazed at her new limbs. "Sweet hell, this is... this feels amazing!" She ripped the rest of the sleeves and flexed her arms with excitement, grinning widely at the sight of her biceps jumping into respectable mounds of pure muscle. "I've never been this ripped before!"

"Woooooah," Tabitha breathed in wonderment.

Meanwhile, Jessie's pen all but created smoke from so much friction on the paper. Her eyes were shining with lust for knowledge, or just plain lust.

Velvette was *very* pleased with the results. She had to hand it to Carmilla, the fossil *did* create something useful. Now, she needed to do a few tests...

Grabbing her phone, she flipped through the selection screen on her dress application, going over accessories and other items. She grinned when she found what she was looking for and clicked it.

Nayreen reacted with surprising speed as a large weight bar, the type used for deadlifting, fell upon her. Her toned arms reached up and held it above her head. "Hng!" She grunted, her arms lightly trembling yet supporting the great weight.

"Oh, that's *good*," Velvette said approvingly.