

Lucifer sighed sadly to himself, staring at a picture of little Charlie when she was ten years old. She was so innocent back then, full of wonder in her eyes and a song on her lips. Where did the time go? Now his little girl had become a hulking warrior, no matter the number of songs she sang or how her eyes would light up, finding wonder in the smallest things. He could not ignore the passage of time and how those days of innocence seemed so far behind her. Her hotel, her goals, her ambitions. It felt like she was growing out of his reach.

“Children are meant to grow up.” The Lord of Violence, Kul’as, intoned deeply as he sat at his side on the VIP booth. Looking down at the tournament arena as the crowd filled the seats and the competitors arrived. “She would never remain the little girl she was.”

“But she could have!” The Lord of Hell wailed. “I used to hold her in my arms! Now I’m barely half her size! She’d be holding me at this point, fetching me my walking stick and giving me porridge once I lose all my teeth in my old age!”

“You do not age.”

Logic was lost on the Sin of Pride as he continued to lament. “Where does time go, Kul’as? One day she’s singing about redeeming sinners and the next she’s participating in gladiatorial combat.”

“Let the guy mope,” Beezelbub called out from the rows behind them, munching down on sweet popcorn. “He’s going through a midlife crisis.” All around her, the other Sins could only agree. Honestly, just seeing their King at all in any ‘official’ capacity was a miracle.

“Well,” He shrugged. “At the very least, few will dare mock her once she proves her might.” He believed this competition would be good for Charlie and her reputation. The girl had faced so much ridicule and detractors in the past. A good demonstration of her power would silence many of those voices and make her enemies think twice about mocking her in her face.

“Preach.” Satan groaned in reply as he leaned into his hand.

“Oh, you guys are all too hard on baby girl!” Asmodeus, ever the ‘fun uncle’, popped up to Charlie’s defense. “She’s young, she’s just to hit her stride!”

As dear as Charlie was to him, Kul’as truly believed she had to show some spine if she was to inherit the throne one day.

It's not like Lucifer was doing much of a job *ruling*, leaving most of his duties to the other Lords. So perhaps Kul'as was looking forward to the day Charlie would be called queen. And he suspected this competition might be a step in the right direction.

"That's the spirit!" Their mood was instantly ruined as the icy arms of Glacier surrounded their necks, pulling them closer and making them grimace at the contact with the *annoying* master of treachery. "Come oooooon! This is gonna be a show for the ages!"

"Uh-huh, yeah." Lucifer removed his arm like he was holding something particularly nasty. "We all know this is just you making a huge fucking mess like always for your entertainment."

"Whaaaaat?! Perish the thought, my king! When have I ever been duplicitous?!"

"You hail from Treachery." Kul'as pointed out with an arid tone. "Everything you do is duplicitous..."

"Whatchu gonna do, I'm a rascal!"

"You're an annoying little parasite, is what you are." Kul'as felt the need to melt him grow. "What has Vox to gain from this partnership with you?" Aside from a completely unsurprising betrayal, that is.

"Okay, real talk, being constantly called out hurts." His smile showed he did not feel the slightest bit wounded. "I'm just a guy trying to make some nice entertainment for the awful people of hell. Is it too hard to believe I don't have any ulterior motive for this?"

"YES." The King of Hell, the Lords of the Rings and Sins, pretty much any important person present in the VIP booth.

"Hahah! Oh man, we gotta do this more often!" He excitedly jumped to the front of the booth. "But I gotta make sure things are going to schedule. Glacier. OUT!" And he vanished in a burst of frost. Making the whole place feel uncomfortably chilly.

Then it felt humid with Satan's temperature rising and melting away the frost. Bee looked at her ruined snacks and conjured another one. "I hate that guy..."

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"Are there too many people here?" Charlie muttered with a dry heave, voice cracking as though she hadn't had water in a long time. Usually, she was never ashamed to act out to her heart's content, singing for all the world to hear. But this was different; she was meant to be *impressing* people with her *combat skills*.

She barely had combat skills! She could barely impress people at all!"

"Relax, babe." Her dear girlfriend helped settle her nerves a bit, massaging her massive traps. The two wore their own versions of battle uniforms: Charlie a battle gown with long gloves, and Vaggie a full-body suit with X-patterns. "We'll knock this out of the park, you'll see."

"There's just a *lot* of people watching." She murmured and subtly pointed to the side. "And a *lot* of ladies out for blood..."

The amount of muscular Sinners and demons present *was* distracting, Vaggie had to admit, particularly with how some of them were making downright threatening gestures to Charlie. She'd make sure to watch Charlie's back in case anyone here attempted something underhanded.

"Chin up, your highness!" The cheery voice of the Imp with the wrathian accent called out. Charlie looked down slightly at the heavily muscular imp lady with shaggy black hair and a tooth gap smiling at her. "Bet you a thousand souls you're twice the fighter half of these gals *think* they are!"

"Ohhh, thank you, Millie!" Charlie cooed, touched. Vaggie had to roll her eye fondly. She barely met the woman, and Charlie already decided she was a dear friend.

"Hope you don't plan on taking it easy on her." Another taller imp with curled horns called out. "Highly doubt you don't want the prize."

"Winner takes all, as they say." Verosika Mayday purred, leaning on the muscular imp's shoulder. Their outfits looked more like bikinis than anything one should wear for a fight.

“Heh, you two gals are in it for the reward.” Millie sniffed, rubbing her nose at them. “Trish and I are in it for the *thrill*.” She thumbed over her shoulder at another imp lady who was in the process of doing one-fingered pushups, lifting her entire body up in a vertical position.

“Do not take your eyes off the goal, princess.” The ever-elegant voice of Carmilla said, as she walked with a regal poise and *presence* that Charlie was certain she could never replicate, not even with the royal blood flowing through her veins. The way those muscles stretched her own battle-gown was a sight to behold.

Charlie had to gulp nervously. Even the friendliest here looked like a dangerous bunch. How was she supposed to keep the damn Qlipoth potions from falling into the wrong hands when everyone here was going to give it their all?

The biggest threat was on the other side of the preliminary stage. Wearing a fuzzy coat with a halter-top and microshorts, Velvette of the Veas was glaring daggers at her, smiling so dangerously, looking like she could barely contain herself from starting a fight right then and there.

Charlie could feel the *power* radiating from her. She had been dosed with a *highly* potent dose of Qlipoth, of that she had no doubt.

Of course, Vox was going to let one of his own allies compete if it meant he didn't have to give away *anything* as the price. And of course, Glacier had no problem with that if it meant a bigger show. That demon wanted nothing but chaos, and he had everything in place to ensure that'd be the case.

Stage lights flooded the arena, turning in all directions and making the crowd go wild as the show was about to start. The lights centered on one of the arena's corners, at one of the largest and most expensive-looking booths. Two figures stood there with microphones in hand.

*“Heeeello there, people from the Rings!”* Vox intoned with a showman's charisma. *“I hope you lot are ready for one of the wildest, deadliest, and most amazing displays of barbaric entertainment this side of the Underworld has seen in ages!”*

*“We're here to see who are the biggest, meanest, badest, and strongest ladies in all the Rings!”* Glacier rasped into the microphone. *“They're gonna get their hands bloody, their bodies broken, their spirits crushed! All for the chance to win one of the most coveted prizes in all of hell!”*

*“For what better reward can be for a contest of strength than the promise of more strength!”* Vox laughed. *“That’s right. The legendary fruits of the Qlipoth, distilled into the finest elixirs, will be given to the winner of this most magnificent competition!”*

*“And what will determine the winner, you ask?!”* Glacier said. *“Well, with violence, duh! Have you been paying attention?!”*

*“What my... partner here means is: All the ladies here will be fighting hordes of the deadliest and most sophisticated war machines VoxTech’s arms division has to offer! Each competitor will be tallied on how many machines they destroy. The more dangerous the machine, the more points you earn!”*

*“But fighting just machines is boring! This is gladiator stuff, baby! Competitors are encouraged to fight each other for a whopping 100 points!”*

*“Ohohoho, that’s right! Nobody’s safe here! There are no friends, no teams, no rules! It’s everybody for themselves, law of the jungle up on this bitch!”*

Vaggie and Charlie shared a look. No teams, huh? Well, the two didn’t count on them watching each other’s backs.

*“Everybody!”* Vox’s eye waved maliciously with arcs of electricity. *“Let’s get ready to rumble!”*

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What could they have expected from a free-for-all gladiatorial combat other than absolute chaos?

The moment Vox announced the start, the competitors were ushered into the open field, spread at a good distance from each other. Lights flashed everywhere as the walls of the arena opened and from their depths stepped forth rows and rows of machines. Simple droid walkers that would only be a threat in numbers, large quadrupedal machines that took the shape of predators. Smaller panels in the walls opened, and swarms of drones flew in and buzzed around the arena like an electronic hive.

It did not take long for the mechanical opponents to attack, swarming at the competitors in a sea of metal.

Charlie's eyes darted from side to side as the mayhem started. Machine parts flew around in blasts of sparks as metal was torn and bent by the fury and strength of muscular flesh. The smell of oil littered the air and plagued her nose.

A large machine with enormous arms and short legs, its head filled with lenses and a maw full of sharp teeth, bore down upon her. Raising its great fists and slamming them upon the ground with tremendous force, enough that it cracked the group. Charlie dodged at the last moment, feeling her lack of experience in battle weigh down on her once more.

But Vaggie was a dutiful girlfriend; she made sure her beloved would not be helpless in a moment like this. She had been *very* thorough in her teachings.

Charlie took a deep breath and charged at the machine. The infernal and heavenly power of her Nephilim nature burned through her arms as she clenched her fists, making her veins throb in response, as she delivered two swift strikes at the machine's thorax, denting the plates into small craters before completely demolishing its maw and splintering metal and glass, none of which managed to do more than slightly scratch her skin.

"Wooo! *Esa es mi chicha!*" Vaggie celebrated her girlfriend's victory as she pirouetted through the air, making her angelic spear cut through several drones out of the air. "Knew those lessons would help!"

"I'm still not really in favor of violence!" She replied, shaking the metal and oil out of her hands. "But I can see how it's cathartic!"

"Well, you'd better keep it up! We need to rack up the points if we wanna win this thing!" She huffed as she jumped over a tiger-like machine and stabbed it in the head with her spear. "Might wanna look for any other competitor to take out!"

"I-I don't think I really wanna fight the other ladies here!" Charlie said skittishly as she side-stepped the charge of a droid with multiple chainsaws for arms, conjuring her trident to destroy it in one fell swoop. "I have nothing against them!"

“Well!” Vaggie grunted, dusting off her outfit and pointing with her spear at a group of women who were easily tearing through the machines. Setting their sights on Charlie. “I don’t think the sentiment’s mutual...”

Oh... great...

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Millie was having the time of her life. Really, she’d been living through a constant blast ever since she first started training under Trish. Fighting against an Abyssal monster, getting huge and ripped, becoming far more powerful than most imps ever could in their entire life.

And now she was fighting in an honest-to-hell arena, against hordes of murder machines for all of hell to see.

She once told Blitz that reputation was everything for a mercenary, doubly so for Wrathians. If you couldn’t make a name for yourself, you were setting yourself up to go hungry. But even with their business booming (in large part thanks to the bounties on the Abyss border she collected from Trish), their little business would not be having problems with money in a very long time. And yet Millie found herself starving for more.

More battle, more challenges, more *everything*.

She grinned maniacally as she slashed the machines to pieces with a swing of her axe. Three at the same time, and she was looking to up the ante even more. She spotted a group of demon ladies backing away from a massive, thrashing bull-shaped machine, and Millie instantly knew what she had to do.

She jumped over to the bull, burying the edge of her axe over its back, and directed it to move from side to side. It thrashed and kicked, letting out metallic bellows, as she made it kick the competitors away with enough force to knock them out.

Up in the stands. She saw her team, her family, carrying signs and cheering her on. Shouting her praises even amongst the roars of the crowd, she could feel her dear Moxxie cry out, ‘You’re the best, sweetie!’

Millie smiled and then grabbed the bull by its metallic horns. She pulled and pulled with such strength that her arms bulged out, throbbing with veins. The head jerked as pistons and cables began tearing, the plates ripping as oil spilled out. A flanged sound came from its voice box before it was completely ripped out by her titanic might.

“YEAH!” Millie roared as she jumped down from the now inactive machine, flexing her arms and boasting her strength for all of hell to see.

“Getting a bit too confident, are you?” Trish grinned at her, sitting on top of a pile of scrap metal that used to be robots. “What’d I always tell ya? Confidence is good-“

“Overconfidence is death.” Millie parroted, retrieving her axe with a huff. “Yeah, yeah. I’m just having fun! Don’t tell me you’re not!”

“Darling, this is a holiday for me.” The imp veteran jumped down from the pile, hoisting her greatsword over her shoulder, and strutting toward her with a hypnotic gait of her muscular legs. “If they really wanted to challenge me, they’d bring the big guns already.”

Millie’s ear twitched as she heard a roaring devil lady charge at her. She merely shifted the position of her axe and turned to the side, planting the blunt of her weapon against the woman’s face. The body froze before falling to the ground. “Ya think they’re saving the best for later?”

“Heh, with a tournament like this? No doubt.” Trish chuckled to herself, idly picking up a large chunk of metal from her fallen foes before chucking it with so much strength it picked up a dust cloud on the way, hitting a demon in the head and instantly knocking her out.

“Ya know, if you want a challenge.” Millie grinned at her saucily, idly playing with her axe. “How about takin’ me on?”

“I mean, that sounds fun. But think we’d get disqualified from doing it in public.” She shrugged. “Or we’d get a thousand points. I heard that Glacier guy’s a freak.”

“Nah, let’s save it for the celebration. I wanna get Moxxie sandwiched between all this sweaty beef.” She chuckled darkly in anticipation. “I meant...” And pointed her axe at her friend. “How about we fight?”

Trish replied with a stunned stare that morphed into a euphoric smile. “Really?”

“We never did have a proper match between us.”

Licking her lips, the imp soldier ever so slowly brought her greatsword to bear. “Well... how can I say no?”

The two massive imps wasted no time once the challenge was issued and accepted, charging at each other and clashing their weapons with a resounding boom.

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Carmilla did not want to be here; she found this entire enterprise to be a waste of time. She could only grunt with annoyance as she sidestepped through the machine’s berserker-like attacks. On occasion, they tried to outmaneuver her, but for the most part, the rudimentary AI was content with attacking with overwhelming force.

Their level of intelligence clearly reflects their creator’s, as they merely engaged with as much brute force as possible.

Vox liked to think himself a strategist, a manipulator, a mastermind. He had no idea he was the biggest pawn on the board. It wasn’t she, or any of the competitors, he had to be wary of. It was that conniving, treacherous Glacier he surrounded himself with.

At least he used this opportunity to try to rid himself of the competition. Carmilla did notice that a bunch more robots seemed to target her over the other women. Yet for all they tried, her sharp angelic metal shoes ensured the machines would fall to ribbons, spilling gears and oil. Her battledress, so firmly clinging to every inch of her muscular frame, groaned as it stretched with her dance-like movements. Even her reinforced tassels were straining around her bulging legs. Her gloves creaked as she raised her hands in a sharp, chopping motion, dismantling machines with well-placed strikes.

What a nuisance. She wanted this competition to be over already. Every moment the damn Qlipoth elixirs remained with the Veas, it spelled disaster in the making. Hmph, that Veltette brat had already gone through a fair share of the concoctions, if her... admittedly impressive size was any indication. Her magic powers had been outstandingly boosted, casting spells that looked raw in nature, like a newly fanged Overlord just awakening their power, lacking in finesse and refinement.

Her maniacal laugh was further proof of her current mental state. Drunk on her own power, the fool.

Carmilla sighed to herself. Children...

She could understand the power of the elixirs, the sheer promise they held... it had been a magnificent feeling. But at least she had the self-control to keep it from dominating her.

Not like most of these women. Like the pop-star succubus who delighted herself in making a spectacle like this was one of her concerts, or the imp who fought like she had something to prove to herself.

"Is this all you got?!" Barbie shouted as she tore a droid in half with her bare hands. She laughed as the oils stained her body. "I wanted a challenge, I *need* something big for everyone to see how strong I am!"

As if on cue, Vox's voice came from the speakers. "*You know, competitions' getting a bit too stale!*" He laughed boisterously. "*How about we turn things up a notch!*"

Then, the whole arena started trembling, and everything *stopped*.

Combatants, machines. The entire world seemed to freeze if not for the constant shaking.

The ground opened, large plates gave way to underground chambers, loud mechanical elevators cranked to life as they rose from the deepest part of the arena.

The first thing they saw was the top of *vast* mechanical constructs. Flat heads embedded into thick metallic bodies. Enormous canons rested on the shoulders, two thick arms that ended in the barrel of a gray array of weaponry. Threads the size of multiple cars act as the support for these *enormous* machines.

*"Straight from the workshop, our siegebreaker autonomous battle tanks! Perfect for fighting on the frontline against the spawn of the Abyss! Availablenowatthelowcostoffivemillionsouls!"*

There were at least *six* of these hulking metallic abominations.

Red sharp lines blazed with light, acting as a sort of 'eye', as it scanned over the battlefield.

Their targets were locked. And their weaponry hummed to life. A deep blue light was building inside their shoulder cannons.

Verosika looked at her rather shell-shocked companions. "Had to open your mouth, huh?"

The great machines *fired*. They unleashed salvos of pure energy that left smoke craters on the ground. The threads rumbled over the ground as they slowly moved, their upper bodies turning around in 180-degree angles, taking fire at every single viable target they could find.

Carmilla jumped out of the way as one shot blew past her, sending the other two demons flying away. She ran as fast as her muscular legs could carry her, running around that infernal machine, dodging blasts and bullets aplenty. She cried out when missile salvos went flying in pursuit, exploding behind her and sending her flying until she hit the ground painfully.

The enormous war machine marched towards her, an icon of terrifying technological might. Carmilla forced herself to stand, her outfit singed and torn in places, wiping the blood from her mouth as she glared at the accursed creation. She'd be damned twice over if Vox's machines would do her in like this.

Not when she had her daughters watching.

"*Ven aquí, montón de chitarra...!*" She growled and charged at the machine, acrobatically dodging in between its deadly barrage. Carmilla jumped to the siegebreaker's base, away from the range of its guns, and cut with her heels a path into the great machine's interior. She crawled inside its circuitry and pistons, as far as her bulging body could take her, borrowing deep inside its mechanical insides until she reached the core. A large spherical thing *radiating* with power.

Carmilla took a deep breath and reached out. The core *burned*, searing at her gloves while the heat slowly disintegrated the lower part of her gloves. She grunted, digging her metallic silver heels into the wreck of gears and plates, *pulling* with all her might.

"Hnnnnng!" She growled, gritting her teeth and throwing her entire body back. So much was the strength of her pull that her entire body pulsated. Rippling and growing until her battle-gown started ripping apart, unable to contain the sudden swell of her muscles. Her sleeves exploded as her biceps surged. A large tear split down the middle of her back. Thick pectorals jumped out of her center, while her enormous legs split every single tassel around her quads and legs.

Carmilla *screamed* as she poured every single bit of power into her. The magic coursing through her veins, igniting the serum still in them, *growing* with such power and magnificent girth that she reached a new level of strength. Arcs of magic coursed through her figure as she ripped the machine's core apart with her bare hands.

The great machine's body began shining from the inside, light slipping through the cracks. Building up with a torrent of power.

Its upper body *blew up*, and inside was the burning, tattered-clothes-wearing, heaving and *bulging* figure of the arms dealer overlord, brimming with energy and power. As she stood over the wrecked ruin of her vanquished foe, her hair undone and swaying with the wind, looking the very image of a conquering warlord.

She growled as more of the machines once more began targeting her. A shot of pure energy bounced off her thick-plated pectoral. Carmilla narrowed her gaze, and her veins bulged on their own. This was far from over.

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Vaggie had ceased being a soldier long ago, when her life took a sudden and irrevocably different path that fateful day during the Extermination. Yet she still swung her spear with as much ferocity and finely-honed discipline as she did when fighting under the banner of Heaven. Her instincts had never dulled. Her angelic spear pierced metal, cut cables and wires, and spilled the oil of the metallic beasts in a relentless tide of swings and jabs. Vaggie had sworn she would only ever fight for Charlie's sake and no other cause. Not for orders, not for loyalty. Her only pledge was to her beloved and nobody else.

A part of her would forever be that soldier. Even if her oaths had been forged in blood for the sake of Heaven, she had been told she was acting in the name of righteousness and salvation. That everything she did was in *God's name*.

No wonder He never spoke to anyone, given what the Exterminators did on His behalf.

She thought her life was over when her wings were taken, along with her eye. And all that was left was a disgrace, unwilling to stand the heavens, unworthy to dwell in Hell with her *victims*.

But then she met someone who shone with more radiance than even the holiest of the seraphines.

A true child of God. Or, grandchild in this case, she thought with some loving mirth.

Her beloved Charlie, the Princess of Hell.

Heh, the Devil's Child and a Fallen Angel. A divine comedy for the ages.

And yet Vaggie suspected it was God who sent Charlie into her life. Only He could have delivered her salvation with the kindest soul in all of creation.

Come devil or angel, or whatever creature from the reaches of the cosmos, she would slay them all with her spear if they dared threaten Charlie and her dreams. And right now her foes were machines and women with delusions of power.

Her spear reflected the rapid firepower from a machine's gatling gun before she sliced it apart. Another crab-like robot crawled up to her with sharp pincers, and she stomped it to pieces with her powerful leg.

Vaggie's instincts made up for the loss of her eye, letting her dodge the tackle from one of the larger devil women who looked at least twice as large as she was, with muscles so obscene they looked ready to burst out of her skin. "You're not getting the prize!" She bellowed with a deep voice. "Not you, nor that little princess!"

Another demon appeared from the side, trying to slice her apart with a sickle and chain combo, which Vaggie deftly parried away. Yet another slammed an enormous mace that cracked the ground and forced the fallen angel to jump away. She gasped when the largest woman jumped high in the air and grabbed her ankle, sending her to the ground with a cracking slam.

Vaggie's world was pain and blurry images; she barely had time to stand up when the chain wrapped around her figure, wrapping her arms to the side and forcing her to drop her spear. The chain-sickle wielder laughed cruelly as she handed the other end of the chain to her enormous companion, who merely had to *tug* for Vaggie's ribs to start hurting. She gasped through the pain as the air slowly left her, her muscles and bones painfully contracting against her bindings.

The hammer wielder patted her weapon's shaft repeatedly, twirling it around as she slowly approached. "Little Sinner like you doesn't have the slightest chance to win. We're gonna take the prize, and we're gonna be the *strongest* things in all of Hell. Even the Sins will be forced to acknowledge us!"

She slowly raised her hammer overhead.

"Might even make a statue over the ruins of that little ditz's hotel."

*That* made Vaggie snap.

Threaten her, insult her, injure her. She probably deserved it all.

But nobody... Nobody would mess with Charlie's dream.

Vaggie snarled, struggling harder against her binds and making the two demons keeping her in place stagger as they found themselves taken aback by the sheer *force* of her tugging. Vaggie felt something in her awaken, something she had not felt in so long.

Something she once thought lost.

Radiant, *divine* power, mingling with the Qlipoth in her veins.

She *levitated from the ground*, her form radiating holy light, much to the shock of the demons.

"Wait, what is...?"

Wings emerged from her back, renewed, long, and *magnificent*. A black halo formed on her head, a symbol of status and *power*.

Her body *swelled*, tearing through her dark bodysuit as the muscle spilled out, pushing through the reinforced fabric like paper. Her thickening arms bulged out with tremendous girth, deltoids and biceps became enormous balls of steely muscle, shredded to perfection. They pushed against the chains with imperious might.

And shattered them like shrapnel.

They barely had time to recover when she *slammed* down into the ground, kicking up a dust cloud that sent the broken remnants of machinery flying away, and the dust itself was cleared out by a mighty flap of her wings. She stood up, radiant, enormous, and *glorious*. Hellish angelic power brimming into the perfect shell of a warrior goddess's physique.

Vaggie grunted as she picked up her spear. "You wanna run that one by me again, *puta*?" She spat with virulent anger. "Something about *demolishing my girlfriend's hotel*?"

They were too stunned to even, they had poked the angel's nest, and out came the claws.

Vaggie roared, wings extending in full flight as she charged.

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Up in the VIP stands, the Sin of Gluttony made a slow, understanding sigh. "Oh yeeeeeah. That checks out."

While in the host's box, the mood was a bit more *mixed*.

"Boom, baby! That's what I'm talking about!" Glacier boisterously celebrated as the cameras captured every single moment. "Little Princess's girl is a Fallen? Oh, that's *precious*!"

Vox, however, was a bit more focused on all the *broken war machines* that were littering the arena. The points rising with each machine that fell, and from them, all he could see was his *margins* falling. "That's uh," He chuckled nervously, a digital bead of sweat rolling down the corner of his screen. "That's a lot of hardware I'm losing!"

It's fine, it's *fine*. He could still make money from the influx of souls the Vee's would get once Velvette won.

Because the bitch *had* to win, otherwise this would be a *massive* loss of revenue. None of the lords would be interested in buying more of his war machines when they were seeing firsthand a bunch of crazy, roided out *broads*, reducing his incredibly expensive military equipment to *scrap*.

Velvette *better* win this...

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Velvette was *totally* going to win this; she had it in the bag. She was larger than most of these chumps, bulging with girthy levels of muscles that palpitated with barely restrained magical power. The Qlipoth burned *so good* in her veins that it was intoxicating. When she first transformed, it felt like she went through multiple orgasms at the same time.

Getting to flex (figuratively and literally) on those below her was a close second in terms of pleasure.

She destroyed Vox's useless machines with ease, at this point doing it more out of spite than any need for points. Any of the girls dumb enough to fight her soon found themselves overwhelmed by her raw strength that quaked the ground, and the outstanding levels of magic she displayed with a snap of her fingers.

She could *feel* her fanbase swelling, her popularity soaring through the skies as she showed all of hell that she was the greatest overlord in Pride.

Fuck, she wanted to tear that arrogant look off that bitch Carmilla's face once and fall all. Just look at her, acting like she was aura farming on top of the burning wreckage of Vox's war machine, clothes tattered and bulging with extreme levels of musculature and definition...

Maybe once she won, she'd make Carmilla submit to her in bed. Get an extra trophy on top of all her victories. Yes, Velvette thought as she licked her lips, that'd be just right~.

But first, she had bugs to squash. Polls to raise, and popularity to ascend.

She looked at Lucifer's darling little princess, fumbling her way through the fight as she smashed machines and mouthed apologies to the people who wanted to harm her. Ugh, could she get any lamer? Even with all that muscle, the little princess was as soft as a feathered cushion. It's no wonder nobody in hell respected her despite being the Boss's daughter. She had no spine to speak of, always wanting to solve problems with words, hold hands, and sing Kumbaya and all that corny shit.

Maybe if she took her out first... then people would understand the only real power in Hell didn't come from any bullshit royal bloodline, but those with the strength to seize it and attain the acclaim and worship they deserved.

Oh yes, Velvette was liking that idea very much.

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After the tenth person Charlie had knocked out (Oh, Grandfather, she hoped she had just knocked them out) with her shield, she swiftly looked around for any more opponents. The herd was thinning as it were, with fewer machines coming out from inside the arena, and more of the competitors taken out; it felt like things were coming to a close very soon.

She looked up to check on the score, only to remember that there was no score. No electric billboard or screen whatsoever. How were they keeping score for all the competitors? ...*Were* they keeping score? Vox most likely was, but she doubted Glacier actually thought that far ahead or-

A blast of magic hit her on the back and sent her to the ground. Charlie groaned and slowly stood up, feeling her back burn with pain as the back of her dress was scorched. Okay... that had hurt a lot.

"What's the matter, Princess, used to people taking it easy on you?" Velvette's annoyingly smarmy voice (which was a shame cause she had a lovely accent) rang out as she walked up to her with an arrogant strut. "Well, sorry, darling. But we're all playing for keeps here. And you're in the way!"

She fired a blast of magic at her again, to which Charlie swiftly brought up her shield to tank it. Her hooved feet dug into the ground from the sheer pressure of the blasts. As Velvette kept firing bolt after bolt.

The overlord crossed the distance swiftly and raised a muscular leg, bringing it down with such force that it rattled her bones and *cracked* the shield apart.

Charlie shouted, but her words were silenced when an assortment of fabric manifested from thin air and tightened around her with ten times the strength of a boa constrictor. She wheezed, feeling the air painfully escape her lungs.

“You’re nothing but a spoiled kid living a fantasy!” Velvette mocked as she summoned downward arrows, no doubt mimicking dislike symbols, and thinned them out to the point they looked very sharp. They stabbed over the clothing, trying to pierce through Charlie’s powerful skin and muscles.

And from the way they hurt, they were going to succeed eventually.

Velvette drew closer, tenderly running a finger down her chin and cupping it. “I’m gonna take everything from you, little princess. Your throne, your power. I’ll turn your hotel into a storage for my clothes. But don’t worry, your charity cases will be safe... as *my servants*.”

Charlie grunted, the pain slowly overwhelmed by a sudden flash of *anger*.

“And that sweetie of yours? Mm-hmm,” She licked her lips. “Okay, *her* I’m going to keep. If she serves cunt half as good as she fights, then-“

Charlie exploded.

*Literally.*

In a flaming tower of flames that singed Velvette’s hair and threw her away from the sheer force.