

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

Stella Goetia knew who she was. She was a woman of means, of money, of *status*. It was decided from birth that she would stand over those of inferior station and breed. She was a *Goetia* for Hell's sake, the name alone put her above 90% of the underworld's population. She enjoyed her lavish lifestyle to the fullest, flaunting her influence and fortune as she was meant to do.

But now it was all in jeopardy. That bastard Stolas ruined everything; all he had to do was lie down and make her pop out a kid. That's it, that was over and done with. She didn't care if he fucked some floozy on the side to keep himself entertained so long as the marriage appeared functional according to their duties and they'd both get to live a life of privilege.

Ugh, but that disgusting idiot had to be caught in a public scandal with an *imp* of all things. And then he had the GALL to demand a divorce from HER. She was the only one who stuck to the agreement their parents made, that ungrateful prick...

She should have made his life *more* miserable when she had the chance.

She thought his banishment would fix everything, Andrealphus assured her so. But she was hit with the reality that all her riches and status still depended on another man, her bitch boy brother this time. She did not trust that infuriating peacock to take care of her like he should, he got his ass kicked by a bunch of disgusting imps and their pet hellhound.

And before that, a powerless Stolas beat him within an inch of his life.

Oh, he tried to keep it hidden, but the outside cameras didn't lie.

She'd keep that little card under her sleeve if she ever needed it.

The point was, she'd been doing everything her brother told her, and that fool didn't even have the means to protect himself! How was she supposed to enjoy her life of riches then? The Goetia clan was a den of vipers (literally with some of the more reptile-looking branches of the family), vying for opportunity and status.

She'd know; she ruined more than a few lives herself.

Stella knew they'd be coming for her one day; she was not safe, not in her own house, where all the authority went to her dumb brother and later to her unruly child.

So... measures had to be taken.

Even if they made Stella retch.

Sitting across the very long and heavily ornate table, she eyed with no small degree of disdain to the two women on the other side. "I trust my commission is done?"

"I would not be here otherwise," The Sinner's accented voice replied with such security that it infuriated the Goetia.

Now, if there was a group Stelle detested more than the lowborn hell natives, it was the *Sinner*. Disgusting little human souls plaguing their great kingdom with their presence while she and her kin had to endure their *stench*.

But... she supposed they had their uses, these Overlords, to keep the masses of Pentagram City from flowing out of control with all their soul deals. The infuriating truth about humans was their indestructible nature of their souls by demon hands, that's what the Exterminations were for.

Stella would not have invited one into her home (secretly, of course) unless she had something to gain from it.

The grey-skinned sinner with that ridiculous hair arranged into two long horns waved at her assistant, a young white-haired red-skinned sinner girl with dreads and small glasses, to pull up a metallic briefcase over the table.

"My company does not usually involve itself with alchemy; we prefer a more... industrial approach," Carmilla Carmina said with a diplomatic tone reserved for negotiations. "But your request was too interesting to pass up."

"Along with all the materials I provided *and* the bonus you'll receive as well, I imagine?" The Goetia woman droned.

“It was certainly an incentive.” The briefcase opened up with a hiss, and Carmilla turned it around. Stella had to stand up from her place in the chair to get a better look. Multiple vials of a glowing purple substance lay inside, neatly secured in polyurethane foam. “Our research and the materials you provided yielded very interesting results. We have produced a potion that holds pure demonic magic that, when consumed it is channeled and *integrated* into the user,” The woman said without boasting, merely stating their success. “It can turn someone from a low-tier demon into a high-ranking fiend in terms of raw power alone.”

The corners of her beak formed into a smile. “Interesting~” She said with curiosity and partial delight as she stared at the vials, walking closer and joining her hands together.

“If you intend to enhance your personal guard, I recommend you select your most loyal,” The Sinner said. “The potion is not without side effects, inhibitions are loosened, hormone production is increased, endorphins are released in such amounts that-“

“I did not ask your opinion.” Stella snapped at Carmilla. The young sinner assistant jumped back, frightened, the older woman did not even flinch. “What I do with this is none of your concern.”

The weapons dealer stared at the Goetia for a moment, her face betrayed nothing, and it *infuriated* Stella. “Certainly, it is not like a demon of *your* status will use this on herself after all.”

Stella’s hands twitched, severely tempted to throw something at her.

“After all, any Goetia worth their salt is well versed in magic.”

Stella could barely even light a candle. That’s how stunted her magical talent was due to a lack of interest and education on her part.

She should just take the potions and be done with it, but she was feeling spiteful, so she thought of having a bit of fun first. Make that arrogant little *Sinner* know her place.

“Hmm,” She tapped the underside of her beak in sight. “I would feel more secure if I witnessed the potion’s effects-“

“It is called ‘Pasyr’: Power in Infernal-“

“I know what Pasyr means.” She growled, her crown of feathers ruffling. “As I was *saying*... I would prefer to see its effects myself.”

Carmilla’s eyes narrowed, her frown deepening somewhat as she stared defiantly at the Goetia. There was the bit of frustration Stella wanted to see.

“You do want your bonus after all, no?” She grinned arrogantly at the sinner.

The stare down between the two lasted for almost a minute.

“Ma’am,” The young sinner girl intervened. “I will do it.”

The Overlord perked up, turning to her subordinate in concern. “Catarina, you don’t have to-”

“You put so much work into this, I don’t want to see it go unrewarded. Not after all the time and resources it went into this project.”

“But-“

“Oh, let the girl make her choice.” Stella rolled her eyes, wanting this melodrama to stop before it could fully begin. “If it’s safe, she has nothing to worry about.”

The Overlord's hands clenched a few times over the table, her face shifted through a series of subtle emotions before her red eyes settled over her bespectacled assistant. She gave her a light nod, and Catarina smiled warmly at her.

She picked one of the Pasyr vials from the briefcase, unscrewing the cork and watching the potion with a touch of hesitation.

Magically talentless as she was, even Stella could feel the *raw magic* coming from the potion’s scent alone. It was intoxicating enough for the sinner girl to take a deep breath, savoring it, before tilting the vial to her lips and swallowing the contents.

It was only moments after the vial lay empty and was placed inside the briefcase again that something happened.

The sinner girl grunted, she clutched a hand to her stomach and recoiled as a gasp escaped from her lips with distress evident on her expression. At first, Stella's initial reaction was to call foul play, thinking the serum was in truth some kind of poison and Carmilla wanted to kill her, she was prepared to call her bodyguards and order the most heinous punishment upon the Overlord when her words died in her throat, witnessing what came *after*.

The sinner girl was a lithe thing, even with the white jacket she wore, it wasn't hard to see the thin torso and long, spindly legs. Yet either Stella's eyes deceived her or she looked... bigger than before.

"Hmng!" She grunted in discomfort, suddenly looking like she had gained a couple of inches. The sound of fabric ruffling and stretching reached their ears as the jacket and pants looked to be getting tighter. Threads were pulled tightly until a few started audibly snapping. The jacket went from loose to snug and steadily became skin-tight with every passing moment, allowing the two older demon women to see how the flesh in her arms bulged under the fabric.

Catarina was growing, taller, more muscular; the sudden increase in mass was different from shapeshifting. It wasn't instant, nor heralded by a swirl of magical energy. It was a raw transformation, and Stella could see it. The sinner was changing at a fundamental level, her body rising and mutating under the influence of the Pasyr. Magic fueled her limbs and coursed through every pore of her skin, power at its most primal swelled up inside her to such level it was forcing her body to adapt.

"Ugh!" She grunted, clenching his teeth. She held both arms over her stomach while arching forward, making the widening shoulders strain the jacket even further, expediting the tearing when two gashes split up on her shoulders. Her biceps swelled to the size of oranges, wrapping the white sleeves tightly around them, inadvertently flexing them as she held her stomach, causing the muscles to peek through expanding tears.

Her legs inflated noticeably, pushing against the pants with widening thighs as her calves gained a sharpened tone and volume, opening large tears over her toned quads. The waistband strained against the enlarging hips and abdominals that solidified under it, putting its elasticity to the test. Expensive shoes ripped at the sides as they could not contain the growing feet, cracking like every bone in her body as her height increased.

“G-G-Goood!” She *moaned*, going cross-eyed as she threw her head back so fast her glasses fell off, her white dreads swaying back and forth with her movements as euphoria filled her being. Her modest breast inflated until they were a few cups larger, opening a rift in the shirt’s material right between them, showing enough cleavage to reveal the hardened line of pectoral muscle right above them.

Then, it was over.

Catarina stood there, having suddenly gained a few dozen pounds of muscle; she had transformed from a slim fiend to a ripped demon who did not look out of place on the legions. She panted, still exhilarated by the intense experience, if her hardened nipples were any evidence. Her clothes had ripped in several places, but they still remained intact, if clinging tightly over her muscular figure.

“Are you alright, Catarina?” Carmilla asked in genuine concern, rising from her chair to put a hand on her aide’s shoulder. The girl bristled, not in discomfort or pain, but because of how sensitive her body felt.

“Y-Yes, I am,” She slowly smiled, lifting her arms to inspect her muscles with a thrilled smile. The motion caused the tears to expand and unveil more of the shredded flesh. “I feel incredible!”

As she clenched and unclenched a fist, a brief spark of energy formed on her palm, followed by a flash and an iridescent fireball coming to life, dancing over her fingers.

“Oh my...” She muttered in awe.

A sensation that Stella shared as she stared at the results.

Carmilla grinned at the Goetia. “Now, about that bonus...”

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The Overlord sighed once she finished counting the payment and closing the briefcase, setting it aside on the limo’s long seat. “I wonder if I should have really taken this job...”

"You never back down from a challenge, ma'am," Catarina said, still eying and marveling at her muscles.

"I gave a Goetia power in a bottle, the payment was... *more* than sufficient, along with the arcane materials we were provided," Carmilla said with apprehension. "But I fear I set in motion a *difficult* chain of events."

"You hold the formula *and* the Pasyr," Catarina said with a wide smile. "You can do whatever you want with it."

"Which is why I'm placing it under lock and key."

"Ma'am...?"

"It's dangerous, I'd rather not have word of this spread," The Overlord grumbled as she crossed her arms. "Let's just hope that bird knows not to parrot the word around."

"But... your creation is a marvel, surely your troops could benefit from-!"

"Please, let us not engage in this subject right now," Carmilla said, rubbing her eyes. "I already feel bad enough that you were forced to be a test subject," She looked at her apologetically.

"Ma'am... I regret nothing," Catarina smiled widely. "Look at me, *estoy buenisima!*" The younger sinner said with manic glee as she brought down her arms into a powerful crab flex, the sounds of threads snapping following. "I feel so powerful, and my magic it's... It's like I have a reactor inside of me!" She conjured the fire in her hands once more. "It's so incredibly ironic that I'm technically dead, but I've never felt more alive."

At that, Carmilla had to chuckle. "Well, at least you're enjoying it. We'll have to conduct more tests back home."

"If it means I get to try out these beauties, whatever you want," Catarina licked her lips. "Anything for you, ma'am..."

Carmilla quirked an amused brow. "I see loosening inhibitions endures as a side effect."

Catarina realized she was suddenly sitting *very* close to her boss and mentor, all but looming over her. Was that her hand over Carmilla's leg-?

"Ah!" Catarina scuttled back like a misbehaving puppy, looking everywhere except the Overlord. "I'm... I'm so sorry," *Fuck*, why was she still so wet?

Carmilla's smile sent shivers down her spine. "I heard you during the growth, a very pleasurable experience according to all the tests."

"Words can't do it justice..."

"Test subjects were *very* aroused hours afterwards."

Catarina shivered when her boss's hand crawled up her arm and slowly and tenderly cradled her cheek.

"You must be in *agony* right now," She muttered huskily, hotly whispering into the younger demon's ear. "Feeling all that *heat*"

Catarina's heart was beating a mile a minute; it felt like a war drum going off inside her chest.

"You've been such a loyal girl." Carmilla's other hand slowly moved over her muscular thigh, fingers slowly and sensuously brushed their way to the inner sections... "Why don't I help you?"

Catarina's eyes rolled back, she let out a shuddering moan before she fiercely locked lips with the older woman.

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