

(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 Pentagon 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.