

**(Warning:** This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, physical violence ranging from fights to implied more visceral damage, and graphic sexual content)

Millie was a simple gal. She liked three things in life: Her husband, her job, and fighting. And wouldn't you know, all three overlapped perfectly! She worked with Moxxie, which meant seeing him all day, and her job involved lots of fighting. Hacking and slashing some poor mortals who found themselves on the wrong end of her axe was what her job was all about. It was amazing that she got paid for doing that.

Well, most of the time.

Business had been... slow lately.

Couldn't blame Blitz on this one; his bird boy toy needed the Grimoire for his own job, and he needed to use it a lot lately. A Goetia not doing his responsibilities would raise suspicions, and the last thing they needed was someone looking too closely at how they did their business.

Unfortunately, that put their usual job on hold, and bills were piling up—the office's, their own.

They needed to get extra work to keep things afloat until they could get their access to the mortal world again. Blitz was pulling some old contacts (the ones that still talked to him) to get security gigs here and there and distributing them to the crew. Millie was thankful for it, but it wasn't going to cut it in the long run. Plus, it just wasn't as fulfilling for her. At least going to the human world meant danger, disguises, and the opportunity to get into all sorts of weird shit and crazy fights.

The fight against government spooks was totally fire. Ten Millie Times out of Ten in her book.

Millie sighed inwardly. She'd just have to make do with security duty for a while. And hope Blitz found them more jobs to pay the bills.

Adjusting the backpack hanging from her shoulder, the small imp looked up at the gym sign in front of her. At least membership here was affordable, and she actually got a great trainer to go with the place.

All but slamming the doors open with a kick, Millie burst in shouting. "Sup, bitch! I'm ready to burn!" She casually tilted her head to the sight and caught a dumbbell thrown her way.

"Ten minutes late," Her trainer said with a toothy grin, wild dreadlocks swaying with the way her whole body vibrated with a chuckle. "That's an extra ten pounds today!"

"Ohhhh, you know how to treat a girl, Trish." Millie merely grinned eagerly at the challenge ahead. She threw the dumbbell back at the gym owner.

"Damn right," The muscular imp lady caught it and began spinning it around in one finger. "Hop to it, you fatass, I can hear your thighs brushing from here." She casually slapped Millie's rear as she passed by. "Thighs are meant to be muscly, not flabby."

Millie merely chuckled at the friendly ribbing she got from her trainer. Trish was the person who was between an acquaintance and an old friend. The two grew up in the same region of Wrath, she remembered her family often doing business with Trish's. Both girls got along fine growing up, getting into fights, wrestling with the cattle, and roughing up the occasional bandit.

Much like her, Trish loved a good scrap. She wanted more than farm life. But unlike Millie, who tried striking out on her own, Trish joined the Wrath Legions. And damn, had her time there done her *good*. Her biceps were bulgy, her thighs ridged, and her abs shredded. All compacted in a 4'8 cornfed Wrathian frame. The marks on her body weren't white spots and splotches like some imp had, oh no, those were faded scars from bites, claws, and blades. Millie wouldn't call her a bodybuilder, but Trish was definitely someone who breathed and lived the gym life. More than that, a *warrior's life*. Millie would kill for a body like that. So, she had no problem killing herself with Trish's training regime.

Girl was tough and knew how to motivate you.

After some stretching, Millie started the day's routine, picking up a pair of dumbbells while Trish counted the reps. The dreadlock-haired imp nodded in approval at her pace and form, placing her hands on her hips and unintentionally flaring her lats a bit, showing the damn nice tonnage she had all over, as courtesy of her shorts and sports bra. Though maybe that was on purpose to motivate Millie.

"So, how's work?" Trish asked.

“Boring,” Millie droned with a huff as the dumbbells went up and down.

“That bad?”

“Last one was some lame escort for some new Overlord who’s gonna be gone by the end of the week.”

“Ugh, Sinners.” Trish rolled her eyes. “Give them a bit of power and they think they’re the next Sin.”

“Half the time, I wanted to chop his head off myself. Almost did!” She said brightly before deflating. “But Moxxie reminded me he still had to pay us.”

“Hubby keeps you from flying off the handle, huh?” Trish teased with a smirk. “Can’t see how a mild-mannered Greedian can make a firestorm like yourself simmer down”

“He’s charming, makes me laugh, and he’s *great* in the sack.” The wrathian replied with a wink. “He knows how to cool me down.”

The fellow lady imp merely chuckled in response. “True marital bliss right there, I guess.” She walked around, leaning her arms over a racked weight bar as she inspected Millie’s progress from another angle. “So your other job is still on hold.”

“Yeah, our ticket to the mortal world gonna take a while.”

“Mmm,” Trish mused. “You know, I never heard what sort of channels you go through to make that happen... But maybe I’m better off not knowing, that way I can say I didn’t know anything in case that gig of yours ever blows up.”

“Oh, we’ll be fine.”

“Yeah, until the Reapers arrive.” The ripped imp sighed, raising her palms. “But, not of my business,” She gave Millie a look, a different one from her usual coaching stare. “So, if you’re strapped for cash, maybe I have a solution for you.”

“Precciate it, but I ain’t looking to join the Legion.” Millie didn’t do well taking orders. That’s why she went mercenary and bounty hunter instead of joining the army, even if promised a lot of good fights. She did not see the appeal in fighting at the behest of Goetia. “You know how I feel about people who use us as cannon fodder. Or cannon *ammo*.” She had seen that happen.

Trish wasn’t offended at the insult to her beloved legion, at least. “In this job, you wouldn’t be reporting to anyone but me.”

That made Millie raise a brow. “Thought you were discharged.”

“It’s a semi-retirement thing, I go when draft orders call for a ‘specialist’” She said with air quotations.

IE: Someone who could fuck shit up like a pro.

“I’m authorized to put together any team of my choosing, either drafting from the regiment or calling in some extra muscle from mercenaries.”

Okay, Millie’s curiosity was officially piqued. “Hmm, what’s the job?”

Trish grinned like she had already won her over. “Hunting orders. Some Spawn got farther away from the frontline than my superiors are comfortable with. So they want them dead. Sly fuckers though”

Hellspawn, or Proto-Demons, were malformed, dangerous, and *truly* monstrous things. Spawned from the pure chaos of the Abyss at the very bowels of the underworld. The Legions were constantly at war, driving back the endless chaos lest they consume all of creation. The main theatre of war was on the edges of the lower rings, with the legions commanded by mad fallen angels. But sometimes the Abyss (insidious and corrupting thing that it was) managed to open paths to other rings and let the freaky monsters through.

Millie couldn’t say she’d ever fought a Hellspawn before... and if she only had to listen to Trish...

Okay, she was intrigued.

“What’s the payment?”

“Ten thousand Souls”

It was a good thing Millie wasn’t doing bench presses, or the bar would have fallen right on her throat. She still choked like one did, though.

Holy shit, that was a lot of money. That’d cover their bills for the next month and then some!

Which also meant it was a *dangerous* job.

Millie went from intrigued to excited.

Trish’s grin only grew as the fellow Wrathian gave her one of her own.

“Where’s the job?”

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The job, as it turned out, was in the Wrath Ring outlands. The most inhospitable and harshest part of the ring. The scorching heat during the day was only matched by the freezing temperatures by night, beasts and wild animals of all shapes and sizes (usually large enough to gobble imps whole) stalked the wilds in search of prey.

Oh, Hell save her, Millie always felt nostalgic when visiting Wrath, even the most dangerous parts. Especially the most dangerous parts.

Have accepted Trish’s job offer, the imp assassin brought the right gear for the region and more than a few spare weapons. Oh, Moxxie fuzzed and worried like the worrywart he was, constantly and repeatedly asking if she remembered to bring everything, to be careful, and to call him regularly in case anything happened. She assured him she’d be fine, and that put her hubby at ease for the most part. Of course, that didn’t stop his worrying, which she found endearing.

“Yeah, I’m alright. The folks here are nice.” She said honestly to her phone as she watched a couple of demons brawl over at Trish’s forward camp, a small base to station the troops in case some Hellspawns drew near the closest settlement. “Look, Moxx, I gotta head out soon, so- Yeah, I brought my lucky axe... Yeah, yeah, I know, will text you when I’m free. Don’t worry,” She giggled and blew a kiss at the speaker. “Love ya too, mwach!” And hung up.

“My my my,” A long pink-haired succubus peered over her shoulder, something easy to do with her being three times taller than Millie. “Even with all that mushy love talk, I can still feel the lust,” She giggled at her. “Someone’s eager to get back home~”

“A good hunt’s gonna pump my blood good,” Millie said earnestly. “I’ll come back with a trophy and get all revved up for my Moxxie~”

“That’s the spirit,” The succubus, Meela, said with a devilish grin her kind had long since perfected. “But if the itch becomes too much, my tent’s always open~”

Succubi and incubi were experts at relieving stressed soldiers. But Millie was sure Trish hadn’t brought this one along if that was her only job. Millie knew a fighter when she saw one. And for all her curves and exposed bosom, standing around and looking pretty wasn’t this gal’s job.

“Thanks, hon, but only my Moxxie gets to tap this,” She said with a playful smack on her tush. “Plus, sorry to disappoint, I’m straight as an arrow.”

Meela gave her a long, rather unreadable look that made Millie a bit uncomfortable. It wasn’t glaring or anything, more like she was piecing together a puzzle.

Finally, she let out a snort. “Yeah, right.”

“Uh, what?”

“You’ll figure it out.” She walked away with a deliberate sway of her hips.

As Millie stewed in her own confusion, Trish walked up to her. “You all set?” Contrasting to the workout clothes she was used to seeing on the fit imp, Trish now wore a black sleeveless top with a black jacket full of jagged red patterns, along with military style pants, but still left her hooves free. Wrathian imps didn’t need any footwear when it came to their own Ring’s terrain. “We’re about to leave.”

Millie particularly approved of the thick, broad blade she strapped to her back. Wicked looking thing, all polished black metal with silver edges, and a nice jewel hanging by a chain from the pommel.

“Right-o!” Millie said brightly, resting her axe over her shoulder and strapping a couple of shorter blades on her person.

“Great,” She smirked approvingly and then addressed the other six demons in the camp. “Listen up, you lout! I want full radio contact the moment you have eyes on the targets. We’re hunting a few Hellspawn that managed to break free all the way from the Abyss to here. You all know the procedure, I don’t want any heroics, so cover each other’s backs, that clear?!”

“Ma’am!” Was the dutiful reply given by three imps, a big shark demon from Greed, a double-heated goat lady from Sloth, and the succubus Meela. They all grinned very eagerly at the prospect of the hunt.

“That’s what I like to hear. Now pair up, we leave in five,” She tapped Millie’s shoulders a few times. “You’re with me”

“Nice talk. Very military”

“Oh, I learnt more than that in the Legion,” She grinned at her fellow Wrathian. “Stick around and you’ll pick up a few things.”

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Millie had hunted wild animals before, tracked people during her stint as a mercenary/bounty hunter, so she could keep up with Trish’s way of hunting Hellspawn. It wasn’t just tracks, they apparently emanated a bit of ‘Abyss residue’ which lit up like a Sinsmass tree when the legionnaire waved her hand over a hoof track half the size of their bodies. If the Sinsmass trees were made of dark sparkly miasma.

“We’re on the right way,” Trish said, dispelling the light from her hand with a shake. Man, she really needed to learn magic at some point...

Millie spotted a few claw marks on a few boulders that led to a path further down the jagged paths of the canyon. "Went this way," She pointed out, looking at the marks. "Big fella," She deduced from the size of the hoof marks and the claws.

"Just means a bigger trophy," Trish said excitedly, adjusting the broadblade on her back as they followed the tracks.

Millie hummed in thought. "So you didn't tell the group what we're hunting."

"Not much of a point, really." Trish shrugged her toned shoulders. "Use Ring folk? We have our types, our class, all in neat categories. Proto-demons though? Hellspawn have no rhyme nor logic; they are just monsters that come up with the Abyss from whatever nightmare the darkness conjured up. You could be facing a legion of leeches with teeth, or a group of beasts that don't look at all similar to each other."

"So, what, every Hellspawn is unique?"

"For the most part. There's no clear strategy. You observe, you adapt, then you strike fast and hard." She said with a half-hearted swing at the air. "The legions are always fighting hordes of the damn things. They're savage, some are barely sentient, but there's an endless number of them. Once in a while, an Abyss Lord pops up and..." Trish grew uncharacteristically serious for a moment. "I'm not scared easily, but those things are *smart* and powerful. That's a terrifying combination. Takes the Goetia or the Sins or some other Hell Lord to take those on."

"Whoa." She learned about the Abyss in school, but they skimmed on a lot of details. She had no idea the fighting could get *that* intense so often.

Trish then chuckled. "Lemme tell you, nothing picks up morale like watching Great Satan have a kaiju fight with a giant Abyss Lord. Or Lord Kul'as raining pure mage-fire on a horde of Spawns"

"Damn girl!" Even the mental picture of it was getting her hyped up. "Maybe I should have gone with you all those years ago. The legion sure sounds like a badass time."

"Heh," Trish shook her head. "It ain't easy for an imp. Took a hell of a lot to get my superiors to acknowledge me, till I finally earned..." She paused for a moment. "Anyway, if you had, I don't think you would have met your hubby," Trish smirked as she gave her a playful punch on her shoulder.

“Yeah, you’re right.” Millie acknowledged with a happy smile. “It all worked out in the end.”

“But if your assassin gig doesn’t work out, I’m more than happy to put in a good word for you on the legion I served.”

“I’d rather fight with friends than take orders from a snooty Goetia... or be sent to the front by an insane Fallen.”

“Oh yeah, the frontier legions.” Trish blew out a breath as she placed her hands on her hips. “They’re... *fucking nuts*.” It said a lot that while the thought of greater Abyss demons made her pause, the thought of the damn crazy Fallen Angels fighting on the frontline against the Abyss made her shudder.

Their talks about their jobs and experiences continued for a bit, until the trail led them to a closed-off area formed by tall walls of jagged rocks. The two immediately went on alert; the trail ended here, but there was no sign of the Hellspawn. Which meant...

“It’s near,” Trish said with seriousness as the two covered each other’s backs, looking over the tall rocky walls. She brought up a radio and relayed a message to the team. “Team One reached the end of our trail, about to confront the Spawn.” She radio buzzed for a moment before she placed it on her hip.

Millie’s ears twitched as she heard the sound of pebbles falling over the cliffs. She quickly brandished her axe and pointed. “There!”

The moment she said that, a large figure jumped down and picked up a large dust cloud with the sheer weight of the impact. As it cleared, they saw a tall beast, easily a head taller than a succubus, its body full of matted, full of bulging muscle in its broad, hunched-over frame, and its head bovine in appearance. With two large horns and a giant snout that blew fire rather than steam. The glare of the flames was matched by the hellish light in its eyes.

The minotaur-like beast smashed its huge fists on the earth, cracking the ground, and howled at them with animalistic fury.

The two ladies readied themselves. “We’ve reached the Boss Level!” Millie called out excitedly.