

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

Running against her kind's usual disposition, Loona had never been the most social hellhound. Spending so long in solitude and abandonment during her formative years had that effect. It took a long time for someone to take her from the kennels, and when Blitz finally did, it still took a long time for her to feel comfortable around people in general. It was why she preferred the screen on her phone as a means to connect with the outside world. It meant no face-to-face interaction, no fear of disappointing someone, no fear of getting hurt by someone.

It was hard, admitting she wanted to be with other people, other hellhounds. Even if it made her feel extremely uncomfortable at first, she could still feel that those were things she wanted, because there was a *connection* in all those gatherings she attended, all those parties hosted in Gluttony, where there was no discriminatory bullshit, no rich assholes thinking they were better because they had everything handed to them since then.

Bee certainly wasn't like that. She had power and authority; she could have easily been one of those highborn dicks... but she wasn't. She was her friend, *her friend*.

She sometimes couldn't believe the Sin of Gluttony, the Queen of Hellhounds herself, was her *friend*. She was just so open and down to earth, constantly looking out for those 'lower-class' demons. It had been a weird experience, but weird good. Bee had become important to her life, she and Tex both.

Hell, it was still awkward, though. That crush she had on Tex, that she might still have even if she tried pushing it away. It didn't help that Tex was just that naturally charming, with his smooth attitude, the rugged good looks, those large arms and thick chest...

Fuck, she was still down bad.

And it got even *more* complicated with Bee in the picture, because Loona *also* found *her* hot as well. Damn her hopeless bisexual ass...

It's fine, it's *fine*. She had friends now, she had a true social life, she connected to peers like a regular hellhound. She could just put this in the back of her mind, lock the door, and throw away the key, and it'd all be just fine.

She'd go to Bee's party and have a blast. But when Bee's party mansion came into view, the first thing she noticed was the lack of blasting music that would resonate through the entire block, and the countless smells of hundreds of hellhounds and imps hanging around in the same place. She could already see from the outside that the party wasn't bursting at the seams like usual.

Her nose picked up just about ten scents, two of them she recognized as Bee's and Tex's.

That was odd. She thought this would be one of Bee's huge parties, but seems it'd just be a small friends' gathering?

Shrugging to herself, Loona entered the house without issue, the enchantments on the door already recognizing her as a guest who would always be welcomed any time (nice of Bee). Yup, the main dance hall was totally empty. Where the hell was everyone?

She couldn't really track scents inside the house because Bee's place always smelled like a candy factory that blew up. Causing it all to mingle everywhere. Instead, she decided to text Bee that she was already in the house. The message was marked as sent but not read yet. Shit, she hoped she'd seen it soon.

Wandering off a bit, she walked out to the pool area outside the west wing, hoping to catch Bee and Tex. The place was empty, but she caught sight of a large shape under the water moving towards the edge of the pool. What emerged was a hellhound, built like Tex and completely shredded. The bikini piece tight against her huge tits showed it was a female hellhound; her face was angular, her black fur was completely drenched and stuck close to her skin, highlighting that insane definition.

She shook herself half-dry, making the hairs on her tail to frazzle out along with her mane of black hair. Red eyes caught sight of her, and a lupine grin spread over her snout. "Well, hello there, cutie~" She spoke with a rough, deep voice.

Holy shit, holy shit, this lady was a *tank*. Loona forgot to breathe for a moment, but she managed to say a strangled. "H-Hey"

Jesus Christ, was this something she was into? Millie had turned herself into a huge meatball of an imp, all corded muscle everywhere, bulging with the slightest movement. And... Loona had to admit that beyond the initial shock, there was something appealing about her. *Very* appealing. Something raw. Though she really did not want to pleasure herself, thinking of *Millie*.

This lady, however? Ohhhhh wow, she could have *all* the wet dreams and not feel guilty in the least. She carried herself imposingly, like she could lift the whole roof over those wide shoulders.

She walked closer to her, highlighting the height difference between the two. Loona could (and very much wanted to) bury her face in those huge breasts and run her hands over those impressive muscles. "Name's Kara. What's your name, cutie~?" That was the second time she was called that, making the hairs of her tail stand on end.

"L-Loona, that's me!" Christ on a stick, why did she revert back to that awkward as hell pup who could barely hold a conversation? Oh, right, *because one of the largest and most shredded women she'd ever seen was calling her cute.*

"Oh, so YOU are Loona!" The black-furred hellhound said excitedly, grabbing her hand and shaking it. "Bee's told me a lot about you!"

"She did?" Oh, Bee, please be her wingwoman this day. "You uh, you friends with Bee?"

"Yup. I'm a frontliner in her legions." She smirked, raising her arm and slowly baling her fist, making the bicep jump out with insane girth. "If that wasn't obvious." She winked at her, and Loona felt herself warm up. God, she wanted this beautiful beast to flex even more for her.

"Y-Yeah! You look pretty... *woof!*" She made a poor caricature of a bark.

Thankfully, Kara merely laughed good-naturedly, flattered. "Well, I'd say these are just for work, but why lie?" She flared her lats, widening her great thorax. "I do like getting a 'woof' out of people." A twitch of her pecs, and she was making them bounce, alongside those large breasts. Loona desperately prayed for one to slip out of her bikini. "I do bodybuilding, before it was cool." She said jokingly. "So, what do you do, honey?"

"Oh, I work at an office. Go to the human world sometimes."

"Ah, you're at a hunter agency?"

"Kinda. It's complicated." Better save the details regarding the not-so-legal nature of Blitz's business.

“Loonie, there you are!” The Sin of Gluttony’s ever-excited voice rang out from inside the mansion, and she flew straight at the grey and white hellhound, picking her up in a tight hug. “Just saw your text, so happy you made it!” She smiled at the two. “And I see you met Kara. Isn’t she like, the biggest hunk of meat you’ve seen in your life?”

“You’re gonna make me blush.” Kara not-so-humbly said. “I just like working out.”

“Girl, you *live* for the weights. Show it!”

At her encouragement, Kara flexed both arms and sank her shredded stomach, putting on a show that was making Loona’s underwear get *flooded*. She brought her arms down and arched forward, bulging her upper body in a raw, most muscular that strained her bikini to the ripping point. “Hope you brought money to see this show?”

“Hell yeah, girl!” Bee conjured up a bunch of bills and just threw them at the bodybuilding hellhound. “Hey, wanna give my girl here a lap dance?” She said, sticking one bill inside her lower bikini strings.

Loona choked.

“Homegirl looks a bit confused. Why don’t you tell her what this party is for?” Kara replied, stretching and drying herself a bit more. “Got the soak I needed, now I wanna get back to the weights.”

“What did I say, huh?” Bee pulled Loona into a one-armed embrace. “She’s a gym nut!”

“Nice to meet you, Loona.” She winked at the smaller hellhound. “I might just give you that private show if you want.” And walked off, giving Loona a *good* view of that enormous back that was striated to perfection, and those large, muscular globes she called an ass.

“Bee,” Loona muttered as she looked at the Sin. “What the hell?”

“What? I thought you’d like a dance! Kara’s got moves like, hmf! You get your seat wet-“

“Not what I meant!” Loona hissed. “What kind of party is this?”

“Oh, it’s not a big party, but it’s a *BIG* party!” She laughed. “Suffice to say, Kara’s not the only ripped girl around today.”

Loona was this close to having her brain short-circuit. “Say what?”

“Ohhh yeah, I saw all these ladies bulking up lately, and I thought, ‘Man, that’s hot. Don’t I know some big ladies myself?’ Called a few of my soldiers -ugh, sounds so impersonal- to get their sweat on at my place.” She grinned, squeezing Loona’s shoulder. “If you liked Kara, then you’re in for a treat.”

Loona thought about it for a moment, “...How big a treat?”

The queen’s grin grew wider, and with a snap of her fingers, she conjured a magical circle that allowed Loona to see what was going on deeper into her mansion. While Bee often pushed Loona to be more social and get out of her comfort zone, she still knew to give her space when trying out new things. So before taking a look in person, Bee gave her a ‘preview’ of the scene.

Seems that Bee had set up her own personal gym (Loona knew there wasn’t one before, the Sin of Gluttony doesn’t get fat after all), though there were a lot of machines for it to be a ‘personal’ gym... especially with all the girls occupying it.

Wow, there were a lot of those buff ladies in there. With Kara wandering into the scene, Loona counted at least nine of them. All hellhound ladies with varying levels of mass and tone. Ranging from lean fitness models with a good level of muscularity, to those towering masses of hulking meat that made her knees turn to jelly.

They were all working out, blasting their muscles to the beat of gym music, accompanied by a cacophony of groans and moans as their bodies coiled and rippled from the heavy workout, seemingly becoming stronger.

No, not seemingly, some were actually growing *bigger*, their muscles swelled with each repetition of their heavy weights. Pushing their size to new limits and stretching their outfits to the ripping point.

She watched one of the smaller hellgounds take a drink from what looked to be Bee’s brand of honey-alcohol. Her fur stood on end, and her muscles seemed to palpitate. “Y-Yeah!” She growled, squeezing the can in her hand, and as her entire body bloomed outward. Legs lengthened and became firm, widening with larger mass. Her biceps swelled outwards

alongside her shoulders, her entire torso widened swiftly, straining her tank top. She lay on the bench and quickly began pressing the heavy-looking bar with swift reps.

“Holy shit...” Loona muttered in awe.

“Hell yeah, my girls are really into it. Got them hooked on some of my nectar, the one I give my troops. Always had my eye on them, these ten have the most potential of-” She paused, blinking a few times. “Huh, wait, only count nine. Where’s Gloria...?”

She ran her finger over the magical mirror, like swiping on a phone screen, going through several rooms until- “Ah, there she is!”

Loona felt her heart drop into her stomach. What she saw... it brought out a lot of emotions in her.

It was two hellhounds going at it in one of the rooms. One of them was a *pretty* muscular lady, lying facedown on a bed with her ass up. The other was a male, of great physique too, with a broad torso and strong arms. He was repeatedly thrusting into her back and forth, firmly holding her muscular glutes as he rammed into her with furious frenzy. The two were moaning and grunting like beasts as they engaged in this erotic display. She grabbed the sheets with such force her claws were tearing the fabric, her back muscles coiled and flexed as her entire body tensed, she threw her head back, gasping and howling in pleasure.

The sight alone was arousing, and would have titillated Loona something nice.

But the other big emotion she felt was mortification and hurt, because the guy was Tex.

Tex was doing it with another woman! In Bee’s own house! With one of her friends!

That... fucking asshole. To think she ever liked him! How *dare* he do this to Bee?! What was dating a Sin not enough for him? He had to cheat on her, too?!

She was already baring her fangs when she remembered Bee was right next to her. Oh *Hell* she couldn’t imagine what she was going through. To have caught him in the act like this... She had to be there for her, had to support her through this horrible revelation. Be there for Bee, like been had been there for her.

Loona looked at her, a sympathetic apology already on the tip of her tongue, bracing herself to see the heartbroken look on her dear friend's face.

"Yeah, that's right." The Sin muttered huskily. "Give it to her..."

And instead found she was looking at the scene with *keen* interest.

"Um, Bee?" Loona stammered, trying so hard to wrap her head around this. "Tex is... he's doing it with another lady."

"And it's fucking hot." She licked her lips and grinned wickedly.

"...Bee what the hell?!"

"What? I told him, have at it!"

Loona stared at her incredulously.

"You're really surprised we swing?"

"Kinda?!"

"Hmm, guess I should have mentioned it before."

"Ya think?!"

"Eh, slipped my mind," She pulled Loona closer by the shoulder. "Let's just enjoy the show."

Loona was losing her fucking mind today.

"What?!" She was desperately trying to ignore the scene on the magical screen. It was hard to do when it was right on her face, and the sounds coming from it were arousing her.

Bee looked at her, and Loona felt like she had been caught red-handed, despite not doing anything. "Come on now, it's not like you haven't wanted to see my man in action for a while."

If not for the fact that her legs somehow weren't working, Loona felt she should have run away *fast* by now. "I... I don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm not blind, Loonie. I know you got the hots for Tex. And I don't mind." She said brightly, completely flooring Loona. "Hell, we talked about inviting you to sleep with us. But wanted to wait until you felt comfortable." She blinked a few times and scratched her head. "Though I guess this is putting the pressure on you a bit, huh..."

Loona was speechless. What *could* she say to this? That Tex and Bee were aware of her own feelings? That they *wanted* her to partake in their relationship? That this was an *option* the entire time?!

Loona *really* wanted the earth to swallow her. Go down through all the rings and get taken to... Super Hell, or whatever.

"I like ya, Loona," Bee said both openly and warmly. "And if you want, I really would like you to try out new things with us." She tenderly held her chin, looking straight into her eyes.

Loona felt she might get lost in them.

"I..."

Fuck.

Just...

Loona lunged and slammed her lips together against the sin. Bee let out a muffled sound of surprise before moaning contently, wrapping up her four arms around the smaller hellhound. The two kissed with glee and passion. Loona let herself go and explore feelings she had long since kept hidden, and it felt *wonderful*.

The two parted for air, and Loona gave her a somewhat hesitant smile, a lingering moment of doubt she was pushing through. "I... really like you."

"I like you too. *Very much.*" She kissed her forehead, and Loona let out a happy chuff. "Now... let's enjoy the show~."

And enjoy they did. It was a weird experience for Loona. Weird and all manner of *fantastical*. Here she was, standing next to a pool, watching through a magic screen with voyeuristic intent, observing as the guy she liked gave it to a muscular beauty. All with the company of the Sin of Gluttony, who was her friend, and also *liked her* that way.

It all kinda piled up at once for Loona, so she just decided to go along with it.

Her tongue licked the edges of her lips, as her hips slowly moved reflexively in tandem with Tex's powerful hip thrusts. The arousal in her flared up with each passing moment as she trailed her hands over her stomach, slowly going over the sensitive zones further up in her torso, teasing at the edges of her bra.

She shuddered when a different pair of hands began tracing her curves, thumbs hooked at the edges of her shorts as the fingers slowly slipped inside. While the other hand moved underneath her top. "Bee..." She muttered breathlessly.

The hellhound queen grinned at her and dipped her hand deeper under her garments until she found the sweet spots.

Loona moaned, shuddering as Bee's hands began pleasuring her, a tweak of her nipples, a rub against her clit, teasing on the edges of her folds. The second pair of hands allowed Bee to take care of herself, pleasuring herself at the same time while tending to Loona. The two watched with excitement as the fierce sex continued, with Tex's letting out louder growls still as he rammed himself into the muscular glutes of his partner. Gloria's back arched, her arms flexed, her strong build coiled in shuddering pleasure.

"Oh, here it comes...!" Bee muttered with a frenzied tone as her pleasuring of both herself and Loona intensified. "Can you feel it, Loonie?!"

"Ah!" Loona could only gasp as the threshold of pleasure was about to reach its tipping point. "Ahhh!"

Tex's thrust, Gloriou's muscles, Bee's *hands*.

It was too much. Too much. *Too much.*

“Ghng!” Tex tensed and threw his head back, letting out a howl.

Gloria growled in ecstasy as her eyes rolled back, no doubt feeling his seed rush in.

Bee and Loona shared a simultaneous orgasm, timed perfectly to the release they had witnessed.

The two panted heavily as Bee lazily dispelled the magic viewing screen and nuzzled Loona’s head, who replied with a content rumble. “That was good, huh?”

“Hmm...” Loona mumbled out with a lazy smile.

“My man knows how to give a good show,” Bee chuckled. “Just imagine when it’s your turn...”

Amazing how she could get horny even after such a strong climax.

“And Gloria!” Bee growled. “All those muscles on her, so fucking ripped... and she ain’t even the biggest hound around here.”

“That Kara...?” Loona asked, imagining what Tex and that beast of a woman together would look like.

“Oh, honey,” The look on Bee’s eyes was positively dangerous.

Then, right next to the hellhound, the queen began *growing*.

“*Far from it.*”

Loona looked up, and up, and up, until Bee’s breasts were almost over her head. Her entire body expanded in all directions, swelling with imposing levels of mass until her girth outsized Loona completely. It reminded Loona of that time Bee threateningly transformed into her true giant form. The monstrous features were held back; it was only her mass that was growing.

Her muscles etched themselves with unrivaled definition, filling her limbs until they tore through her clothes like paper. The Sin of Gluttony became an embodiment of power, one that instinctively made Loona want to submit to. What else could she do before the enormity of Beelzebub?

Bee growled, rising her four arms and flexing them to superb effect. "You surprised I can make myself look like this? Honey, I'm the Sin of Gluttony. I've got more power in my fingertips than most demons in their whole bodies." She chuckled. "And I'm a whole lotta body now~."

"Y-Yeah," Loona numbly muttered, hands reaching out to tentatively feel her. "You sure are..."

Bee looked at her like she was a delicious snack, looming over her while slowly bending over. Loona was pushed back by those enormous breasts until she fell to the floor, completely covered by the enormity of Bee's body. "You smell... *delicious*," Bee said, taking a good sniff of her fingers, the ones she had used to pleasure Loona, and licked them clean. The hellhound could only gulp.

"You want this, Loonie?" Bee offered her. "You want to *gorge yourself* on all this tasty power? Be one of my powerful hounds..." Her breath, sweet like candy, hit her face like steam.

It wasn't even a decision for Loona, as her mouth had instantly answered. "Yes..." She muttered. "Yes," Once more with more desperation.

Bee grinned wildly and summoned a stream of golden-colored liquid from thin air. "Open wide~"

Loona did so, and the nectar flowed into her mouth. The moment it touched her tongue, it felt like Heaven, thick sweetness and sugar exploded into her taste buds, sending her on a flavor trip that sent waves of electricity through her spine and made her fur stand on end.

It wasn't just sugar; it was more than that. It felt like a hundred energy drinks. There was just so much damn *power* in the nectar, in that *delicious* drink made up of raw hellish matter but distilled into something completely tasty. Loona greedily drank it, wishing to have more and more.

Her body reacted the moment it started flowing down her esophagus, shuddering and palpitating like her heart was right under her skin. But it was only at the moment the golden liquid touched her stomach that the *power* began spreading.

“Agh!” She groaned, arching her back. Her stomach stretched as blocks of hardened muscle started taking shape, carving lines of definition to separate six bags of solid flesh. Her arms shook as her shoulders punched out, her claws dug into the concrete with her biceps rippling and rising.

Her legs quivered and spread, twisting erratically as muscle filled out every inch of them, from her long calves to her swelling quads, pushing her shorts to the ripping point. Bee looked at the way her legs spread, smelled the wet arousal coming from them, and licked her lips. “Don’t mind if I take a snack~” With a hook of her fingers, she pulled out her shorts and panties.

Loona let out a shrill gasp when a *long* tongue took a good lick of her folds and began prodding *deep* inside her. The surge of pleasure expedited the process of her growth, swelling her body as it proportionally expanded to adjust her thicker frame to pack all the developing muscle groups.

“Ah! Ahh!” She moaned, moving her hips back and forth while Bee’s hands held her in place as she buried her mouth in her. “Ahhhhh!” Swelling breasts split her top in two, snapping the pentagram-shaped straps. Muscles swelled on her neck to the point her choker was, well, choking her, but had yet to reach the ripping point. “Ahhhhhh!”

She gushed into Bee’s mouth, thirstily drank her release, and savored her fully. After experiencing the second-best orgasm of her life, Loona was more amazed by the fact that she still had energy to even *breathe*.

But she had energy, and to spare. Loona never felt more alive in her life. She stood up on shaky legs, finding her balance soon enough and stretching to feel her new fibrous flesh. She looked *good*, with a nice level of muscles that put her on the same tier as a weightlifter or a physique-class bodybuilder (she may have gotten a bit overly familiar with the terminology from Millie’s ceaseless talks).

“Goddamn,” She breathed out, giving her arm a few flexes in front of her torso, making the mound of muscle bump against her now larger breasts. “Okay, I’m buying into the whole fitness craze.”

“And you look good!” Said the Sin with exuberant cheer. Even on her knees, she still stood taller than the hellhound, and massively wider too. “Girl, you look so tasty I could eat you up.”

“Didn’t you just do that?” Loona arched a playful eyebrow, pointing down at her nude state.
“How was it by the way?”

“*Delicious,*” Bee growled as she leaned forward for another kiss, which Loona eagerly returned.
“Ready to meet the gals now that you’ve got the right party bod?”

With a snap of her fingers, Bee conjured a workout top and shorts for Loona to wear, bearing the same crescent moon mark she often wore in her regular outfits. The grey-white hellhound looked at herself and tugged at the fabric, finding it to be stretchy and resistant. She wondered how resistant it’d be once she put it through its paces.

Oh, Loona did not intend to remain this size for long after all.

She grinned ferally: “Let’s hit the weights.”

X~X~X~X~X

Loona had never thought of herself as a gym nut before, on account of having never really worked out in her life. She left that sort of thing to people who actually dragged their asses off every morning to run or lift weights, not people like her who were nursing hangovers half the week. She just wasn’t an active person, hell she had to be forced to do her job a lot of the time.

Now, though, with Bee’s nectar flowing through her veins, spreading through every last muscle group in her body, Loona couldn’t imagine herself doing anything else.

The dumbbells rose and fell in tandem, biceps slowly flexed into rising mounds of corded flesh, with her fur sticking close to her skin from the sweat and highlighting her definition.

The way her muscles pulled tight, creating a burning sensation, filled her with energy she had never experienced before in her life. Like going on a high, but not a drug high, this was the natural product of her body exerting itself, and it felt *good*. Loona enjoyed the way her biceps flexed, defining her triceps and making the muscle rise prominently; veins had become visible, throbbing into existence in a way that made her look all the stronger.

She groaned as she went through that had to be the tenth rep in a row. She could feel herself growing stronger each time, and didn't want the feeling to stop.

Her new friends and peers approved of her progress. With a blonde-haired hound whistling appreciatingly at her, even as she blasted her legs through the squat machine. "Looking good, Loona!"

"You planning on going full roid like Kara?" Another hound, one with long pointy ears and thin fur, asked while working her abs.

"Roid?" The largest hound in the room called out with a grin as she squatted an enormous weight upon her shoulders, her legs ballooned impressively as her arms tightly coiled from the grip on her bar. "Nectar ain't some roids. It's a reward, baby. This is what happens when you become the strongest soldier in your regiment." Kara grinned. "Sides, we're all on nectar now."

And damn, they loved it.

Sasha, a rough-looking rottweiler, hound downed a whole extra-large can of nectar. And *boy*, she grew out something fierce. She let out a throaty laugh while squeezing her fist, watching as her arm muscles bulged out with impressive mass, veins throbbed under the skin, quivering with barely contained power. She grew exponentially, in height and in width, ripping through her tank top, uncaring that the others could see her naked. Her breasts were small in comparison, but she had enormous slabs of striated pectoral meat to compensate.

"Oh, yeeeeeah!" She growled, her thick neck muscles flexed in response. Sasha brought down her arms in a savage, most muscular, while some of the girls around her cheered for her burst of massive growth. One of them unabashedly licked her chest and arms, and the black hound pulled her closer for a searing kiss.

Loona licked her lips as she saw the beastly huge hound rip the clothes off the smaller one and drive her against the wall in a fit of frenzied lust; those muscle glutes flexed nicely with each thrust of her hips. The smaller hound moaned in delight, tightly scrapping her claws against the ample back muscles.

The fun stuff about Bee's more 'private' parties is how gluttony could quickly grow into lust. It made Loona curious about how parties up in Lust could go. Certainly, they involved a lot of fetishes.

And right now, Loona was *very* interested in indulging her new one.

Inspired by the sex happening right now, Loona dropped the bells and barely waited to catch her breath while she grabbed *two* cans of nectar. Popping them open with a hissing sound, she spilled the contents straight into her open mouth, uncaring that some was spilling onto the sides and making her fur sticky.

“Look at her go!” Another hound commented with a clap.

Kara ceased her squatting, putting the weight back in its place and staring *very* intently at what was about to unfold.

Loona drank the last drop, and her eyes widened with a gasp. Her pupils shrank as the effervescent rush of power settled in her stomach and spread everywhere with far more energy than the first time she had consumed that sweet substance.