

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

Everyone wants something. Everyone is willing to pay to get that something. But everyone has their standards, the limits and lines they are not willing to cross. At one point it becomes too expensive, or the cost takes far more from you as a person. You sell your pride, your dignity, and carry that empty piece with you for a *long* time.

Some can live with it; others find the price acceptable. There is no telling what those people are capable of, those willing to part with something precious to get what they want.

Ethan figured perhaps he had gone insane to even consider this. Perhaps desire had become obsession a long time ago and he had thrown away all rationality.

The circle drawn with arcane lettering was a clear indicator of madness.

Who summons demons to get what they want?

Probably someone who had something really wrong with them...

He constantly rationalized that once he indulged in this... *desire* of his he'd be free. He'd be able to handle it better once he became familiar with the experience he'd go on with his life.

Nobody ever told him indulging in one's addiction, even a little bit, only made it worse.

But his mind was set, Ethan... he *needed* this.

It was by a stroke of luck he happened upon that book, hidden in a secret place of their house, clearly it belonged to the previous owners many years ago. The book was leather-bound, and its pages contained so many *amazing* things. It spoke of demons and spirits, the fantastical and mystical, things the world either forgot or *locked away*.

And how to invoke them.

For reasons beyond himself, Ethan believed it. He believed every word in every page, he felt there was power to those symbols and letters he knew not the meaning of. His eyes were drawn to every picture and sketch as though they were alive.

And *one* in particular stood out to him among all the others.

The figure that plagued his dreams and drove his libido insane with her image, and the description of what she was and what she stood for.

He wanted... he needed to meet her.

Ethan made every preparation, he waited until he was alone in the house, drew the circle to the precise detail, and gathered the ingredients.

In the middle of his room lit only by candles, Ethan chanted the words, feeling them echo as they bounced off the walls. The lights flickered with each intonation as he held the book high with his free hand. The letters in the circle *glowed*, and Ethan smiled.

Magic. This was pure, true magic coming to life by his actions and words. He had a gift, he had *the* gift.

It was time to reap the benefits.

The chalk that made up the circle seemed to shift into black tar, opening a hole in the floor that didn't lead to the first floor. No, it led to *somewhere* else. A realm of chaos and fire, where thought and flesh mingled as one. Where beings of extraordinary power dwelled.

Ethan felt ecstatic when *she* emerged.

The drawings of her paled in comparison to the real thing. She was... She was *glorious*, she was all she could have hoped for and more.

Long horns sprouted from a red-skinned temple, long silvery hair flowed flawlessly down an enormously wide back. Her features were both feminine and stern, carrying the experience of countless centuries with her. Her body was *massive*, it was simply impossible for any human to look like that.

At over two meters tall, and wider than a double-door refrigerator, this woman, this *being*, was pure physical might incarnate. Her shredded biceps, engorged with veins the size of two fingers pressed together, were easily larger than his *torso*, with such thickness and power behind them they looked like they could easily snap him like a twig. Her pectorals were thicker than the covers of the tome in his hand, supporting truly spectacular breasts that were thinly hidden by a piece of fabric adorned with jewelry and sharp bones.

There were *so many* abdominal muscles on her core, with eight large cobblestones taking center stage, and dozens upon dozens of obliques framing them, leading up to wide lats that made her thick arms stand at an angle. The sharpest lines of a v-line lead to her crotch, also hidden by a torn rag of cloths, where his eyes wandered over the staggeringly huge thighs, bursting with power and flesh, wider than his entire body. Even the last detail of her body was driving him insane, making his penis pulsate under his pants.

Ethan briefly followed with his gaze a long tail that ended up an arrow-like shape at the tip, before looking up in *awe* of this infernal being that embodied his each and every desire.

Muscle and beauty, strength and sensuality.

The hellish woman opened her eyes, revealing dark sclera and yellow iris that seemed to stare right *through* him.

“**Hmm...**” Her voice rumbled like rocks grinding against each other. She ever so lightly tilted her head, making her long silvery locks trail over a huge deltoid like a waterfall. “**Curious to see one so young to indulge in the art of demonology**” Her voice carried far more experience than even ten of his ancestors *combined*.

He could only open and close his mouth as his throat felt dry.

“**Do you know *who* you have invoked, mortal?**” She quirked her brow, not really showing impatience, but curiosity.

Ethan finally found his words as he stared at the massive matron. “Y-You are... Aezevin, Mistress of Battle, Forger of Warriors” Just as the book had said.

“So you do have *some* idea of what sort of forces you have meddled with,” She mused. **“Now speak your intention before I grow bored. The mortal realm is so... ugh, tedious”**

He could scarcely believe she was talking to her, “I just... I wanted to meet you”

That seemed to draw her curiosity further. **“Oh, and why is that? Do you not seek to curry favor with a demon to give you riches? I waste not my time with such pointless drivel, if you know about me, then you know what I stand for”**

He quickly nodded, “You turn women into warriors, you make them *powerful*, so they can fight like you. So they can *be* like you”

Her eyes seemed to narrow ever so slightly. **“And yet you should also know I do not waste my time with males. My blessings are not for them. So what do you-?”** She paused, her nose twitching.

She sniffed, then she sniffed again as she closed her eyes.

A smile slowly formed on her lips. **“Ahhh... I see”** Azevin sounded amused. **“I can smell it on you, boy. The desire, the arousal, the seed about to squirt out of your manhood just by the sight of me”**

Ethan idly placed a hand over his pants, trying to hide the bulge.

She chuckled, **“A mortal with good taste. Your world has been bereft of powerful women for so long. Hardly anyone seeks me anymore, let alone do they know I exist. ‘Tis a shame my blessings have gone unrecognized for so long”** She leaned forward so she could grin down at him, showing sharp incisors. **“And you *crave* them, you desire the return of such warriors in your time”** It was like she was seeing into the depths of his soul, **“You sought me out... because you know power is the greatest form of beauty, and you couldn’t help yourself... You summoned me to give yourself to me”**

Ethan shuddered when hot breath hit his face. “I read so much about you. And you’re... you’re incredible to me, everything you are, everything you stand for. I wanted to see your muscles, to feel them, to-“

“To spread my gifts” Aezevin slowly run a tongue over the edges of her lips. **“Ohhh trust mortals to follow their loins over everything”**

He knelt before her, “Please... let me spread your blessings, to make every woman who has a warrior inside become like you. To make them all beautiful and strong like you”

“Hmm...” The demon pondered his proposal. **“You want me to spread my blessings through you then, to give the women in your life *power* and *glory* like no other... All to satisfy your desires”**

He gulped. “Yes”

Aezevin threw her head back, barking a laugh. **“Oh, I appreciate your honesty! Hells bellow, at least you are willing to make a deal I respect”** Her smile widened. **“But... you know pacts like this have a price, don’t you?”**

He dared to look up at her. “What do you want?”

“Hmm, having your soul would be a waste, I only enlist warriors pledged to me. You are more like a... priest, perhaps.” She seemed to find the thought hilarious. **“So let this be our pact; Through you I will see those with potential, the worthy, and in your hands I will place the gift of my might, through you I will act and bless them. Any woman in your life, should I deem it so, will become amazons”**

Ethan smiled from ear to ear, “Yes... Yes, I accept!”

“Oh but that it’s not all you want, isn’t it?” She grinned, **“You want to venerate them, to feel their flesh and indulge in pleasure like never before. You want them to be ‘open’ to your touch~”**

He gulped, blushing and *throbbing* at the thought. “Y-Yes”

She hummed playfully, **“Hmm, perhaps this I will have to decide for myself. If you are worthy of them”**

His thoughts halted, “H-How? What do I have to do?”

Aezevin balled her hands into fists tightly, making her muscles *jump* and easily tear through the rags she called clothes. Ethan gasped at the red muscular *perfection* in front of him.

“Show me you know how to worship a warrior’s body”