

(**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”

Ethan’s cognition shattered at that moment. For the demon’s powerful allure was too much to resist the moment the ‘invitation’ was given. She was his dream-made flesh, and so he threw himself at that ample flesh.

His tongue desperately lapped at the ridges of those hard-coiled muscles, planting wet kisses over the bulges of her quads, all while his hands trailed over her leg with adoration. He couldn’t believe he was doing this, that he was living his fantasy to with this hellish beauty. He would have called it a miracle, but perhaps she’d find it insulting. She slowly rolled her muscles with gentle flexes, striating her muscles ever further.

“Hmm~” She hummed in appreciation, **“Lacking in experience... but not spirit,”** Aezevin said with a small grin. **“This candor cannot be faked; you desire muscle and strength more than anything... yet none for yourself”**

Ethan merely let out a moan as he kept worshipping her leg, he felt her fingers run over his brown locks.

“Even if I deny your wish, you would still offer yourself to me” She stated, rather than questioned. **“And you’d live out your existence happily if it meant venerating my body”** His reply was only more desperate lapping. She slowly guided his head towards her crotch, letting out a pleased sigh as his tongue dove through her folds. **“Yes... your devotion to my gifts cannot be denied”**

Then Ethan found himself being easily lifted by his shirt, his feet dangled in the air as he put face to face with Aezevin, she then grabbed a hold of his midsection with her large hand and held him higher still, until the bulge of his pants was pointing directly at her face.

“I just need to confirm one last thing”

She tore a hole through his pants with a sharp nail, and his erection sprung free. Swollen, red, throbbing, desperate for release.

Before Ethan's widening eyes, the mighty demon opened her ruby-rimmed lips and took his full cock into her mouth. Pleasure unlike *any* he ever felt in his life exploded from his crotch, quickly washing over him in waves that wrecked his body. The first blowjob of his life, the first true act of sex ever done to him, and it was delivered by a demonic amazon.

Her tongue wrapped around him, her cheeks suckling upon his manhood with ease, never closing her eyes she continued her lewd act with a sort of professional disposition, only slightly frowning and raising her brows as though she tasted him as a sommelier would taste wine. She moved him back and forth, her lips brushing all over his thick length without needing to bob her head.

Ethan moaned in utter joy and ecstasy, losing control in a powerful explosive orgasm, emptying his load inside her mouth in streams of hot white liquid.

Aezevin let out a muffled hum as his seed splashed all over her mouth, an impressive volume was let loose against the corners of her mouth and the back of her throat, to which she easily relaxed it and just consumed it all.

She cleaned him fully as she pulled him away, a trail of saliva connecting his dick to her lips temporarily. **"Your seed... 'tis a fine taste indeed,"** She said with some measure of surprise before smiling at him. **"Very well"**

She ran her finger on the underside of his dick, and Ethan groaned, feeling as though his sack was instantly filled again, a new wave of powerful arousal washing away the post-release exhaustion, ready for more.

Next thing he knew, his clothes were torn to pieces, and Ethan was flung to his bed. The enormous red frame of the demon loomed over him, climbing over the bed and making it creak under her imposing weight. Her wide legs coaxed his sides as she positioned herself right over his invigorated erection.

"Let the Pact be struck," She placed her hands at the sides of his head, leaning forward as two enormous breasts smushed against his flat chest. **"I will bless the women around you, and the two of us shall reap the benefits of these mighty warriors I shall create"** Her hot breath seductively brushed over his lips. **"Do we have an accord?"**

Ethan's lip trembled as he exhaled in desperate agreement. "Yes... Yes, yes!"

Aezevin grinned and planted a slow kiss on his lips.

Then she impaled herself on him, and Ethan all but shouted in pleasure as his dick was coaxed inside her tight warm walls. She rode him unrelentingly, dominating him in body and soul as his manhood once more exploded in pleasure.

Aezevin let out a soft laugh, enjoying the rush of semen inside her as her own fluids coated his length. His virility, blessed by her magic, would no doubt satisfy any of her amazons.

Oh, this was going to be *fun*.

X~X~X~X~X

Ethan woke up feeling he was on top of the world. He had the largest smile as he checked himself in the mirror, brushing his long bangs of curly brown hair. He felt like he was about to burst into song, just cry out in joy that this was his life. His fantastical dreams became a reality, a whole world of possibilities awaited him and he couldn't wait to get started. He did not flinch when the faint silhouette of Aezevin appeared behind him in the mirror, yet she wasn't physically behind him. It didn't surprise him she could manifest this way, beyond the senses of people unless she wanted them to perceive her.

"You are on your way to pick my first vassal?"

"Yup, gotta hold my part of the deal," He said with a beaming smile. "So um, how does it work exactly? I know you said you'd bless them through me, but it's still fuzzy on the details"

"I've given you the ability to confer my blessings to women you single out. If my powers deem them worthy, then they shall be empowered"

Cool, so he got to decide which women he'd want to bulk. That was handy.

"Do I touch them? Or do I recite a passage from the tome or something?"

"Your desire is vehicle enough"

Was that another way of saying if he was horny for them, they'd grow? Well, works for him.

"You coming with me?"

"I trust you will not disappoint me," There was an underlying threat in her tone. **"Contractor. I shall go where I please, worry not for prying eyes, they will never see me"**

He wasn't sure he liked a powerful demoness just wandering around. But the texts said she wasn't one to engage in random killing or petty acts of malice. So it'd be safe for her to stay around the house. His mom and sister would be beneath her notice so he didn't have anything to worry about.

However, a thought occurred to him. "Won't it draw people's attention that some women are suddenly turning into amazons?"

"It will not be an unnatural occurrence to anyone who witnesses either the process or the results. The minds of mortals will fill in the gaps, and it'll be like nothing is out of the ordinary, such is my magic"

Man, one of these days he'd have to learn more stuff from the tome.

"Welp," He grinned widely. "I'm off to get the first pick. I think you're gonna like her~"

"We'll see"

He went downstairs with a very eager step to his feet, briefly looking over the entrance to the kitchen as he saw his mother making breakfast, who looked over her shoulder, swaying her curly brown locks as she did so. His mother Peyton looked rather young for her age, but a few lines on her face still indicated she was the spry chicken she used to be. "Morning honey, got the pancakes ready?"

"Sorry, can't stay!" He blurted out fast as he fiddled with his keys. "Promised Miss Tay I'd help her today"

"So early?" His mother said in surprise, "You're not even gonna wait for breakfast?"

"She's got a lot of stuff that needs moving, and I promised!" It took all his self-control not to race through the door. "Will probably be there all day!"

"Remember you still need to help me move that old furniture in the basement!" She called out louder the further he got.

"Yeah sure will do it later!" He didn't even wait for her reply, passing through the front door and walking impatiently to the house across the streets. As was usual for suburbs, theirs was very quiet and empty at this hour in the morning.

He licked his lips as he reached the door, all but banging rather than knocking. He barely even considered ringing the doorbell, Ethan was *far* too excited to keep his thoughts in order.

Soon enough, the door opened, revealing the woman he was *yearning* to bless.

Short dark hair, flawless dark skin. The blue tank top showed the beautiful details of her toned arms, while her yoga pants hugged those flawless legs perfectly. Pearly white teeth smiled at him, "Ethan! Good morning, wasn't expecting you so early" Coach Amanda Miller, his school's track field coach and his sister Amber's favorite teacher (and his~), said brightly.

Ethan felt his heart rate starting to rise. "Not a problem. Where do we start?"

He wanted to start by bulking her up, but that wasn't happening just yet, even if he was picturing it *really* hard right now.