

(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, muscle worship, and graphic sexual content. Original concepts and characters belong to the client HairyKonqueror)

The anticipation was making Charlie's heart speed up. Tonight was a special night, though all nights with her girlfriend were special. And though they had *thoroughly* explored all that could be done with her *magnificent* body, the flame never fizzled out. Charlie was *never* bored with the spectacle, and certainly never got tired of their little games~.

Laying down on the velvety red divan, Charlie wore her loveliest pink nightgown, trying to find the perfect pose to regale Vaggie with. It was only fair as her girlfriend would show her *all* the poses.

Their bedroom lights were low, but not dark enough that she'd miss the details of Vaggie's frame. And the scent of strawberries coming from the scented candles filled her nostrils, making her sigh pleasantly.

The bathroom door opened, and out stepped her girlfriend clad in a pure white bathroom robe. Her wide frame was covered from shoulder to shoulder, the fluffy white material concealed all but her feet, yet the ample bosom created an opening large enough to see half of the ridged striations in the middle of her pectorals.

Vaggie grinned at her, teasingly, hungrily. And Charlie's lips went dry as she began heating up.

She stood just a couple of feet away from the divan, the right distance for Charlie to have the perfect view. To catch it *all*.

The Princess of Hell was lying down in a seductive pose, one arm resting behind her head while the other trailed over the curves covered by her nightgown. Her lips formed a drunken smile while her eyes seemed to smolder at the sight of her girlfriend, as if silently conveying the words; 'I know you love this, now show me what I love'.

She looked so *tasty*, Vaggie wanted nothing more than to eat her out.

Vaggie untied the robe's knots, slowly. And held the edges of the bathroom so they wouldn't reveal anything yet, keeping Charlie from getting her treat for a second longer. Even that was driving her insane given the cute frown she gave her.

The fallen angel chuckled, and with one swift motion discarded her robe.

Charlie's smile widened, and she sighed softly while licking her lips.

Chiseled perfection greeted her, nothing but the finest and deepest lines of tone adorning prominent and *bulging* muscles. Heart-shaped calves lead up to immense quads that almost brushed against each other with how little room there was between the inner thighs. They still displayed a wonderful female curvature in conjunction with her shredded core, jutting blocks of abdominal muscle stood proudly, expanding and contracting with each breath, and obliques too many to count paved the way to massive lats that made her arms stand at an angle. Said arms were gigantic pillars of striated muscles, with the voluminous biceps and triceps splitting into powerful groups of the most deliciously cut meat.

Those shoulders were spheres of pure *power*, with deep lines akin to a ridged pumpkin's giving them a stronger look. Hill-like traps rose at the side of her thick neck, reaching halfway to that face she adored so much. Staggeringly large breasts stood out prominently thanks to the combination of both her white bikini (which already looked strained against her shoulders and back), and the powerful book cover-sized pectorals that supported the large sacks.

Clad in this white bikini type meant for bodybuilders, Vaggie was a vision of mighty and sensuality wrapped in one.

Already a head taller than Charlie, looking at her from the divan made her look all the bigger. Looming imperiously over her...

Charlie bit her lip, letting out a low moan as her hand trailed over the edges of her gown, pulling it back slightly so they could trace the outline of her panties. Her fingertips ran over her sensitive and moist area, already invigorated by the sight of her muscular girlfriend.

Vaggie grinned at her, she didn't need to say anything. She knew what Charlie wanted, what got her going, and how to give it to her.

She started simple, yet no less effective, by raising her arms and flexing her pythons. The powerful biceps split into peaks as throbbing veins coursed over their surface. Charlie licked her lips, panting slightly as the light stroking of her panties intensified. Vaggie's movements were deliberate, precise, *masterful*, she flexed and posed with supreme skill. Every stance she took further stoked Charlie's fire, as well as hers. Her nipples slowly hardened at the sight of her girlfriend touching herself, so aroused by the sight of her muscles.

Vaggie's hand slowly went to the back of her head, and she locked down her stomach, squeezing the abdominals together so tightly it looked like they were fighting for space. She put one hand in front of the other, twitching the bulging quad and regaling her lover with the jumping cord-like muscles popping in and out with rippling beauty.

The fabric of her panties was proving to be an inconvenience as Charlie slipped her fingers underneath and touched herself directly. She sucked in a sharp breath as the sudden surge of pleasure while her other hand pawed at her breast. Vaggie was so big, so beautiful...

The fallen angel turned around, pulling her long hair over one of her shoulders so the curtain wouldn't block the view of that *monumental* back. Oh, the stunning valley of deep ravines, the bulging hills of muscle, the staggering number of lines coursing through every muscle group, big and small. To say nothing of how amazing her hamstrings look, or the butt so hard Charlie wanted to take a bit of like an apple...

With deliberate slowness, Vaggie placed her hands on her hips and spread her back to *glorious* reaches. Pushing the hills further and further, like tectonic plates shifting and splitting, her mountain range expanded. The soft growl escaping her girlfriend's lips was just icing on the cake.

Charlie's hips *jumped* as she buried two fingers inside herself, a sharp cry of pleasure escaping her lips as the sight was just too much...

Vaggie purred, she did not need to turn around to know what Charlie was doing. Her soft moans and the wet sounds of her fingers moving back and forth were more than enough, it made her own crotch moisten up with the knowledge of how needy she drove her girlfriend. With her own nipples hardening, Vaggie felt the need to pleasure herself in turn but first, she had to finish up her routine for Charlie~.

She turned around, twisting her waist to present her arm and bosom, holding the former tightly by the wrist with the other hand, and *flexed*, her enormous breasts jumped at the striated flex of her chest, while her bicep rose voluminously crisscrossed with throbbing veins. Charlie moaned louder, mouthing off incoherent noises as she put her other hand over her crotch, aiding her stimulation while her fingers dug deep, her legs twisting and kicking erratically.

Feeling her bikini bottom flood with dripping arousal, Vaggie prepared the grand finally. Her back arched forward as she bent over, clenching her fists tightly and grunting to deliver a savage most muscular. Her shoulders bunched up, arms tensed and rippled spectacularly, her entire upper body bloomed with strained mighty as the muscles seemed to swell ever so

slightly. The sound of the bikini straps groaning in protest was drowned under Charlie's moans, so they had no warning when they suddenly snapped, leaving the breasts to bounce bare as though jumping in jubilation at their newfound freedom.

Charlie's body seized; spasms broke through her form as she let out a silent sharp cry. A shrill sound announcing her climax as her fingers were coated in her release. The final sight of Vaggie's muscular perfection was the straw that broke the camel's back, her orgasm lasted for seconds, filling her body with ecstasy before she slumped over the divan, panting with an overjoyed grin on her face.

Vaggie smiled tenderly at her girlfriend. "Already?"

"Oh please," Charlie said between pants. "You know what effect you have on me..."

"You're just stroking my ego, you know?" The fallen angel said playfully before reaching down, taking Charlie's stained hand, and slowly licking the fingers clean. "Hmm, you always taste delicious..."

Charlie grinned deviously, slowly prompting herself up over the divan's armrest. "I'd like a taste of something myself" She trained her other hand over Vaggie's immense thigh before tugging at the bikini bottom still intact. It did not escape Vaggie that Charlie's position and her own relative height placed her girlfriend's mouth at a very *strategic* level.

Letting out a rumbling breath, Vaggie's eye glistened with desire as she tore the piece off her with a simple tug, unveiling her glistening and unattended sex. At Charlie's beckoning she stepped closer...

"Ahhh!" Vaggie threw her head back, sighing deeply in pleasure as her lover buried her head in her crotch. Charlie's lips feasted on her wet folds, savoring her completely while her tongue started to prod the edges of her entrance and the small bundle of nerves above. Her left hand played with Charlie's hair, pushing her head deeper while the other played with her breasts, palming the soft flesh and tweaking a hard nipple.

The Princess of Hell carried her ministrations masterfully, her tongue knew the right movements to make and the tempo to carry them out, picking up the energy moment by moment as Vaggie began to lose it given the grunts and moans and Spanish swears that erupted from her mouth.

Either because of Vaggie's own pent-up state, or Charlie's skill, or a combination of the two, the fallen angel came swiftly. Grunting and tensing her muscles as love juices spilled over Charlie's mouth.

The Princess licked her lips clean, smiling devilishly up at her amazonian girlfriend who panted in satisfaction. "Already?" She threw Vaggie's own words back at her.

The mighty woman growled, scooping Charlie up in her powerful arms and giving her a smoldering look filled with hunger that promised the night was far from over. *"Vas a ver estrellas con lo fuerte que te voy a dar..."*

The white of Charlie's eyes flashed red. "Is that a promise~?"

Vaggie's lips slammed into her with voracious energy, a wild gesture that Charlie responded in kind, dancing their tongues over each other as she secured her arms tightly around the latina's bulking neck. Their desperate kissing did not end, even as Vaggie carried her towards the shower...

X~X~X~X~X

Life in the Hazbin Hotel had been going rather well after the battle with the forces of the Exterminators. They had proven themselves to be a force to be reckoned with and had the King of Hell's own endorsement. But that didn't mean all troubles had magically evaporated. With the influx of sinners looking for rehabilitation, there were always those looking to take advantage of her kindness, and when their intentions to truly redeem themselves were proven false, they either left swearing up a storm or trying to wreck the place.

Vaggie seldom let anyone break even a chair with how fast she felt with them.

Even under the glamour that hid her true powerful physique, Charlie could see her powerful body in her mind's eye. The ease by which she lifted a crocodile-looking Sinner, snapping his jaws shut and sending him flying to the street outside was a sight that was becoming increasingly familiar. As was expected of her Head of Security...

Charlie sighed, but not dreamily as she leaned against the counter on the bar.

Angel stirred his martini and gave her a side look. "Bored of 'Herculine' taking out the trash already?"

Oh no, she still liked seeing Vaggie manhandle things (especially her), she just wished she didn't have to be dependent on her girlfriend all the time.

In the battle, she hadn't been very useful, and even when she finally decided to let loose and unleash her power there had been consequences. Maybe if she had been stronger she could have helped turn the tide, maybe Vaggie wouldn't have needed to shoulder so much responsibility, she wouldn't have needed her father to save her.

Dazzle wouldn't be immortalized as a statue at the entrance.

Charlie *knew* she could be stronger. She felt the tip of that power erupt from her, coursing through her arm when she held Adam's fist back.

The Primordial Man (or one of them at least, the pantheons had a lot of mixed records), with the power of a high-ranking angel and she held his attack in her own bare hand.

There was something there, waiting to be drawn out... she just had to figure out how.

She could talk with her father, but ever since he got out of his funk he had taken a more active role in Hell's day-to-day (now Uncle Satan wouldn't be able to lie about how ruled hell before her dad's fall, hehe), so he was very busy now and she didn't want to saddle him with this. Hmm, perhaps another of her honorary aunts and uncles. The Sins were very knowledgeable and ancient after all...

Oh! That's right! She thought with jubilation as someone else came to mind. Someone very old and just as smart as the sins. It'd been some time, but he wouldn't say no to his favorite 'niece'.

"Tell Vaggie she's in charge for a while!" She called out to Angel Dust who barely paid attention to her outburst. "I'm gonna visit Violence!" And disappeared up the long stairwell and into the halls.

"Yeah sure, have fun"

At that moment, Vaggie came back, dusting off her hands. She looked from side to side, curious as to where her girlfriend was. "Hey, where did Charlie go?"

He shrugged. "Said she was gonna play the violin or something"

X~X~X~X~X

Violence looked like an eternal battlefield, as fitting the name. The Eighth Ring had been cut off ever since WW2. The chaotic state of the mortal world from that point on made it extremely difficult to handle the massive influx of souls so a lot of them, the truly *horrible* ones of the bunch had to be extracted from Pentagram City and confined to Violence. It was a sad state of affairs that violence was such a part of the human condition, and while Charlie was a believer in her cause... well, even she had her limits as to whom she'd offer redemption to.

"When I heard you were coming over for a visit, I was hoping this be more of a social call" Kul'as, confidant, and advisor to King Lucifer, and current overseer of Violence, said amicably as they strode through the halls of his palace. They ignored the flashes of light and thunderous boom of artillery outside the windows. He stood at least a head taller than the princess, possessing a very reptilian body, a long tail with an array of spikes running from the tip to his head, where four horns curled. He possessed four arms, each hand ending in four fingers with sharp claws and more spikes sprouting from his joints. His purple eyes seemed to crackle with power, contrasting with the dark gem lodged in his chest inside a star-like crest with multiple sharp prongs. "I hear congratulations are in order! You won your first battle after all!"

Charlie awkwardly, "I should have visited after that happened. But eh" She scratched her neck. "It's been really hectic, rebuilding the hotel and all"

"Heh, tell me about it," He said, a long sigh escaped his lips. "Oh, keeping Violence from overflowing can be such a chore sometimes. But, someone's gotta do it" Kul'as mused as he rubbed his chin. "Though sometimes I wonder what could have been had I taken that job in Hades. Now that's a tightly-run ship..."

"I don't even know how other afterlives manage to run their redemption and reincarnation process" The princess let out an exhausted breath. "I thought I'd run it like a rehabilitation center, in hindsight, maaaaaybe it needed something more if I wanted to establish a new step in the cycle of souls from her to the Silver City..."

“Heh! We’ve got to start somewhere don’t we?” The demon lord said amicably as he put a hand on her shoulder. “Maybe you’ll be the Purgatory the realms’ been missing”

Charlie could always count on his forthcoming yet supportive nature. Kul’as was an old demon who believed more in the proper ‘order’ of things rather than personal virtue and redemption. Souls suffered for their sins, then they should be cleansed, purified, and ready for the next life instead of spending an eternity of stagnation. He wanted Hell to run like an efficient machine, so he supported her... but that did not mean he wasn’t dangerous, he was an ancient demon after all.

“Now then, Charlie dear. What do I owe the pleasure of your visit?” He asked kindly.

Charlie took a deep breath, deciding not to beat around the bush. “I need to get stronger”

Kul’as gave her a side glance. “Well, have you tried hitting up Satan’s workout app? I’ve been doing the squats regime lately and let me tell you-“

“You know what I’m talking about” She stopped, giving him a serious look. “There is... *more* to me than even I know. Because of my lineage”

The demon turned around, giving her a discerning look. “Hmph... there were giants, in the old days. The Nephilim” He mused. “Though hell left its demonic mark on your folks, they are still angel and human respectively. And you, my dear Choo Choo train” He used his old childhood nickname for her. “Are part demon, part angel, part *human*” Kul’as grinned. “You have no idea what sort of *interesting* power your lineage conceals”

Stopping Adam’s blow cold, hearing his shock, the power flowing through her limb.

“I need to know more”

His smile widened. “Then let’s get started~”

X~X~X~X~X

Charlie sat cross-legged over a pentagram with multiple candles lit around her, their green glow providing the only light source in the dark room. The ritual chamber was prepared with

exact specifications, without any window meant to give her absolute privacy. This would be a very personal matter to her, Charlie needed to shut off any outside distractions and turn her gaze inward.

Kul'as had ordered his servants to make sure she had her privacy and none interfered. Meanwhile, he had to deal with his 'new batch of Nazis' to throw around for his war game. Something he took a lot of delight in given the mad cackle that followed.

Charlie looked at the floating before her, detailing the story and powers of the Nephilim. Striding the world between heaven and earth, the great half-mortals who walked along the demigods. Beings of immense power who garnered the attention of the Silver City and the Rings.

It was like visions came to life from the book's pages, showing her battles of old and the quaking steps of the Nephilim. Mighty, unrelenting, unstoppable...

Sometimes, Charlie forgot she was part human. That she walked across *all* realms, that by nature she had a piece of each in herself. The resilience of humans, the radiance of angels, the hellfire of demons.

It was there, inside her, she could *feel it*. Restrained and shackled by self-doubt and her pacifism. Her virtues, beautiful as they were, would not protect her or those she loved from those who did not believe in peace in the first place.

Adam wanted to fight, he wanted to destroy them, he killed Sir Pentious... And if by some miracle he skipped reincarnation and was reborn a Sinner then she wouldn't be showing him mercy.

Not the power-hungry Overlords, not the scheming lords of hell. None of them would threaten her people *or* her dream.

Charlie closed her eyes and took a deep breath, as she exhaled a green miasma escaped from her lips. It burned with so much intensity the candles around her shined all the brighter. The raging core of hellish and divine power *pulsated*.

The chains around it were shattered.

Her horns came out, and when she opened her eyes the sclera was blood red.

Charlie gasped, she *floated* into a standing position as her feet settled on the ground. Red lines that looked like arcane sigils flowed over her skin in patterns, imbuing flesh and bone with *power*.

The effect was swift and insistent, muscles swelled with outstanding velocity. They strained the fabric of the clothing as they went from form fitting to snug and kept getting tighter and tighter. Bulging mounds became outlined in the fabric's curves, growing larger still to the point the material started ripping.

Her feet *crashed* her shoes, larger and thicker hooves outgrew their confines as the swelling protruded upward, making the calf muscles widen past her shins and create tears along the seams. Her thighs expanded exponentially, tearing the material apart as thick corded groups of fiber jumped epically, unveiling themselves until the pants were held together by strings. Her glutes toned up beautifully, rising and swallowing her panties under hungry orbs.

Her flat stomach became a shredded wall of muscle, rows of abdominal blocks and countless of sharp obliques manifested as her torso widened. Wing-like lats spread and tore at the fabric of her jacket exposing the white shirt underneath, which slowly disintegrated. Her shaking arms spasmed, clenching her fists tightly she willed forth mounds of muscle to spread along her formerly lithe limbs. Forearm muscles widened in circumference, spreading rips and tears all over the sleeves. Massive hills of pure flesh erupted in the form of rippling biceps, punching through the sleeves without slowing down. Thick veins pulsated to the surface, wrapping around her muscles to pump the hellish blood. Her shoulders ballooned out, forming deep ridges as they loudly announced their liberation through the tearing of her sleeves.

Her back broadened massively, instantly splitting the jacket and shirt combo down the middle. Porcelain white skin glistened with sweat as ravines and valleys of the most toned flesh swelled into existence, carving a magnificent landscape of beef and strength. The buttons on the front snapped, pushed out by her swelling breasts and exposing the tight shirt clinging to her expanding muscles. The straps snapped loudly while her sweltering pectorals jutted out with inch-deep thickness, ripping the shirt down the middle.

Charlie had never felt this much *power* before. Not during the battle against the Exterminators, not even in those moments she felt rage and felt her demonic side slip out.

This wasn't rage, or at least, not only rage. There was a clarity that came with it. A radiance, power, and purpose directed by her will. A force unbound that could call upon a storm, a force of nature manifested in her own flesh.

And it felt *so good*. The nights of passion with Vaggie still felt like the epitome of pleasure, but the overflowing power filling her every power was giving her a rush she had never experienced before. Charlie was literally floating as a pillar of flames manifested around her, the joyous cry of a beast erupting from her lips as the magic exploded outwards.

Blasting the walls in the process.

She vaguely heard Kul'as's voice amidst the falling rubble and panicking servants. "Oh crap, I should have figured this would happen" He cleared his throat. "Choo Choo? You're okay there kiddo? ...You're not going all Anti-Christ here right?"

He dared peak over the rubble, instantly making a mistake as gusts of the flame vortex surrounding the princess scorched his face.

"Someone bring water over here!" He ordered. "And... a tailor!"