

For as much as she posed for the cameras, indulging the paparazzi and fans with pictures and signatures, the truth was that Verosika Mayday valued her privacy. The fact that she'd been able to host multiple annual parties to hate on particular guy and keep them invite only said a lot about her ability to keep things on the down low.

A simple shapeshift to turn her hair short and black, keep herself pretty but not too much (an ugly succubus would gather more attention than a pretty one), a slight re-arrange of her features (bit shorter horns, thinner lips), and nobody would be able to tell it was her in disguise. It allowed her to just walk around, have a coffee or do whatever without being hounded by the annoying press. Or deranged fans.

She'd rather not have Vortex bury more bodies. Her ditch was running out of space.

Under the guise of 'Marianne', the currently shapeshifted succubus-pop star wore tight yoga pants and a sports bra that adjusted perfectly to her figure, carrying a bag under her arm, as she walked through Pentagram City's western district (and on a city meant to house millions upon millions of Sinners, a district might as well be the size of a medium-sized city by itself), heading toward a specific location, a gym. The gym was decently-sized, not very transited given the relatively calmness of the neighborhood, barely a dozen demons inside.

The place was cozy, remote, and most importantly it wasn't a place that people would think to look for Verosika.

Sure, she could go to grander and better equipped gyms that doubled as spa. Lust certainly had the ones with the best service (contrasting Wrath's which was a never-ending chorus of grunting meathead who thought 'massage' meant 'drop heavy rocks on my back'). Her regular gym had become very tedious, with Mammom's agents hounding her for business propositions, following her everywhere. So Verosika went out of her way to find a nice quite place to work out.

Even a succubus had to put the effort to remain *this* good looking.

And... something to keep her body in check when getting off the drugs.

She shoved those thoughts away as she entered the gym. Not bad, good selection of machines, well kept, and a distinctive lack of paparazzi and business representatives. All in all, not bad.

The sights weren't bad either, Verosika decided with a bite of her lip as she stared at a lovely female imp with curled ram-like horns who squatted down a large bar over her shoulder. Wearing a tank top and shorts let the succubus see how well defined the cute thing's muscles were. Had to be a Wrathian to pack such nice definition in that four-something foot frame. The soft breaths escaping the imp's lips were delightful, and there was something very alluring in her diligence with the weights.

Her Lust instinctively came to surface. "Not skipping leg day, I see" She said with a teasing tone.

The imp let out a short laugh. "Never"

"It's impressive" She said, sauntering over to the imp. "How much weight is that?"

Another huff, another rep. "Eighty kilograms" Then her voice came back flirtatious just as Verosika's. "Enjoying the show?"

The succubus grinned. "Am I gonna have to pay?"

"For you, honey, it's free" The imp huffed and set the bar over its rack once more.

Hmm, was it just her or was there something familiar about this imp. She had been a bit too distracted by the muscles to notice but-

The imp turned around, swiping the sweat off her forehead and Verosika's heart skipped a beat.

Barbie. Blitz's sister. Her rehab 'buddy'.

Shit shit shit. She was too worried about being found out that she didn't have time to panic over having flirted with her ex's sister (that'd come *later*). It was okay, she just had to gently turn tone down the flirting, go about her day. It'd be fine, she was using a disguise. No way Barbie was skilled enough in magic to pick up on it.

The imp stretched and smiled at her. "So what's your name, cutie-" She stopped, frowning. She turned up her nose and sniffed the air a few times... reminding her of Vortex when he picked up something.

Barbie's face shifted through multiple emotions. "Verosika?"

Her cover blown, she acted fast and bent over, putting a hand on the imp's lips. "Shhhhh!"

"Hmfphf?" She let out a muffled and confused response.

"I don't want people to know I'm here, okay?" She hissed, looking around to make sure they weren't drawing attention. "So don't tell anyone"

"Mky mky!" Verosika sighed in relief and removed her hand. "What gives, why are you sneaking around?"

"Paparazzi, Mammon's mooks, creepy fans, take your pick" Verosika glared at her. "What I want to know is how you knew it was me"

"Your perfume" Barbie said, a touch smug. "The one you *always* use? Hell, you used that one in rehab even"

Asmodeous's 'Cum To Me' Number 4. Her absolute favorite brand.

Curse you, beauty products...

Pinching the bridge of her nose, the succubus groaned. "Okay, well it's been nice seeing you Barb. But I gotta go find another gym-"

"Why though?" She shrugged. "Only one who knows it's you is me, and I ain't snitching"

"Really?" Verosika droned, crossing her arms under her bust. "The Barb I remember never wasted a chance to either bribe the orderlies, or scam them out of their money, or both somehow"

“Hmph” She crossed her own set of toned limbs right back at her. “Well, the Barb you knew went through some... changes. Trying to, ya know?”

Those words struck a chord with her, reminding her of Barbie’s brother.

Hmph, these damn imps...

“Working out to stay off drugs?” She asked.

“Partly” Barbie suddenly lit up, grinning as she took Verosika’s hands. “Ohhh you gotta meet the owner, she’s why I’ve started hitting the weights. Trust me, one meet and you’ll want to stay”

Eh, what did she have to lose?

Barbie guided her through the gym until they reached the area all the way to the back and the posing mirrors. There she saw another imp, but not just *any* imp.

She was *ripped*. With firm large thighs, blocky rows of abdominal muscles that coiled with each heavy breath, and a pair of *amazing* arms that bulged and writhed with hungry veins with each repetition of the absurdly large dumbbells she held.

Now, Verosika as a succubus was into a lot of things. Muscles were just one of those. But there was more to this imp than her shredded crossfit-worthy figure. It wasn’t the five feet of height, or the tangled dreadlocks of her hair where two sharp horns sprouted from.

*Because* she was a succubus she could feel a certain degree of emotions in others, mostly lust, but if something was sufficiently touched by passion then she could get a good grasp on it too. And this woman was training not just for her body, it was pure definitive *drive*. Passion to hone herself into a powerful weapon, her body being a tool, a catalyst to focus that pure willpower. She exuded confidence and brimmed with allure because of it.

In short, she was *fucking hot*.

“Who. Is. That?” Verosika’s grin widened with each word.

Barbie grinned back. “Trish, the owner. Who is currently lifting *one hundred kilos on each hand*” She nudged her. “Not bad for an imp huh?”

Trish kept grunting, her face twisting in delightful agony as the reps continued, pushing through the burn.

Verosika licked her lips. “Oh honey, she isn’t any imp. There’s something about her”

“Weeeell” Barbie said. “Could be the fact she was part of the Wrath Legions down in the lowest levels.”

Verosika’s lust was cut off by surprise. “The lowest levels? But that’s-“

“The Abyss, yeah”

The succubus blinked slowly and once more looked back at the ripped imp. “Holy shit, she fought in the front lines?” Imps often did of course, Wrathian legionnaire imps were auxiliary per order of Satan but... to have survived long enough to be granted leave spoke volumes of her prowess.

It was rare to see imps who survived that chaos.

Verosika was *intrigued*.

The dumbbells hit the ground with a loud *clang*. And Trish huffed, slowly recovering her breathing before taking a long gulp from her water bottle and splashing herself with the rest.

Oh *baby*, Verosika felt the compulsion to pin her down and rode her until the imp saw stars.

Little ripped badass machine walked over to them, smiling jovially. “Hey Barb, finished your set?”

"Yup!" Barbie waved a hand at the succubus. "This here's uh-" She stammered for a moment.

"Marianne" Verosika quickly said, reaching out to shake her hand. "Nice to meet you"

Trish took it, "A pleasure"

"Oh it *will be*"

Trish merely chuckled, clearly used to dealing with her kind. "So, you a friend of Barbie?"

"You could say that" Verosika shrugged. "Didn't expect to run into her honestly, was a... pleasant surprise"

"Marianne here wants to join" The other imp said, placing her arms akimbo. "How about it, chief? Think you can show her the ropes?"

"Ropes, handcuffs, chains, I'm all up for it" Verosika chuckled. "I'm down for *anything*"

"Keep it in your pants" Barbie droned.

"No"

Trish laughed, "Well if you wanna turn give some muscle to those curves of yours then you've come to the right place. If you're looking for some coaching then be warned, I do not take it easy on newbies"

Barbie laughed, part awkwardly part haunted. "She does not..."

"If it means getting to know you better, sweet thing" Verosika grinned, "Then I'm all for it"