

((WARNING: The following is a work in progress. As such, it is subject to change. As well, it has yet to be proof read, and as such, is subject to simple grammar mistakes.))

Adame had always been considered a rather strange individual – ever since she was young, she would watch shows involving large monsters, muscular people, and power hungry evil villains. Growing up, she would often fantasize about what wielding that power would be like; to be the foe that was able to see her grand plan through, and become the most powerful thing in existence. What would it be like to control everything? To destroy everything?

Once daydream fodder when she was younger, as the woman grew older, she found such fantasies becoming arousing ventures. Once in college, Adame was much more free to explore herself sexually. Her long, slightly dull red hair reached down to her lower back, with her eyes a beautiful silver. With shapely legs, and thick thighs, Adame was the definition of a pear shape. Her warm peach complexion practically shimmered in the sunlight, showing off her spotless skin. Sure, she had some bust to her, but nothing more than a B cup. Often, she found herself wearing darker clothes, with tight shorts and tops to show off her skin a bit more.

Being as confident in her looks as she was, it wasn't hard for her to get partners; many of whom would submit to her whims as she played the role of anyone in positions of authority. Though, she never was one to indulge fully in her fantasy of being a powerful, hulking woman who casually destroyed entire cities. How could she?

Later down the line, Adame found herself stumbling across role-play sites. To her surprise, there were people online which would be more than willing to indulge in her fetishes. People that freely submitted themselves over to her, with their only desire being that she grows even more powerful! One of her particular favorites was someone who went by the alias 'Demon-Mancer'. Someone who often delved in the arcane storylines to grant her own character tremendous power.

This worked out well due to Adame's own fascination with blood, and the life force that it was said to hold. Playing the role of a Vampire, Werewolf, or any other creature that consumed to gain energy or power, the woman would imagine the fresh, sweet taste. Of course, in real life, she found blood to taste horrid, but that did little in the way of stopping herself from imagining if it was tasty. To be able to eat people, or suck the essence of life right out of them to make herself better and better!

For a time, Adame was satiated, but, eventually, that feeling – that *need* to be powerful came back. Erotic daydreams could only hold the craving back so long. The woman had tried working out, managing to get a bit toned, but little in the way of results – something she often spoke to Demon-Mancer about, out of character.

Demon-Mancer [3:31 PM]: (So? How goes the gym progress so far? C:)

Coagrowlation [3:32 PM]: (Meh.)

Demon-Mancer [3:32 PM]: (That bad, huh? :c)

Coagrowlation [3:34 PM]: (I just don't get it! I've been trying for months! Everyday! Hell, I've barely left my house the past week to try to get even a bit bigger!)

Demon-Mancer [3:36 PM]: (Ugh, that sucks! I mean, at least you make enough passive income to have

that time, right? ^^;)

Coagrowlation [3:37 PM]: (Money means nothing if I can't get bigger! You know how bad I've wanted this! It doesn't help that my height is making me self conscious as well. I keep looking in the mirror and wishing I was taller...)

Demon-Mancer [3:57 PM]: (Sorry, had to deal with a customer. I swear, all these people keep thinking I'm trying to transition to a girl! Even had one person call me ma'am. Anyway, I think you should keep at it! We can even RP when I get home if that helps!)

Coagrowlation [4:02 PM]: (It's those shimmering eyes and long lashes of yours that throw people off, heheh!~ In all seriousness, yeah, I wouldn't mind taking my frustration out on a planet or two! Though, I'm keeping the femboys.)

Demon-Mancer [4:04 PM]: (Yeah, yeah, I know your types. Also shut up! I regret sending that picture...anyway, yeah, sounds good! Though, I'm feeling sci-fi today, is that cool with you?)

Coagrowlation [4:06 PM]: (Not too into sci-fi, but if my little pet wants it, then who am I to say no?~)

Demon-Mancer [4:08 PM]: (Stop making me blush in front of customers! You know I get flustered easily!)

Coagrowlation [4:11 PM]: (All the more reason to tease! Don't keep your Goddess waiting to long, okay? ;) )

Coagrowlation [4:12 PM]: (\*Too. Fuck me, it's been a long day. I just want to get big and destroy everything under my boots...)

Demon-Mancer [4:14 PM]: (Yes ma'am...by the way, did you ever get the gift I sent you? :o )

Demon-Mancer [4:14 PM]: (I hate how the :o makes a clown face if you add parenthesis at the end with it)

Coagrowlation [4:16 PM]: (Pfft! And nope! Mail hasn't come by yet. Though, I'll let you know when it does! I'll be waiting!~)

The afternoon ticked on rather slowly as Adame waited for her toy to be done with his retail gig. While normally rather cold to most people, the woman had to admit that she had a soft spot for Demon-Mancer. Perhaps it was in part due to his stupidity that she found charming, or that she simply had a soft spot for feminine looking men, but, either way, she considered him part of her extremely small friend circle.

“Hrm. Yeah, I think he'll be my number one pet when I take over the world!~” The woman casually joked, chuckling to herself as she reached for her laptop. Interrupting her train of thought, however, was a ring at the door.

Unsurprisingly, as she opened it, she found a package sitting on her porch. The gift itself was wrapped in brown parchment, which clung tightly, showing the square shape of the item within. It wasn't large, nor was it terribly hard to guess what it was – a book.

Picking it up, Adame carefully took the item inside. "I should really tell him I got it...but I'd rather not derail from our RP. I *really* need to do some crushing today."

The night went on as it normally did with the two; with Adame enjoying her power fantasy of exponential growth and strength being hers to command. The dizzying rush of imagining what it must be like to flex such powerful muscles lasted until, as usual, Demon-Mancer had to sleep.

Demon-Mancer [10:32 PM]: (Hey, I'm enjoying this allot, but I'm falling asleep here. Think we'll have to call it! Hope you had fun though! ^^)

Coagrowth [10:33 PM]: (Damn! Okay, fair.)

Demon-Mancer [10:33 PM]: (Maybe we can continue it tomorrow! Anyway, ttyl!)

Coagrowth [10:34 PM]: (Maybe. Sleep well.)

Demon-Mancer is now offline.

With a slightly disappointed sigh, Adame closed her laptop, before laying back in her bed. Rarely one for any sort of background noise, the red-head lay there, with the sound of the clock on the wall ticking away. She wasn't tired enough to sleep yet; if anything, she was still wired from the role-play. Looking down at herself, Adame plummeted back into sad reality. She was still small. She was still thin. She was still *weak*.

"Tch." Scoffing, Adame flipped onto her side, her eyes glancing over to the wrapped book laying upon her nightstand. "Oh, right, I forgot what my simp bought for me, heheh."

Unwrapping the item, it appeared that she was right on the money; it was, in fact, a large book. The title was written in a large, bold, cynical font 'Demonology for Beginners'.

"That nerd knows I don't like to read. Guess he sent me it to think of him or something. Suppose I can put it on my shelf, at the very least." Sitting herself upright, Adame adjusted to get a firmer grip on the book, only to have it slip out of her grasp.

Watching the item land onto the floor, the pages flipped open loosely. "Ah, shit." Leaning down, the woman's hands halted as she felt heat come from the ancient scribbles inside the tome. "Excuse me...?"

Suddenly, the room became alight with a deep red hue! With wide eyes, Adame took a step back from the book, which was now shuffling its pages violently. Soon, a tornado of paper was formed, followed by embers being flung about with an intense heat!

Before the woman could even think about closing the book, the collage of maddening parchment would fall to the ground, revealing what was within the center – a tall man. One draped in a fine suit, with slicked back black hair, and a defined jawline. He was handsome for sure, but not to Adame's preference.

The man would speak, his voice elegant, and to the point, with a hint of an old Southern twang. "Ah, once again, I'm free! I must thank you, little girl, for my return." The man would proceed to bow

graciously towards the red-head, seeming sincere.

While not extremely knowledgeable in the occult, anyone with a brain could acknowledge that a full-fledged Devil was standing before her! Audibly gulping, Adame reached for her cell phone in her pajama pants.

“Careful now, little girl. The cops might not believe you if I return back to this here book when they arrive. Don't wanna be considered crazy, I reckon?”

“Whatever you are going to ask for, the answer is no.” Bluntly responded Adame, who placed her cell phone back into her pocket. “I know how Devils work; no matter what, the deal will come back, and bite me in the ass.”

Clicking his tongue, the man could only smirk. “Ah, we got ourselves a smart one, do we? Very well, little girl, I'll return to my book then – but before I depart, I must ask; is your sexual preference considered to be normal at this time? Perhaps I've been in the book longer than I first thought.”

Sneering, Adame bit her lip. “So, guess you can spy through that little book of yours? Seems like you're more of a freak than me.”

“Oh, so you consider yourself a freak, do you? Let me guess – an outsider your whole life? Not many people understand you, am I right?” The following laugh of the Devil was more akin to someone with asthma struggling to breathe more than an actual chuckle.

“I wear dark clothes, and pass the time by trying to get big. What was your first clue that I might not be stable?”

“Touchè, little girl. Seems that your income is based off of using people as well, right? Postin' pictures of yourself in order to make money. Lust can be quite lucrative, you know?” The Devil remarked, placing his finger under his chin.

“If people want to pay me money because they want to fuck me, it's not my problem.” Replied Adame, becoming more and more visibly annoyed. Sure, she was nice to Demon-Mancer, but as for the rest of society? It could rot for all she cared. In her eyes, if they weren't worshipping her, then they weren't worth it.

A malicious grin would slink its way up onto the Devil's face. “Oh, I see. Then, what if I could promise you your desires, little girl?”

“My desires are even more grand than what a Devil could do.”

“Is that so? Care to make a deal then? I'll give your body the power you want – to drain people. To make matter into mass for your body. To make your body so strong, so smart, that it could rule the whole planet! If I can't deliver, then I'll happily reset everything, and place myself prisoner back here in this ol' book.” Extending his hand out, he leaned forward, being careful to not stumble off of the pages with which he stood upon.

Raising an eyebrow, Adame tilted her head to the side. “And what's in it for you?” Surely it couldn't be that simple, nor did she expect it to. Though, Adame was no fool. However, if there was even a sliver of

a chance to get the power she craved, then she would go to any length. Despite her intense excitement at the prospect, she had to play it as calm as possible.

“The satisfaction of raising hell, little girl!” The Devil exclaimed, his smile growing even wider.

“Hrm. Fine.” Placing her hand out, Adame would shake the hand of the Devil – the torrent of pages acting up once more.

“Heheh...ahahaha! Thank you so kindly, little girl!” Continuing his maddened chuckle, the Devil would step off of the pages, onto the ground. Tightening his grip with inhuman strength, the Devil's form began to shift into a semi-translucent state, pushing into Adame's own body.

“Gah! What-...what did...you do?!” Kneeling onto the ground, the woman's body trembled in pain. The feeling of searing coals in her stomach was complimented by the most despicable migraine she couldn't imagine!

Releasing her hand, the Devil continued to force himself into Adame's form. “HAHAHA! Little girl, I plan on giving you all I promised! Your body will become strong! But it'll be *MY* body soon enough, once I destroy your soul, and take it over!”

Feeling needles in her throat, Adame clutched her neck tightly – blood sputtering from her mouth. “I-I knew it...d-damn you!...” The room was spinning for the woman, her vision beginning to go blurry. She couldn't breathe, she could barely feel any pain anymore.

“It's almost over, little girl! Just give up, and let. Me. In!” The Devil ordered, pushing his infernal soul into the woman's lithe body.

Feeling the last vestiges of her life fading away, Adame found herself surrendering to the future oblivion that awaited her. This was really all her life was? To die to her own desire? At the very least, before she faded, she could feel something she had always wanted to – a sense of power in her body. Seemed the Devil's supernatural strength was filling her body, and she could only feel a slight portion of it...shame.

“That's it...” The Devil spoke, mimicking Adame's voice perfectly.

Darkness had almost consumed the woman by this point. The tendrils of nothingness eagerly awaiting prey to consume... “I...I...”

A soft silence, for but a moment.

“HahahaAHAHAHA! NO MORE CURSED BOOK FOR ME! Now I'm FREE! Look out world, here comes the new A-...A-....A” Choking on the words, the Devil flinched in pain. “Wh-what is this?!”

Like a needle poking his side, Adame was hanging on. The woman felt the smallest bit of power before she was to fade, and one thing kept her there. Words that rang out in the Devil's ear, making his own blackened heart freeze with shock.

*“I. Need. More.”*

Another stabbing feeling shook the Devil, as he clenched his new body's waist. "Gah! P-Pain! I haven't felt pain in y-years! NGH!" Another stab, then another.

"I. DEMAND. MORE." The voice would resound, the feeling of his grasp on Adame's form dwindling away.

"H-How is this possible?! I-AGH!" Another drone of anguish. His spirit! It felt...weaker?! "WHAT IS HAPPENING?!?!?"

Adame could feel herself gaining back her senses. No, it was even better – she could feel the power in her body. Her will, her absolute determination, was siphoning the strength of the Devil, and transferring it to herself!

"Yes....SUBMIT TO ME!" The woman exclaimed, retaking her form. Veins snaked up her skin, her legs quivering in excitement as she continued to steal the Devil's magical energy. "Make me better! Make me STRONGER!~"

With her force of will, Adame looked to her body, which was now trembling! Her forearms and biceps began to swell; no longer stick thin, but, instead, becoming beefier chunks. Rounded masses adorned her upper arms, roughly 6 inches in height without flexing! Her shoulders were broadening, stretching the fabric of her tight shirt. "Mmmn!~ So fucking good!!~"

"S-Stop this! This isn't possible! I-I can't be free just to die here! STOP!" Cried the Devil, only to get more of his energy absorbed.

"Hahaha! Oh my God, your tears are so fucking-mng! Hilarious! You pathetic little bitch!~ I'd stomp on you if you weren't inside me! Guh!~" Flexing her ham-like thighs, Adame's legs began to gain even more mass than they had prior. Outlines of stone-esc chunks of muscle accompanied her rising calves, which were at least ten inches around!

"You-gha!~ Were thinking too small earlier! I don't want to just rule a planet! I'm going to destroy, rule, and dominate whatever the-gah FUCK I WANT!~ The universe will be my bitch!!~" Bellowing out through moans of pleasure, Adame's breasts would push forward, shifting from barely a B cup, all the way to CC cup breasts!

"Noo! No! NOOOOOOooooo...." Fading away into her muscles, the Devil's soul was all but gone.

Adame, meanwhile, enjoyed the fruits of someone else' labor! Her stature would rise up, stretching and shifting with the sound of bones popping under her flesh. "Mmmng!~" Her form would move upwards, from 5'7, to a whole foot taller!

With shaky pleasure, the woman thrust her fingers into her ready-to-tear pants, rubbing her folds lovingly. "Gnh!~ Fuck, yes!~ Ahn!~" The infernal soul merging with her body added some additions. Groaning in joy, the woman could feel her teeth sharpen into tight fangs. "Ooooh!~" The pressure in her head was relieved as tall, thin horns of deep red sprouted upwards! Lastly, her squinting eyes would shift; having her sclera turn into a deep black, with her once silver irises morphing into a scarlet red.

Still squatting down, the woman spread her legs even wider, cupping one of her sweet, new breasts lovingly. Her fingers danced along her nipples, only adding to the intense feeling of the orgasm

building!

“So...big! So...strong! It's a dream come true! Ahn! M-My dream...come...TRUEEE!!!~” Leaning her head backwards, the woman felt herself cumming! Her love juices sprayed along her fingers with glee, soaking the tile underneath her. “AGHHHHNNNN!~” With several violent thrusts, and a minute or so of extreme bliss, the trembling orgasm eventually died down. “God....that was...amazing...”

Looking down at herself, Adame couldn't help but smirk. Standing upright (albeit shakily) the woman looked at her 6'8 statuesque self. “I'm so tall! Though, looks like that Devil didn't have much in the way of muscle on him. Still. ~” Flexing her bicep, Adame's long tongue licked her lips, relishing in the 8 inches of rounded muscle; a peak rising and falling slowly with each pump she gave. “Better results than before.”