

((WARNING: THIS STORY IS AN 18+ PATREON EXCLUSIVE STORY, IS NSFW, CONTAINS FEMDOM, BREAST EXPANSION, ASS EXPANSION, EXTREME HEIGHT GROWTH, EXTREME MUSCLE GROWTH, A TON OF GORE, AND GODDESS SYNDROM! IF THIS AIN'T YOUR CUP OF TEA THEN DON'T READ. IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A NEW KINK, DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YA TRY IT.

ALL CHARACTERS IN MY STORIES ARE 18 OR OLDER.))

Adame had always been considered a rather strange individual while growing up the city. Often, she would binge movies involving large monsters, muscular people, and power hungry evil villains; absolutely enraptured by them. As she continued to get older, she these fantasies transitioned into 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? The thought of crushing people under her shoes as they ran in fear was always an appealing one.

What was originally daydream fodder evolved into arousing ventures as she discovered more about herself with age. 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 nearly 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? It was a well kept secret that no one in real life could know about.

Later down the line, Adame found herself stumbling across role-play sites to satiate her sadistic appetite. 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'. An individual who held a particular fascination in the arcane storylines, in order to grant her own character tremendous power. Out of character, he was rather sweet, and even lived relatively close to herself. However, they never bothered to meet up in person, preferring to keep things online. From what little she remembered, he worked retail, and would discuss the local shops he frequented from time to time.

Small talk aside, his own demonic storylines 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 relish the imagery of 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 as decadent as her thoughts imagined. 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, in time, 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. Is it cause I serve baked goods and coffee? Are my gestures too feminine? Whatever.

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 and twinkles.~)

Demon-Mancer [4:04 PM]: (Yeah, yeah, I know your types. Also shut up! I regret sending that selfie! 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 weakness for soft 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 falling backwards into 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 day and age? 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 your body in order to make money. Smart to keep your face out of it. 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. 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. "And what's in it for you?"

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

Taking a moment to weigh her options, the woman reluctantly came to an answer. "Hrm. Fine." Stretching her arm out, Adame would shake the hand of the Devil – the torrent of pages becoming violent 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. The first step of freedom he had experienced in a while, no doubt. 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 Adame'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 her 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, pressuring the Devil's soul. The woman felt the smallest bit of power before she was to fade, and one thing kept her from vanishing altogether. Words to be specific. Words which 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 six 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, lifting up her baggy shirt with the outline of beautiful boob fat!

“Noo! Such drive! Can't....get away! No! NOOOOOOooooo....” Fading away into her muscles, the Devil's soul was all but gone, as the red-head stole all there was to take.

Adame, meanwhile, enjoyed the fruits of someone else' labor! Rising up, her stature stretched and shifted, accompanied with the sound of bones popping under her flesh. “Mmmng!~” Her form would move upwards, from five-seven, to a whole foot taller!

This was a true taste of power! And she had to indulge in it!

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 six-eight foot, 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 eight inches of rounded muscle; a peak rising and falling slowly with each pump she gave. “Better results than before.”

Gazing down at her legs; the light of her lamp showing each form and crevice that her new limbs had to offer. Wider than Adame's waist before her transformation, her thighs were beautiful sculptures of intense, thick definition. With a smug expression, the woman placed her palm atop it, caressing every inch that she greedily stole. The wetness from her orgasm only adding to the sheen of her lively skin. The post-orgasm pulsations highlighting a slight four pack that was her stomach.

“This is what I've always deserved! Mnn...~” Instinctively licking her fangs with her wet tongue, the woman's stomach would let out a violent growl – she needed to feed. “I'm not sure what I am anymore; Demon, Beast, Devil, it doesn't matter, the point is that I'm far more than a simple human now.”

Taking a moment to break away from her sensual touching, the red-head would make her way to her standing mirror, admiring the view. Her ash black sclera being juxtaposed by her red eyes truly made her seem like a monster. “So beautiful. However, very easy to spot. I know I'll stand out as is, but I can at least pass as a fitness influencer for the time being. Albeit, an influencer that is also one of the tallest women in the world – but it can work. Yet, these eyes present a problem.”

Adame was no fool, in fact, since consuming that Devil, her mind had never felt more clear. The brain

fog she sometimes struggled with, evaporated instantly. Now, it was like a clear river of thought for her to enjoy. "I'll need to play my cards carefully. As strong as I feel, I doubt I'm bullet proof...yet." Yet; a word that sent goosebumps up the woman's arms. Yes, she couldn't wait to be utterly invincible. To laugh at humanity's best effort to stop her. Though, such engrossing ideas must have a solid foundation in order to succeed. "I should test the limits of my body firstly. Who knows what boons absorbing a Devil can grant, after all."

It was surely going to be a long night of discovery.

The soft blues of early morning was being greeted by the sun rising just over the horizon. Rays of early light moved through the window into Adame's room. "Mnf...hrm!" Beads of sweat dripped the woman's chiseled arms as she curled the forty pound weights. How long had it been? An hour of straight bicep curls? Something about the bouncing of her bicep, and the veins growing along her forearms was too hypnotic to stop. By this point, her arms had grown another two inches.

The prior night was more than just a nice pump, as Adame had experimented with her new form to its fullest. From what she could tell, the best way she could describe her body was 'revertible'. The sultry black and red eyes she carried could be altered back to the usual silver. She could even shrink her body down, should the need arise! Not something she particularly cared for, but, to garner less attention, she did lower her height down to a reasonable six-three.

"Morning already? Works for me. I'm *starving*." Taking a quick shower, as well as admiring her body in the mirror one last time, Adame got herself ready. She had a plan, and now that stores were beginning to open, she'd act on it. Having normally worn baggy clothing, the woman found a nice tight-fitting red top, which exposed her strong stomach; as well, she utilized some larger jean shorts to make her quads pop. Needless to say, the gothic woman did everything she could to normalize herself: retracting her horns, replacing her fangs with teeth, as well as reverting her eye color.

"I want more than just brawn. If I'm to truly dominate everything that this world has to offer, I'll need to get some extra brain-power." While the thought of mindlessly consuming those around her was tempting, she needed to pick her first early prey in a much more subtle way. "I'll need to take a train out of town. Causing a scene in my own neck of the woods might be problematic...but where?"

As casual glance down at the wrapping the book came in, a sly grin appeared on Adame's face. "I think I have just the place. Though, the wait might be boring..."

The scent of fresh paper, coffee, and baked goods greeted Adame as she entered 'Multi-Page Bookstore'. Within From what she understood, it was a decently popular spot for younger adults to go to; prime opportunity for her to take what she wanted.

Two problems, however, presented themselves. One: it was early in the morning, meaning the pickings were slim. From what she could see, there was only a handful of people, most of which looked to be plain long haired women with no special features about them. Two: ...

"...Ugh, that means I gotta kill time here." She hated reading.

Taking her time to browse the books, there was at least a hint of smugness as the few individuals within her isles would look upon her. One woman seemed to have a more flustered stare, while another had one of jealousy. It didn't matter, as she towered above them, even in her 'shorter' form.

While she enjoyed the glance, Adame was more than annoyed at all the options for something she didn't care for. Scanning all around, the tall woman found herself located in a more secluded area of the store. Deciding that it didn't truly matter, she reached to grab a book blindly off the shelf, only to have her hand met by that of another woman, reaching for the same book.

“Hey, I saw that first!” The woman scowled, looking up to Adame with her deep brown eyes. The woman was cute, if a little plain – like the rest of the morning crowd, it seemed. Her hair was long and dark, with slight curls at the end, with a tanned complexion. The height of her form barely reached to the gothic woman's own bust.

“Oh, did you? Take it then, I don't care.” Scoffed Adame, pulling off the shelf, and offering it to her.

Snatching the book out of her palm, the tan girl placed a hand on her hip, wagging the item in the red-head's face. “You know, it's pretty important to pay attention where you're going, that goes doubly so if you're tall!”

Scrunching her eyebrows, Adame leaned down, now eye-level with the girl. Perhaps, yesterday she would simply mutter something under her breath and walk away, but now, she was no longer small. “So sorry for that, girly, I seem to have problems noticing flat-chested, no ass-having, stick-thin bitches.” Slowly, her hand would reach out towards the book, wrapping her strong, yet elegant fingers around the cover. She may have not wanted it before, but now? She just didn't want to let this little bimbo have it.

“F-Flat?!” The woman exclaimed, quickly covering her mouth, as to not draw attention. “You stupid skank, think you can just boss me around because you're-gh!” A tightness was the next thing the poor woman felt.

“I'm, what exactly?~” Adame purred, using her free hand to wrap her digits around the woman's throat. “Strong? Tall? Better than you in every way? Hell, my breasts are only double C cups, but they still outshine you. As well, these abs, pretty incredible, right?” With a powerful pull, Adame thrust the woman's face directly into her four pack, forcing her cheek to feel the ridges of her stomach. “Mmm...well, your skin is softer than mine, I'll give you that.~ Perhaps I should teach a pompous bitch like you a lesson?” Added the woman, with a flustered blush.

The woman's face was deepening to a purple at this point, her eyes rolling upwards as she struggled to get away. It was pointless, much to Adame's joy! It really was a dream come true for her!

Lowering the woman in between her long, pillar like legs, the gothic woman placed her light-skinned thighs against her prey's head; taking in the sensation of a helpless bug underneath her. With a gentle squeeze, Adame's legs pressed tightly against the skull of the woman.

“Guh...mga....” Struggling to speak, the woman began to drool, perhaps beginning to lose consciousness.

“Aww, now so tough now, are you? How does it feel? To be between my herculean legs? I bet I could crush your skull with just a flex! Buuuut~” In one swift motion, Adame's hand and thighs released the

woman, having her collapse onto the ground, coughing and gasping. “I refuse for my first true prey to be someone so pathetic. Though, don't get me wrong; if you tell anyone about this, then I promise, I will happily crush your skull between my thighs like a grape.~” Giving a playful wink, the woman nudged the coughing girl with her boot. “Now get out of here. Oh, and I'm taking the book.”

Tears streaming down her face, the trembling woman crawled away, nodding. “O-okay...! S-Sorry...sorry!...” With that, Adame kept an eye on her, until she went out the door.

“I have a feeling she won't be telling anyone about this. Anyway, that was a fun way to kill a few minutes. Though, looks like I'll still be waiting her a bit. Guess I'll grab a drin-hrgh!” A sudden tension within her stomach had her doubling over in pain. “Wh-what is?! Gagh!” Another sting of agony; biting her lip, she waited for the pain to subside. Within a few minutes, it eventually faded into a tolerable amount of pain. Thinking it over, it didn't take a genius to figure out what was happening. “Damn...I haven't eaten anything yet. Maybe I don't have the luxury to be picky, after all...”

Taking the book with her to the cafe at the center of the store, Adame steadily adjusted herself; ignoring the subtle cramps in her stomach. If she was hungry, perhaps regular food could satiate her? One way to find out.

Approaching the barista behind the counter, the woman's glance had been at the food menu. Looking down, her eyes widened in shock. “Wh-huh?!”

Standing on the other side of the counter, at five-ten, a whole six inches shorter than Adame, was a familiar face. At least, it would be, if it hadn't been a year or two since she saw a photo of him! A lean man, with fluffy black hair, as well as accompanying long bangs. He had unnaturally long, and fully eyelashes for a man, which highlighted his desaturated gray eyes, additionally, he wore thick, square glasses, which hid most of his eyebags. There was no mistaking it, this was Demon-Mancer.

The man looked up at Adame, a faint blush on his cheeks. “C-Can I help you, ma'am?” Taking a moment, the man glanced at her abs, before meeting her eyes once again. His glance then moved to the book. “Oh! You read 'Arcana Spiritus' too? It's a great series, right?”

Huh? Oh, right! She had never sent him a picture of herself; only loose descriptions! It's no wonder he didn't recognize her. “Huh? Oh, umm...yeah! I like it...allot!” Shit. Shit. SHIT.

“Good taste! Yeah, my favorite character is Miscella, the Shade! I think it's so cool that-...”

This was bad, really bad! The one FUCKING person she cared about was right here! The worst part, was that he was cuter in person. Adame had always had a thing for the softer looking boys – normally lean ones that were easier to dominate. That, accompanied by his horribly hyper-fixated ramblings, and she found him downright irresistible.

It was like she was de-powered all over again! No, she wouldn't let her emotions get the better of her! But, she could feel that Devilish blood within her begin to boil. Her mouth was watering, her loins were getting wet, all by looking at his stupid, Stupid, STUPID SMILE.

“And when she said 'I don't mean to throw...Shade', I thought it was the funniest thing ever! It's like the author doesn't care about-”

“Wanna make out in the employee bathroom?”

“W-What?”

The bathroom door was thrown open, with Adame's hand grasping the twink's wrist gently. “Oh yeah, what's your name?”

“U-Uh...I-Ian?” The man answered shakily, being pulled into the room, then having Adame lock the door shortly after.

“Not the name I was expecting, but it'll work.” In another jostling movement, the taller woman would push the man to the wall, her soft, warm lips interlocking with his own.

“M-Mn!~” The man moaned into Adame's mouth, his eyes rolling upwards as he felt her long tongue slink into his mouth; absolutely dominating the tongue of his own. She was making a point clear: she was in charge.

After a brief period of intense making out, the red-head would pull away, giving her pet a moment to catch his breath. She was in a mood, and with her new confidence, she was going to flaunt it! “How cute, you're shaking!~ Aww, don't worry *little* man. I'll be sure to take care of you.~” Delicately grasping his chin, Adame would pull his face up to hers, giving another veracious grin.

“Oh, how I love to feel you squirm under my fingertips.~” Purposely flexing her traps, Adame watched in glee as the boy's cock could be seen poking against his pants. “Mmm~ do my muscles turn you on that badly?~” Bringing her index finger to his chest, she smoothly moved it downwards, to his pants. “While I undo this belt of yours, tell me, what do you prefer? My monstrous thighs that you couldn't grip even with two hands? My ridged abdominals? Maybe my softball sized biceps?~”

“I-umm...hah...~” Gazing down, the boy watched as the sultry hands of Adame unbuttoned his pants, revealing his erect eight inch member.

With widened eyes, Adame licked her lips. “Wow, a big boy I see!~ I suppose it's true, they always say that the cute ones have horse cocks.~ Now, if you won't answer, I guess I'll decide for you.”

Standing back up, the woman placed her hands on Ian's shoulders, before pressing her engorged thighs against his member, softly squeezing with minor flexes, as well as pulling herself forward and backwards – milking his dick.

“Mn-f-fuck!” Feeling every fibrous ridge of Adame's exotic legs, combined with her soft skin massaging his cock's nerves, Ian groaned.

“A leg man, huh?~ I should've known! I'm sure seeing my bulbous quads in these little shorts must drive you wild!” Chuckling to herself, she sped up the stroking, as well as changing the rhythm of her flexes.

“N-Not gonna last much l-longer! Ang!~” Ian was a whimpering mess at this point, his member pulsating violently in between the archways of Adame's legs.

It was so cute seeing how close he was. “Gonna cum on a stranger's thighs, just because she's so big? How pathetic! I-urgh...” No! Damnit! Not now! The cramps were returning, worse than ever before! Suddenly, her own womanhood was becoming even more soaking, but for all the wrong reasons.

“Am! Mn! Gh!” The twink continued to groan, hitting his limit.

Adame could smell the sweet blood flowing through his veins. Her mouth was salivating. The idea of tearing him limb-from-limb was becoming ever better by the second! The hunger, she had to control the hunger! Yet, she couldn't hold it back any longer!

“I-I'm...cu-cumming-aghh!~”

God, she wanted him to cum on her legs so bad. To coat her sweet, muscular limbs in his seed, but, she had to feast on something. Acting quickly, she lowered herself, placing her mouth onto his tip, as he shot load after sweet load into her wet maw. Holding back the urge from protracting her fangs, and biting down onto his member, Adame viciously gulped down every last drop of his cum. A soft feeling of relief followed shortly after, as her stomach filled with his fluids.

Following a few seconds of reprieve, the woman took her mouth from the boy's cock, giving a smug smirk. “Not bad. Seems you were pent up, eh?”

Gasping for breath, the boy nodded. “It's...been a while.”

“So I can tell.” Replied Adame, standing back upright. “Unless you jacked off at our session last night.”

“Session? What are yo-...no...no fucking way! Coagrowth?...Is...is that you?!” The boy asked, buckling his pants.

“The one and only!” Winking, she would turn herself around, showing off her rigid lats of her back, as well as her slender waist, which led beautifully to her bubble-shaped rear. “Better than ever, too!”

“Better?”

“Aww, poor little Demon-Mancer! You didn't think I always looked like this, did you? Nope! Last night, I was about a foot shorter, and roughly sixty pounds lighter. Now, though? I'm at least pretty damn athletic.” Twirling once again, her long red hair flowing behind her, Adame flexed her forearms for her little pet – showing the snaking trail of veins that surfaced.

“It's a long story, but, in short – and you'll have to stay with me on this – I'm some sort of monster-human hybrid! That book you gave me had some sort of Devil in it. Made a pact with him to be stronger, he tried to take me over, but I showed him that no one has more drive to become powerful than me!~”

As expected, Ian was having a tough time digesting all the information at once. Taking the next ten minutes, Adame ran him through the situation in a more grounded way.

“I think I get it? You came all the way here because I told you that young, fit college adults come here in the past. Makes sense. Seems you forgot that I don't work retail anymore, though. Anyway, so the

only downside is your hunger? Do you think if you don't eat, you'll get smaller?" The boy asked, looking at the woman's rounded shoulders against her tank top.

Easily noticing his glances throughout her explanation, Adame let him indulge in the eye candy that was her muscular frame. "No idea, but I'd rather not find out. That aside, the worst part is the horrible cramping my stomach does. Though, after having some of your...erm...'fluids', it seemed to go away. Still haven't found out if food works, though."

"So...nut fills you up?" Ian asked, with a snicker.

"Shut up!...But apparently, yes. Though, doesn't seem to make me get larger. Good to know I have a back up plan if I get starved, at least." The woman snickered, motioning to him.

Blushing, Ian waved his hand in front of her face. "Yeah, okay, I get it. Back on topic, I'm not sure if I'm all for this...you know...killing innocent people to make you more powerful thing. Online is one thing, but this is real life, y'know?"

Adame shrugged her large shoulders rather lackadaisically. "Oh, I'm sorry, I guess I gave you the impression that you had a choice." The woman responded, followed by a genuine smile.

Blinking in confusion, Ian had to do a double take. "Wh-what are you talking about?"

Taking a step forward, Adame would press her hand against the bathroom's tiled wall, directly next to Ian. "Oh no, I've decided – I'm going to take this as far as I can possibly go. This power is too good for me to turn away from! Though, I like you, Demon-Mancer; so, of course, I'm not going to hurt you. Though, from now on, you'll be mine.~"

Leaning even further down, the woman would unhinge her maw in an inhuman fashion – large fangs revealing themselves as they scraped Ian's skin.

Ian was in shock. How could the tone change so quickly?! Goosebumps formed on his skin, as he felt Adame's hot breath hit against the nape of his neck. "Wh-what are you doing?" He shakily asked.

"Shh...this will only hurt for a moment. I need to mark what's mine, after all. I promise, I'll only have a taste.~" With that, Adame sank her fangs into Ian's skin; the feeling of her wet tongue moving up the surface of his flesh caused a mixed series of pleasure and pain to the boy.

"Gah!!"

Suddenly, blood would pour from the wound, filling the red-head's greedy mouth. A soft swallow...then another. It was delicious! Like the sweetness of honey, with a spiced flavor added! Shakily, Ian looked to Adame's eyes, which were now shifting to their blood-red hue. Like a cancer, her sclera was slowly being overtaken with black, as she took another gulp. A muffled moan escaped her lips. "Mmmm...~"

It was amazing. The best thing she had ever tasted! It was sweet, yet tart, with a fragrant aroma that she couldn't get enough of! Yet, another gulp.

"C-Coagrow! S-Stop!" Ian begged, struggling against Adame's body as she took another sip. At this point, the twink was growing more and more pale, his legs starting to give out.

“P...Please...” The boy responded meekly, as she took yet another gulp. At this point, the boy's body was beginning to visibly shrink. Then, the realization hit her.

With a gasp of sanity, Adame released the boy, licking the blood from her lips. “O-Oh my God, Demon, I'm so sorry! I just...I just couldn't help myself. It was my first time, and-”

Ian winced in pain, but seemed to be okay. “I-It's fine, Coagrow. I just feel a bit light-headed.”

A tinge of guilt hit her stomach along with the blood she viciously consumed. “I promise, it won't happen again, Ian. I'll learn to control it.” Adame swore; however, she felt like a change of tone would be better. “But, now, you're mine. That bite mark of mine is going to leave an ever lasting scar.” The woman said with a hint of pride.

“B-But, my work! Everyone will see!”

Petting the top of his head, Adame would let out a cute giggle. “Don't be silly. No one will bother you, not when-mngh!~ Ah, yes!~” A tension in her body would cause her to lock up, as Adame's form would undergo further enhancements. “Mnnn!~”

Finding it hard to maintain her shrunk down form, Adame's body would push back up to its six-seven height, then proceed to inch ever upwards. Her abs now meeting Ian's face as she swelled. With fluctuating flexes of the stomach, the woman's four pack was quickly becoming much more toned. No longer simple hints of muscle, Adame's stomach now had four thick cobblestone chunks placed upon them. With expanding shoulders, the woman groaned, feeling her already extremely tight top threaten to snap. At this point, her pants looked little more than underwear, as her cheeks began to poke out from underneath the pant leg. “Mmmm!~ So...ugh, you have no idea how amazing this feels, Ian!!~”

With her musculature refining and improving, what was once a hyper-athletic tone, was now pushing more so to light body-builder stature. However, soon, the euphoria of more power would fade away.

“Rgh...damn...still, not a bad growth spurt.” Looking over herself, Adame stood at an Amazonian seven-five; her head nearly touching the ceiling of the bathroom.

Ian stood slack-jawed at the changes that happened right in front of him. “My...God...”

“Aww, don't look so worried!~ Just what happens when I get blood! Though, it does explain the shakiness in your legs, as well as your light-headedness. Seems I took some of your muscle. Wasn't much, but it's a nice start. That being said, I think my mind is even more clear than before! Although, it also does seem to be filled with random facts.” The woman spoke, cocking her table-wide hips to the side as she snickered. “You're a nerd through, and through, I suppose. Anyway, I say enough waiting around. I need a BIG meal, and I know my sweet little pet will help me, won't he?~”

Crouching down to match Ian's height, Adame would delicately touch the fresh neck wound of fang marks against his skin.

“Y-Yes ma'am.” Ian muttered.

“Good boy.”

The very back of the book store was surprisingly spacious, with a nearly twenty foot tall ceiling. Along the walls were stacks and stacks of boxes, most of which were old shipments that appeared to be leftovers. Having to shrink her height down temporarily, Adame had made her way to the back with Ian, before allowing herself to rise back to her massive stature. “I’m so tall that I can pick up the boxes that are halfway up! Fuck, it’s so amazing to look down at everything!~”

“Coagrow, focus!” Exclaimed Ian, attempting not to peer at the woman’s medicine ball-sized ass as she reached for the aforementioned boxes.

“Hrm? Oh, right. So, why’d you bring me back here? I mean, I don’t mind lifting heavy things in front of you, but I’d rather not get dust on myself.”

“It’s almost noon. Ever hear of the Evergreen University Cobras?”

Adame tilted her head, leaning her muscular back against the shelf of boxes. “Is that like a sports team or something? I’m not super into sports.”

“It’s one of the leading national teams. Kind of a big deal. Though, Evergreen University is one of the few schools notorious for having a strict ‘no pass, no play’ policy.”

The woman’s mind was already getting the pieces, and putting them together. “Oh, I see.~ So not only are they *big*, but they are also *smart*. “

Ian couldn’t help but smile, adjusting his glasses. He felt almost like a villain, but he couldn’t deny the fun of plotting – especially on company time. “Exactly! So, pretty often they come here to study with their girlfriends. They know me. I’ll button up my collar to hide the bite mark, and tell them that we have a special study hall for them in the back. They’ll follow me, and we’ll lock them in. From there, well...”

“Still feeling guilty? Don’t worry, when I become all-powerful, you’ll surely sing a different tune. Though, who knows how freaking strong I’ll become from a whole team’s worth of muscle! Oh, and smarts, too! I know how much you love being completely overpowered by intellect, my little pet. Or maybe I’ll sit on you with my huge ass after eating those hourglass girls of theirs!~”

Audibly gulping, the fluffy haired man would turn around, trying to regain his composure. “Ehem, right! W-Well, you wait down one of the isles. The shelves are so high, that you should be able to hide behind them with little effort.”

Giving a nod, Adame placed her large, yet equally soft hand atop Ian’s head, gently rubbing it. “Fluffy! Sorry, I’ve been wanting to do that for a bit. Sounds like a plan to me!”

Nodding, Ian proceeded to make his way to the door leading to the main part of the building.

“One last thing, Ian.”

“Huh?”

“Thank you. I can tell you're doing this, not just because you find it hot, but because you genuinely like, and trust me. It means allot. Especially, since, you know my end goal is pretty damn evil.”

Having his mind go foggy, Ian could do little more than nod. “Y-Yeah...! I just-well, you-...gotta go! They'll be here soon!” Following that, he was quick to leave.

It wasn't long before the group came in. A dozen or so strapping men, each one no shorter than six-foot, and no less than two-hundred pounds of muscle on each, save for one or two, that looked more built for speed. Beside them, their girlfriends; women of mixed heights, as well as shapes, with most having a nice pear shaped body. Some appeared to be in extremely good shape, with one in particular carrying a decent amount of muscle, herself!

“Huh. Props to them for not sticking to stereotypes, I guess.” Ian muttered to himself, as the Captain approached.

“Hey bro, how's it going?” The man asked, shortly after having snickered within his group of friends. “This is gonna be a big order, so you might need a notepad or something.”

“Actually, you're in luck!” Exclaimed the barista with a smile. “We've actually heard about how you guys have been crushing it this season, so my boss has allowed us to open up a private section for you guys to study.” Leaning in a bit closer, Ian would whisper. “My boss is a big Kevin Butschime fan. Doesn't want the running back to be out of the season for flunking at Uni.”

The Captain's eyes would light up in response. “Really? Hell yeah man, lead the way!”

Ian couldn't believe how easy this was. Making his way towards the back, his heart was racing. He was leading these people to their deaths. With sweaty palms, he could feel his mind was swirling with a mix of fear and dread.

“W-Wait!” The Barista exclaimed.

Turning around to the now confused group, Ian steadied himself. “Th-there's something I have to tell you!...”

“What is it, bro?”

“The back...it....”

A sudden shot of Adame would rock his mind. All the times she said she desperately wanted to get bigger. The way she wanted him to herself. The last line she told him. *'I can tell you're doing this, not just because you find it hot, but because you genuinely like, and trust me. It means allot.'*

...

“I-It's...a bit messy! Though, we cleaned up a wonderful spot for you guys! Brought some tables in there, and everything!”

“Let's fucking go! Sounds super sick man! Don't keep us waiting!” Replied the Captain in glee.

“Sorry, yeah, just got a bit self-conscious was all!”

The door of the backrooms would open up, Ian allowing the group to walk in first, before closing, and locking the door behind them. “Just on the other side of the room, past the isles of books on the right.”

Having the group make their way down the rows and rows of crates, Adame waited for them to pass her row. Surprisingly, it seemed the group was too focused on making it to the other side of the room to notice her being pressed up against the items. However, this was the time to make her move.

As the group walked past the isle, a sudden shriek would ring out, breaking the casual conversation of the group. “Oh my GOD! HELP ME!” A feminine voice rang out. Responding, the entire group turned around, to see the tall woman holding up one of their own. A curvaceous blonde woman, who Adame had by her arms, lifted off the ground.

“WHAT THE FUCK?!” Kevin screamed, looking at the rest of his group.

“Nice to meet you all. My name is Adame – future ruler of everything, as well as its destroyer.” Looking down to the woman, that sweet smell of blood pumping through her terrified heart was enough to wet the Sadist's mouth. “You know, you're pretty tall for a girl.~” Adame purred. “I think you'll do nicely for a first MEAL!~” With her sclera shifting back to black, and her eyes aglow, the woman's jaw would once again unhinge, unleashing her fangs as her mouth enveloped the head of the blonde woman.

“HELP-MRHPM....” With a muffled yell, the girl's cries were quickly silenced as the gothic woman bit down onto the throat of her prey. The screams went silent, and the body, limp. A sudden torrent of blood filled Adame's mouth, as she giddily gulped down every. Last. Drop.

“Holy shit, holy shit!” One man yelled.

“FUCKING KILL HER!” Screamed a woman.

“SHE'S DEAD, OH MY GOD SHE'S DEAD!” Added a man.

Taking advantage of the confusion, Adame completely swallowed the rest of the body, enjoying the detailed crunch of every chew. “Mmm!~ So good! Heheheh!~ You stupid worms could've probably-mng!” Suddenly, the stature of the woman was on the rise. Seven-seven...seven-eight...eight-foot. With a firm snap of her top, her once CC breasts were quickly undulating with new fat. Her breasts were near perfect, with little-to-no sag, and looking extremely full. At the end, tight, perky pink nipples were rock-hard. “-could've taken me if you-gah-worked together! Now, it's TOO LATE!~” Another spurt. Eight-two, eight-four.

Adame's hips widened, taking up as much space as a whole SUV, with the trunk space being her ass, that was feeding happily on the woman's own. Her bubble but rump shredded her shorts, with two large cheeks revealing themselves; her panties more like a thong in the midst of the beanbag-sized cheeks.

“SHE'S GROWING! R-RUN!” The group quickly scattered, only adding to Adame's own ego.

“Mmmn!~ I love feeling like a fucking MONSTER! Come out, come out, wherever you are!~” Football players or not, with her long strides, Adame could catch up to whomever she pleased. Instead, focusing on two of the larger men. “Ohh, you're heavy!”

“L-Let us go!”

“Sorry, but I have better plans for you! Now then~” Placing one between her thighs, Adame felt the man squirm as she crossed her legs; pinning him completely at the waist. “You stay there, and enjoy the feeling of my GROWTH!” With the other man, Adame quickly chewed away at him; ringing his bloodied corpse out like a towel, before consuming the last of his skin.

“Y-YESSS!~” With a head-tilting groan, Adame's body began to quiver. Adding onto her body was chunk after chunk of inflating girth. The abdominals that were a mere four pack, were now dividing. A strong, compact six pack was seen, as well as knots of mighty balls of muscle along her arms and legs! “HAHAHA!~ OH FUCK!~ WH-WHAT A SPURT!~ MNG!~ YEARS OF MUSCLE TRAINING, GIVEN TO ME IN SECONDS!~”

The sensual high of Adame increased as she felt her thighs develop and grow.

“AH, C-CAN'T BREATHE!” The man exclaimed, as the woman's beautiful, flexing thighs continued to widen beyond past the size that couch. With the concrete-esc mass squeezing him passively, the man's body popped like a balloon of blood; spraying the woman's legs with a beautiful crimson.

“OH!~ GH!~ I FORGOT YOU WERE DOWN THERE! OOPSIE!~” It was as she glanced down, Adame could see the blood soaking into her very skin – another tingle of pleasure as she flexed her body inward; her bulking back gaining mass as she ascended further. “AH!~ EVEN SPILLED BLOOD ON ME GETS ABSORBED! F-FUCK YES!~” Unfurling her tongue in orgasmic bliss, Adame's crate-sized traps, wheel sized lats crushed the metal framed shelves behind her; bending and screeching as her power and size grew.

With pencil-thick veins running up and down her body, pumping powerful blood into her muscle-fibers, turning them into cables of pure power, Adame continued her rampage. Finding another man, she placed her boot lightly above him, enjoying the feeling of crushing someone slowly under her. “SQUISH LIKE THE WORSHLESS BUG YOU ARE!~” She exclaimed, hearing man's screams of fear be silenced by a slight press down of her mighty leather shoe.

Another she grasped, and placed between her breasts, slowly flexing her pecs underneath until her head popped open, drizzling beautiful red droplets onto her, only to make her breasts grow even further out, becoming larger than a trailer. Her tit-flesh squeezed like beautiful bags of milk against the architecture surrounding her, as her body birthed more and more height to her.

Twelve-foot...thirteen-feet....eighteen-feet.

Another one she placed against her bicep and inner elbow, slowly flexing her arm into a bicep pose, only to have the man crackle and break against the knotted cords of her deliciously huge, pumped, beautiful, vending machine sized muscle. “MY ARMS ARE SO FUCKING HUGE!~ BUT I WANT MORE! I AM GOING TO BE THE GODDESS OF BLOOD!!~” The following blood spray could only make things better for her, as what was once seven feet of pure muscle, now nearly doubled in size, the rush of power making Adame fall to her knees. Her pussy juices leaking out from her now open and

bare pussy.

The slaughter continued, having one woman be plucked out of hiding in a box by the giantess' long, wet, inhumanly dexterous tongue. Enjoying the crunch like a giddy school girl eating candy, Adame's horns penetrated the roof of the building, as her forklift-sized shoulders hit both ends of the backrooms. "SO...BIG!"

They all fell, one by one to her delicious power. Yet, taking a moment, the woman would grip Ian; giving him a smug smile, and a loving kiss on the head, before placing him in her eighteen-wheeler wide EE cups. "D-DON'T WANT ANYTHING HAPPENING T-TO YOU!~ HRGH!~"

Another player was crushed in her palm like a gogurt tube. One was held in place by metal she grabbed from the rafters, and sat on by her now pool-sized ass butt. The soft warmth, and vibrant haven that was her rear, could only provide so much comfort, before the raw mass converted the man into little more than a stain.

Her body continued to perfect itself; her skin becoming even more absolutely flawless. Her hair was radiating vibrancy, and health. Her eyes shimmered like the deepest of bloody gemstones. Everything about her was ever improving. Despite her immense height, her movements were becoming more elegant-more sensual. Swaying hips, playful giggles, sultry poses as she rained blood onto herself. It all nearly caused Ian to faint!

Her vocabulary, her understanding of educational subjects, it was all becoming better and better to her. Engineering, biology, chemistry, writing. It all was hers to take! "ALL YOUR HARD WORK IS MINE NOW! IT'S FINE, YOUR LIFE'S PURPOSE WAS TO SIMPLY FILL YOURSELF UP WITH MUSCLE AND KNOWLEDGE, JUST TO DELIVER IT TO ME!~"

"HAHAHA!~ SO FUCKING GOOD!~ I FEEL INCREDIBLE!~ M-MORE!~ RUN IN FEAR, WORLD, AS YOUR GODDESS, M-MAKES, HER ENTRANCE!~ NGAAAH!~" With one final powerful orgasm, Adame would absorb the last of the last of the football team, her body tearing and towering over the stores at a massive forty-five feet in height!

Her legs were towers, long, and wider than any standard home. Her waist was even wider, creating a shadow over the parking lot on one side, with her duplex-sized ass cheeks covering the other. Each ab on her was larger, and stronger than reinforced steel car doors, with obliques that were akin to cliffs of pure muscle. Her breasts loomed over, FF cups in comparison to her body, but to others, they were larger than an entire dumpster truck. Her shoulders were boulders, and her biceps, hills and mounds with more pounds of muscle than an entire gym combined!

The people below screamed in fear, running away from the Giantess that loomed over them like a true Goddess.

Taking a proud stance, Adame placed her hands on her hips; looking down with a malevolent grin. Chuckling to herself, she took in as much of that egotistical evil as she possibly could muster. "I AM ADAME, GODDESS OF BLOOD! I WILL SPILL AS MUCH AS IT TAKES, IN ORDER TO WRING THE UNIVERSE DRY OF ITS POWER! NOW, KNEEL BEFORE ME, AND HOPE TO BE ONE OF MY SURVIVING PETS! LEST YOU JOIN THE FLOOD OF BLOOD!~"

