

(Warning: This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, muscle worship, and graphic sexual content)

Bernadette should have felt more fulfilled. At least, that's what she thought she should be feeling. But instead, there was this sensation in her chest, like a missing piece. The happiness she felt was dampened by this unknown, missing part that made her scratch her collarbone. As though it was a piece of a puzzle that had disappeared completely, and all she had left was the whole was this specific piece's shape. Try as she might, she could not find it under her skin, no matter how much her nails scratched, nor could it lodge out of her head, regardless of how many mental laps she did, looking for it as though it was lost in some random memory.

Memory, that was the missing piece—the memory of what should have been the most intimate moment of her life with Maddie.

The joy, the excitement, the embarrassment of knowing you shared such an amazing night with your partner in what otherwise was a public space. That you absolutely *wrecked* said public space in the frenzy of your lovemaking with your beloved. With furniture thrown around, books displaced in messy piles from their shelves. A place of knowledge absolutely *defiled* with wild carnal passion.

Bernadette felt herself heat up, not like *that*, but with mortification. She wasn't that kind of person, really, she wasn't! She was a prude who needed help coming out of her shell! She just had no explanation for how it had gotten to that point!

And that was the core issue; She didn't know *how* it got like that.

She barely had any recollections of that night. The most important night of her life with Madison, and she... could scarcely remember.

Brief flashes were all she had, hazy images that barely offered any insight. The phantom sensation of lips against her own, the sounds of sloppy kisses.

And... she had the sensation that she was... bigger? She couldn't explain it properly, but it was like her body had felt different.

She could barely remember the pleasure, or even what she said, that it got to that point.

And it was honestly bumming her out. Bernadette had planned that date so much, and now she couldn't fall back on memories of the passion and tender love because they avoided her like the plague.

The orange-haired girl sighed despondently, poking at her salad with a fork.

"Is the food okay?"

She looked up at Madison, sitting in front of her. The diner wasn't too busy at lunch, so they could converse without a lot of noise going around. She stared at the lovely face of her beloved girlfriend; the way she smiled at her always made her heart flutter. Bernadette smiled shyly and reached out to hold her hand.

"Yeah, just... thinking," She lowered her voice a bit. "About last night"

"Ah," Madison too smiled shyly and blushed. "Yes, it was just... amazing"

"Was it?" Bernie muttered. "All signs point to that it was, but..."

"Yeah," The blonde's expression mirrored her own. "Feels we should remember more."

"For God's sake, we got wild enough that we tore our clothes." She whispered the last words, looking around in fear of being overheard. But fortunately, the other clients weren't close enough to pick up. "And we *can't* remember how it went?!"

"Gotta thank Jaylin for the clothes," Madison muttered, tugging at the white shirt she wore. Their ensemble was identical, just a couple of white shirts, shorts, and sneakers. The best Jaylin could get them on such short notice to cover up their nude state.

A terrible thought occurred to Bernadette, "You... You don't think she put alcohol or something in our food that night, do you?"

"I doubt it. Jaylin's a wildcard sometimes, but she's not *that* sort of person."

"You're right, you're right. It was a dumb thought..."

“Hey, you’re just trying to make sense of things. I am too,” Madison said comfortingly. “I *really* want to remember all the details of how last night went. I do know it meant a lot to me, we just... need to figure out the details, and why we can’t remember”

“Feels scary,” Bernadette admitted. “Feels... wrong, that we can’t”

“Yeah.” Her girlfriend slowly nodded. “But it’s okay, what I do know is that I enjoyed it. A lot. Because it was with you”

At that, the orangette smiled gently. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

God, such a simple word to make one feel so happy.

Perhaps she was right. Perhaps this was enough.

But... Bernadette knew herself well enough to know this mystery would continue to haunt her until she had her answers.

Until she could find what this missing piece was.

X~X~X~X~X

Madison’s apartment was pretty standard. The sort a working college student like her could afford on her own. Roomy enough, and well decorated to give that nice homey feeling. Bernadette had spent plenty of time hanging around here and sleeping here enough that she considered just leaving a few clothes for the day after.

(Which opened up the question of maybe living together, if Maddie was up for it. But the thought made her stomach flutter. They had taken an important step together, and she wondered if perhaps this was the next logical course.)

Shelving that thought in the back of her head, Bernadette focused on the one aspect of Madison's home that was genuinely unique, something that reflected her personality and interests. At first glance, it looked like a craft room, full of cloth and props scattered around in a chaotic fashion; there was little semblance of order to be found, except perhaps for a few dresses in hangers from a rack.

In the center of the room was a large table with a sewing machine, and multiple instruments scattered around: rulers, scissors, glue gun, and the like. Madison was not a fashion designer by any means; she was a cosplayer.

Anime, cartoons, movies, literature, Maddie loved to tinker around and recreate the likenesses and outfits of multiple characters. Before meeting Madison, Bernadette had never even entertained the thought of dressing up and going to conventions, but there was something liberating and empowering about dressing up. Cosplaying boosted her confidence and made her feel good about herself.

Her girlfriend had already been preparing their costumes for the next convention before their date. She had something special in mind for the orange-haired girl.

She watched as the blonde bit the corner of her lip as she rummaged through the multiple dresses, pushing one hanger after the other. "Should be right... here!" She brandished the costume like a trophy. "Ta-da!"

"Ohhhh," Bernadette's eyes lit up like stars. "A Wonder Woman outfit"

A classical one, with the star-spangled bottom in the one-piece before the character switched to a more Greek-appropriate skirt. "I based it on the Timverse version!" Maddie said excitedly, wiggling the outfit. "You'll look great in it!"

Bernie blushed. "O-Oh, that's one mine then?"

"Yup! You'll be Wondie, I'll be going as She Hulk. Two super-strong women don't care if they're from different companies or lack a theme. We'll look great!"

The old Bernadette would have fainted in embarrassment at the thought of wearing a one-piece in a public space that wasn't the beach. The current, bolder Bernadette didn't have such fears.

Well, not many, at least.

She was sure she could handle it with only a minor case of mortification.

“And here’s mine!” She picked up the white and purple She Hulk one-piece from the hanger, and put two white sneakers on the table. “Going for classic She Hulk outfit too”

“You didn’t have to go through so much trouble.”

“Once I got the golden pieces right for the Wonder Woman outfit, it was easy. Plus, I finished the She Hulk piece first, so I had plenty of time to-” She paused as she stared at the white and purple outfit. “Oh, come on. When did this happen?” She traced a hand over a tear in the back of the costume. “Great, I’ll have to fix it now,” She grumbled as she put the outfit on the table before handing her the Wonder Woman piece. “Here, try it out in the living room while I work on this.” She said as she grabbed a needle and thread. “Let me know if it needs any adjustments.”

Bernadette left her to her task and walked toward the living room, where she removed her clothing and put on the one-piece. It was easier to crawl into than expected, and the back zipper didn’t give her much trouble. It was a bit loose in the chest, but that’s because she didn’t have the same measurements as the character. She thought much to her chagrin.

Putting on the bracers and boots, she walked up to a full-length mirror to inspect herself. It looked good. Maddie did an outstanding job as always. But she didn’t cut the most physically imposing figure. Bernadette had seen other women dress up as the Amazon, and those ladies went about and beyond. Some were pretty fit and looked like they truly earned the trappings of Wonder Woman with those toned physiques.

Letting out a soft sigh, Bernadette flexed a non-existent bicep, disappointed with her reflection. Her old insecurities reared their ugly head as she wondered what she’d look like if she actually stood out a little.

If she actually possessed the type of fitness worthy of the outfit. If she looked... stronger, fully, more beautiful...

If she had some actual muscle in her...

