

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

“You sure nobody is coming here?”

“Don’t worry, only I have access to this place”

Bernadette was not the type to break rules like this, but she felt she needed to be more adventurous in life sometimes. Which was why she enlisted Jayline’s help with her current endeavor.

She had asked her girlfriend Madison to join her at the library at night for a special project without giving a lot of details. The real purpose was a surprise date set up by her and Jayline, who could not have been happier to help.

Bernadette considered herself the shy type, with her friends being the more outgoing and bolder of their group. Honestly, it had been nothing short of a miracle that she and Madison began dating... mostly because it was Madison who took the initiative first and asked her out, otherwise, she would have remained in limbo for a long time...

Madison just made her feel... *alive*. She pushed her to explore new things and enjoy life in such a joyous way. Any time they shared together was always the happiest for her. Those were the things she desperately wanted to let Madison know, the ones she’d been too shy to spit out.

Too shy to tell Madison she loved her.

But no more, Bernadette was determined to take the initiative this time. She’d surprise Madison with a date on the place they met, the very library where Jayline worked *and* had the keys to open up in the middle of the night, making sure they’d have the place all to themselves. The owner was away so she’d never find what they were doing.

Setting up a few fake candles (she wasn’t going to bring *actual* candles to a library!) over a mantelpiece on one of the tables, she pulled out their favorite drinks and food from a bag. “Does this look right to you? I mean it’s not the height of romance...” Certainly not when the food was microwaved chicken and diet sodas...

Jayline blew a dark bang from her face, “Honestly, you’re gonna get cold feet now of all times?!”

"I-I'm not!" Bernadette weekly said, idly twirling a finger around a lock of orange hair while adjusting her glasses. "Just... want this to go right, maybe I should just do something else..."

"You are always second-guessing yourself," Her friend said a touch tired. "Look, it'll be fine. You two will have a great night, and you'll come out of it more in love than ever, I guarantee it" She smiled comfortingly at her, placing a hand on her shoulder. "Now, I'll go look for Maddie and lock up the place for you. Then I'll give you both space while I wait in the security room"

"You..." Bernadette paused. "You're not going to be spying on us, are you?"

"Pfff, you think I'm a voyeur or something?"

That wasn't a no...

"Confidence, girl!" She tapped her shoulder a few times before walking about. "How you gonna confess to Maddie if you lack the spine for it?"

Bernadette watched her disappear among the lines of bookshelves, her words echoing in her mind. "Yeah... guess so" She muttered to herself.

Sighing, Bernadette stepped away from the table to gather herself. She adjusted the hem of her black shirt with white stripes and smoothed out her long white skirt. Checking herself on her phone she looked for any hair out of place in her wavy orange locks. She was pretty, Madison said so, she had to believe that. But... was she brave enough? Was she strong enough to tell her how she felt?

Jayline was right, here she went again overthinking things, trying to talk her way out of actually *doing* what she wanted.

God, why was this so hard?

She idly paced around, trying to calm her racing thoughts. Her eyes shifted through the various books on the shelves, stopping on a rather worn and old-looking one. Her curiosity got the better of her and pulled it out, noting with some surprise the purple gem on its cover. That... had to be a fake right? Or at least a pretty cheap one.

The title was *'Strong Confidence'* so maybe it was a self-help book? She opened it, finding no title or index, only a single sentence written in cursive with old ink.

Do you desire strength?

God, she desired so many things. She wanted to be more adventurous, more confident, she wanted to be more like those women she often read in fantasy books who were filled with courage and determination. Bold to the extreme and with unconquerable spirit, guiding themselves by their passions...

She wanted to be brave to tell Madison she loved her.

But if she had to sum it all up in one sentence...

"Yeah, I wish to be strong..."

The book snapped shut, startling Bernadette.

What... she hadn't...

The gem glowed.

And a light, something akin to a lightning bolt mixed with a laser projecting, shot out from it to her forehead.

Bernadette gasped and dropped the book. A throbbing sensation pulsated in her skull like a headache before spreading to the rest of her figure. The pain was making her body tremble, her skin prickled like it was being stabbed with needles, tightening around her frame as she felt her muscles burn.

"W-What's happening to me...?!" She rasped out, hunching over and holding her arms around her midsection as she shuddered. Her body felt heavy and hot, her flesh was writhing as though there was something alive underneath the skin.

Her clothes were getting uncomfortably tight.

“Ugh!” Bernadette grunted, squeezing her eyes shut as her bones popped and her muscles tore, only to rebuild themselves instantly with greater strength. Fibers multiplied, solidifying into firm plates as they grouped up. Sinewy cords burst into existence, rippling and forming shapely muscle groups.

She felt her stomach jut out multiple bags of striated muscle against her forearm, which were also widening with added flesh. Her biceps felt cuffed against the sleeves as the fabric tightened around them and her deltoids. Bernadette’s back stretched from side to side, becoming wider and denser, lines of definition slowly forming a valley under the shirt as the sounds of ripping threads began to be heard.

“Ah!” The orange-haired girl gasped, shaking her head and extending her arms to the side, the sudden motion making her glasses. Her thorax *bloomed* with widening lats and thickening pectorals... even her breasts were swelling, pushing against the fabric of her bra and shirt as two pinpricks of pain lifted tents. “G-Getting so big!”

The agony was... *exquisite*, her body breaking apart and becoming larger and stronger was such an *arousing* feeling. All this strength in her muscles, it made her feel capable of anything.

Her feet burst through her shoes, unable to be contained any longer, and tore the soles apart. Her legs lengthened and widened; enormous muscles pushed against the veil that was her long skirt. In a fit of desperate need to see them, she grabbed a hold of her skirt, making her arm muscles *jump*, and easily tore it from her body, throwing it away like an old rag.

Her legs were *magnificent*, simply outstandingly muscular in all the right places. She’d never seen more packed legs on anyone before, and despite their girth, they still possessed a beautiful curvature to them. Not only was she becoming musculature, she felt all her feminine assets were being enhanced.

“Ohhhh!” She moaned as she touched her ass, the glutes were unbelievably hard. She felt so... so sexy~

She raised her arms and flexed, marveling with arousal at the sight of those peaks ripping through her sleeves. Her lats began tearing through the seams of her shirt while the shoulders tore free. Her shredded abdominals paved a cobblestone road that led to her enormous breasts and wide pecs, everything about her was toned to perfect.

Her thighs rubbed together, stoking the fire in her crotch while her panties got paradoxically wet.

“C-Can’t take it...!” She cried out, hunching forward and ripping the underwear off her. Her hands cupped her crotch and began rubbing. “Ohhuhg!” She gurgled nonsense as waves of pleasure washed over her. “N-Need to cum.... Need to cum!” Bernadette squealed as two fingers buried themselves in her entrance, thrusting back and forth with great energy.

Her body kept swelling as she furiously masturbated, the remnants of her shirt were coming undone to the point only rags remained.

“C-Close!” She panted heavily, one hand roughly pawing at her breast, squeezing the soft flesh and pinching a hard nipple. “S-So close! I’m-!”

One final wet stroke and she came undone.

Her muscles tensed and *flexed* mightily, blasting away the strips of clothing left as her amazonian frame went fully nude.

Bernadette’s mouth was stuck open in a silent scream, her body twitched, muscles pulsated and rippled as she rolled the waves of the most powerful orgasm of her life. Her back slowly arched, and she let out a long dragged-out moan while her inner walls still clenched tightly around her fingers.