

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

When Bernadette came to, the world was blurry. A common occurrence when lacking her glasses, even though that also happened when one woke up, shaking off the grogginess and tiredness from her figure as she stirred, haphazardly stretching her limbs intertwined in a blanket.

Memories of last night were also in a similar blurry state, she had trouble making sense of them.

Then there was clarity as she stared at Madison's lovely face. Heart-shaped and messy with tangled blonde locks. Although it wasn't her girlfriend's face that made everything clear (though it was a factor), but rather the glasses put on her face by lovely hands.

"Good morning" Maddie muttered tenderly, sending Bernadette's heart aflutter.

"Morning," She replied with equal care as the two leaned closer to share a kiss.

"Last night was..." Maddie muttered breathlessly.

"Oh my god" The orange-haired girl agreed.

She could barely even *recall* what happened. It was a flurry of images and flashing sounds bereft of rhythm or order. Just passion at its rawest yet with an undeniable tenderness that came from the love the two certainly knew they had for each other. It was... simply out of this world, how words had conveyed so much and then their bodies expressed the rest.

Their bodies... it was the oddest sensation, like their lithe limbs should not be *like that*. Like they were supposed to be... *different*.

And yet neither of them had the words to explain it.

They could not ponder much on it, as a louder voice interrupted their gentle afterglow. "Well it's about time you lovebirds woke up"

Two squeaky yelps rang out as they scampered to cover themselves more, a hard task when all they had was a single blanket between the two. Jaylin stood there, her eyes staring impatiently behind her large-rimmed glasses, unbothered by the naked state of her friends. Ugh, did the corner of her mouth have to quirk so impishly? The pervert...

“Now I’m sure you two had the best night of your lives, but if I want to keep my job I’m gonna need to clean up this mess before the library opens up”

“M-Mess?” Maddie repeated confused, and they paled as they noticed the library's state around them.

Books thrown everywhere, tattered clothing, *what had even happened?!*

Was... Was this because of them? Had *they* done this?!

“Oh god” Bernadatte moaned, but unlike how the many times she must have done so last night, this was in despair and mortification. “What did we do?!”

“Who knew romance could be *wild* like this,” Jaylin said, lifting a piece of torn fabric. “You two tore each other’s clothes off. Then again, I believe that wasn’t the weirdest thing that happened...”

God, if you’re listening, if you’re kind... please smite them down lest they continue to suffer this embarrassment.

“We did what?!”

Jaylin arched an eyebrow, her gaze looking oddly curious. “You really don’t remember, do you?”

They could only shake their head in disbelief.

“Huh...” The long-haired girl mused to herself for a moment, as though the gears in her head were turning. “Welp! I had to go home and pick you two some clothes!” She lifted a bag they suddenly realized she was holding and threw it at them. “You’re *welcome*”

“Oh god” Madison wailed. “I can’t believe we got so...”

“It’s always the quiet ones” Jaylin nodded sagely. “You two must have been hella repressed”

“Please... Please stop talking...” Bernadette begged.

Granting them mercy at last, Jaylin turned and walked away so the two could change. “Now then, you two better change. I need to fix this mess”

“I-ugh-promise” Bernadette stumbled on her words as she struggled through the shirt she was putting on. “We’ll help”

“Thanks, Jaylin” Madison muttered gratefully, glad she had pants now.

Standing behind one of the bookshelves, Jaylin made sure a very special *book* remained secure and, most importantly, away from her friend’s eyes.

That thing had been the source of it all. Her heart beat like a drum in excitement at the mere thought of exploring its secrets, hopefully *without* forgetting everything like her friends had.

She thought of letting them know, invite them to investigate with her... but Jaylin’s greed superseded that.

Better let them forget, it’d be a kindness for now. She’d figure out what to tell her friends later.

After the mysteries of the book were hers to command.

“No problem~” She replied with a secretive smirk.

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With library fixed, Bernie and Maddie gone, it was just her and the *wonderfully mysterious book*.

Oh, her hands were getting sweaty, eager to pry open its secret and find the source of what power had transformed her friends into amazonian beauties. Could she turn herself like them? Could the book do more? What even *was* the book?

All these questions and more ran through her mind like a horde of energetic meercats. Jaylin traced the purple gem on its cover as she licked the edge of her lips, slowly turning it and-

There was a fucking knock on the door.

Growling with frustration, she stood up so fast she almost knocked down her chair. She shoved the book into her back and went to the library's entrance, and opened the door, there she was greeted with a very inconvenient sight.

The book club, led by 'I-was-born-with-a-stick-up-my-butt' Bella. Her square-rimmed glasses and neatly arranged brown hair fit perfectly with her ever-present frown. The black blazer, skirt, and heels just completed the image that shouted 'uptight'. Her two friends could not be any more different if they tried, with the tomboyish Jane's messy haircut, her black leather jacket, jean shorts, gloves, boots, stockings (just black everywhere...) and purple lenses to try and give herself a distinguished look (bit of a tryhard in Jaylin's opinion). And of course Yana, the one who always followed along with the two, her long curly blonde looks and clear blue eyes always painted an innocent look, further accented by her white shirt and blue overalls.

"We're closed" Jaylin said, tempted to slam the door in her face.

"We have a meeting scheduled for today" Bella sniffed.

"Well, we had to close for the day," The long black-haired young woman wanted to get this conversation over with as fast as possible. "So-"

"Then the club should have been notified with 24 hours in advance"

Always a damn stickler for the rules, like she was born with a rulebook or something...

“Look, it was a sudden thing. I can’t let you in, I’m busy. So why don’t you take your posse and-
“

“H-Hey now” Yana timidly tried to defuse the situation. “It’s okay, we can always meet somewhere else”

“Unacceptable” Bella sternly refused, glaring defiantly at Jaylin. “We scheduled to have our meeting here, and here we will have it”

Okay, Jaylin was certain they *could* go to another place but Bella was just doing this to personally spite her... which fair enough, she had done the same to spite Bella in the past.

The two never got along, and avoided each other as much as possible. But whenever they did meet, well... they traded barbs like swords.

Wonder if she could use the book to tune up that attitude of hers...?

“Well, if I can speak the universal peace language.” Jane, seemingly the only one with brains in the group, flashed a few bucks in Jaylin’s direction. “How about you let us in, and we promise to be quiet?” She gave her a wink.

“Quiet is already a requirement of attending the library,” Bella tonelessly said. Prompting a groan from Jane and a sheepish laugh from Yana.

...Now even with cosmic power at the palm of her hand, Jalyin was never going to say no to a bit of extra cash.

She snatched the dollars from Jana’s hand. “Just get inside”

She’d have all the privacy she’d need in the security room anyway.

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As the monitor displayed the book club engaged in their activities, Jaylin felt safe from interruptions. But just in case she still locked the door to ensure her 'research' would go smoothly.

She set the book on the nearby table, standing over it while resting her palms on each side of the tome. The purple gem seemed to shine on its own, beckoning her to explore the secrets in its pages.

She smirked as she leaned down, bangs of black hair falling over her shoulders. "What secrets do you have for me?" Jaylin's lips dried up in eager anticipation.

'Strong Confidence' was the title.

She seriously doubted turning women into amazons was all it did, no, there had to be more. She was certain of it!

But even if that was all the book could do in the end, she wouldn't complain about the results.

Without further delay, she opened the books. The pages were blank, not a single drop of ink written on them. Her confusion was brief, knowing there was more to this book than met the eyes. A result of its... magic, most likely. There had to be a way to delve deeper.

Then, she saw a black splotch. Like someone had dropped a bit of ink on its pages, manifesting out of nowhere. The stain took shape, elegant cursive formed into words with the calligraphy of a seasoned playwright.

What do you desire?

Jaylin smirked. Now they were getting somewhere.

Was this what it had asked Bernadette? Was Bernadette's desire to be a large muscular woman? No, that answer was far too simplistic, if she knew her self-conscious friend was that Bernie was highly critical of herself, and in such an important moment she no doubt wanted courage and *strength* to tell Maddie how she felt.

The book must have interpreted that as physical might... though it had not disregarded actual confidence in the least, given the wild fuck-fest Jaylin had witnessed them perform with vigorous energy.

Jaylin couldn't deny she wanted it. But that was not all she wanted.

"I wanna see *more*" She said, her voice filled with hunger for knowledge. "I want to know what makes you work"

And so, the book *showed her*.

It was hard to describe what she experienced, between the shifting images made of ink and the text that changed every few seconds that somehow managed to form a lasting impression on her mind. As in, she felt the knowledge of the book engrave itself through a rapid cognition into her brain. Like data becoming memory, complete with context to associate it with.

It was disorienting, but nonetheless she *understood*. Even as she braced herself on the table, feeling winded of all sudden, Jaylin smiled as she *grasped* the depths of knowledge the book revealed to her.

Not its history, or its origins, but its *function*.

The book... changed things. It poured out energy, and matter became... *malleable*. It invested that energy into the user, gave them the ability to change as they desired. Turn dreams into reality, manifest thoughts, alter their surroundings or *themselves* as they wanted through the right application of that energy. Be it a conscious effort or not.

But the energy to that was finite, one would eventually need to recharge through the source: The book.

Jaylin chuckled and panted at the same time. "So that's how you do it..."

Fascinating.

"...Teach me how"

And it did.