

**(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 fall. 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.

Oh god... oh *god*. This was unreal, just... impossible.

She had become so big, so unbelievably large and powerful. Bernadette looked down at her body, mildly surprised by the fact she could see perfectly without her glasses, and more shocked by the sight of her enormous physique. She had to be a heavyweight Olympian *at least*, with an insane level of ridged striation that highlighted the power in her power, and beautiful curves and proportions that really brought a feminine allure she never had before...

She loved this. She was mortified by this. She felt thrilled by this body. She felt ashamed of her naked state.

Part of her wanted to flex and showcase her naked state to the world, but the more rational part of her knew how irreversibly changed her life would become now.

People would stare and point, mutter behind her back (a voice in the back of her head whispered how it'd be words of admiration and envy). Bernadette wouldn't be able to go to work again without being the center of attention, scratch that, *everywhere* she'd be the center of attention. If she could even get out of here considering she was naked, and no clothes she had would fit her!

Everyone would look at her differently now, she'd never be the same in her eyes. No longer bookish Bernadette, she was now Hulk-Bernadette. Friends, family, even-

Madison!

Oh lord, she just realized, Madison would be coming soon! W-What was she going to do?! She had to hide somewhere!

"What would she say if she sees me like this...?" Bernadette softly wailed in despair.

"...Amazing"

She stiffened at the sudden voice behind her.

Bernadette mechanically turned and looked *down* at her girlfriend who stared at her enormous frame with astonishment and honest *wonder* in her eyes.

"You look..." Her blue eyes behind her glasses quivered, the bag in her hand slowly slipped from her grasp and hit the floor. She walked towards the *tall* woman, her blonde side ponytail trailing behind her with how fast her step was. "So amazing"

"Maddie, I-" She tried to cover her privates with her enormous limbs, blushing furiously at how her girlfriend was looking at her with *hunger* in her eyes. "I can't explain...!"

"What happened to you?" Madison muttered, standing fully in front of Bernie. Those large breasts were basically at eye level.

"I-I found a book," She tried to point at the tome in question with a finger while still covering her breasts. "It turned me into... *this*"

"A book did this?" Madison replied with utter bafflement.

"I know how it sounds but-!" Bernadette shrieked. "It must be... magic or something, there is no other way this could have happened! I mean just look at me!"

"I am looking at you" She muttered with a dazed tone. "My *god* Bernie you look so... so good"

Bernadette's brain short-circuited. "I... do?"

"You look like all the best part of an anime protagonist" A smile slowly formed on her lips as she gushed. "Y-You look so strong, and beautiful! It's unreal!"

Bernadette shivered when Madison's hand reached over and began *touching* her muscles, prodding for any softness and delighting herself when she found none. The skin, striated as it was, held a perfect texture as the multiple muscle groups twitched and shivered, flexing and making them ripple reflexively with how *good* her girlfriend's hands felt on her hardened flesh.

"Your biceps are the size of my head!" Madison said with thrill. "And *wow*, these abs!"

Bernie had to bite her lip to stifle a moan, trying her best to ignore how her loins were heating up once again, and how her nipples were getting painfully hard.

She need to reign control, because if she loose for even a second, if she engaged in this pleasurable contact Madison initiated... then she'd unleash a beast that would pin Maddie against the table and fuck her with all her might.

She wanted to do it so badly. Wanted Maddie to WORSHIP her.

*That's not me!* Bernadette internally screamed.

"A-Ah, Maddie, please" She begged. "Y-You have to help me get back to normal. I can't live my life again if I stay like *this*"

Her desperate words seemed to snap Madison out of the trance she was trapped in. Making her flush with embarrassment. "I... yes, you're right. But" She looked lost. "What can I do?"

"The book" She pointed again at the floor. "That's the thing that changed me, maybe there's a way to reverse it"

"Alright, alright" Madison muttered a few times, running a hand through her blonde locks and adjusting her glasses. She knelt by the book and picked it up, tracing the gem with her fingers and reading the title 'Strong Confidence'. "This thing just... how did it do this to you?"

"I just wished to be strong, but I meant it in spirit!" Bernadette flushed. "Somehow it took it literally..."

"So this thing's a genie?"

"I don't know *what* it is"

Madison opened the pages but found them blank, with the exception of the first page that held the words; '*Do you desire strength?*'

Madison still didn't know if this was real or not. If this was a dream it was the most lively one she ever experienced. Could this thing truly be supernatural? There was no other way to explain her girlfriend's *beautiful* metamorphosis.

God, Madison felt bad. Here she was *thirsting* over Bernadette's body instead of helping her. Was she a bad person? Was she shallow for being so enraptured by that stunning physique?

She wanted nothing more than to run her tongue over the valley of Bernie's muscles...

So large and bulging, burgeoning with strength and sensuality.

God, she wished she had a body like that...