

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

The morning sun shone upon Jaylin as she hummed to herself, making her way to Madison's apartment. Wearing a brown sweater and loose jeans, she walked with a pair of white and black sneakers. On her backpack, she carried the most important treasure, the magic book that started it all. Bernie wanted answers, and Jaylin was compelled to give them to the two girlfriends.

Shame, she figured this whole thing could drag on for a while longer, thinking of all the fun mischief to be had with those two knuckleheads being oblivious as to what happened that night. Jaylin had a *lot* of ideas on what to do with the book, ways she could show off, events to rig with magic, people who could use a bit of a 'boost'.

The possibilities were endless, and she wanted to play with them all.

Was she being selfish, wanting her friends to be locked out of the loop for this? Yes, she was. She made no excuse about it. That's just who she was. She wanted to have her fun with the greatest toy in history, and didn't want Bernie and Maddie to be the angels on her shoulders. She was a devil all the way, baby.

Was she getting a god-complex from all this? Yeah possibly.

But maybe it'd do her well to share it with her friends, so they could all have fun together.

Jaylin walked up the stairwell until reaching Madison's apartment door. She used her copy of the key to unlock it and walk inside. "It's me," She called out, making herself known. Even from the entrance, she could tell a tornado had traversed the apartment, with all the broken and tumbled over furniture, the scattered books, the shattered décor. This place looked like a repeat of that night in the library. Shame she missed such an erotic show.

Closing the door behind her, she was met by Bernadette wearing a bathrobe. Her orange hair was frazzled, and she wasn't wearing her glasses. Jaylin wagered she didn't need them, much like she didn't need her own anymore.

"Good, you're here." The young woman said with a harried tone. "Listen, you *must* know what happened to us that other night. You were acting weird in the library, and when I texted you..."

She let out a shuddering breath, running a hand over her face. "Please, Jaylin, *what is going on?*"

Yeesh, she didn't know this was affecting her that much.

"Alright," She raised a hand placatingly while dropping her backpack over the breakfast table. "But you might wanna wake up Maddie for this."

As if on cue, a loud, shrill cry that could only belong to the blond, reverberated throughout the apartment. Bernadette blushed and cupped her cheek in embarrassment as her girlfriend came out running from the hall, completely naked, bereft of muscles.

"What happened to my apartment?! Why is everything broken?!" Madison hyperventilated as she looked at the whole mess. "And why is Jaylin here?!"

"Why are you naked?" Jaylin dryly shot back.

It suddenly dawned on the blonde that she was, in fact, naked as her friend pointed out.

She screeched once more, trying to cover herself. "Waaaah!" She ran back to her bedroom.

"Is this gonna be like this all the time?" Bernadette muttered with a tired drawl.

"Don't worry, I have all the answers for you two right here." She opened her bag and pulled out the mystical grimoire.

Bernadette's eyes lit up in recognition as memories awoke. "That book... I've seen it before, that's the book that...!"

"Yup," Jaylin gave her a Cheshire grin. "You won't *believe* what this baby can do."

A few moments later, Madison emerged once more, wearing a tank top and a pair of shorts. She blushed as she approached her girlfriend, looking at her robe-clad form. "So, are you too..."

Bernie blushed. "I didn't want to take your clothing..."

"Oh, honey, you know you can use anything here; it's *our* things."

The look Bernadette gave her was positively tooth-rotting, and Jaylin could already see this would develop into another sappy session between the two with how close they were getting.

A loud banging made the two yelp and jump back. Jaylin looked at them with a deadpanning glance as she repeatedly banged the book over the table. "Alright, keep it in your pants, you two. Much as I'd love a good show right now, we'll have to put a pin on it until we get this sorted out."

She drummed her fingers over the book's thick cover.

"Now, you two saw this book the other night. Remember?"

"I... yes," Madison said with surprise, blinking repeatedly as the memories kept coming back. "That book, that thing made Bernie grow!" She pointed at the tome with a trembling finger. "It made me grow as well!"

"And then you two got so horny you proceeded to *fuck* like there was no tomorrow." Jaylin helpfully informed with an all-too smarmy grin.

The two blushed tomato red. "You... You saw us?" Bernadette meekly muttered.

"I was in the security room, of course, I saw it. I saw everything." She shuddered as the mental images still had a strong effect on her. "And it was so fucking hot."

"Ugh, you fricking voyeur!" The blonde cried out, feeling even more exposed than before. "You saw us had sex and-and just touched yourself?!"

Jaylin shrugged. "Yeah"

“Jaylin!” Bernie was aghast. “We’re friends, h-h-how could you-?!”

“The same way you two got so turned on, you decided to fuck right then and there in the library.” Her reply stunned them both. “This book, this *amazing thing*,” She trailed her fingertips over the cover. “It turned us into something *utterly* incredible. Things beyond human power, beyond human *nature*. And we’re only just now starting to find what we’re all capable of.”

She must be sounding like one of those comic book villains that Madison loved so much.

“Look, just look!” Jaylin snapped her fingers and channeled the power from the book, its red gem shining lightly as the room around them came alive.

Furniture righted itself, ceramics and other decorations mended together as though they never broke in the first place. Books flew like in a scene from a children’s fantasy movie, going back to their place on the shelves.

The torn remnants of two outfits were pieced together seamlessly and landed on the couch neatly folded.

The two girlfriends watched with awe as they saw this all happen in real time.

“You did this...?”

“With help from the book,” Jaylin grinned. “It’s magic, it’s *pure magic*. It has energy inside, sooo much energy. I just learned to borrow it, do whatever I like,” She wiggled her fingers, intentionally making sparkles float between them.

Her grin widened, showing all her teeth.

“And like you two, I learned that particular *trick*.”

She channeled the magic insider through every vein and every fiber, spreading in her nerves like wildfire and filling her being with power and pleasure.

“Mmm, ahhh,” She moaned, throwing her head back as her entire figure began swelling. It was first visible in her height, how she kept growing taller while her clothes remained the same. The muscles in her neck and throat flexed, becoming more defined.

The two girlfriends stared with astonishment as their friend experienced the same type of transformation the two had gone through before, and it was just as shocking and awe-inspiring to see her as it was to experience it themselves. The way her body filled out, booming with increasingly wider proportions and burgeoning muscles, made their cheeks flush as a familiar heat settled in their bellies.

“Ohh-hh-hh,” Jaylin let out a shuddering breath with a crooked smile, taking off her glass with a trembling hand and throwing it away. “I never get tired of this part,” She looked at the arm with which she had thrown the glasses and stared at it, observing how the muscles swelled, and the sweater sleeves tightened around it. “Always feels so...”

The arm inflated more and more, and the sounds of thread snapping were heard, getting louder each second, until a fuzzy tear opened over the middle of the sleeve, revealing the growing mound of muscle that was her bicep.

“*Invigorating*,” She said with manic glee.

She kept flexing her arm repeatedly, making the muscles grow further with each repetition. The forearms widened impressively, further ripping the woolly material as the bicep kept spreading the large tear until the full muscle was on display. Striations deepened into the skin as small veins began to rise to the surface.

“I like to take it slow,” She chuckled huskily, enjoying the way her shoulder bunched up and began ripping more of the sleeve. “It feels like being with a lover who *really* knows how to use their tongue...”

Bernadette gulped, knowing exactly what she was talking about. She had felt that way during her growth, and the intensity... it was unreal.

“Though sometimes,” With a more violent flex, she raised her other arm and started ripping the sleeve there faster. “I like to get *rough* with it.”

Her quivering legs bloomed with fantastic amounts of mass, filling out the jeans to the point they became skintight, highlighting every single nook and cranny of the musculature. From the

rising cord-like vastus to the widening calves. Her shoes looked painfully tight as they had no room left for her growing feet.

With a loud rip, her toes burst out. Laces snapped, and the tongue was torn apart. “Hng!” She grunted as the jeans’ threads couldn’t take it anymore. Large openings connected by thin straps and threads unveiled her shredded thighs, widening all the more as the muscles kept getting bigger. Her heart-shaped calves swelled outward with outstanding definition, widening past her shins and tearing the fabric like wet paper. Jalyin’s legs were brushing together from the enormity of her thighs, further stoking the fire in her crotch.

“Ohhhh, yeeees,” She growled gutturally, strong fingers grabbed the sweater over her midsection and pulled it apart, revealing her sweltering abs that were jutting out from her core. “Mmmm, so fucking good,” She moaned as she traced her fingers over them, clearing out the fuzz still stuck to her wet skin. “Oh, can’t forget about the *girls*.”

As if on cue, her breasts *ballooned* out. Tearing the sweater down the middle and revealing her underwear. This one was so tight it looked like floss barely holding together her ample breasts, much less her expanding torso’s swelling muscles. Two strong, slab-like pectorals formed above her breasts, supporting their weight without the need for a bra. The muscles ground together with a jagged line of definition settling between them; a single twitch was all they needed to make the breasts *bounce* and snap the bra. Her naked breasts hung proudly higher than before, bullet-hard nipples stiffening with the air.

“*Fuck*” She hissed with an euphoric smile. “Keep watching, girls... here, hgn! Here comes the best part!”

Her entire body’s expansion seemed to speed up, growing faster and faster as her muscles swelled to incredibly proportions, beyond what was normal for a human and ascending into the truly fantastical realm. She grew so tall that Bernie and Maddie had to crane up their necks, and she just kept going.

“Hah, hahaha!” She laughed, drunk on her power and mass. “Oh yes, oh my fuck yes!” She reveled in the euphoria and pleasure. “It never stops feeling this good, like I’m cuming a dozen times at once!”

She raised her hands, and almost touching the ceiling, before bringing them down into a massive, most muscular that forced the remnants of her clothes to be propelled from her body in one last surge of tremendous growth. She howled in pleasure as her eyes rolled up as she climaxed, her naked body became a staggeringly magnificent and womanly figure of truly

superb muscles and sensual allure. Rivaling women from the comic book industry, only someone from fiction could get *that* superhumanly big.

Jaylin stood there panting, holding the pose that made her muscles bulge out beautifully and throb with hungry veins. All the while, her friends stared at her, slack-jawed with more than a little arousal.

Jaylin looked down at them from her statuesque height, the crooked smile on her lips promising untold levels of debauchery. Her thorax, brimming with muscles, flared and contracted with each breath. Her size was simply staggering, unreal in its proportions; she was so large she could burst her head through the ceiling were she to grow just a couple more feet.

“Cat got your tongue, girls?” She muttered huskily, her voice encompassing the whole room, somehow booming despite holding her delicate female tone. “Is it too much to see what you can become?” She flexed her legs, her abs, her stomach, and her chest, showcasing every fibrous muscle group that jumped into prominence.

“Oh my god...” Bernadette said breathlessly. The faint memories she had of the library, of the amazon she became... Jaylin looked like she was twice that size.

“This book is *amazing*, it can let us do *anything*.” Their friend boasted as her body began changing once more. Her hair blanched until it became a shining silver, glittering like precious stones. Marks of a tribalistic nature appeared over her naked body, making her look like a primal goddess. “We change ourselves, we can change the world to whatever we want to!” She said excitedly as a lot of things around Madison’s apartment seemed to shrink and grow, while also changing the material composition, turning from wood to stone to a shining gold, and then turning back. “I haven’t even begun to truly explore what we can do this this, but once we do... well, I don’t wanna use the word ‘goddess’ slightly, but I believe it’s very accurate.”

“Jay,” Maddie slowly said with apprehension. “Are you... okay? You sound weird.”

“Well, of course I do, all the power is getting to my head!”

“At least she’s self-aware?” Bernadette muttered in disbelief.

“Don’t you worry, you two are still my favorite gals. Whenever I start getting worshippers, I’ll share them with you.”

Then, with a *pop*, in an almost comical twist, Jaylin returned to normal. Her size shrank instantly, and her clothes repaired themselves over her frame. “Whoops,” She grabbed her glasses. “Eyesight goes bad when you shrink again.” She giggled.

The girls needed a moment to truly process all this.

Madison slowly reached out to the book, holding it in her hands and observing every detail of its cover, from the magical gem to the corners. And then flipped through the pages, finding them empty. “What is this thing?” She muttered in bewilderment. “Who made it? How? *Why?*”

“As far as I can tell, the book’s been around for a very, very long time,” Jaylin explained, leaning forward on the table. “Magic’s real, and it’s neat.”

“How do you know that?” Bernie asked.

“The book’s magic answered my questions when I asked it. It taught me to use magic because I asked it. I think it reacts to what we desire, but if you know how to pull out its magic, it can do far more.”

“Why did it make me grow then?” The orange-haired girl questioned. “When I was meeting Maddie, I wanted to be more confident, not turn into a huge amazon.”

“Is that what you really asked?” Jaylin asked for clarification. “How did you word it specifically?”

“I...” Bernadette thought about it for a moment. “Well, I wanted to be more confident, stronger in... in every sense again.”

The other two girls ‘ahhh’ed in realization. “So that’s what happened. The book gave you what you wanted, but your own understanding of what you *thought* you wanted didn’t have a defined goal.” Jaylin theorized. “So, it made you strong in the most obvious senses, and as for confidence, well, you certainly didn’t lack it when Maddie got involved.”

“And I guess...” Maddie awkwardly scratched her cheek. “When Bernie got buff like that, a part of me wanted the same.”

Bernite shuffled her feet awkwardly. “And I think I wanted to see you like that, too.”

“...What do we do with this?” Maddie wondered, her gaze shifting between the other two young women. “We found a physical *miracle*. T-T-The things we could do with it are limitless! We could help so many people!” Her mind swirled with the possibilities, not knowing what they could use it on first.

“And we will!” Jaylin readily agreed. “Once we take over the country- Kidding!” She raised her hand at the glare her friends gave her.

“Aren’t we getting ahead of ourselves?” Bernie pointed out. “We still don’t know the full range of what this book can do. Jaylin, you said you pulled magic from the book to do all these things right?”

“Yes,”

“Is there a limit? Can you do magic without the book?”

“Sorta?” Jaylin shrugged. “It’s like you can draw energy from the book, and use what you have stored to cast spells. But without the book, it’s much more finite. I haven’t tested it properly, you can run out of fuel if you don’t recharge with the book. Plus, I’m not sure if those changes are permanent or have the same potency. Hmm, how big were you two last night?”

“Not as big as that other night in the library,” Madison clarified, and her eyes widened in realization. “Ohhhhh”

“Okay, so that’s a limit then,” Bernadette slowly nodded. “We should really practice with it more, see how much we can recharge to have a good reserve in our bodies. After that...” She trailed off. “After that, we’ll discuss what to do with our... superpowers, I guess.”

“It’s not superpowers, it’s magic.” Madison corrected.

“Like there’s a difference,” Jaylin shrugged.

“Oh, course there’s a-!” Madison took a deep breath before she could go into a geek rant.  
“Anyway, I think I know what we could test ourselves.”

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Going to the gym was not a common occurrence for any of the day, but the last few days were full of surprises. They need a place to test their strength and abilities, and a gym seemed like the right place to do that. But they’d need some privacy. Luckily, that’s where Madison’s social butterfly tendencies came in to help. She had a friend who owned a gym, and said friend was more than happy to let them use it while she was busy attending to other matters.

Dressed for the occasion, Bernie wore a white t-shirt, black tight leggings, and red Converse shoes. Maddie went with a black long-sleeve shirt, black tight leggings, and white sneakers. While Jaylin opted for a simple blue shirt, red shorts, and black converse sneakers.

Jaylin gave her a look over with a grin. “Never seen you in such tight clothing before.”

“You’ve seen me in less than this...” Bernadette blushed heavily.

“It’s just I didn’t know you had gym clothes like that.”

“Madison got them for me,” She muttered, twirling with a lock of her orange hair. “She... likes them, so I like them too.”

“I bet you do~.”

Fortunately, their banter went unheard by the other two women in the gym.

“Thanks for letting us use the gym, Carlotta,” Madison said with a grateful smile, shaking her friend’s hand with her two.

“What’s the point of owning the place if I don’t let my friends train for free!” The fitness woman’s exuberant cheer was infectious. Carlotta was a longtime friend of Madison, with hair bleached a silvery white, complementing her tanned skin nicely. She wore a workout top that

barely covered her shoulders, along with black stretchy pants. Carlotta's figure was very muscular, that of a crossfit athlete more than a bodybuilder, though, but no doubt she could enter a middle-light category if she wanted to. Even though it was not the superhuman proportions the girls had grown to, her hard-earned physique was still immensely appealing to them.

Bernadette wondered if their transformations had awakened in them a liking for muscular figures. They had come to equate strength and brawn with beauty and liberation, so it was hard not to be attracted to musculature. She had to admit she had been jealous of Carlotta in the past, envious of her confidence and upbeat attitude. Often worried that she might have a thing for Madison. But thankfully, being in love with Maddie erased any fears about that.

While knowing she could transform into a woman multiple times the size of Carlotta boosted her confidence quite a deal.

Still, Carlotta had a natural beauty all on her own that Bernie could still envy. She didn't know many men or women who weren't attracted to the fitness woman once they got to know her.

Jaylin certainly made her feelings known. "Mmm, those are some brawny arms you have there." She shamelessly cupped Carlotta's biceps. And the fit woman did not mind at all, she smiled widely as her violet eyes twinkled with pride. "What are these, 12 inches?"

"13 when flexed," Carlotta replied, flexing her arm much to Jaylin's enjoyment and proving her point. "You should see me pumped."

"Oh, I bet you burst through your clothes," Jaylin said with a suggestive tone that kind of worried Bernie and Maddie.

"Well, maybe one day," Carlotta said with humor in her voice, but they felt the actual eagerness behind her words.

"You want to get even bigger, don't you?" Jaylin said, still fondling Carlotta's arm.

"I have thought about it, yeah." Carlotta said, "Maybe go on bodybuilding pageanties.

Was she... going to make Carlotta grow?

“Well... keep it up.” Jaylin winked. “And call me if you need help with the oil.”

Carlotta cleared her throat, blushing slightly yet still smiling brightly at the long-haired woman who kept leering at her. “Anything, I’ll be in my office going through some paperwork, okay?” The fit woman jabbed a thumb over her shoulder. She turned to leave, not before giving Jaylin a wink and disappearing deeper into her gym.

Jaylin let out a hot breath. “What a woman...”

“Here I thought we were gonna have another amazon in our group.” Madison dryly intoned.

“Oh, like you two don’t want to see that powerhouse of a woman get huge like us?”

“That... might be so,” Bernie coughed awkwardly. “But that’s not what we’re here for, right?”

“I know, I know.” Jaylin rolled her eyes. “Now,” She walked up and stood before the multiple assortments of machines, weights, ropes, yoga pads, and myriad other pieces of equipment one would find in a gym. “We should start by testing how strong we are and how much control we have over the magic empowering us. You’ve all seen how fast I can transform, and I’m *pretty* sure I can lift a house if I put my mind to it. So how about you two start?”

“I’ll go first.” Madison stepped up. “I want to see how strong I’ve gotten.”

Going over the various weights, she stood behind a barbell, rubbing her hands a few times before squatting over and picking up. And by ‘picking it up’ they meant ‘lifting it an inch from the ground while audibly struggling, she groaned cutely while making a face, yet the barbell would lift past her shins.

The blonde finally gasped and dropped it, staggering back. “Woof!” She huffed, already sweating a bit from the exertion. “Okay, base me can’t do much. Let’s try using some magic now.” She grinned at Jaylin. “Can you top me off just a little bit?”

“Better idea.” Jaylin pulled the book out of her backpack and presented it to Madison. “You can start learning how to draw it yourself. Refill your batteries and slowly draw it out.”

Looking over the mystical tome for a moment, Madison nodded and traced her hands over the red gem on its cover. A faint glow emerged from it, and Madison let out a soft shuddering breath.

“Wow,” She muttered. “It’s like drinking a bunch of energy drinks.”

“Now,” Jayling smiled widely with an eagerness that was matched by Bernadette’s as she waited for her girlfriend to grow. “Give yourself the exact amount of muscle you want.”

Madison flexed her fingers a few times and took a deep breath, closing her eyes. A subtle rustling of her clothes with the fabric of her long sleeves tightening around her arms showed the emergence of muscle. Enough to stand out as a regular gym-goer, but not a crossfit or bodybuilder level.

Madison gently huffed and examined her arms, flexing and smiling at the sight of her small biceps. She kept testing her muscles with slow flexes while running a hand over her toned stomach over the fabric of her shirt, while her leggings hugged the notable musculature of her legs. “Okay, this is a good start.”

She noticed Bernadette’s blushing stare and playfully did a side-chest while winking at her, making her blush even more and shyly tuck a hair behind her ear.

The blonde went over to the barbell and bent over to pick it up in a curling position. “Hng!” The bar rose from the ground far more easily than last time. She took slow, steady breaths and curled the bar with precise arm movements, the biceps slowly rising with each repetition. It was amazing. While Madison could barely lift it before, now she was pulling reps like it was just another workout.

“These muscles,” She muttered between breaths. “They are not just for show. I can feel tendons, the fibers, pulling with all their strength.” She grinned, feeling invigorated. “My body can do... so much more.”

The reps kept getting faster the more she applied herself; her arms kept growing stronger. Even the rest of her body was trying to catch up. “Need... to do more,” She muttered. “I need more weight...”

As if responding to her desire for a challenge, the weight plates became larger, heavier, denser, and thicker. They multiplied and forced Madison’s arms down with their combined

weight. “Agh!” She grunted, almost doubling over but resisting. She pulled a strained expression as she slowly raised the bar once more, this time with greater struggle. Her arm muscles *swelled* in response to the challenge and her desire for more strength. The fabric grew snug, threads audibly struggled. “Ngh!”

By the fifth rep, her biceps *burst* through the sleeves, tearing the fabric apart. Her legs quivered and bloomed with a larger mass, straining the pants even further as her feet became coaxed inside her sneakers.

“M-More...” She grunted, her face scrunched up in absolute concentration and effort. “Need... *more!*” Her body kept expanding, wider and taller, the fibers multiplied and huddled up into even more powerful muscle groups. Her shirt began splitting open over her spine, while her pants slowly began tearing. “*More!*”

The more she demanded a challenge, the more the bar grew, and the more her body expanded. Her arms became *pythons* wrapped in rippling flesh and coiling veins.

She dropped the bar with a *loud* thud, miraculously not breaking the floor. Madison panted and looked at her arms with clear adoration, flexing them and growing aroused at the sight of their musculature. She walked up to the squat machine and settled in with the maximum possible weight. Her legs bent and stretched in swift tandem, her quads flexed with power, and piled up even more mass as her calves grew outward and split her leggings. Just like the barbell, the squat machine’s weights too became larger with each passing moment.

Jaylin smiled with *thrill* at the sight, growing aroused by the second.

Bernie, however, stared with *desperation*, already drenching her panties at the sight of her girlfriend’s power.

Madison’s leggings *exploded* like confetti, revealing the sheer ripped tone of her bursting legs. Thighs with cord-like muscles, calves that widened past her shins.

She sensuously ran a hand over them as she stepped out of the machine, and Bernadette rubbed her thighs together unconsciously.

“More...” Madison panted. “More strength, need to get... *power.*”

Her final challenge had already grown before she even lay down on it, the weight bar on a bench press grew to comical sizes by leaps and bounds. She lay on the bench and grabbed the bar tightly. With a loud grunt, she lifted and began doing reps. The weights clanked in tandem with her gasps and moans, her chest expanding and rising to the occasion as the magical energy flooded her body. Breasts inflated exponentially, her chest swelled with granite-like flesh. The remnants of her shirt, now looking more like a tank top with tattered strips hanging off her arms, tore apart each time she raised her arms.

“Hah!” She panted in the middle of an euphoric burn from her workout. “Haaaagghng!” She trailed off into a guttural grunt as her shirt snapped open, baring her ample breasts, along with her shredded abdominals and pecs.

Bernadette doubled over, overcome by a sudden orgasm.

Madison panted and set the bar on the rack. She sat up to observe her outstandingly muscular physique, shivering as she cupped the underside of her breast while her fingers brushed over a nipple. “Never get tired of this,”

Without another word, she stood up and grabbed one of the large weight plates from the bar. She held it in front of her, both hands on each end, and *pushed*. The metal *groaned* in protests, her labyrinthian back widened, her biceps *swelled* in their flesh as engorged veins throbbed. More and more was the metal surrendering to her might, twisting until her knuckles met.

“Rrrrraaaagh!”

Her body *bloomed* under the sheer pressure, making any remaining trace of fabric fall from her figure until she was fully naked at long last. With her swelling legs, her blooming upper body, even the expansion of her toned buttocks and hips that made her underwear snap, her body was enormous, vascular, and *unbound*.

Madison panted with orgasmic thrill and held the twisted metal high in the air while the other arm flexed.

“I’m an amazon now!” She cried out in joy. “I even have super strength, look at me, Bernie!”

Bernie did look, and she couldn’t control herself any longer.