

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

Madison had been sitting on her breakfast table for the last two hours, ever since she woke up. Sleep had been a messy affair for her. She had trembled on her bed, haunted by the horrifying images she had witnessed that night. Images filled with debauchery and lewdness, not in the erotic sense where one drew pleasure from a dream of that nature.

No. The things she saw in her dreams brought her no satisfaction or joy. For they were reflections of what she had witnessed that night.

Muscles bulging enormously, pulsating with powerful veins. Bodies of amazons grinding together in the throes of pleasure. Cries of ecstasy as hips collided with full force, drawing out waves of climaxing euphoria.

Such a sight had become familiar to Madison. The first time she and Bernie became amazons because of the book, and engaged in the fieriest of lovemaking. Then the second time they grew out of their clothes, adoring each other's muscular frames and fucking all over her home. And who could forget the time it happened in Carlotta's gym, involving Jaylin.

That night at the coffee shop, wanting to see her girlfriend, Maddie witnessed her having sex with two other women whom she had clearly turned into amazons.

And it had upset her greatly.

Was it hypocrisy on her part? They had never truly sat down and discussed how to behave with other people when using the book. And that time with Jaylin... Madison had not thought much about it; maybe she actively tried *not* to think about it. It was hard to say sometimes.

All she knew was that she felt hurt. Felt that Bernadette had kept this a secret from her because she wanted to experience thrills that did not involve her.

Was this what Bernadette was into? Was she... tired of her?

Madison needed concrete answers instead of going down a spiral of self-doubt and depressing what-ifs. So, she sent Bernadette a text, telling her they needed to talk urgently.

To make sure she understood the seriousness of the situation, Madison ended that text with the words 'it's about the cafe.'

So now she waited, sitting with unnatural stillness. She thought of the words she wanted to say, how she could say them. She didn't want to shout and rage at Bernie, even if part of her felt she should. Madison merely kept waiting, in that rigid stillness, not even looking at her phone to see a text from Bernie or even looking at the time.

Her stillness broke with the sound of her door being unlocked, making her flinch.

Bernadette entered the kitchen, and if there was anything Madison could take from this, it was that her girlfriend looked about as bad as she felt. There was no relaxation under her eyes, only bags. She didn't look satisfied in the least, but stiff and strained as though she had slept over a bed of rocks.

Neither said anything as Bernadette sat in front of her. The silence cast between them was as heavy as a thick blanket filled with tons of wool and feathers. Not a comforting mantle, but an oppressive weight.

Madison licked her lips, her mouth opening and closing repeatedly with a trembling lip as she mustered the courage to speak. "Why'd you do it?"

Bernadette's eyes welled up with tears. "I'm sorry."

"Why?" She asked again.

"I couldn't... I couldn't control myself." She muttered with grief, sounding so very angry with herself. "The book, once it got my transformation going, I just... I lost all control. The damn thing turns you into something you're not, or... or it boosts what's inside you until it overwhelms you-"

"So you're just fishing for excuses," Madison muttered, her soft tone still carrying firm judgment. Even if her eyes were wet with tears.

"I'm not trying to look for excuses!" Bernie argued fiercely, tears streaming down her face. "I *am* sorry! I really am! I'm mad at what I did, I'm mad that I couldn't control myself!"

She sniffed, removing her glasses for a moment to paw at her eyes. "It's this book, this damn book." Bernie gave her girlfriend a solemn look. "And you know I'm speaking the truth, because you've been where I am."

"Oh, have I?" Madison shot back. "I haven't fucked any friends in a coffee shop!"

"No... it wasn't a coffee shop; it was a gym. And it was Jaylin."

Madison fell silent.

"We *both* did. We both had sex with Jaylin. We didn't question it. We didn't care. We both got so horny we fucked each other *and* her. Right in the middle of Carlotta's gym, without even stopping to think how she might catch us in the act."

To that, the blonde had no reply.

"So please... *please* believe me when I tell you what happened there..." Bernadette paused, looking for the right words. "It's in no way a reflection of our relationship. I love you, and I am so happy to be with you." She reached out for Madison's hands, who hesitated for a moment before letting the orangette grab them. "But when we grow like that, there is no controlling ourselves."

"...I can't help it, Bernie." She muttered. "I keep thinking of that night, and what I saw you do, and... then I think back on the stuff we both did, and I don't even know what to think. I am upset, I am sad. Even if I know what you say is the truth."

"This... is our life now," Bernadette said with resignation. "We can try to control it as best we can, but it'll keep winning in the end."

"Sounds like an excuse."

Bernie pursed her lips, running her tongue over them before letting go of Madison's hands and reaching into the backpack she brought along with her. She took out the accursed book that had started it all.

"Keep it," Bernadette firmly stated. "So you know I'm telling the truth. I'll do anything to prove you can trust me. And... if you ever find yourself in that situation, where the book brings out all those things you keep inside you, making them as powerful as the muscles it gives us."

She smiled at her with such sincerity that it hurt.

"Then I just want you to know, whatever you do in that situation, I won't hold it against you."

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Madison really needed to talk to someone after that. It couldn't be Jaylin, oh no. She didn't trust her more outgoing and passionate friend to give her an unbiased perspective. Certainly not now that she lived and breathed magic, always indulging herself in the power of the book.

It was a good thing she was carrying it now. Maybe what they all needed right now was to lay off this thing. Let the batteries drain. Get some perspective, cool off instead of letting the power get to their heads.

She was certain the book was something that could be resisted. She wanted to prove it, so... but she didn't know what that would mean moving forward.

She and Bernie hadn't broken up, no. They were strong enough to pull through this, but they needed some time to think. And Madison was still running those words through her head. It had upset her that Bernie believed she could fall prey to the book's enchantments, that she'd lose herself to the power and lust.

She was stronger than that... she had to be. Because it proved Bernie could do it too. She just needed to learn.

Regardless, she wanted someone to talk to—someone who could listen to her burdens.

A summarized and highly redacted version of them, of course.

At least she had someone in her corner for that. Madison sighed into the phone, pressing her legs against her chest. "I dunno, Carlotta. Am I just being unreasonable? Does she have a point?"

"It'd be easier to give you an answer if you told me what started all this." Her friend on the other end replied.

"It's... very personal. I'm already skirting the line just by telling you I have problems."

Carlotta's tone was sympathetic. *"Listen, without the full picture, I can't take sides. Hell, I probably shouldn't take sides; that just makes things more complicated. But relationships are like that; Complicated, messy... It's understandable that you're mad, but at least you're not taking it out on Bernie."*

It'd be so much easier if she could. But Madison didn't act that way. She didn't even want to punish Bernadette. That'd just make the two feel even more terrible.

"Feels I ought to be doing something." She grumbled. *"Instead, I'm just sitting around moping, just... hoping our problems get fixed."*

"Yeah, that's never the answer." Carlotta mused before softly gasping in that way one does when an idea strikes. *"Oh I know, come by the gym tomorrow! I'll let you use it before opening hours."*

"I don't know..." She still vividly remembered how it went the last time she was there.

"Come on, it'll be great. You'll get to channel all that stress into something productive. Get your brain to focus on your body instead of all your moping."

Madison's gaze became dry like wallpaper. Not that she could see it. But calling her issues 'moping' was rather reductive... even if it was somewhat accurate.

"Alright, I'll see you there, I guess."

"Perfect! Do remember to bring your own towel."

Maybe this was what she needed. Take the mind off Bernadette and the book for a while. Rest her brain so she could handle things more clearly later.

Besides, she was going in alone. There was no way she'd lose control like that time.

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Madison huffed as she jogged over the treadmill, its pace fast enough to make her work for it. But not too much that she had to push herself. Perspiration seeped into the fabric of her white shirt, making the black sports bra underneath stand out under the fabric, and her black leggings stuck to her legs like a second skin. Madison's legs moved back and forth in constant locomotion, stomping her white sneakers upon the tread for as long as she could.

This was her real self, her true strength, Madison kept telling herself. Not the magic from the book, not the mystical might changing her body into something she was not. Like this, she was a pure human. Natural. Normal. And in control of herself. She didn't need to be a superhuman like Wonder Woman. She could just be plain old Madison.

Plain... boring, Madison.

The blonde turned off the treadmill and slowed down until she finally stopped. The weight of exhaustion hit her as the well of stamina almost dried up. She panted repeatedly, arching forward and resting her hands on her knees. It had become an almost foreign sensation, feeling tired like this. Those moments she experienced as a superhuman had really done a number on her, huh? Even now, she felt like she should just use the book to fill the tank, so to speak, ease up her sore muscles. Clean her up while at it.

She had brought it with her to keep it safe. But the temptation to use it...

Maddie squeezed her eyes shut. No, she wasn't tempted. She didn't feel any need to use it. She could go about the whole week without using it if need be. It was a frivolity to be used for fun, to make her cosplay even more interesting. She didn't... she absolutely did not need to *change* herself at all.

"Feeling better?" Carlotta asked, silvery white hair pulled back in a ponytail as her (enviously) muscular frame shone with a thin sheen of sweat.

"I'm dying," She croaked.

“See? Told ya this is what you needed!” Her friend laughed and slapped her shoulder. A little bit more, and Madison would have fallen to the ground. “Alright, got my blood flowing. Now I gotta take care of some paperwork in my office.” She waved her off as she walked away, wrapping a towel around her shoulders. “Holler if you need anything!”

Madison was briefly distracted by the sway of her muscular glutes. Gods, why did she suddenly find muscles so attractive?

Oh, wait, she knew why.

Fucking Bernadette. Fricking book...