

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

What do you do when your life falls apart? Fall apart with it.

That's what Octavia was feeling most days, that things had fallen to pieces and there was no fixing them. Not when things had turned out like this, not with the things she knew now. Her father was no longer in her life, and she had to face the consequences of his choices and the things he truly wanted in his life. And she was not one of them.

She was just an obligation, a duty, one he had to *struggle* through. And when he finally had the chance to leave, he took it without a thought. Without a care that he'd abandon everything, abandon her. All for *him*.

Octavia was more alone than ever. Living in a cold (literally) manor populated by her asshole uncle and an uncaring mother who half the time forgot her own acting to win her daughter's good graces. She couldn't even be trusted to plot consistently for her own gains...

Half the time, they didn't even know she left the manor and went on long walks, just trying to forget it all, find meaning in the dirty streets of the Pride Ring, where people tried to sell happiness and love in the form of substances in every corner at half the price of the vending machines.

Sometimes she was tempted, if only to feel anything, but she refused. So she wouldn't end up like her father.

So here she was, walking down the streets, avoiding looking at what few stars could be seen through the light pollution, so the memories wouldn't plague her. She wanted to move beyond them, to grow beyond this still-aching need of having her father in her life, to do *something* that would finally let her move on and feel *okay*.

Some days it was easier than others, other times...

"Alone again, Via?"

Other times, she dealt with *this*.

Octavia sighed. Of course, they had followed her into the alley. She turned her neck 180° around, her mood souring further at the very unwelcome presence of these three. The first two she barely paid any attention to, didn't even care to remember what species of bird they were; they'd be gone soon enough. The last one, however, that one she knew very well, much to her regret. Her plumage shifted from teal to red, from her torso to her head. Her eyes carried unending arrogance, dressing in the latest and most expensive fashion, and she was decorated with far too many bracelets and pieces of jewelry. Her feathers trailed down her scalp like a shawl, giving her a more refined look.

"Better alone than in poor company, *Pyra*." Octavia bit back, scorn lacing her every word.

Pyra Goetia, daughter of Great Marquis Phenex, someone she had been forced to interact with since childhood. A petty, spoiled, stuck-up little shit who hid behind her father's title to get everything she wanted. Who, early on, decided to make it her personal mission to annoy Octavia whenever she could.

Recent... *events* had made waves throughout the great clan, and the bitch capitalized on it to make her suffer for her own twisted amusement.

"Bet she was looking for a dealer," Minion Number 1 snickered.

"Nah, *she's* the one peddling drugs. Just look at her." Minion Number 2 added, thinking she was being smart.

Octavia rolled her eyes and kept walking. Clearly, Pyra did not like being ignored and called out. "Where you going, *Via*? Off to meet some friends? Oh my, perhaps it slipped your mind, but you don't have any." The trio laughed, perhaps way harder than they should have.

"Like you would know what a true friend is," Octavia bitterly said, not dignifying to turn around. "These two just hang around you because your daddy pays them."

The minions fell awkwardly silent, most likely shrinking under Pyra's glare and shuffling nervously.

“Bet you feel real good about that one?” Pyra growled, quickly jogging to catch up to the owl girl. Octavia redoubled her step, feeling she shouldn’t spend any second longer in their presence.

“Why are you bothering me?”

“Well, *somebody* needs to keep you company, seeing how your dear mother is busy with all her wine parties and how your dear old *father* is busy getting fucked by an *imp*.”

Octavia stopped in her tracks. Something cold began slipping through her veins.

Pyra circled around her; that grin on her face made Octavia’s fist tighten. “Poor little Via, all alone, nobody wants her, not even her own family.”

Octavia’s heart was *drumming* in her ears, her vision began to get blurry.

Pyra was hitting *every single* button, bringing up all the insecurities. But it felt... strange, when she should feel misery and pain, there was something else instead. Octavia knew anger; she had experienced it before, but this was more... raw.

“How’s it feel, *Via*?” Pyra said her name with sadistic glee, “knowing you were so unwanted that your dad would rather be with an imp than his own daughter?”

Something snapped.

There was a blood-curdling cry; it might have been hers.

She barely registered that she had pinned Pyra to the ground and was trying to bash her head in with her own hands. She saw everything that was going on in her life flash before her eyes, and it was like in that moment she decided Pyra was responsible for it all. And unleashing all that rage to *destroy her* felt natural.

Pyra shrieked, shielding her head with her arms under Octavia’s raw onslaught, before her minions grabbed her by the arms and pulled her up; even then, she kept struggling.

“She’s a psycho!”

Pyra huffed, slowly standing up and straightening her expensive shirt before scowling at the owl girl. “Finally acting like the freak you are...”

“Go suck *all the dicks*,” Octavia spat as the others restrained her. “Nothing you’re not used to”

The sunbird slowly chuckled. “Oh, I’m gonna enjoy this.”

She raised her hand, and Octavia braced for the blow.

But it never arrived, a shadow loomed over Pyra, who looked up and *paled*. Her minions turned around, squeaking in sudden panic. Octavia took advantage of her hyper-pensile neck to see just what got them so frozen in fear.

Oh, a massive woman. Yeah, that’ll do.

She was huge, with imposing muscles visible courtesy of her tattered crop top. Which, combined with the draconian face, reminded her a lot of Satan. Was she one of his demons? The wrath shining in her blazing eyes and steam coming from her nostrils certainly made her look like a volcano about to erupt.

“You girls having fun?” She asked with a deep baritone.

Pyra loudly swallowed.

“Leave”

And they did, just let Octavia go and run for their lives, making all sorts of frightened bird noises as more than a few feathers fell behind them in a trail until they turned the corner and disappeared from view.

Octavia could only stay there, staring at this beast of a woman at least two heads taller than her. The woman’s visible anger deflated, and stared at her with more gentleness than was expected from someone of her looks.

“You okay?”

Octavia’s mouth opened and closed a few times. “I... yeah, I’m okay,” She shuffled, unsure of what to say next. “Thank you...”

“You’re bleeding.”

What? They didn’t even hit her.

It was then she realized her knuckles were burning.

Ah, she realized as she stared at them, she had rasped them pretty good while wailing at Pyra.

“Oh,”

The woman gently held her hand, inspecting it. “Hmph, not bad, but better put some bandages on,” She slowly tugged at her hand. “Come on, I have some at my place.”

Octavia wanted to refuse, but she was honestly too rattled by the experience to say no. “W-Wait, I don’t even know your name”

“Nora,” The dragon lady said.

Next thing she knew, Octavia was sitting in a... gym, maybe? Looked a bit small to her, this place, situated in what appeared to be a larger-than-average flat, with plenty of weights and different machines whose purpose eluded her, on account of never actually having trained in her entire life.

She sat on a bench as Nora cleaned her knuckles, to the hissing and then relief of the girl, before wrapping them in bandages. “So um,” She tried to make conversation. “This your place?”

“Yup,” The dragon woman merely said.

“You run a gym?”

“Nah,” She shrugged her large shoulders. “Don’t have the patience for it”

“So, wait, this is all for you?”

“And my friends,” She explained. “I run a club.”

Octavia snorted, but not unkindly. “What, like a workout club?”

Nora slightly grinned, “Sort of,”

“Hmm”

The two fell silent once more.

“I’m Octavia, by the way,” She finally said, feeling silly for not having introduced herself before.
“I’m a...

“Goetia,” Nora said as she finished with the bandages. Octavia flexed her fingers to test them.
“Yeah, I can tell. You’ve got the look about you.”

She wasn’t sure what she meant by that, but wasn’t going to question it. She merely sat up and stretched her hands. “Anyway, thank you for helping me back there,” And walked to the door.
“But I should get going-“

“First time you ever threw a punch, wasn’t it?”

Octavia stopped, looking back at the tall, muscular woman who looked at her with a look she couldn’t discern. Was it... understanding? Octavia couldn’t say she ever had someone understand it.

"I heard your scream, saw how you wailed a her" She continued. "All that anger, it exploded beyond your control."

It did. It was frightening, like she wasn't in her own body, like something was *possessing* her...

"What are you gonna do if it happens again?"

"It won't," Octavia said decisively. "I won't let it."

"And how are you going to do that?"

"...I just won't let it happen," She gave a non-answer.

"Hmm," Nora slowly nodded to herself before walking up to a punching bag hanging in one of the corners of the room. "Here,"

She tilted her head in confusion. "What?"

"Try it out."

Her eyes flattened, "You want me to punch that. After..." She brought up her bandaged knuckles.

"You'll be fine," Nora shrugged. "Just indulge me, please."

Ugh, whatever. She wasn't going to argue with the woman who saved her. She could do this for her at the very least.

Octavia walked up to the bag and half-heartedly landed a fist on it. "Happy?"

"Again"

The owl girl rolled her eyes and landed another punch before looking at the dragon lady as if to say 'There. Can I go now?'

"Again. Keep going, don't stop until I say so."

Frustrated, Octavia growled and did just that, her arms swung back and forth with inexperienced motions, landing against the sand-filled bag repeatedly. Her body warmed up, her blood rushing through her limbs.

"Think of what she said to you. Think back on *everything* that hurt you."

Octavia did. And the images, the memories, they all came like a tidal wave.

Anger, frustration, sadness, helplessness. It all boiled together into one disgusting stew. She thought of everyone who ever disappointed her, hurt her, used her, lied to her. She thought of everyone she hated, who made her angry.

And before she knew it, she was punching the bag like it was responsible for everything wrong in her life.

She punched, screaming as her knuckles burned, as the tears came out unbidden. She kept punching until all strength left her, and she collapsed on her knees, desperately grabbing onto the bag like it was her only lifeline, lest she crumbled entirely.

Then the large woman was kneeling next to her, cradling her arms and offering her support. "You have a lot of anger inside you."

Octavia sniffed, nodding shakily. She couldn't deny it, couldn't hide all these ugly things she felt inside.

"You need a place to let them out, to master yourself before it masters you," Nora said, speaking with more kindness than she ever got at home these days. "Join me and my friends here. I teach young women like you how to take control."

Control. Of her anger. Of her life.

Maybe she was too broken, too desperate for any kind of connection, even if it was with strangers.

But... she said yes.

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Octavia was not used to... 'belonging'.

But here, in Nora's club, she felt like she did.

As per Nora's words, this was a place where they went to be in control of their lives. To master their fears, their angers, through training and discipline. Every minute on the treadmill, every rep of the weights kept her focused, allowed her to see beyond the loneliness and pain and the rage that came from lies and betrayals.

A good bout with the punching bag helped, too.

Nora was a very instructive teacher. She had learned she was a Sinner, but what she did in life eluded her. Hell, even what she did *now* still eluded her. Was she a bodybuilder, a professional trainer, a hitwoman? Octavia wasn't sure, but what she was sure about was that Nora had been there for her when she most needed it. She was giving her the guidance she sorely required in her life.

Octavia liked to think of herself as someone who poked fun at authority, who went against the flow, the results of growing up in the stuffy machinations of the Goetia clan, and a broken marriage. But the truth was, she just wanted someone who understood her, at the very least, let her be herself.

She was a demanding taskmaster, though, giving her training routines that would push her to the limits of what her body allowed. Then, raising the bar on those limits to go harder.

If she was being honest with herself, Octavia kinda liked it.

Now, as she finished the latest set on the bench, the owl girl set the bar on the rack and sat up to catch her breath. Sweat drenched her feathers, making them and her pink crop top stick close to her skin.

“Out of breath already?” A stern voice that had gotten into her nerves lately spoke up. And amidst the pants, Octavia turned her attention to the powerfully built panther demon who stared at her from the sides. The bulging and veiny arms showed she had gotten a good pump out of those weights that made Octavia’s arms ache just by *looking* at them. “Was it too much for our deer princess?”

Octavia’s response was to flip her off, making the panther scoff and return to her workout.

“Oh, give it a rest, Kara,” A peppy, higher-pitched voice said as a succubus came to Octavia’s side with a water bottle in hand. “You did great, sweetie! A full ten reps more than last time!”

Octavia accepted the bottle with a grateful smile. The other two members of Nora’s little club were interesting folk, to say the least. Perla was a succubus with an enviable figure like any of her kind, all curves, ample breasts. Her stomach was nice and toned, and her legs looked pretty firm. Her white hair was styled in a spiky ponytail, and she wore a very revealing workout top and shorts. She was always so peppy and nice, the type that Octavia would avoid like the plague once upon a time. But as of now, she was glad she actually had her as a friend.

Kara, however, could not be any more different. The panther demon had been against her joining the club since the beginning. She had a chip on her shoulder regarding Octavia being nobility. But honestly, it was nothing compared to what Octavia had dealt with before; she could take whatever passive-aggressive comments this buff bitch lobbed at her. Honestly, it motivated her to keep going, train harder. If only to prove her wrong. Out of the group, Kara was the second biggest; she lacked Nora’s sheer height but still packed some serious mass and definition. But Octavia wasn’t going to let herself get intimidated by her.

If there was something positive to be said about the panther, she wasn’t actively trying to make Octavia leave. She respected Nora too much to go against her, it seemed. Speaking of Nora, Octavia saw the massive dragon lady lifting an enormous deadlift weight at the other side of the room, bigger than Octavia herself. Her imposing back spread with tremendous girth and muscle. No, *that* was an intimidating sight, if only because Nora presented herself as this insurmountable force that Octavia didn’t want to disappoint.

As she finished gulping her water, Octavia smirked in Kara’s direction as the panther demon finished her set and went to the showers. “Make sure to clean your fur from the shower drain this time.”

The panther growled in her direction over her shoulder, but kept walking.

Perla huffed, placing her hands on her hips. "You know, you two would be great friends if you could stop trying to stab each other with words."

"Hey, she's the one who has a problem with me."

"Lot of people have trouble with Goetia."

"Yeah," Octavia sighed. "So I'm learning."

Being nobility was fun when you knew everything that was wrong with the damn system.

"Ohhh, you're fine, girl!" The succubus said with her exuberant joy. "You're like, an anti-Goetia with how cool you are!"

"I'll take that as a compliment." Octavia stood up, toweling herself.

"I don't think there are many highborn who'd work out like you do. Hell, you're starting to get pretty toned now!"

Was she? She walked up to the floor-to-ceiling mirror in the corner of the room to get a look at herself. Her loose pants kept her legs hidden, but her crop top was another story, as her stomach and arms were bare. They looked... tighter, even under her plumage. Firmer, fuller. She balled a fist and was surprised by the small bump that rose as she flexed her arm. Her abs were starting to show too, a faint line separating them, becoming deeper when she clenched her stomach.

Octavia knew training like this would make her fitter, she just... wasn't expecting to look fitter, if that made any sense. She trained because it made her feel good about herself, not to look good.

Did she even look good? She wasn't sure she could pull it off. As a young woman with a *throve* of issues, body confidence was part of the course. She could just hear Pyra and her troupe laughing at her if they caught sight once she got even bigger.

...Did she want to get bigger? She surprised herself at the thought. Could she live up to the incredible standard that was Nora?

"Do I...?" She hated how meek her voice came out as she sought reaffirmation from her friend. It was timid, like even now she was afraid of the answer. "Do you think I look good?"

Perla's gaze softened considerably as she smiled at her. "Oh, honey," And to Octavia's surprise, hugged her from behind. Succubi had *little* sense of private space, much less cared for it. So it fell to Octavia to deal with all the embarrassment of the red-skinned woman running her hands over her faint abs while resting her chin on her feathery shoulder. "You're *beautiful*"

The embarrassment was gone, replaced with comfort that almost made her cry.

"All of you," She finished by placing a soft kiss on Octavia's cheek, so dangerously close to the corner of her mouth.

Just when she was starting to feel good about herself, *this* happened, and now all she could feel was confusion.

She watched as Perla winked at her in the reflection before going over to Nora, fawning over the dragon lady's muscles. She... suspected they may be a thing. Was Perla just *that* openly affectionate to everyone? She was a succubus after all...

Ugh, too many thoughts, too many feelings, just when she was certain she was ace...

Once she returned home, in the privacy of her room, Octavia began to muse on her friend's words, their veracity. She stood in front of a full-body mirror, stripped down to her underwear, looking at her figure from head to toe. Her shoulders were firm, her hips fuller, her legs fitter. She looked... good, Octavia admitted to herself. She looked good because she liked it. Because it made her feel good.

Shaping her body like this was a result of her taking control of her chaotic life, of controlling her emotions and channeling them into something that gave her purpose and direction. If she kept growing buff, so be it; that only meant she was improving herself.

She traced a hand over her abs, recalling how gentle and soft Perla's touch was. "I'm... beautiful," She said to herself, believing it. She sighed as she ran both hands over her stomach and began exploring her body...

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Sneaking off the manor wasn't always so easy. Sometimes her mom and uncle had too many guests, too many people who'd notice her leaving.

Thankfully, she was a Goetia with powerful magic flowing through her veins and was quickly learning all she could from the clan grimoire. Opening portals was not exactly the easiest trick, particularly when she wanted to go to a specific place; her control wasn't that much refined yet. But if it meant she'd be able to leave her room without anyone knowing, then she'd still try.

As the portal opened, Octavia was greeted with darkness and the vague silhouettes of shelves and... brooms?

Ugh, the room closet, of course...

Well, it was better than nothing. At least she got the place right. She thought.

Grabbing her gym bag, she adjusted her jacket and jumped through, closing the pink portal behind her. She opened the door and stepped out, noting how the place was still oddly dark. Even with a few lights on.

Shit, how long had it been? She spent so long waiting for the right opportunity to get the grimoire that she didn't notice how late it got. She should have sent Nora a text or something; she probably had the place closed.

But that didn't explain the few lights still on... or the sounds she heard.

Voices, coming from the main room.

Carefully, Octavia tiptoed her way through the hall until she reached the open area that housed all the machines, her eyes focused on a pair of figures standing over the yoga mats. Under the dimmed lights, Octavia's keen eyes could still make out Nora's figure, every last detail. Every muscle, every sinewy bump, every strained line of definition.

Because she was naked.

She was *very* naked.

And an equally naked Perla was rubbing her muscles, oiling her. Running her hands over the mounds of her biceps and the rock-hard ridges of her chest and abs. Grasping the voluminous mass while her tail wrapped around a large quad.

"You're so fucking huge," The succubus muttered with an enamored and aroused voice. Tenderly pressing her fingers over every muscle she could reach.

And Nora, the dragon lady, flexed; she flared her outstanding body to full size. Incentivizing Perla to keep touching, making her moan huskily as the talented hands touched the right spots.

Octavia's heart leapt up her throat. She had caught them in the middle of some... some erotic foreplay. She should have turned tail and run, but she didn't. She could only stare.

It... It was shock, it had to be shock. It was the only reason why she stood there, hiding behind the corner as she watched Perla trail her long tongue over Nora's muscles, pucker her lips, and loudly smack them over the hard surface, planting a trail of kisses over Nora's great pecs, before making her way down.

Octavia's chest rose and fell, an unfamiliar heat burned from within as hot breaths escaped her lips. Her hands were sweaty, twitching as she grasped the wall, her pupils quivered as she stared so enraptured at the sight.

Nora looked like a warrior goddess, twisting and turning her body, flexing her outstanding muscles in a display of absolute mastery. Every movement was purposeful, every twitch and ripple was deliberate as she flexed them. And Perla drank it all up, she worshipped her figure

like a sacred totem, she kissed and licked, mewling and purring, completely surrendering herself to the enormity of Nora's body.

When she buried her face in Nora's crotch, the dragon lady moaned sharply. She held her arms at her sides, tensing and flexing them with a clench of her shaking fists.

Octavia felt that warmth in her chest spread, lower, lower, until...

When she heard Nora moan loudly, she conjured another portal and jumped. She landed on her bed, the portal closing. She stared up at her ceiling with her chest rising and falling, sweat dripped down her neck, her vision was blurry... and her crotch was wet.

What... What was that?

What had she seen?

And why did it make her feel this way?

All those muscles, Nora's enormous beauty, the way she had Perla wrapped around her finger, showering her with praise and pleasure...

Octavia grunted in frustration, throwing her clothes everywhere as she felt they were constricting her. Too hot, everything was too hot; her crotch was *burning*.

"Ah!"

Octavia gasped as she attempted to smother the heat by placing a hand over the afflicted area. Slipping underneath her underwear, her fingers moved back and forth over her slit, toying with a bundle of nerves.

"Hng!"

Before shoving two inside. Her fingers moved back and forth in quick succession, her free hand reached under her bra and massaged a small breast, tweaking a hardened knob.

The images kept repeating in her mind. Nora's glorious muscles, Perla's worship. All that strength, that beauty, that intimacy she *didn't know she wanted*. The control, the *boldness*, the will to just, to...

"Ah-ahhhhh!"

Octavia's back arched as she finished herself off, the climax coating her fingers while she let out a sharp cry.

She collapsed on the bed, her jumbled thoughts going back to that divine body... and how much she wanted it.

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Octavia had not stopped thinking about that moment ever since. Her dreams were plagued with images of Nora and her muscular perfection, of Kara and her annoyingly shredded physique. Everything she thought she knew about herself had been flipped around on its head, and now she was left to deal with the fallout. The realization that she wanted that kind of body. Those muscles meant strength, strength meant confidence, confidence meant being in charge of her life. Where she'd be able to move on at her own pace, where she wouldn't be a pawn in someone else's machinations or a punching bag. A simple rationalization that led her down a spiral of ideas.

How to broach this new desire of hers? She could just keep training, bulk herself up naturally under Nora's tutelage. The dragon woman would know the best and fastest ways to make her big. But... Octavia was tired of waiting; she was tired of being patient and having nothing to show for it.

If she truly wanted this, she had to take matters into her own hands. And she knew how.

The grimoire was very easy to keep stealing. You'd think after everything that happened, they'd tighten up the security on the thing. But that was the famous Goetia feeling of invincibility. They never learned their lessons, never thought to cover their weakness or correct their mistakes.

Well, she shouldn't look at a gifted horse in the mouth.

Octavia sat cross-legged on her bed as she flipped through the pages of the tome, sorting through her options. There were potions to increase strength, spells to alter the body, but they all carried their own pros and cons. An overreliance on alchemy, the delicate intricacy of knowing what you were changing.

But one spell stood out to her in particular. A spell to manifest one's inner strength; 'Reveal what lies inside and manifest it in the outside'.

Perhaps if she made the proper tweaks to the spell, it'd have the desired effect. It was both a test of her skill in magic and her progress, and... she wanted to know if she truly was changing for the better, if her strength of spirit would truly reflect the strength she thought.

She'd know if she was truly strong this way.

Octavia set up the proper ritual, with an arcane sigil on her bedroom floor, multiple pink-flamed candles lit at the right spots, and the tome hovering as she stood in the center. Arms tracing lines of magic as she chanted under her breath, using her body as a focus, keeping at the forefront of her mind the image of ideal beauty and might, she thought. A new Octavia, the Octavia she knew was underneath.

The pages of the tome flipped rapidly, the candles burned higher with magic in the air, igniting them. Wisps of smoke and arcane power flowed through her nostrils as her eyes shone until the white pupils disappeared.

"I need this..." Octavia muttered huskily, her breathing accelerating while her heart began beating even faster. *"Give it to me."*

The magic obeyed.

Octavia gasped... and she grew.

It started in her arms, clenching her fists as forearms widened with sinewy ripples of the flesh. They expanded in circumference as the toned lines deepened, bones cracked as they extended in length, reinforcing to handle the powerful expanse of her flesh. Her slim biceps rose until her sleeves were full, and then they kept expanding, pushing the fabric to its limits until the seams began opening.

Her thorax widened, stretching from side to side and widening the gap between her shoulders, filling out her back with larger, denser muscles. Her spine arched forward, popping outward with dense vertebrae amidst the powerful flesh, traps rose like hells, stretching the opening in her neckline along with fierce neck muscles. Her shoulder blades pushed out, and the jacket slowly tore down the middle while her pumpkin-ridged shoulders split open her sleeves.

Octavia panted in pain and euphoria, feeling the rush of burning blood spread through throbbing veins. She felt like a beast was thrashing inside her body, breaking its chains one tug at a time. There was fury, but she had trained to master it, to channel it, to guide it. She was her own master, not a slave to her feelings.

Her quivering stomach popped out cobblestones of pure concentrated muscles, shredded blocks competing for room in her expanding core. Her lats rose like wings as she extended her muscular arms, further tearing her shirt and jacket.

And her legs *bloomed* with imperious might. Quads thickened and pushed through the fabric like wet paper. Four muscles as hard as high-tension cables jumped reflexively, while thick hamstrings rippled under swelling muscular glutes. Her calves ripped the lower parts of the pants with a burst of growth, widening past her shins and deepening with strained definition.

Her claws hurt, tightening against the leather shoes. Bones lengthened unimpeded as the limbs expanded, extending along with them her four talons, sharpening and expanding them into razor-sharp points that scratched the floor loudly as they ripped through the material effortlessly. As the rest of her shoes fell into pieces, she saw her feet had become deadly weapons, poised for vengeance against anyone who sought to hurt her.

“Ah, ah, ahhhh!” With a shuddering cry, Octavia thrust her chest out and, unveiling it with a shower of fabric exploding like confetti. Her pectorals were massive, slab-like, and thick, with a line so deep it looked like you could pass a card through them. The chest muscles ground together, twitching and flexing with barely contained power.

And then it was over, the magic ceased as its work was finished.

Octavia stood there, arms stretched to the side, stripes of clothing barely clinging to her form. Muscles of pure majestic quality adorned every inch of her. Even as her plumage frazzled from the intensity of the experience, the definition of her muscles could not be hidden; it was just impossible.

The owl girl looked down at herself, smiling drunkenly at her strong chest and the edge of her talons. She turned around to face her mirror, absently running a hand over her firm pectorals, shuddering at their erotic feeling. She seldom had any breasts to speak of, but she did not care; she had no body image issues so long as her chest remained wide like a barrel and strong enough to resist a bullet. "Oh wow..." She muttered in disbelief as she ripped the remnants of her clothing, letting herself be fully nude.

Unholy *hells*, the rest of her looked *amazing*. She had to be as large as Kara now! Her biceps quivered with strength as she raised them, popping large muscles as she twisted them around and brought forth her triceps. "Oh fuck the hell yeah..." She moaned, twisting and turning her arm as she held the wrist from behind, while standing on one leg and flexing her enormous quad.

She shifted her pose, putting her hands behind her head as she *crunched* her abs hard, letting out a soft grunt of concentration as her stomach locked down in an impenetrable wall. Fuck the way they quivered and throbbed with veins, running down to her crotch... it was making her so wet...

For the finale, she brought down her arms into a savage, most muscular, grunting louder this time as every muscle in her upper body seemed to inflate. She clenched her teeth as she gave it her all. Her arms bulged enormously, her pecs rippled until every line was seen, her shoulders and back framed around her head, and a myriad of veins could be seen even under all the feathers.

"This is me," She muttered in delight. "My strength, my confidence, I'm so goddamn beautiful...!"

And just like that, she came. Octavia moaned and let out sharp breaths, amazed at how she had managed to bring herself to orgasm without even touching herself. She was *that* enamored with her body, to the point that the whole experience of her transformation brought her to the peaks of arousal.

As she fondled her muscular bodybuilder-worthy frame, she pondered how strong she was, how much she could lift, what she could *wreck*.

Oh, she just wanted to show her friends her new self; they'd love it.