

(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 wait.

Fucking Bernadette. Fricking book...

Madison felt the frustration well up inside her once more. She desperately needed another outlet to distract her from these feelings. She did not put much thought into what she'd do next, so she just proceeded to use the first thing she saw; That being the bench press.

Had she perhaps paid attention, she would have noticed the plates loaded up in the bar were a little too much for her current form. Madison heaved as she lifted the bar off the rack, and instantly regretted it as the weight came bearing down on her. Her arms shuddered as she pushed it back up, only for it to quickly lower against her breasts.

“Come... on!” She grounded out in frustration, huffing as she gave it her all to push the bar up. The plates rattled and clanked due to her trembling arms, struggling to hoist them up.

It'd be so easy to just remove this obstacle if she wanted to. A little touch of the magic. Just a bit more muscle.

And that she was even having those thoughts *infuriated her*.

She was stronger than that. She had far more control than that. Madison refused to let that damn thing win. She had to prove to herself that the book held no sway over her, that anyone could fight it off without willpower.

That Bernadette had no reason to give up, to feel that the book had already won. That there was no need for those *fucking excuses*.

Madison growled, slowly pushing up the part as her arms tightened with definition and slowly swelling mass.

Bernie, her dear, her beloved... the image of her as an amazon, unbridled and fierce... fucking her friends under the pretense that she had no control. She had transformed those two; she just knew it. She *wanted* it. She gave in because it was better than pretending she could have held on!

The bar slowly went up and down, increasing its tempo as the muscle mass inflated.

Madison could be strong without the book. She could do anything she wanted without the book. If she wanted to cosplay as Wonder Woman, as She Hulk, as any muscular beauty, she would! She didn't need magic for that! She was a beautiful woman; she didn't need any damn magic book to make her feel otherwise!

"Hng!" She panted through clenched teeth, her breath hot with burning fury. The muscles reached fitness level as her grip tightened so much she was denting the material. Breasts pushed outward, making the bra uncomfortably constrict her. The shirt tightened enough that the sleeves were cuffing her arms, retreating further against the biceps, while the hem hiked up to reveal a v-line and a hint of her abs. Her quadriceps widened as her calves pushed out behind her shins, the hardening globes of her glutes rubbed against the bench, arching her back.

In moments, she had become a crossfit beauty.

Madison did not realize it until she *twisted* the bar in a fit of anger. She suddenly stopped, looking with wide, bewildered eyes at what she had done, her chest heaving up and down as shock and realization dawned on her. The weight felt much lighter in her arms now... her beefy arms.

"No..." She dropped the weight to the side, quickly sitting up and staring at her hands. They were larger, her forearms wider. Which led her to see her muscular legs, covered by the skintight leggings. Her shoulders were a bit broader than before, her thorax.

No! Madison clenched her fists, growling in frustration as she arched forward, fighting off a fresh wave of growth struggling to get out. "Y-You won't make my body..." She dug her fingers over her shoulders, holding herself as though she could hold back the growth, "betray me!"

She felt so angry. At the damn book for trying to change her into a (magnificent) beast. At Bernie for saying they couldn't resist.

Oh god, it hurt so fucking much... trying to hold back her transformation like this. Like an animal was rattling in a cage inside her soul.

"Fuck!" Madison growled in frustration. Her eyes adopted a manic expression as she gnashed her teeth, shaking so violently that it caused the glasses to fall from her face. "Fuuuuck!" Her body felt on fire. The pain was overwhelming. She wanted it to end. She wanted more. The contradiction between her desires caused a storm to erupt inside her. Her body reflected the struggle as her body swelled and shrank in episodic palpitations.

Her crotch was uncomfortably wet, dripping with arousal. Even amidst so much pain.

"Stop feeling so excited!" Madison shouted at the offending region, pushing a hand down to smother it.

It was a mistake.

The jolt of pleasure made her back surge with muscles, *snapping* her shirt down the middle, swiftly followed by her bra as a broad mountain range of muscle emerged.

"No!" Madison groaned in impotent rage as she could no longer hold it back. The growth overcame her. "Noooooahhhhh!" Her voice became guttural as her neck muscles rippled.

Sleeves ripped open, arms flexed with enormous muscles that throbbed vigorously with veins. Her breasts inflated like beach-balls, supported by slab-like pectorals, shredding the front of her shirt and bar, unveiling the naked muscular state of her thorax. Sweat-gleaming abs flexed on her core like armored plates.

Her leggings were torn apart, unable to contain the emergence of her spectacularly wide muscles. Quads that pumped enormous groups, vastus as tight as high tension cables. Calves in the shape of sharp, inverted hearts. Her sneakers were ripped apart as her feet outgrew them. Barely tatters remained.

Madison stood up, thrusting her great chest outward and roaring like a raging beast. She panted, letting out hot steam out of her drooling mouth as the climax washed over her. Yet the

rage was not quelled. She looked down at the twisted bar, the damn thing that had caused all this in her anger-addled mind.

She grabbed it with one large hand, feeling how it barely weighed anything... and smashed it right against a larger chest-press machine, utterly wrecking it. She pushed machines around and crushed them under her heels, fighting against the buzzing in her head and desperately seeking to undo the rage consuming her.

She grabbed a long stand with multiple dumbbells on its racks. The combined weight made even her powerful muscles work for it. "AARRRGH!" She howled as her legs flexed, vigorously filling out even more. Her arms inflated, muscles pumping with tremendous power as the veins throbbed until they were thick like hoses. The sinewy flesh of her neck rippled as she clenched her jaw, her expression locked into a grimace of shaking fury.

She held *all* the weights above her, her body swelling larger than before as it overcame this obstacle. Madison felt great; she felt magnanimous in her might. What had she been afraid of? Why had she fought back against this glorious feeling?

Like this, she was the goddess she ought to be.

"What the hell is going on here?!" Carlotta's voice rang out as she ran back into the gym's main area. "Maddie, you okay?!"

She stopped dead in her tracks as she witnessed the sight of broken machines, bent metal, and broken floor. Her gym, her livelihood, all of it destroyed. She should feel shock, outrage, despair at this sheer level of bandalism, but her eyes were glued to the hulking woman responsible for it all.

Madison, with muscles larger than any woman. Larger than any *human*. With an imposing height and physique that towered over her easily.

Oh god, it was happening again.

She remembered that day vividly. When Madison, Bernadette, and Jaylin all hulked out of their clothes, wrecked their gym, and then fixed every wave of their hands as if by magic. She had tried to put that behind her, for she could scarcely believe it had even happened. How could she even confront them about it?

Part of her hoped she'd be able to see it again, see any of the girls grow so they might teach her, give her the means to become like that.

How could she not want to be like them? To wield all that strength in those mighty limbs. To clad themselves in the beauty of muscle. To a bodybuilder in training like Carlotta... they were a dream come true.

But first, she had to keep Madison from destroying everything. "Maddie! Calm down!" She raised her arms, as though she could reach her even while keeping her distance.

She was awestruck, not suicidal.

But Madison wasn't listening; she just kept swinging, hitting, and smashing everything in her path. At this rate, she'd destroy the entire place like a wrecking ball.

As Carlotta ran out of options, a stray kick from the blonde sent her back flying toward her. It landed at her feet, where a book slipped out. Carlotta had seen that book before, in the recordings, the three had touched it to somehow fix her gym last time.

Could this... be the source of their power?

Without much recourse, Carlotta quickly picked it up, opening its pages and finding it mostly blank. "Come on, there's gotta be a spell or some weird magic bullshit here!" She reached the end, finding nothing, only empty pages. She closed it with a slam and shook it. "I need the strength to calm her down, you damn book! Give it to me before she brings the roof down!"

The gem encrusted in the cover *glowed*.

Carlotta's eyes went wide as a beam of light hit her forehead. The book slipped out of her hands as Carlotta felt her body seize. Joints locked tight. Her body trembled erratically as dry guttural gasps escaped her lips.

There was a warmth spreading throughout her body. Followed by a much more intense heat that threatened to *fry* her nerves. "Augh!" The olive-skinned woman grunted. Holding her head, her hands, locks of white hair slipped between her fingers as she clenched her fingers, trying to stop the pounding inside her skull. "Ahhhhhh!" She screamed, feeling her body tear itself apart.

And rebuild itself stronger.

Tendons snapped, ligaments tore. Fibers mended together from the incredibly fast and potent cells dividing, creating more tissue and mass. It caused her shuddering body to *grow*, spreading in every direction. Her already muscular build became an outstanding pillar of female beauty and musculature, giving her what she always desired. Her purple top split in half, making way for her large breasts and imposing back. Leggings were torn to shreds, unveiling the deliciously cut tree trunks of flesh. Her arms swelled until they were twice their original size, putting any bodybuilder to shame.

“Hnnngrrrgh!” She growled, feeling pain mix with pleasure as her height shot up a full foot. Carlotta stomped the floor, cracking it under her heel, and roared. She felt *incredible!* Stronger than ever before in her life!

Much as she'd love to check herself out, she had a gym to save and a friend to calm down.

She moved with outstanding speed and reflexes that someone her size should be incapable of. Carlotta breached the distance between her and her friend, docking under a wild swing and sneaking her arms under Madison's armpits, locking her fingers behind the blonde's head as she masterfully placed her in a hold. “You better... calm down!” She grunted as her friend struggled. “Just listen to me, Maddie! Breathe! You hear me?! Just... breathe!”

She huffed into Madison's ear, trying to get her to follow her rhythm. Even with the constant struggle her friend was putting up, Carlotta could feel Madison's thorax flare in and out with an increasingly steadier pace. She heard her breathe out more slowly, rather than the sharp pants and gasps she was letting out prior.

“That's it. Just follow my lead. One, two, breathe, one, two, breathe...” She eased Maddie into it, guiding her out of her blind range.

Madison breathed slowly. In and out, with each exhale, she let out a little bit more of her anger, until eventually the tank ran empty.

Carlotta did not let her go until she heard Madison speak out, voice calm and so full of remorse. “I'm sorry, Lotta...”

The fitness athlete sighed and slowly let her go. She still kept a hand on her shoulder as she turned her around. Bright purple eyes met soft blue. "It's alright."