

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

Jaylin had the most amazing dream, the sort of experience that could only be conjured by the realm of fantasy and the subconscious. An erotic dream of such scope and intensity that just calling it a 'wet dream' did not come even *close* to capturing just how rapturous it was.

A dream of power and pleasure in equal measure. Of bodies that defied the limits of human potential and grasped a level of raw beauty that surpassed even the most hardcore bodybuilders. Of magic and mysticism, the pure stuff of fiction, at her beck and call from the tip of her finger, granted by a mysterious tome of dubious origins, to do the impossible and create reality out of fantasy.

A magnificent dream, a very *satisfactory* dream.

But when Jaylin did not wake up in her soft bed, covered by warm sheets, she realized something was... not 'wrong', but 'odd'. Her eyes adjusted to a large, dimly lit room, and she could quickly tell it wasn't her bedroom.

She woke up on a cold, hard surface, her naked skin coming in direct contact with it. There were no clothes on her person, no sheets covering her. Her breasts were naked as the rest of her, her nipples were erect (either from the cold or the arousing nature of her fantasy), and her lower regions...

God, her pussy felt *spent*. Like she had orgasmed repeatedly after a frenzied night of passion.

Then she realized her limbs were entangled with someone's. Her neck stiffly twisted to see the peacefully sleeping face of her least favorite person: Bella. Her hair was a mess, pretty much like Jaylin's own, and she snored softly through her nose as her head rested on Jaylin's shoulder.

She was also just as naked as she was.

Holy shit, she had sex with Bella? She must have either gotten extremely drunk or extremely *desperate*. Which was odd because she was certain she had better booty calls on quick dial...

Then she spotted another pair of bodies, Yana and Jane, also naked and cuddling together, slumbering on the cold floor.

What the hell *happened*? Why were they all naked?! And good *God*, what a mess this was. The library was completely wrecked! How was she ever going to cle-!

Oh.

Oh.

That's right.

The library, the girls, the muscle, the *power*.

The book.

It all flooded back to her once her mind woke up properly, and began recalling last night's events.

Madison's and Bernie's muscular tussle. The arrival of those three, her experiments, and the frenzied orgy they all had together.

Jaylin tried not to cackle madly, but she did smirk with all her teeth. The euphoria and rush that came with just *knowing* she had all this power at her disposal still provided the most invigorating power trip.

It took a great deal of effort not to wake the girls up, turn them all into amazons again for another moment of frenzied savage sex.

That'd come another day~

Right now, she had a lot of cleaning up to do.

“Well, it was a fun night.” She said her words did not wake the girls up, even though they came out at full volume. She removed herself from Bella’s embrace and sat up, stretching her arms and popping her back. “You girls were *great*. We’ll have to do this another time.”

She smirked at the still sleeping stuck-up girl. “Can’t believe I had so much fun with you, Bella. Guess all that was needed for me to find you hot was to turn into a muscle-bound horn dog.” Giggling to herself, Jaylin leaned over and placed a thankful kiss on her forehead. “Welp, time to get to work.”

She snapped her fingers, and the mystical tome flew toward her hand, spinning in the air a bit before landing on her palm.

She hummed to herself, her body swiftly vanishing all drowsiness or lingering sleepiness as she walked toward the security room.

The knowledge and energy provided by the book flowed through her as she flicked her wrist, calling force to the torn pieces of her outfit, down to her fallen spectacles to settle upon her face once more, swirling around her and joining one another seamlessly into intact fabric as though they had never been ripped in the first place. Jaylin never lost her stride even as the sneakers formed around her feet once more.

“First day of being a witch, and I’d say I already got a pretty good handle on it.”

Perhaps it was confidence. Perhaps the book’s magic responded with more affinity to her because of it. Or maybe it was because she believed she could use the energy inside her, which in turn translated into said energy being so damn easy to manipulate for her.

The book brought wishes into reality, imbuing people with mystical energy, allowing their bodies to act as hosts to this power, and enabling them to alter reality. The more you understand, the more you can do. And the more you believed in it, the greater the effects.

Now, as much as she was tempted to go for an encore of last night with the girls, Jaylin wasn’t so lost in her own sauce that she had stopped thinking rationally.

First of all, the library still had *cameras*. So even fixing the damage wasn’t going to erase the fact that those events (including Bernadette’s and Madison’s erotic lovemaking) would be discovered eventually if she didn’t do something about it.

Jaylin put the book on the table as she sorted through the computer files, going over the recording from last night. "Okay, so they got here at 9 PM, so..."

There, she found the moment where Bernie grew, and then Madison. And that *amazing* display of carnal pleasure that still made her shudder even after her own experiences.

"You go, girls," She mused to herself, the corners of her mouth forming a mild smile that carried both joy for her friends opening up at long last, and more than a bit of pleasure from the visuals and stimulating memories.

Then she jumped to hours later, when the trio appeared for their book club. And the chain of amazonian transformations and *very* vigorous acts of debauchery that followed.

Yup, all of this had to go.

...Well, maaaaybe she could save it. It'd be a shame to erase all traces of this event having ever happened. The girls wouldn't remember anything that happened anyway.

And who knows? Maybe it'd come in handy.

Aside from her own 'personal' use for it.

Picking up a flash drive from her bag, Jaylin downloaded a copy of the security footage and then erased it. Her finger froze on the mouse button right before she could click 'delete'.

Just once more watch couldn't hurt.

When she watched the recording of her friends becoming large and powerful, going at it with erotic frenzy, Jaylin was already rubbing her wet folds over the fabric of her panties. She licked her lips, watching the two climax before quickly jumping to the good part of the trio.

Watching Bella lose control, seeing the prim and proper princess who loved rules more than her own mother turn into a hulkingly feminine amazon who succumbed to pure arousal and

carnal desire, was still one of the greatest highlights of her life. Jaylin moaned, masturbating fully as she watched Bella similarly relieve herself with aching need.

Jane and Yana grew too, and swiftly engaged in acts of mutual worship, shredding their clothes like paper. And that's when Jaylin entered the scene, enormous, majestic, glorious. And just the right partner Bella needed.

It was still a very odd thing, but *very* exhilarating, to desire someone she disliked so much. To find her so immeasurably attractive, just so damn fucking *hot*, she needed to screw her brains out.

And Bella felt the same, if the guttural groans and constant swears leaving her lips were anything to go on.

"Yes..." Jaylin grunted in pleasure, her clothes slowly disintegrating as she grew on her chair. Her shoulders punched out of the seams while the sleeves filled out, thread by thread snapping around her bulging quads as her height increased, making the chair increasingly smaller by comparison. "Give it to me, Bella. Uck!" Another growth spurt. "You big, beautiful, fucking *pain in my ass!*"

Jaylin cried out in utter pleasure as she creamed her fingers, laughing while her clothes exploded into confetti and the chair was destroyed by her weight. She kept thrusting her hips upward while on the floor, fiercely fingering herself while a hand tightly grasped her breast and positioned a nipple close to her face, where she suckled on it with desperation.

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Well, time almost got away from her. After shrinking down and (once more) repairing her clothes, Jaylin proceeded to fix the library. She hummed as the magic weaved from her hand in patterns, finding it easier to concentrate and manipulate the world around her by performing a type of ritualistic gesture. She put the shelves back in place and repaired the broken parts before putting the books back in their place as they flew around like some sort of cartoonish flock.

Wait, were they even in the right place? She had just assembled the books on the shelves without looking much into the categories.

Ugh, whatever. That'll be the next shift's problem.

Right now, she had a few girls to look after.

First, she repaired the broken tables, then she put their clothes back on, the fabric stitched back together as though it had never been torn in the first place. While also giving their bodies a good cleaning. Then she placed them on their chairs, making sure their upper bodies would be lying over the table with their books scattered around.

“Need to make this believable,” She mused to herself. If they were like Bernie and Madison, then they wouldn’t remember a thing.

There was always the chance they’d remember, like her. Which could bring some issues. She could just imagine Bella shouting at her, demanding to know what had happened to her. Then Jaylin would have to tell them all about the magic book, and she’d rather keep that one close to her chest for a little while. So she’d have to cross that bridge when she got there, if they remembered at all, that is.

Of course, there was always the option to use her magic to avoid all that trouble. Wiping their memories was an option, one she wasn’t sure she was too comfortable using. While the other was ‘teaking’ their minds to make them compliant, that felt... *gross*. And extremely wrong.

Getting super aroused, inhibitions getting shot on an alleyway, as a byproduct of the transformation, was one thing. Altering someone’s brain felt like a line she should not cross. Using the magic to avoid trouble by manipulating memories, no harm, no foul. She just had to make sure not to abuse it.

Hopefully, it wouldn’t come to that.

With the girls arranged on the table, she slammed her bag over its surface, waking them all up with a startle at the resounding bang.

“Ahhh!” Jane yolted backward and fell to the floor, chair and all. Yana squeaked in a very mouse-like fashion, looking around nervously as though there were predators around.

Bella, for her part, woke up like she had a hangover, groaning and massaging her head as her gaze focused again. She stared up at Jaylin with a mix of confusion and exhaustion. “W-What happened?”

"You fell asleep," Jaylin merely said, leaning to a casual attitude to make herself sound believable.

"Asleep?" The high-strung young woman repeated incredulously, and she squinted and blinked a few times.

"That... doesn't sound right," Yana muttered, tucking a strand of blonde hair behind her ear. "How did we all fall asleep? We were in the middle of book club..."

"Y-Yeah!" Jane exclaimed as she stood up, straightening her chair. "We... we were talking about a book, right?"

"Yes..." Bella slowly replied, trying to wrap her mind around all this.

"Whaaaat were we talking about again?" The tomboy of the group muttered. "I'm having a hard time remembering," She shot an accusatory glare at the library worker. "Did you roofie us or something?!"

Not exactly.

"Charming," Jaylin sniffed. "But this isn't a motel, so either wrap it up or go home."

"Ugh," Bella removed her glasses, massaging her eyes while trying to recall the prior events. "How did this even happen? We couldn't have been that exhausted, could we?"

"Aren't you the one who manages, like, *five* different clubs?" Jaylin brought up, trying to shift the subject so the girls wouldn't be raising questions.

"I... guess I've been studying up late," Yana admitted, awkwardly rubbing her arm.

"Yeeeeeah, and I sort of went to a rager last night," Jane squared her shoulders, smiling sheepishly at her own admittance.

“Let this be a lesson on the importance of sleep,” Jaylin said in a tone she knew would infuriate Bella. “You need eight hours of it. And also try to keep your workaholic brain from filling out the other sixteen, or you’ll drop dead by the time you’re forty.” Her voice lowered as she mused. “Which you might as well be with all the gray hairs on your head.”

Bella’s eye twitched. “I don’t have gray hair,” She clenched her teeth, seething out the words in that way she reserved for Jaylin.

“That you can see,” Jaylin’s smirk was impish.

Bella abruptly stood up from her chair, and for a moment, Jaylin wondered if she’d turn into an amazon out of sheer anger. Maybe try to put her in her place like last night, a fight that would devolve into frenzied, violent, *erotic*-

Okay, she had to stop right here or else *she’d* transform first.

“Ladies, I apologize our book club gathering did not meet our... expectations,” She said with a controlled air of professionalism. Always so formal, even with her friends. “Let’s promise to take better care of our health from now on, and we’ll meet up again once we’ve gotten a better handle on our schedules.”

With that said, she began picking up her things, Jane and Yana following after sharing a look.

Jaylin cheered in her head, knowing she had succeeded in her ruse and the girls were none the wiser.

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What do you do when you get phenomenal cosmic power? When the entire world opens up to you, the hardest thing to do is *choose* what to do first.

It’s not every day you find the proverbial genie in a bottle after all. With this book, reality itself became a sand playground, letting her mold whatever she wanted in every conceivable way.

Could she make herself smarter and ace all her studies years in advance? Should she forgo the need for a job and conjure up money from thin air, live a life of leisure with no problems? Could she make herself immune to hunger, disease, *age*?

It was *very* easy to power trip, and were she someone of lesser character, she would have already abused the book six ways to Sunday. Alas, the only things she had used the book for were an orgy and to turn herself into the most muscular woman on Earth. Pretty tame as far as power trips went.

Oh, but it'd be so *easy*. The temptations were there, *everywhere*.

She walked down the street, eying a gym, watching the people work out behind the glass. The slim athletic ladies on the treadmills, the men seeking to buff up with the weights, and already she fantasized about how she could make that place get more *fun*.

She pictured the ladies developing enormous muscles, easily overpowering the men, indulging in muscular pleasure between themselves. Or perhaps that scrawny guy at the back, poor thing, trying to turn his body around. Maybe she could make him bulk up *tremendously*, turn him into a god among men, with women lining up just for the chance to feel him up and worship his muscles. With men kneeling before him and pleasuring him just as much as the women did.

Jaylin shivered and pushed down those thoughts.

See? It was so easy, *very* easy, to get lost in those fantasies. This book awakened a lot of things inside, and she didn't know if it'd ever stop, or if she even *wanted* to get them under control.

This mighty confidence of hers bordered on arrogance.

And a part of Jaylin *liked it*. Just knowing she had all this power, knowing there was nothing in the world she couldn't do...

Perhaps she should confess what happened to Bernie and Maddie? It'd do her good to have someone to confide in, someone to keep her grounded. Besides, they'd all be in the same boat then, considering their experiences.

But the two had *finally* taken that next step in their relationship, the one both desperately wanted and needed. It didn't feel right to go and rain on their parade right now and taint their beautiful experience with that shameful and lustful truth.

Perhaps... she could wait a while, let the two settle before she sprung this on them. Right, that'd be best.

But still, she felt she had to tell someone, *anyone*, someone she could share all these thoughts and experiences with before she lost her mind.

A name popped out in her mind, and things fell into place. Jaylin smirked to herself. There was someone she could trust with all this. Someone to share in this *fantastical* journey of hers, explore the realms of possibility while keeping her from going too far.

Someone who, above all, would believe her.

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"Did you get high watching a movie or something?"

Jaylin grumbled under her breath.

Well, she supposed she wouldn't take herself at her word after such an insane tell.

Vincent Cristoph was a good friend, a very good friend in fact. If Maddie and Bernie were her best girl-friends, then Vinnie was her best boy-friend.

No, not like that.

Well, okay, the two were friends with benefits, but it didn't get... 'emotional' between them. They kept it casual.

Vincent was a good-looking guy, slim but appealing build, tall, handsome face, blue eyes, and wavy short blond locks. He wore an expression of confusion and bewilderment, mixed in with a

bit of concern as he casually lay back on his couch, one leg crossed over his knee with an arm over his thigh.

Jaylin deflated with a sigh, sagging as she stood in front of him. She had recalled all the events since last night to him, Bernadette, and Madison, the Trio, the book, everything. And he just sat there, taking it all with a very doubtful expression.

“Is this your next big project?” He asked. “Don’t think your professors will approve of so much sex in it.”

“I’m serious!” She exclaimed, shuffling through her bag to pull out the mystic tome and shoving it in his direction. “It all happened, this book is *magic!*”

“Jay...” He slowly said, putting the book to the side without even giving it a second glance. “Magic is not real. What is this about?”

Ugh. Vinnie could be a dense guy, but he wasn’t *dumb*. After such a fantastical tale, she wasn’t surprised he didn’t believe her, but it’s not like she had any reason to lie.

“Maybe you dreamt it all, you know how those things can feel pretty real sometimes. Hell, one time I dreamt that ten years of my life had gone by, and when I woke up, it almost felt like it did.”

“I’m not gonna convince you by talking, huh?” She muttered, quirking a brow.

“Ohhhhh I get it now!” He snapped his fingers, smiling deviously. “It’s your next scenario for roleplay! Hey, I’m all in if you are.”

...Yeah, she was gonna have to bring up some visual aids.

“Alright,” Jaylin clicked her tongue. “Don’t know why I wasted my time talking to you about it.”

“Hey now, you know I didn’t meant-

“When I should have started by *showing you*”

Jaylin took a deep breath, closing her eyes, and reached out to the power inside her.

This would be the third time she grew, and *fuck*, the thrill remained just as strong. The only difference was that she got a better handle on it not to turn into a drooling mess. Nerves energized as magic coursed through them, spreading its power through her flesh and filling the ligaments and muscle mass. Her limbs grew, piling on mass and shredding through her clothes. Her pants unraveled, sleeves tore, her sweater opened two large rifts in her front and back. Her sweaty, bulging frame exuded pure power, unable to be contained as once more her attire fell to pieces, revealing her naked form.

Her glass fell from her head with a wild swing, moaning as sweet pleasure ran down her legs. She looked down at the very stunned and very much aroused Vincent, who gaped like a fish out of water as he stared up at the taller and muscular woman in his living room. "Believe me now?"

"Holy shit..." He wheezed through a dry throat. "H-How?"

"Told ya, darling." She winked, putting her fists on her hips and flaring her lats. "*Magic*," She twitched her pecs and made her breasts bounce up and down in a tantalizing dance.

"Fuuuuuck," He grunted. The bulge in his pants throbbed painfully.

"Imagine all the fun with can have like this." She twisted her torso, shooting him a side-chest that made her bicep bulge and veins throb. "Ever been with an amazon? I promise not to break you... *much*"

She chuckled at his still stupefied expression. "Or maybe that's what you want. Someone to *smash you*," Feeling mischievous, she added another touch of magic to her body. Darkening her skin and hair, giving herself a green hue. "Like this~"

She snatched him from his place on the couch, holding him by his armpits like one would a cat. She was tall enough that she could make his feet dangle at this height. "I'm gonna get *soooo* good at cosplay now." She chuckled, and with a wave of her finger, magic hit him like a whiplash. It did not hurt him, but it did split his clothes perfectly down the middle, leaving him naked and with his throbbing erection free. "Ever wanted to do it with She Hulk?"

She held him tightly in her arms, not strong enough to hurt him, but applying enough pressure so he could *feel it*. In her enormous arms, he thrashed, not out of discomfort, but reflexively as his erection began grinding against her cobblestone abs. She flexed her muscles, stimulating him as she moved him up and down. "You're small now, so light..." She said with manic pleasure as she easily dominated him. "So easy to *rile up*."

Vincent threw his head back and moaned, twitching as his cock spilled its contents over her green abs in bursts.

Jaylin shuddered in pleasure, loving the feeling of his cum on her muscles. Smiling sultrily, she whispered. "Hey now, don't waste it all in one go..." With another flex of her magic, she changed again. Dropping the green for even paler skin as her hair turned snow-white. The clothes she had shredded materialized again into a skintight black suit with white fur lining the calves, wrists, and collar around her neckline. "Kitty wants her milk~"

She lifted him overhead, his still dripping member spilling its essence over her Black Cat outfit. Jaylin licked her lips as she poised the cock above, craning her head, she opened her mouth and lowered until she captured his full length.

Vincent grunted and moaned in fits of manic pleasure, his mind struggling to catch up to his body reaction as Jaylin moved him up and down, her lips massaged both sides of his cock, brushing over the hard shaft while her tongue lapped and rolled all over his head, white hot seed spilling inside as it did not take him long to cum again.

Jaylin grinned with her mouth still stuffed and swallowed.

"Ahhhh, refreshing," She said before dropping him over the couch. He was a panting mess as exhaustion drained every last bit of energy he had left. She had to commend him for having lasted this much, but if they wanted to have more fun...

Vincent gasped as energy filled him, restoring lost stamina and invigorating his virility to the point his manhood ceased softening.

"Now then," Still dressed like the comic book character, Jaylin flicked her white hair and cocked her hip, resting a palm over it as she posed seductively at him. "I'd like you to make this choice yourself, Vinnie. How about you pick up the book... and ask for what you truly desire?"

She could turn him into an Adonis herself. Give him muscles to match her own, and she'd *certainly* enjoy it. But she wanted Vinnie to make this choice himself, let him experience things like she had.

Still panting lightly, the man looked at her with open awe, a feeling that Jaylin very much welcomed. He slowly picked up the book... and made his wish.