

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

When Bernadette came to, the world was blurry. A common occurrence when lacking her glasses, even though that also happened when one woke up, shaking off the grogginess and tiredness from her figure as she stirred, haphazardly stretching her limbs intertwined in a blanket.

Memories of last night were also in a similar blurry state, she had trouble making sense of them.

Then there was clarity as she stared at Madison's lovely face. Heart-shaped and messy with tangled blonde locks. Although it wasn't her girlfriend's face that made everything clear (though it was a factor), but rather the glasses put on her face by lovely hands.

"Good morning" Maddie muttered tenderly, sending Bernadette's heart aflutter.

"Morning," She replied with equal care as the two leaned closer to share a kiss.

"Last night was..." Maddie muttered breathlessly.

"Oh my god" The orange-haired girl agreed.

She could barely even *recall* what happened. It was a flurry of images and flashing sounds bereft of rhythm or order. Just passion at its rawest yet with an undeniable tenderness that came from the love the two certainly knew they had for each other. It was... simply out of this world, how words had conveyed so much and then their bodies expressed the rest.

Their bodies... it was the oddest sensation, like their lithe limbs should not be *like that*. Like they were supposed to be... *different*.

And yet neither of them had the words to explain it.

They could not ponder much on it, as a louder voice interrupted their gentle afterglow. "Well it's about time you lovebirds woke up"

Two squeaky yelps rang out as they scampered to cover themselves more, a hard task when all they had was a single blanket between the two. Jaylin stood there, her eyes staring impatiently behind her large-rimmed glasses, unbothered by the naked state of her friends. Ugh, did the corner of her mouth have to quirk so impishly? The pervert...

“Now I’m sure you two had the best night of your lives, but if I want to keep my job I’m gonna need to clean up this mess before the library opens up”

“M-Mess?” Maddie repeated confused, and they paled as they noticed the library's state around them.

Books thrown everywhere, tattered clothing, *what had even happened?!*

Was... Was this because of them? Had *they* done this?!

“Oh god” Bernadatte moaned, but unlike how the many times she must have done so last night, this was in despair and mortification. “What did we do?!”

“Who knew romance could be *wild* like this,” Jaylin said, lifting a piece of torn fabric. “You two tore each other’s clothes off. Then again, I believe that wasn’t the weirdest thing that happened...”

God, if you’re listening, if you’re kind... please smite them down lest they continue to suffer this embarrassment.

“We did what?!”

Jaylin arched an eyebrow, her gaze looking oddly curious. “You really don’t remember, do you?”

They could only shake their head in disbelief.

“Huh...” The long-haired girl mused to herself for a moment, as though the gears in her head were turning. “Welp! I had to go home and pick you two some clothes!” She lifted a bag they suddenly realized she was holding and threw it at them. “You’re *welcome*”

“Oh god” Madison wailed. “I can’t believe we got so...”

“It’s always the quiet ones” Jaylin nodded sagely. “You two must have been hella repressed”

“Please... Please stop talking...” Bernadette begged.

Granting them mercy at last, Jaylin turned and walked away so the two could change. “Now then, you two better change. I need to fix this mess”

“I-ugh-promise” Bernadette stumbled on her words as she struggled through the shirt she was putting on. “We’ll help”

“Thanks, Jaylin” Madison muttered gratefully, glad she had pants now.

Standing behind one of the bookshelves, Jaylin made sure a very special *book* remained secure and, most importantly, away from her friend’s eyes.

That thing had been the source of it all. Her heart beat like a drum in excitement at the mere thought of exploring its secrets, hopefully *without* forgetting everything like her friends had.

She thought of letting them know, invite them to investigate with her... but Jaylin’s greed superseded that.

Better let them forget, it’d be a kindness for now. She’d figure out what to tell her friends later.

After the mysteries of the book were hers to command.

“No problem~” She replied with a secretive smirk.

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With library fixed, Bernie and Maddie gone, it was just her and the *wonderfully mysterious book*.

Oh, her hands were getting sweaty, eager to pry open its secret and find the source of what power had transformed her friends into amazonian beauties. Could she turn herself like them? Could the book do more? What even *was* the book?

All these questions and more ran through her mind like a horde of energetic meercats. Jaylin traced the purple gem on its cover as she licked the edge of her lips, slowly turning it and-

There was a fucking knock on the door.

Growling with frustration, she stood up so fast she almost knocked down her chair. She shoved the book into her back and went to the library's entrance, and opened the door, there she was greeted with a very inconvenient sight.

The book club, led by 'I-was-born-with-a-stick-up-my-butt' Bella. Her square-rimmed glasses and neatly arranged brown hair fit perfectly with her ever-present frown. The black blazer, skirt, and heels just completed the image that shouted 'uptight'. Her two friends could not be any more different if they tried, with the tomboyish Jane's messy haircut, her black leather jacket, jean shorts, gloves, boots, stockings (just black everywhere...) and purple lenses to try and give herself a distinguished look (bit of a tryhard in Jaylin's opinion). And of course Yana, the one who always followed along with the two, her long curly blonde looks and clear blue eyes always painted an innocent look, further accented by her white shirt and blue overalls.

"We're closed" Jaylin said, tempted to slam the door in her face.

"We have a meeting scheduled for today" Bella sniffed.

"Well, we had to close for the day," The long black-haired young woman wanted to get this conversation over with as fast as possible. "So-"

"Then the club should have been notified with 24 hours in advance"

Always a damn stickler for the rules, like she was born with a rulebook or something...

“Look, it was a sudden thing. I can’t let you in, I’m busy. So why don’t you take your posse and-
“

“H-Hey now” Yana timidly tried to defuse the situation. “It’s okay, we can always meet somewhere else”

“Unacceptable” Bella sternly refused, glaring defiantly at Jaylin. “We scheduled to have our meeting here, and here we will have it”

Okay, Jaylin was certain they *could* go to another place but Bella was just doing this to personally spite her... which fair enough, she had done the same to spite Bella in the past.

The two never got along, and avoided each other as much as possible. But whenever they did meet, well... they traded barbs like swords.

Wonder if she could use the book to tune up that attitude of hers...?

“Well, if I can speak the universal peace language.” Jane, seemingly the only one with brains in the group, flashed a few bucks in Jaylin’s direction. “How about you let us in, and we promise to be quiet?” She gave her a wink.

“Quiet is already a requirement of attending the library,” Bella tonelessly said. Prompting a groan from Jane and a sheepish laugh from Yana.

...Now even with cosmic power at the palm of her hand, Jalyin was never going to say no to a bit of extra cash.

She snatched the dollars from Jana’s hand. “Just get inside”

She’d have all the privacy she’d need in the security room anyway.

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As the monitor displayed the book club engaged in their activities, Jaylin felt safe from interruptions. But just in case she still locked the door to ensure her 'research' would go smoothly.

She set the book on the nearby table, standing over it while resting her palms on each side of the tome. The purple gem seemed to shine on its own, beckoning her to explore the secrets in its pages.

She smirked as she leaned down, bangs of black hair falling over her shoulders. "What secrets do you have for me?" Jaylin's lips dried up in eager anticipation.

'Strong Confidence' was the title.

She seriously doubted turning women into amazons was all it did, no, there had to be more. She was certain of it!

But even if that was all the book could do in the end, she wouldn't complain about the results.

Without further delay, she opened the books. The pages were blank, not a single drop of ink written on them. Her confusion was brief, knowing there was more to this book than met the eyes. A result of its... magic, most likely. There had to be a way to delve deeper.

Then, she saw a black splotch. Like someone had dropped a bit of ink on its pages, manifesting out of nowhere. The stain took shape, elegant cursive formed into words with the calligraphy of a seasoned playwright.

What do you desire?

Jaylin smirked. Now they were getting somewhere.

Was this what it had asked Bernadette? Was Bernadette's desire to be a large muscular woman? No, that answer was far too simplistic, if she knew her self-conscious friend was that Bernie was highly critical of herself, and in such an important moment she no doubt wanted courage and *strength* to tell Maddie how she felt.

The book must have interpreted that as physical might... though it had not disregarded actual confidence in the least, given the wild fuck-fest Jaylin had witnessed them perform with vigorous energy.

Jaylin couldn't deny she wanted it. But that was not all she wanted.

"I wanna see *more*" She said, her voice filled with hunger for knowledge. "I want to know what makes you work"

And so, the book *showed her*.

It was hard to describe what she experienced, between the shifting images made of ink and the text that changed every few seconds that somehow managed to form a lasting impression on her mind. As in, she felt the knowledge of the book engrave itself through a rapid cognition into her brain. Like data becoming memory, complete with context to associate it with.

It was disorienting, but nonetheless she *understood*. Even as she braced herself on the table, feeling winded of all sudden, Jaylin smiled as she *grasped* the depths of knowledge the book revealed to her.

Not its history, or its origins, but its *function*.

The book... changed things. It poured out energy, and matter became... *malleable*. It invested that energy into the user, gave them the ability to change as they desired. Turn dreams into reality, manifest thoughts, alter their surroundings or *themselves* as they wanted through the right application of that energy. Be it a conscious effort or not.

But the energy to that was finite, one would eventually need to recharge through the source: The book.

Jaylin chuckled and panted at the same time. "So that's how you do it..."

Fascinating.

"...Teach me how"

And it did.

Oh, what marvelous knowledge it was. The book showed her runes, glyphs, secrets, and magic in all its forms. For that's what this thing was, magic at its truest, the sort that could change things around them by willing it. People heard magic in fairy tales and never questioned how a witch turned a man into an animal, how a curse could be placed on a family line, how inanimate objects could possess magic on their own. Make-belief went a long way, except when authors wrote novels and dedicated themselves to a strict system.

But this book needed no such thing, the tome was a great conduit of magic that granted power to the user. Power that defied imagination, and yet it made that imagination into *reality*. A foci, a channel for whoever held it to mold the world and themselves as their minds saw fit, even unconsciously.

But Jalyin wanted control over that power, she wanted to direct the magic in her hands and wield it like a true warlock. Already bearing the front of the book's imparted knowledge was a staggering experience, she wanted more than to feel its brunt, she wanted to wield it as her own.

Lips crooked into a hungry smile, Jalyin made her next request of the tome. "*Give it to me*"

Once more the tome granted the reader's desire. Armed with the knowledge and energy flowing through her veins, Jaylin felt her long dark locks float around her, moved by invisible winds as the magic was channeled through her body.

She started small, just a few experiments to ramp things up. She shifted her hair from black to a vibrant red, then changed it to blonde, and more outlandish colors like green and blue before settling into black again.

"Oh I could do some *amazing* cosplay like this" She laughed at her silly thought.

Jaylin decided it was time to start *improving* herself. First she changed her eyesight, making the glasses resting over her nose blurry her vision as the prescription was no longer needed. "Hmm, making myself healthy is plus. How about if we make it so I can eat all the sugary and greasy food I want without ever getting into trouble~?"

Oh, she knew so many people that would try to kill her in a furious fit of jealousy.

“Now I’m not a vain person, buuuut” She smirked deviously as she threw the glasses away.

She let out a pleasant hum as she toned up her body, dissolving fatty tissue and improving the curves at the sides of her stomach. Her derriere filled nicely against her jeans, and a pat on them showed they were mighty firm. “Ohhhh”

Then came her breasts, she chuckled and moaned with delight as she felt them inflate, expanding more inside her bra while pushing out her sweater until the curvature of her bosom was not just undeniable, but also prominent.

“Hhmmmm~” She moaned, throwing her head back slightly and palmed her breasts over the purple sweater, squeezing and kneading the now ample flesh. “Oh this feels amazing”

Beauty and brains were now undeniably hers. But she knew there was one missing ingredient, one that had invigorated her thoroughly and caused her to masturbate furiously when she witnessed the superhuman strength and fierce lovemaking of her friends.

Time for bran~.

Jaylin channeled the magic of the book straight to her ligaments, her fibers, the flexors and muscle tissue, willing her mass to not just expand but also build itself stronger than before.

Her eyes glinted with the magic, a sharp gasp escaped from her lips. “Oh!”

The sensation was even stronger now, it pulsed inside her like shocks of electricity, sending waves of pleasure that made her body spasm as the skin tingled, tightening up against her swelling muscle mass. Said muscles rippled and divided themselves into multiple groups, building up density aside from size. Tissue tore and weaved itself back together stronger than before as laminated groups of corded muscle.

“F-Fuck!” She swore through clenched teeth, staring at her arm bulging and stretching proportionally to the rest of her. Deltoids exploded with impressive tone, bursting through the material. Her biceps peeked right through the sleeves, splitting the fuzzy sweater wool open and spreading the tears further alongside the arm. Horseshoe-shaped triceps coiled with

rippling power, further disintegrating the material until all that remained was a little purple cuff wrapped around the shoulder where the tatters of the sleeve hung.

She gasped in relief as her feet burst through her shoes, toes first followed by the feet's roof ripping through the rest. Her denims cuffed her so tight it felt like someone was wrapping a rope around them, yet relief was delivered with the snapping sounds of threads, revealing pale sweaty skin and bulging muscle.

"Ahh, ahhh!" She shuddered as her tree trunk-like legs unraveled her jeans, calves exploded past her shins as monumental quads quivered with unrestrained power, jumping the muscle groups like high tension cables as veins spread from her crotch.

Her stomach became a steely wall of ripped muscle, sandbags of great density and beautiful toned crunched down while her lats broke free from their restraints like wings unfurling. Jaylin panted, thrusting her hips reflexively as each burst of muscle growth made her feel she was experiencing the best sex of her life. Her breasts swelled even more, standing proudly thanks to her thick pectoral slabs as her nipples got *painfully* hard. The sweater's material kept ripping apart, leaving fuzz sticking to her sweaty skin even as the muscles continued on their expanse, as evidenced with the mountain range of toned flesh manifesting in her back, adding more distance between her shoulders and turning her figure into a curvy yet muscular V-shape.

Desperate pants escaped her lips, followed by a string of obscenities. "Can't stop, c-can't hold it!" Her breasts tore a hole through the middle of her sweater, the last part that was still holding on. Shaky muscular hands ripped the remnants of her jeans and underwear, revealing her wet and stimulated sex. "Ohhhh!" She gasped, putting her hands on her crotch and quickly began to masturbate. "Nnngh!" Jalyin grunted, closing her eyes shut as she struggled to relieve this burning need. "N-Not enough, need to-!"

She barely strung together the following thoughts as she grabbed the sides of the table, positioning herself on the corner and *grounded* her overstimulated folds against the edge. Her tongue darted from her mouth, breathy moans and gasps following suit as she found the right instrument to pleasure herself. The table and the book on top of it shook as Jaylin thrust her hips vigorously, holding so tightly she was actually starting to break the material under her titanic grasp.

Her muscles pulsed stronger and larger still, her entire body was awash with barely restrained power stimulated by her pleasure.

"Almost... Almost...!"

One final thrust, one final wet slick of her folds against the table's corner, and the dam broke.

A guttural scream escaped her lips as her muscles flexed so mightily, they made the remnants of her sweater explode. The purple fuzzy on her sweaty figure being the only reminder it was ever on her in the first place.