

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

It was a pleasant morning, neither too chilly nor too warm. The sun's rays slipped through her window and provided the perfect natural light upon Bernadette's desk. Gently illuminating her work as if the heavens themselves sought to inspire her to create great works of art, something to dazzle herself, create something upon this empty canvas that would come from the depths of her heart, fueled by unending imagination.

The results were... not what she hoped for.

Inspiration was not coming easily today. She first started with a simple draft, just practice, and went from there. But even her attempts at practice did not satisfy her. They did not ignite that 'spark' that would lead her to draw something more concrete and developed, something that actually called to her.

Perhaps she was just too lost in her thoughts, keeping the imagination from flowing like stones on a river. God knows she had a lot on her mind lately, considering... recent developments.

"Mmm, no, not good..." Bernadette voiced her displeasure as she ripped the page, crumpled it into a ball, and tossed it into the trash can, where it bounced off the edge and landed on the floor, joining its fellows.

She huffed to herself at the sight, grumbling at her lack of coordination and aim. It always felt like she was less 'capable' whenever she was her regular small self. It was hard not to make those comparisons, having experienced what it felt like to be... *that*.

It was hard to ignore, to keep out of the forefront of her mind in even the best of days. When your life changes so irrevocably and violently, it takes a long time to get used to this 'new normal'.

Only Bernadette didn't know if she ought to get used to it. Everything had changed the day she found that book, but she didn't know if she could say it was for the better. Something so world-shattering, breaking every rule they thought they knew about the world, changing everything about her and the people close to her...

The power, the allure, the desire... they all had been so very alluring and intoxicating. Bernadette couldn't say she hated it, *far from it*. She was downright in love with the results,

even. How couldn't she?! The small and meek Bernadette, transformed into a pillar of shredded musculature, confidence echoing her every thunderous step. Whereas it was once the world that felt too large and terrifying, it was now *she* who made the world feel small—all thanks to the book's magic, which boosted her until she became something greater.

Something courageous, so self-assured, so wantonly... hungry.

She idly sneaked a glance at her backpack, tapping her pen on the table repeatedly and impatiently, knowing what lay inside...

Best she shook those thoughts before they overcame her. It would be so easy, too easy, to dip her fingers into the waters, and before she knew it, she'd have a belly full of magic. And abs.

And lust... couldn't forget the lust.

Lustful enough to flex her muscles imperiously and demand worship as she rode an enormous power high. Lustful enough to fuck her girlfriend to kingdom come. Lustful enough to partake in a threesome with her best friend.

God, she still couldn't believe it had happened. But it did! She and Madison had sex with *Jaylin*. Their friend. In Carlotta's gym! God, part of her wanted the earth to swallow her; the other part wanted to relive those memories.

When the power boost ended, and she reverted back to normal size, Bernadette was plagued with moral quandaries her amazonian self would not even bother with. Had it been... okay? To have sex with Jaylin like that? She had sex with Madison prior, and she had encouraged it even (hell, she *participated*), but wasn't she also taken to extremes thanks to the book's spell?

Ugh, this is why she had taken up drawing again. It served to take her mind off things in the past, but she hadn't really continued once she finished school; she never had time for it anymore. Now she was taking the time to see if it could help her.

Which it did, but only partially; her mind kept replaying those events from time to time, tugging at her doubts and insecurity, driving her to second-guess herself about everything.

She wished Madison were her. Her girlfriend always managed to make her feel better. Just thinking about her brightened her days.

A lightbulb lit up in her head. Of course, Madison. Her beloved could also be her muse.

The pencil ran against the page before she even realized it, just letting her instinctive flow take over and draw the first thing that came to mind when she thought of Maddie. Her lovely blonde hair, her pure blue eyes. Her girlfriend was the loveliest girl in the world, and the sight of her was worth a hundred sunrises.

She was beautiful in *anything*. Be it her lovely dresses or those cosplays she'd work so hard on. Always dressing up as powerful and valiant women, heh, as though she wasn't one herself.

Yes, Madison was brave, and strong... and lately she saw how strong she truly was internally.

When those muscles manifested, growing out of her clothes with impunity, a primal growl ripping out of her throat like a chainsaw starting up... Oh yes, Madison's transformation was a sight to behold. The greek statue of the gods could never capture how *dazzling* and *imposing* her beloved was in her full amazonian might.

The pencil moved so fast it threatened to burn the page. Lines quickly became a shape, shading and detail soon followed as Bernie's imagination ran rampant, guiding her hand to paint the most glorious sight, the most beautiful representation of her girlfriend.

She was panting, her skin felt hot and clammy under her shirt. One hand gripped the desk tightly while the other worked overtime on her sketch, like a mangaka with a looming deadline.

Maddie, oh Maddie. Her beautiful, beloved, tender, *powerful* Maddie...

Bernie stifled a moan, her nipples hardening...

The pencil's tip broke. And the sound snapped Bernadette back into reality.

She stared at the drawing on the page, and her underwear dampened.

It was Madison, unmistakably, that was her hair, her face... but the expression, it was a primal howl. A full-toothed grin of unbridled libido. Her clothes were those from the gym, black with

white sneakers. And they were tearing apart under the onslaught of enormous, herculean muscles bursting everywhere from her body.

Bernie stared at the image with heavy breaths. She hadn't even intended to draw Madison like that, like she was some fetish artist online, it just... came like this unbidden. That depiction of Madison, a growing amazon made all the memories come in full force. Flooding her senses with memories of smell, touch, *taste*.

Power.

The book flashed under the backpack, tethering its purple light between it and her.

Bernadette *moaned*. And her body began expanding. In her increasingly smaller chair, her figure swelled in all directions. Shoulder blades soon reached past the backrest's height, spreading wide and toned, filling out with muscles that stretched her shirt and began tearing at the seams of her shoulders.

The pencil in her hand snapped from the grip, while the other cracked the desk from holding too tightly. Forearms swelled with wider circumference, a sea of definition marking their surface. Biceps swelled with hungry veins, ripping the sleeves until her shirt looked like a tattered tanktop. The expansion of her breasts further reduced it to a torn halter top, showcasing the rows of abdominal muscles, the finely cut obliques leading the way to wide lats.

"Ah! Ah!" She panted, exuding lust from every breath. Quivering eyes took every detail of her drawing, each dark curvature of the pencil-traced lines, the highlight of those shredded muscles, set her loins aflame. "Ahh!"

With a shudder, she kicked the desk with such force that it hit the wall. Legs became thick pillars of shredded muscle, pulsating with rippling power. Shoes tore apart, laces unraveled around the muscles they could not contain.

Her height and weight became so much that her chair was groaning in protest. It did not take long for it to crumble before the density of her growing musculature.

Bernadette squeezed her eyes shut as she lay over the broken remains of her chair, feeling no pain or discomfort. No, the only ache she felt was between her legs, one that demanded swift satisfaction.

She bit her lip, moaning while going cross-eyed as she ripped her damp panties away, and buried two strong fingers through her folds.

Her body continued to pulsate erratically, palpating her muscles to even larger size as she furiously masturbated, reducing the last remnants of her clothes to tatters. The image she had drawn of Maddie, the memories of her beloved growing muscular and powerful, having her way with her and Jaylin both, as they all swirled in an ocean of debauchery.

Bernie let out a high-pitched moan as she finished herself off, thrusting her hips in the air repeatedly.

She finally collapsed into a sweaty, heaving wreck, with a silly smile plastered on her face.

Once she recovered herself, Bernie stood up on unsteady legs. They were the first thing she saw looking down, marveling at the way they rippled with the slightest movement. She looked down at her thick pectorals and slowly lifted the underside of her breasts, gently palming them to feel their soft fullness.

She caught her reflection in the mirror, and the amazon stared back at her.

Bernadette knew it was her, but... sometimes it was hard to grasp. She slowly flexed her arms repeatedly, watching the mound of flesh swell back and forth. A change in posture relaxed her with the muscles in her rear, displaying their labyrinthine tone.

Bernadette struck pose after pose just because she wanted it, because it felt right, it made her feel *complete*.

But... should it? Should she really feel this way? That this empowering body made up for some kind of 'flaw' or lacking quality in her person?

Especially when the result was such uncontrollable lust?

Her brows furrowed in concentration, and Bernie brought her arms down in a pose, curling her biceps until her knuckles were touching. The most muscular made her upper body swell spectacularly, making her traps frame her face and lodging her head between the ample rises of muscle. Such a vast array of striated definition in her figure, the enormity of her mass

craving more size, more muscle, more veins. She could push it further, she knew she could, make herself the most monumental thing in the world, large enough that her head would burst through the roof.

But was it really her? Was this towering figure of imperious musculature truly Bernadette?

The orange-haired girl let a sigh and dropped her pose, literally deflating as she did so. She reached out for her book and stared at it for a few seconds. They had agreed to share the thing, so each could familiarize itself with its power and how to use it. The magic was oddly instinctive, able to use the energy from the book through their bodies like a battery. Always needing a 'recharge' at some point to keep doing more, as Jaylin had disclosed in the days since she last held the book.

It would be so easy to use this thing and just... change everything.

For now, Bernadette opted for restraint, returning her body to normal, fixing her clothes and her room like nothing had ever happened.

If anything, one of the *best* uses of the book in her mind was cleaning the house with the snap of one's fingers.

Putting the image of her muscular girlfriend away, before she fell to temptation after all, she decided to try to paint something different. Like a landscape, perhaps.

She'd have plenty of time to make something until her shift later tonight.

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It was later in the night that her shift at the coffee shop started. Usually, she wouldn't be working so late, but she owed one of her coworkers a favor from the last time they covered her shift, so she now had to pull double. It fell to her alone to look after the coffee shop tonight and close it.

A bit was quite a lot of work. Taking stock of the sales, cleaning up the tables, preparing the drinks, and such. But thankfully, things calmed down after a while, and now, in the last hour of the shift, the place was quiet and vacant. It gave her plenty of room to relax for a while and finish the last things on the to-do list before closing.

Part of her was tempted to use the book and do all the chores with a bit of magic, knowing everything could be cleaned and fixed with just a flick of her will. Bernie told herself she brought the book just for safekeeping, but... she'd be lying if she said it wasn't also an insurance. You never knew if something bad was going to happen. An accident, a burglary, you never know. But Bernadette knew that was only partly the reason why.

The book was a constant reminder of what she *could* have had. All the things she could do with a wave of her hand. A very tempting thing to have power at her fingertips and do away with the shackles of her timid and passive self. And that was a huge reason as to why she carried it with her. Just *knowing* she could go from the meek Bernie to the amazonian Bernadette so fast was... comforting. Empowering.

As she cleaned up a window, Bernie caught sight of her faint reflection. The black shirt with the company logo stood out the most. What the reflection didn't show was the rest of her ensemble, like the jeans and the green converse sneakers. An attire that was neither ugly nor flattering... but one that would be so *very* fun to grow out of.

Bernadette huffed to herself and scrubbed the rag against the glass a bit rougher than she needed to, as if she could scrub herself clean of these thoughts. Was the book changing her too much? Was it the damn thing that had this effect on her? Or was it revealing who she truly was inside? No answer was particularly comforting.

The doorbell rang, putting a halt to her thoughts, as she turned around to see the potential client. She forced a smile onto her face to mask her inner turmoil; "Welcome to-" And her expression changed to a more sincere grin as she saw who it was that came through. "Oh, Kath, hi!"

Large red thick-rimmed glasses reflected the light for a moment as her friend waved at her with a small smile. "Hi," Katherine, Kath to her friends, always stood out because of her taller-than-average height when compared to her other friends. Her long brow locks combined with her height always made her easy to spot. Her figure was completely clad in a large sweater, under which lay a baggy polo and loose baggy pants, long enough to cover the upper portion of her worn brown sneakers.

The two shared a quick hug before Bernadette held her hands. "It's so good to see you! Feels we haven't met in forever!"

"Sorry, been rather busy lately." She said, her deep voice laced with an apologetic tone. "Work and all, you know how it is."

Bernadette snorted and went behind the counter. "Boy, you can say that again." She smiled once more. "What can I getcha?"

"Surprise me." She replied. "Just make it strong."

As Bernadette began working on a nice cappuccino for her, she noticed Kath setting down the black cylindrical tube on the closest table. Their shared love for art had been the thing that made the two friends in the first place, though Kath was always a perfectionist and highly self-critical of her job. As any great artist was, in Bernadette's opinion. Kath had taken her talents as a career path. Graphics design was her job, but she also engaged in painting, fashion design, and more on the side. While a reserved person by nature, once you touched the subjects she was *truly* passionate about, she could talk for hours on end.

"So, how are things?" She asked, picking up a bit of small talk.

"Things are good. Though... bit frustrating at times." Her brow furrowed angrily. "Some idiot at the art gallery thought we wouldn't notice he used AI for the paintings he 'made.'"

Bernadette hissed. "Always that crowd, huh?"

"It's insulting." Kath huffed in annoyance. "Sometimes I want to take this thing and—" She patted her tube for a moment before sighing, reigning in her temper. "Nevermind." She looked back at her friend and the coffee she was making. "What are you up to lately?"

"Oh, you know," She deflected the subject. "Couldn't just come out and admit what had been happening in her life. "This and that."

"Thought where to go now that you graduated?" Kath asked. "Your art history would go well in a museum."

"I know, I'm just not sure if that's where I want to work," Bernie admitted, placing the steaming coffee cup on a small plate, and handed it to her friend. "I'm still testing the waters, see what I want to do?"

"Can't be working here for the rest of her life." Kath shrugged, taking a sip of her coffee.

Now, Kath was a nice lady, but... well, she could be direct about her opinions. At least she was honest.

“So, what brings you here at this hour?”

Kath set the cup down with a hesitant expression. “I’m meeting Rina tonight.” She said, not quite meeting Bernadette’s gaze. “She should be out of work now.”

Rina was someone Bernadette wasn’t familiar with. No one from their circle of friends was, with the exception of Kath. Bernie was sure she’d only met her once or twice. Though it was fair to say, at least from Bernadette’s point of view, Rina seemed a bit... *much*. Very outgoing, very talkative, *loved* to gossip. Even if she had just met you for less than ten minutes.

It’s not that Bernadette disliked spending time with her; she seemed very nice. It’s just that Rina had far too much energy for her to keep up.

Though she could tell Kath felt so... but that was outweighed by a certain *fondness* she had for Rina. Bernie knew that look very well, that of a lovestruck fool in need of help. And from the way Kath kept looking at the watch on the wall, shifting impatiently, Bernadette figured this was meant to be an important meeting.

“Is everything okay?” She asked cautiously.

Kath’s mouth opened and closed a few times before she blurted out. “I’m going to ask Rina out.”

Bernie blinked a few times. “Oh,” Then later exclaimed as the full weight of her words landed. “Ohhh!” She wrangled her fingers as she delicately said, “Does... Rina even like girls?” She didn’t know enough about her.

“She’s... always talked about dating guys before. I don’t know, guess I’ll see if she does when I ask her.” Kath shrugged. “If she doesn’t, maybe she’ll be curious; if not, maybe I can convince her to give me a chance. You know, all pathetic-like.”

“Oh, honey.”

"I just... need to see this through," Kath admitted with a display of vulnerability. "I like her, I want to know if I have a shot. If not, I'll just... carry on like always. Not that I can do much." She sighed to herself. "Had to get a crush for the girl who's only ever looked at boys. Couldn't even drop a hint that might be like the rest of us..."

Bernadette tilted her head quizzically at that, brows furrowing in thought as the epiphany dawned on her. "Huh, you know I never realized how many people I know are bisexual."

As she got lost in that little moment of realization, the main door opened with a loud jingle of the bell. "Woooof, what a day!" Taking off her jacket the moment she entered the coffee shop, was a medium-height girl (if slightly on the shorter side), with long dark hair and blue eyes. Her outfit showed she worked in an office, given the blue blouse and skirt, along with the black stockings and heels. All professional and proper. "I swear, that Bella is *such* a hardass. Thinks herself the boss, wouldn't let me go until I finished a meager report that could wait till Monday!"

Well, here came the human storm of endless verbosity that was Rina.

"Hi Kath, sorry to keep you waiting, you know how it is!" She tiptoed to give Kath a kiss on each cheek, which had the tall woman flustering, not that Rina realized as she soon did the same with Bernadette. "Bernie! So glad to see you! How you doin', girl?"

"Oh, I'm--"

"Ugh! They got you working late, too? Bosses are the same everywhere." She shook her head in sympathy. "I'll take an iced tea, with milk and mint," She gave her order in quick succession while dropping a really nice tip in the tip jar. And then dragged Kath to sit on the nearest table.

"Thank you?" Bernadette said, more confused than anything, as she looked at the bill and began preparing her drink.

"So, what's up, girl?" Rina put her jacket on the chair and leaned with her fingers intertwined. "You said you wanted to ask me something important?"

"Ah, yes." Kath steeled herself, and Bernie deliberately slowed down her work as not to interrupt them. "I... There is someone I like, someone I wanted to ask out for a long while."

Rina's eyes lit up, no doubt eagerly wanting the deets. "And I don't know if they'd... like me back?"

"Giiiiirl, what's not to like about you?!" Rina replied excitedly, making her blush. "You got this cute bookworm thing going. And your height? A lot of guys go for tall girls!"

"Well, it's not really a guy that-"

"Ohhh, is not picking up the hints? Kath, you gotta be more direct with folks like that."

"I'm *trying*," She hissed through clenched teeth, blowing out her frustration.

"Ugh, he's *that* dense, isn't he? Yeah, finding a good guy is more trouble than it's worth sometimes. I would know, I keep trying to find some nice hunk with meat on their bones, but I just keep seeing these noodle-limbed dudes everywhere, like everyone's on a vegan diet of all sudden!" She huffed, leaning back on her chair. "What's up with that?! Where did all the buff guys go?! I wanna meet some *beast* who goes '*grrrr*' in the gym!" A saucy grin formed on her lips. "Oh yeah, now that's what mama likes."

"I..." Kath's confidence seemed to drop by the second, the more Rina kept fawning over men. It was *painful* to watch, and Bernie got secondhand embarrassment.

Rina was not giving her a *second* to continue. At this rate, she'd spend the whole night talking herself.

Bernadette sighed to herself. It reminded her of the time she was too shy to ask Madison out, get the courage to tell her the important things. Until...

Her eyes widened. Of course! The book!

It could do anything after all. Just needed some focus...

Dropping behind the counter with neither woman noticing, Bernadette pulled out the book and discreetly peered over. She ran her finger over the gem, feeling the tingles of magic course over her skin.

“Give Kath the strength you gave me to confess.” She whispered, and the gem came alive, shining brightly before a beam of light traveled from it to her friend.

Kath gave a sharp gasp, stiffening in place.

There! Now she’d have the strength to cut in and confess!

The... The strength to...

Wait, what did she say? Bernadette slowly realized with mounting horror. Did she just say ‘Give Kath the strength you gave ME?’ Like *that night*?

Oh... Maybe, maybe she was just overthinking. Maybe it wouldn’t go like-

Kath groaned, arching forward in her seat as her fists clenched over the table, her entire form shuddered... and slowly looked like she was *growing*.

Oh dear.