

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

The aftermath of these events was always hard to put into words, as Madison came to discover. For the most part, you are a regular person going about your day-to-day life, worrying about work, your hobbies, your finances, trying to carry on like usual. And then suddenly you were a new person, a new human- no, something *beyond* human with powers far above that of mere mortal ken. A surge of energy filled you up, swelling inside you, transforming you. Your body changed along with you, and your head was filled with all these thoughts, these potent emotions you had no chance of controlling.

How do you even go back to normal after such an event? Something that would become the talk of the town because there was simply no possible way to keep those things a secret?

Well, through the same way those impossible things happened in the first place. The book was the start and the end point of those moments. That marvelous artifact became a strange factor in their lives on account of how much it had changed them, and how things just kept on going like usual.

Maybe it was because the book gave them the chance to go on like normal. Like... nothing ever happened in the first place. Fixing up the damages, altering memories (God, she was really starting to see the grey area there), it was the perfect reset button.

Knowing that the button existed allowed them to act out their passions without fear, without restraint. There was nothing but the sheer power the book granted them, and the freedom to be... someone else, Madison realized with a dawning epiphany.

The book was a door into a whole different world, and once they stepped through the threshold, they became different people. It was like the ultimate cosplay, where you could fully become a new character, a new person, and live out an adventure of the likes you never imagined before.

At first, it was like a dream come true; she imagined all the things she could do with this magical artifact. The fantasies she could live out. The many desires and kinks that awakened the moment she first saw Bernie become an amazon. Then the moment she herself grew into one.

The whole world was at her fingertips; she could have it all.

And like a switch flipping in her head, she felt all her inhibitions come loose. All her morals and restraints and social conditioning were thrown out the window. Upon her transformation, her heart and mind were filled with unbridled desires.

When you have ultimate freedom, you find yourself without control.

It was with those heavy thoughts that Madison stared at the ceiling with a lost gaze. She had her hands joined over her stomach, twiddling her thumbs as the train of thought kept going without end.

The source of conflict was what happened with Carlotta. How she had transformed into an amazon in her friend's gym, proceeded to make a mess of things, and Carlotta was forced to use the book's power to bring her under control.

Her friend had always been an attractive woman with her fitness-worthy physique, so of course things had further escalated to the two having passionate, fierce, and wondrous sex right then and there. After she gave Bernadette so much grief for her episode in the coffee shop, how much anger she felt toward her for the perceived infidelity, discarding her girlfriend's warnings about the book changing you and letting your emotions run free and out of control.

*She was right*, Madison dimly thought as she let out a sigh, her frustrations expelling out of her body with the rise and fall of her chest. Yet they still managed to find their way back in; the shame she felt anchored them tightly. *She was right about everything. The book changes us, and there is nothing we can do about it because we're not in control.*

Right now, the floor seemed like a good place to rest. She was tired, not physically (the book made sure of that), but emotionally. She just didn't have the strength to get up and face her actions.

She heard the clanking of weights, and idly turned her gaze to see Carlotta lifting a full deadlift bar with just one arm. "Hooooooly crap..." Her muscular friend had returned to her 'standard' build (which was still bodybuilder-worthy), but indulged herself in the feats of superhuman strength she was now capable of. "This is so cool"

"Yup," Madison blew off bang from her forehead. "Just one of the things you can do."

“So like,” Carlotta turned to look at her, her violet eyes twinkling with excitement. “This is just pure magic, right? We can do whatever. If I wanna glow with a battle aura and fly, I can do that”

“Yeah, I did that the other day for fun.” She mused. “It was fun.” She had masturbated during it too...

“I’m still having a hard time wrapping my head around all this. You girls stumbled into the motherload of all miracles. Whatever this book is,” She pointed at the tome on the floor next to Madison. “Whoever made it clearly had the right idea.”

“Maybe someone who wanted women to be strong.” *Clearly* it had not reached circulation given the course history took. “I haven’t really looked much into it. There is nothing that can really pinpoint its origins.”

Carlotta casually dropped the weight with a heavy thud and walked closer to Madison. At this point, she wasn’t even affected by the fact they were still naked. “Well, it basically gives you the power to do anything, but it seems focused on empowering people. If it can just give us magic powers...” She waved her hands around, going on instinct about how to summon the energy the book granted her.

“You imagine it, you focus, and you take the magic in you basically... rewrite physics in a localized area,” Madison explained. “That way, you can *change* the world however you want.”

Carlotta closed her eyes and followed her friend’s advice; Madison could see the gears turning in her head as she gathered the power dwelling in her body and soul, using it to make reality itself moldable like clay.

A brief glare of magic glowed in her hands, and suddenly her clothes were intact once more. Madison felt the familiar weight of her clothes back on her, realizing Carlotta had fixed hers too. “Thank you.”

She looked at her hands excitedly. “Man, I could get used to this!”

Madison’s lips thinned as the shame and guilt returned. “You shouldn’t.” She finally sat up on the floor. “I told you how this damn book changes us during the transformation, Carlotta. Fuck, you *experienced* it. The lack of control, the damn lust taking over you!” She slammed a fist on the floor, and by some miracle didn’t crack it. Good, she still had some restraint. “I told you

how I blamed Bernie, and now I just proved she was right! I put this... wedge between us for nothing!"

"Look, I'm not gonna get involved between the two of you," Carlotta said, holding up her hands placatingly before sitting next to her. "You're my friend, and what we did... I won't lie, it was pretty fucking awesome, and I'd do it again. But I know that's the last thing you want to hear right now."

Madison hummed, bringing her legs closer to her chest and hugging her knees.

"Bernie was right, this book changes us into something different. But... is it really a bad thing?" She tentatively proposed, knowing it was a sensitive subject for her right now. "Maybe I'm biased, but all my life I grew up with people telling me not to work out so much, that it'd make me ugly." She gagged and spat at the word. "Like they had any right to tell me the type of woman I should be. I *know* who I am and what I want, and this book right here? It just opened... so many doors for me." She placed a comforting hand on Madison's shoulder. "And it can do so for you two."

"What if it comes at a price?" She asked with fear. "What if we're just ramping up debt and once the bill arrives...?" She was grasping at straws, really; she just wanted to find a reason to stop, to prove she wasn't the kind of woman this book turned her or Bernadette into.

...Because in truth, the scariest part of it all was that she *wanted* to be.

And she still didn't know if it was a bad thing or not, to live so free yet so consumed by desires. When was it too much? When was it fine to indulge?

She just didn't know.

The blonde let out a heavy sigh and ran a hand from her chin to her locks. "I gotta talk to Bernie," Madison muttered. "Tell her what happened and apologize."

"I know you two can make it work." Carlotta offered a sincere smile. "You're the best couple I know; I was rooting for you two to hook up long before Jaylin did."

Maddie couldn't help it; she snorted. "What a weird thing to say, to the girl you just fucked."

Carlotta raised a brow. "Didn't you two fuck Jaylin in my gym the other day?"

"...*Fucking book.*" She grumbled, and the bodybuilder laughed, slapping her back.

"If you want, I could keep it here." Carlotta offered with a somewhat eager grin.

"If I did, I think by the end of the day everyone in the country would be bowing to their new ruler, the Muscle Queen."

"The thought may have crossed my mind." Carlotta shrugged. "I do have a lot of fantasies I want to fulfill now. Namely hulking out and having a lot of oil rubbed around me. Dominate a few small guys..." She licked her lips in anticipation of all the debauchery she could unleash.

Madison's heart skipped a beat. "Please stop before you make me horny."

"Right, sorry, sorry." Carlotta laughed again. She stood up and easily hoisted her up as well. "Now, stop being so hard on yourself. Okay? It'll be alright."

"Yeah, once I talk with Bernie we can--"

"I feel I should remind you," The bodybuilder interrupted. "That you still have work today. So better take care of that before running off to your boo."

"Crap, that's right!" She slapped her forehead. "Ugh! I'm gonna have this in my mind all day at work." Which she definitely did not need...

"Can you call in sick or something?"

"Three of our staff already are out with the flu, and we have just the one guy in the kitchen. No can do." Madison explained, sagging her shoulders with a sigh. "Just gonna have to ride it out."

And pray there wasn't another 'incident' today.