

(**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.

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Madison did not consider herself a prude or shy, far from it, given she loved doing cosplay. But when it came to her job... that was a different story. Whenever she put on her uniform, it was like she was stepping into a role she wasn't fully comfortable with.

Now, being a waitress was a good profession. It's just that the uniforms were designed for people to ogle her. She would never shame any worker for trying to put bread on the table; she just didn't want other people to see her like this.

Certainly not Bernadette. To this point, her girlfriend thought she was a waitress in a simple restaurant, not a Hooters-inspired joint. God, she didn't even want to think what her mother would say if she'd ever seen her working at a place like this. She'd never hear the end of it, and she wouldn't be able to look at her in the eye again.

Perhaps it was a bit hypocritical or paradoxical of her. Madison did cosplay to feel good about herself, to step into a role she admired and could play pretend. It gave her confidence to overcome the shyness and insecurity that came from working here. Though it could have been worse, at least they wore grey tights to accompany the red shorts and white adjusted t-shirts. And they could move in comfortable sneakers.

Though that didn't help with the feelings of exposure.

Ugh, she was starting to feel really ungrateful. Rika had been so very good to her, getting her this job in the first place. Her old friend had been part of Madison's cosplayer group along with Carlotta. Cosplaying was an expensive hobby, and Rika paid her well.

Though the temptation to not work at all was present, given how the book could pretty much do anything for her, including the best cosplaying outfits the world had ever seen.

But that way lay a lot of temptation. Madison would not become so entitled as to stop working. She wouldn't abuse the book in that manner; she had to preserve some dignity.

So she smiled as she served the customers, and went about her day until it was closing time. Most people had left already, with the exception of two *very* annoying men who just kept ordering more and more, constantly demanding refills on their beers.

They were *loud*. And made a bunch of inappropriate comments that didn't bear repeating. But they kept paying, so...

"Another order of fries," She told Stanley tiredly over the kitchen window.

The young man with shaggy brown hair looked at her behind his black-rimmed spectacles. His blue eyes were even more expressive when he wore that black facemask in the kitchen. "Jesus, how much are those guys gonna eat?" He muttered in frustration, his voice muffled behind the mask.

An explosive sigh came from a fellow waitress. She wore the same tantalizing uniform with the tight t-shirt that exposed her mid-rift a bit, long messy curls of auburn hair tossed as she scratched her head in frustration. Ruby eyes narrowed in annoyance. "I don't know, but if they ask for more beer I'm gonna scream," Kristen growled.

"Easy there," Mable, ever the pacifist, tried to keep her friend and coworker calm. "I know they're... a bit rough, but we can't lose our composure." She played with one of her blonde ponytails as she often did when nervous; her sole visible light blue eye shifted back and forth from the client's table to her colleagues.

"Yeah, well, they haven't made a comment about your tits at least five times tonight," Kristen said as she leaned over the counter with a heavy sigh.

Madison hummed to herself as she looked at the two men drinking like this was some dead-end bar. Slamming their jugs together and drinking to their hearts' content, jobbing their greasy hands into the fries, talking and laughing with their mouths full. One wore a leather jacket and had a hairstyle that screamed 'try hard'; he looked like the type of guy who spent an hour in front of the mirror to make sure his hair met obsessive and impossible standards of style, with one too many products used to get it the exact way he wanted.

The other was inked up, with tattoos that went up to the base of his neck. His arms were covered in flame and tribal tattoos. That one rubbed Madison the wrong way. There were four types of people who had that much ink: artists, mechanics, people who worked at a tattoo parlor, or the type who had done less than legal things in their lives.

Personally, she would have liked the two gone already. They were soon to close anyway. She thought of her backpack stashed in her locker, knowing that a quick use of the book could fix that problem. But she shut those thoughts down, not wanting to mess with someone's head just because they were rude, and she had her own hang-ups.

"If they are giving you trouble, I'll tell them to leave." Piped up Rika, their manager. She did not cut the most impressive figure with her short height (a fact she was most sensitive about, and anyone familiar with her knew better than to ever bring it up). But her red hair and bright green eyes were certainly very eye-catching. "We'll bag their fries to go."

"Got it," Stanley replied.

Well, they could always count on their boss to handle things at least.

"Finally," Madison sighed in relief. "We all want to go home."

"Speak for yourself; I'm going dancing later," Kristen said before looking over the kitchen window. "What about you, Stanley? Any plans?"

"Well, I was gonna go over my new cookbook."

She rolled her eyes. "So even when you're not working, you're working, huh?"

"He's a great chef," Mable defended him with a rosy tint on her cheeks. "Because he does what he loves."

Stanley awkwardly cleared his throat.

Kristen got that look in her eyes when she schemed. "Maybe he can give you some cooking lessons. Would let you graduate from butter on toast every day for breakfast." She chuckled and called out. "How about it, Stan? Mind to keep her company tonight?"

Madison rolled her eyes. Of course she phrased it like that. Kristen always had to get involved when it came to Mable's crush on their chef. Well, the two certainly needed all the help they could get, with Mable's shyness and Stanley's general awkwardness with women and any other topic that didn't involve cooking.

"Well?" Kristen's grin was all teeth as she looked at Mable. "You're free tonight as well, aren't you?"

Mable looked like a deer on headlights, while Stanley was desperately trying to focus on his work.

"Last round," Rika said as she served the newly filled mugs of beer on a tray. "Then tell them we're closing."

"I'll get it!" Mable all but shouted before Kristen could grab the tray, and rushed toward the table in an effort to leave this conversation behind.

Madison got a bad feeling about it, and guessed Mable did too once she reached and her step faltered a bit, realizing she may have escaped an awkward moment by stepping into a worse situation.

"Y-Your drinks, sir." She placed the jugs on their table.

"Thank you kindly, little lady." The tattoo guy grinned at her. And Mable was afraid of reaching out to the table to grab the empty jugs.

"Why didn't pretty thing serve us before?" Try-hard said in a tone he must have thought was smooth. "You shy? Oh, we don't bite, sweetie."

"Unless you like that~."

Mable held the tray close to her chest. "Um," She swallowed. "W-We're gonna close now. So uh,"

"Close? Oh come on, it's barely 10." Try-hard gave her a sleezy look. "You're gonna hang us dry like that?"

"We ordered more fries." Tattoo guy insisted.

"Y-You can have them to go; we need to close..." She mumbled.

The two shared a look before grinning at her. "Tell you what. We'll go if you and that hottie who served us come with us to a party." Try-hard said. "It's gonna be great."

Oh no, Madison's feelings got even worse. Like a tingling on the back of her neck, making the hairs there stand on end. Her hand twitched, feeling she had to do something. She looked around for the best solution. Perhaps use a phone to call the cops, turn on the fire alarm, or grab the nearest thing she could and chuck it at their heads.

The option of growing large and putting them in their place was gaining traction in her mind.

No. Madison didn't need to do it. Things didn't need to escalate.

Mable's visible eye trembled with fear. "I... I don't really--"

"Come on," Try-hard reached out to grab her hand. "We'll show you gals a good time~."

"Ah...!" Mable stepped back.

And suddenly a bag of recently made fries landed on the table.

Stanley was suddenly there, much to their surprise, and Mable's. "Your order." He said, his voice firmer than Madison had ever heard before from him. "To go"

The threat was clear.

The two men didn't like that and stood up, cornering Stanley.

Mable instinctively walked away.

On the counter, Kristen swore. "Shit...!" While Rika pulled out a bat from under the counter.

"You think you can tell us what to do?" Tattoo guy hissed. "You? Some pansy-ass cook?"

Stanley's hands trembled for a moment before he balled them into fists. "Leave now. *Please.*"

“Oh, ‘please’ he says!” Try-hard laughed while glaring at him. “How about you take a dive before I slap your glasses off, *please?*” He mockingly said.

On the counter, Rika and Kristen tensed. Madison’s eyes widened in alarm. She had been too late, too indecisive, and now Stanly was going to pay for it just because he stood up for Mable. It wasn’t fair; he shouldn’t get hurt just because she had been too cowardly. Afraid of her own power, of the book’s influence.

The book... there was no other choice, Madison realized. She rushed to her locker to pull out her bag, quickly taking the book in fear of the situation turning ugly.

Madison was already acting on instinct, drawing the book’s power. Firmness, strength, skill, courage- all the things needed to stand up to a bully.

“Let the girls do what they want,” Tattoo guy said.

“They don’t want to go with creeps like you,” Stanley said bitinglly.

Try-hard’s smile dropped, and sighed. “And this was such a nice evening so far.”

The fist he threw was fast.

But Madison’s magic was faster...

Stanley caught the fist in his hand, much to the men’s surprise, and his own.

...as she channeled the power into Stanley.

“The fuck?!” Try-hard muttered in shock as he tried to pull his fist out, but Stanley’s grip was ironclad.

The mask in Stanley’s face hollowed and puffed out with his breathing as he stared in shock at the way he easily held the man’s fist in place. Madison was certain he felt the power of the book flow through him. She amped up his body beyond normal human levels, trying to give him all he could to stand up against these thugs.

Tattoo guy snapped out of his shock and struck; his fist was a blur as he hit Stanley across the face, making his head turn, and the glasses fall off his face... and then hissed, shaking his hand and groaning as though he had hit a wall of solid stone. Stanley merely looked back at the men, the open shock in his face still evident; he let go of Try-hard's hand, making the man stumble as he fell backwards against the table, before glaring at him with absolute anger and lashing out. He did not learn his partner's lesson as he hit Stanley square in the chest.

And his fist met solid muscle.

Underneath the shirt, pectorals swelled rapidly, straining the buttons as the fabric pulled in every direction. The man held his knuckles, his throat making an ugly sound as the pain spread to his hand. The muscles they had made contact with were like steel, a powerful alloy of woven sinew that created outstandingly hard groups of coiled flesh. His pecs weren't the only part of him that grew, however, as his trembling arm began expanding in girth as well. Tone etched into their surface, splitting the groups with ever-growing definition and mass. Biceps swelled, shoulders stretched the sleeves while his traps rose in volume. The way his torso widened added to the strong firmness of his expanding musculature, as though an artist's hand was molding him from clay into a fine specimen of male musculature.

Madison's hand, to be precise. She willed him to grow large and powerful, enough to intimidate these jerks. She watched with all the satisfaction of a painter watching their work come together as he rose a few inches in height, towering over the thugs. She took particular pleasure in the way their faces paled as they craned their heads to look up at the growing chef.

"W-What the fuck is this?!" Tattoo guy cried out in disbelief.

"Oh, my god..." Kristen muttered. Rika's jaw fell to the floor. And Mable covered her mouth with trembling hands.

Stanley had no answer to them, for he felt just as shocked. And he was too overwhelmed by the empowering sensation flooding through his body to form a proper answer. Instead, he issued a command, not a request, an order for these low-lives to follow.

"Leave..." He growled, the mask making him look even more intimidating as blue eyes glared at them beneath the messy locks of dark hair. "*Now!*" His voice came rougher and deeper; the muscles in his throat throbbed as the buttons around his collar and chest snapped, revealing the deep line of definition separating his pecs.

The two men scrambled like a pair of frightened chickens, smashing into each other and nearly tripping before struggling to escape through the door at the same time.

There was no celebration at this victory, no cheer to be heard, as the thugs were instantly forgotten and all eyes remained firmly on Stanley. Madison watched his form twitch, his muscles coil and flex on their own, and though she had stopped feeding the magic directly into him, *he would not stop growing.*

Crap. She realized he was not going to stop at all; his body had taken in too much. The way his pants tightened against his muscular legs revealed a notable bulge in his crotch... She knew the signs. There was no stopping what was to come.

Acting quickly, she used her magic to lock the door and darken the windows. Making the place appear empty and deserted for anyone outside.

"S-Stanley?" Mable muttered in astonishment and worry, looking upon her crush's form. The way his muscles throbbed, the veins jumping over the skin, it was... it made her body warm up considerably. "Are you okay?"

Stanley did not answer; he kept breathing heavily. His mask puffed repeatedly. He reached out with a shaking hand and pried it off his face, finding it hard to breathe. His chest rose and fell with such strength it kept making the buttons of his shirt fall off, revealing the rows of shredded abdominal muscles over his stomach.

"Hng!" He clenched his jaw, baring his teeth in effort as his muscles visibly kept inflating. "Urk!"

His pants tore open, reduced to strips as barrel-like quads exploded outward. Calves split the fabric down the middle as the muscles widened past his shins. Socks unraveled into fine threads as his growing feet exploded out of his shoes. The belt cut into his expanding waist, holding on for dear life before the buckle ripped apart and the material split in half, yet he did not need it for his muscles kept the remnants of his pants skintight.

His back widened monstrously. The previously lanky landscape evolved into a mountain range filled with peaks and ravines of magnificently strained meat. Dorsal muscles coiled and split into multiple groups with long curved lines separating them. His arms thickened until they were as wide as a regular man's torso; Madison could say without a doubt no man had ever had biceps and triceps as big as those before. Veins throbbed to the surface like raging rivers, carrying hot blood from the depths of his manically beating heart to every corner of his body.

His pecs were *massive*. They were so thick they actually made his nipples point downward. His lats widened, marking a distinct separation between his upper body and his core. Every single inch of Stanley was supremely muscular and filled with vigorous energy, more than any professional bodybuilder, even bigger than those *beasts* who lived and breathed gym life and steroids. They looked flawless, perfect, so *manly*.

All the women there gulped at the side of the bulge in the remnants of his pants, looking more like tattered briefs, where a bulge throbbed pointedly. It surged and swelled, the head notably shaped and wet against the fabric until-

Ripppp!

It unraveled around the gloriously girthy pole that was Stanley's manhood. Madison felt her knees wobble at the sight of that imposing toll. Oh, what it'd feel like to have that amazing thing buried between her legs-

"Ah!" Stanley gasped, and driven by a manic lust that had pushed his body to the brink, he gave the ladies present the show of a lifetime. He grabbed the throbbing cock with both hands and began *pumping*. "Mmmmf!"

The skin rolled back, showing the leaking red head, flushed with heat and circulation. White dropped from the slit with each pump. His biceps bulged, and his chest rippled with each movement of his arms as every muscle worked in tandem to seek out the release he so desperately needed.

"S-Stanley..." Mable trembled with desire; her nipples hardened under her shirt.

Rika panted, nails scraping over the counter.

"Umf!" Kristen bit her lip so hard it almost bled, boldly rubbing herself over the clothes.

Madison licked her lips, watching her masterwork. It was like she brought a character from those sword and sorcery books come to life. A demigod, a pinnacle of strength and an icon of virility, showing the fair maidens how well he handled his *sword*.

Stanley growled, a deep sound rumbling from the depths of his chest as his balls tightened up. The pleasure built in the base of his stomach and traversed downward. "Hnnng!" He grunted through clenched teeth, feeling the tidal wave of pleasure approach. "Ack!" It shot up his shaft, making him throw his head back and let out a guttural roar of ecstasy. "Ahhhhhhh!"

Stanley came. He shot ropes and ropes of hot semen, trailing in the air. He sputtered in bursts as his orgasm ruthlessly assailed every fiber of his body, his godlike physique filling him with supreme potency and virility, letting him cum more than what was humanly possible. He grunted as he blew a total of three loads, dripping down his cock like a leaky faucet.

In the end, they all watched in astonishment and lust at the hunk, who stood there with his cock in his hands, his immense chest rising and falling with deep breaths. He had masturbated so furiously, and so thoroughly, he should have been spent... yet he still remained hard.