

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

The empire loved to present an image of strength; propaganda centers were constantly enforcing the belief that they were this colossal edifice of efficiency and power. That their reach was vast, their riches vaster, that the galaxy was under their complete and absolute control. There were no cracks in their flawless system, no faulty gear in their well-oiled machine.

Ever since joining the rebels, Ezra began to know better.

Hera had taught him that the empire's size was its biggest weakness. It allowed the rebellion to operate in the shadows within the imperial machine, infiltrating at a very great risk to their lives to steal information and sabotage the empire from within. Try as they might, the Imperial Security Bureau could not keep an eye on everything. The rebellion might not have the military might to stand in an open battle against the empire yet, but they had the expertise and tenacity to sneak into the belly of the beast.

There was plenty of corruption at multiple levels of imperial bureaucracy, lots of embezzlement, lots of people who looked the other way when you slipped a credit chip on their palms. The 'national pride and devotion' the empire tried to drill into its citizens only went as far as someone's own interests were involved. It's how the rebels often managed to get their intelligence and conduct their sabotage operations. Find the chinks in the empire's armor.

The empire's greatest military asset was its large fleet of frigates, corvettes, and dreadnoughts. The Star Destroyer was essentially the symbol of imperial strength along with their legions of stormtroopers. Though Ezra wasn't so sure about the latter. Not to discount the bucketheads; they were a threat in numbers, but Ezra had fought them long enough to understand where the empire cut corners. Their plastoid armor, in theory an improved version of the armor the clones wore back in the day, but mass production like that meant poorer quality. The same went with their blasters; the mass-produced model could be very inaccurate due to its faulty calibration. Caleb always said the modern stormtrooper recruit lacked the sheer training and tactical acumen of the clone troopers.

Their numbers and armored support made up for their overall quality. Only the more accomplished and specialized troopers would be given better gear and training. But recent intel showed the empire was aware that their grand forces were lacking, and began taking *steps*.

Ezra looked through the ventilation grille at the group of scientists going over their projects; holographic data displayed a DNA strand undergoing some kind of... mutation when introduced to an unknown agent. He frowned, his mind racing as he tried to figure out what they were doing.

"Almost time," Sabine's filtered voice came through her helmet as she crouched behind him on the ventilation shaft, looking at her wrist. "The team should be making a mess right about... now."

As if on cue, there was a shudder going through the base, and the distant sound of explosions reached them. Ezra grinned as the scientists all ceased their work, looking around in fright as exclamations rang out.

"What's going on?!" One panicked while another reached out to the communication console.

"Security, what's happening?!"

"Explosions have been detected near the hangar base! Suspected rebel presence! Doctor Trevou, take your team to the panic room until we know what's going on!"

"But our research-!"

"You can retrieve it later, now move it! That's an order!"

The scientist growled, throwing his head in frustration and impotence as he waved at his team to follow him. "We'll secure the data later, go go go go!"

The scientists all hurried outside the room. The automatic doors closed behind them as holographic interfaces came to life, the red symbols indicating a complete lockdown, keeping anyone from getting inside.

Good thing they already were inside.

His lightsaber snapped into life, cutting through the ventilation shaft like a hot knife through butter. Ezra cut a large enough hole through the material and pushed it out with the Force,

keeping it floating in the air as Sabine did her job. She tapped a few buttons into the underside of her wrist armor, "Scrambling their sensors now."

She peeked out from the hole Ezra made; her helmet scanned through the corners of the room before aiming her right arm and firing tiny projectiles at several targets. "Cameras are out. Move it."

He let the piece of metal fall to the floor, and the two landed with a dual heavy thud, scanning around the room. The chamber was brightly lit with white surfaces everywhere, giving it a very clinical look; the whole place smelled of disinfectant; they clearly kept this place very clean to avoid any contamination. There were multiple chemistry sets and machines whose purpose eluded him, but what truly caught his attention was the four-foot-tall cylindrical container suspended in the air inside a force field.

"Think that's what we're looking for?"

"Bet you my left blaster it is," Sabine said, taking off her helmet and placing it on the nearest table. "Is that... bacta?"

"Doesn't look like any bacta I've seen," He shrugged.

"Intel said the empire was working on a secret project to enhance their ground troopers." She muttered, going over to one of the computers and going through the data logs. "I thought this place would be a testing facility for weapons and armor, but this research..." She narrowed her eyes. "It's all biochemistry."

"What, like gene-editing?" That sort of thing was expensive. Not the type of process anybody could pay for. And it required plenty of time and resources.

She hummed as she kept reading. "Sort of, it seems they're working on a mutagen that can improve the physical capabilities of baseline human and humanoid species."

So it WAS a mutagen what those holographic projections showed. That sort of thing was *dangerous*. It lacked the dedicated process and finesse gene-editing required. "Stars, I don't want to imagine what their test subjects went through."

“They’ve been testing it on flash-cloned flesh so far, and... Oh damn,” Her eyes widened.
“They’ve been making a lot of progress too.”

“What do we do?”

“Well, first I’m taking the data here and wiping their records. Then we’ll take that vat with us.”

“Okay... how do we do that? That thing looks heavy.”

“Well, you’ve got the Force; carry it on the way.” She shrugged as she kept typing on the computer.

Ezra did a double take. “All the way?!” She *had* to be kidding. He wasn’t sure he could keep focus enough to carry that thing all the way to their ship, much less if they ran into any resistance!

“Until we meet up with Zeb and the others, then he can carry it.” She added. “Heads up, I’m dropping the containment field right about-”

Ezra panicked, waving his arms around. “Wait wait wait!”

“-now”

And with a final push of a button, the force field came down, along with the vat of green liquid.

Ezra yelped, reaching out with his senses as fast as he possibly could, pulling on the Force to catch the vat right before it could hit the ground. His teeth clenched as a hiss escaped through them, feeling his forehead starting to sweat as he saw the smallest inch of distance between the container and the floor.

“Ohhhhhh, Force help me...” He muttered, as much of a swear as he was begging the Force not to fail him as he carried the container with some struggle. He still sent a glare in Sabine’s direction, who merely smirked like nothing was wrong. “You did it on purpose.”

“Nah, knew you could handle it.” He patted him on the shoulder before deleting the logs. “Just one more sec, gonna clean this and open the security locks on the lab.”

“Couldn’t you have done that before I picked up this thing?!”

“Just put it on the ground for a moment, jeez!”

Ezra said and carefully did so. The container looked like it was made from thick glass with two metallic lids on each end, so maybe he didn’t need to worry about keeping the whole thing intact. These scientists wouldn’t make such an important and expensive compound and store it in cheap glass. This thing most likely could take a hit or two.

With that in mind, he loosened his grip on the Force around the container, and gently put it do-

A tiny beep sounded off at his feet, along with the sudden collision of *something* against his boot.

Ezra yelped, his instincts warning him that it could be a trap in the room that suddenly came online. Or a security drone emerging from the floor. Or a tracking mine!

His control slipped, and he raised his hands; the container went *flying* to the ceiling with extreme force and velocity. The impact was loud; the sound of shattering glass filled the room, along with liquid falling upon them like a sudden downpour. Ezra and Sabine raised their arms and lowered their heads to shield themselves from the falling broken glass pieces, which bounced off their clothes and armor.

The same could not be said of the compound; it stuck to their hair and clothes, coating them from head to toe in a substance that was a bit thicker than water and possessed a strong smell. Not a bad one, but it wasn’t necessarily a good one either.

“Ugh!” Sabine groaned in disgust, holding her arms to the sides while hunching over; her form dripped with the compound. “What the hell?!”

“Sorry!” He apologized, shaking his limb in a futile attempt to get the substance off him. “Something startled me!” He pointed at the floor to the offender.

Which he now noticed was a tiny, blocky bot on wheels.

“That?!” Sabine screeched incredulously. “That’s a mouse droid!”

The tiny robot on wheels beeped and drove away.

“Thought it was a bomb or something...”

“It does *maintenance!*”

Well, now he felt like a dumbass.

Though it wasn’t as bad as the gross feeling that came with wet sticky clothes. Ugh, his jacket would need a good cleaning later.

“...Crap,” Sabine muttered, her voice panicked and frightened. Which made *him* feel panicked and frightened as she scrambled to the computer screen, trying to go over the files she hadn’t deleted yet. “Crap!”

“What’s wrong?”

She typed away furiously. “We’re *bathed* in this stuff! It’s a damn mutagen! How long do you think it’s gonna take before it starts working!”

“F-From exposure?!” He gaped. “We didn’t drink it or anything!”

“It’s still in the trial phases! This thing can be absorbed through the skin, and we don’t know if it’ll have any harmful side effects on us!”

Ezra gulped, feeling a bit dizzy all of a sudden.

Sabine began panting, though it wasn’t from fear. No, she was feeling winded for no particular reason, the heat in her body rising, which raised all sorts of alarms in her mind. “Oh

Mandalore, it's..." She paused, her body shuddering. She held onto the sides of the computer panel to remain steady.

"S-Sabine?" Ezra muttered, feeling his body getting heavy.

"It's..." She clenched her teeth, every word feeling like it took monumental effort, "it's fast, *very fast!*"

Ezra couldn't get another word in when he felt his body change.

It was a very sudden and overt sensation, like brushing your fingers against a hot stove. A hundred small needles piercing through his skin and into his muscles. Ezra grunted as he stumbled, feeling the flesh palpitate. There was so much straining, like his body was tensing and locking up all at once. His clothes felt tight, brushing against his flesh as it swelled. Lean yet toned muscles inflated with greater mass, pushing his body to the highest limits.

Sabine let out a long muffled groan, holding to the computer terminal for balance. Her body broadened, arms and legs swelled with muscle, bulging with rapid gains, struggling against the bodysuit. The pieces of armor were so damn tight it hurt; the clasps battled against her triceps and biceps, cuffing her limbs with severe strain. Though even with the pain, there was an undeniable thrill that came with it. It was like a rush of endorphins and adrenaline, filling her body with power as she felt her veins course with outstanding energy. The clasps around her biceps ripped, revealing the large mounds of flesh expanding under the bodysuit. Armor plates kept falling as the clasps were torn one after another.

Ezra heard and felt his jacket tear, first at the back, splitting down the middle of his outstandingly expensive dorsal muscles. Then an opening in the chest, showing sweltering toned pecs. The sensations were intoxicating; he felt more alive than ever before. An experimental flex of his bicep regaled him with a peak pushing through the fabric of his sleeve. A toned, optimally built muscle that carried immense power underneath.

Sabine knew she shouldn't be enjoying this, but the Mandalorian pride, the spirited flame she wore at her sleeve, felt elated with her body's growth. Mandalorians were warriors, proud ones at that; their training and physique reflected their dedication and skill. She often teased Ezra of his own slim physique when, in truth, she was not much better off, with her limbs being particularly stick-like and her torso too lithe, no matter how much she worked out.

But *this?! Ohhhh*, the way her muscles pulsed and pushed onward with uncontainable power. It felt absolutely incredible. She smiled crookedly the larger her body got, feeling even bigger than some Mandalorian she'd seen before. "O-Oh!" She let out a sharp gasp when her chest

plate came apart, revealing two *ample* breasts that struggled against the bodysuit, tearing a hole in between the powerful cleavage. "Yes!"

"Ah!" Ezra grunted, squeezing his eyes shut as his body gave one last pulse of growth before stopping. He panted, looking down at himself; his clothes were torn in several places, revealing patches of striated skin and corded muscle groups. "Oh wow..."

"Oh wow indeed," Sabine panted, letting go of the terminal and noticing the indentations left by her fingers. "This feels amazing!" She growled with pleasure as she flexed her arms, making a few tears form over the bodysuit's sleeves. "We just hit the jackpot. These imperials were sitting on a goldmine, and now it's ours!"

"A-Are you sure this is okay?" Ezra muttered, trying to keep a level head. Doing extra effort to focus on the matter at hand instead of how amazing he felt. Or how *gorgeous* Sabine looked with such a densely-muscled body. "We just got mutated after all."

"I'd say improved." Sabine grinned, turning her body around and twisting to better show her muscles. Which was very easy with most of the armor plates having fallen off, leaving her only in her bodysuit, which nicely hugged her figure and highlighted the bulging muscle groups.