

(**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. "You don't look half bad for a skinny Jedi. Well, not so skinny anymore." She teased. "Thought maybe you'd get a bit bigger. I'm basically showing off her."

"Well, you're a Mandalorian." He argued with a grin. "You had a head start."

The two chuckled as they kept exploring their own bodies. Every flex invigorated the flesh to expand even more. The way the muscles striated and formed ravines while rising into hills of pure power, quivering with the intoxicating energy coursing through them, felt like a unique pleasure they never experienced before. The more they flexed, the bigger they grew, and the more their outfits gave up. They were basically rags holding on by threads and hope, revealing much more of their enormous physiques.

Sabine was *loving* this. She loved the way her flesh hardened with each flex, how muscle groups jumped at her command. Each fiber and ligament tensed like high-tension cable, combined into a weave of densely powerful muscles as hard as durasteel.

The adrenaline flowing from her throbbing veins made her feel unbeatable, like she could take on an entire squad of Stormtroopers with nothing but her fists. She really wanted to return to base and test out how much she could lift now with these new muscles of hers.

She looked at the terminal she had been using, specifically at the dents she left imprinted on it with nothing but her grip strength. An idea came to mind as her lips widened into a devilish grin.

Ezra watched as she squatted and gripped the machine from both sides. "Sabine, what-?"

His words died in his mouth as Sabine grunted, face twisting in concentration as her hold tightened. The sound of metal groaning filled the room. The terminal wasn't just a simple station; it was a large piece of equipment connected to multiple computers, around nine feet in length and ten in height. It should be impossible to move it without heavy equipment.

Yet before Ezra's eyes, Sabine was making it shudder.

The material bent and twisted, nuts flew, and sparks showered from inside the machine as cables snapped; Sabine slowly straightened up as she ripped the large terminal off the ground with a display of monstrous strength not even Zeb was capable of.

"HHHHGN!" Sabine let out a long groan of effort, squeezing her eyes shut as she lifted the enormous piece of equipment off the ground. Her body flexed imposingly, bulging in response to the challenge. Her imposing back split the bodysuit down the middle, revealing the sweaty skin over the coiling and rippling muscles. Her arms kept unraveling strips of her sleeves as the enormous pythons performed a feat of strength beyond any human. Her body grew and grew, becoming an impossibly huge and utterly enormous monument of female strength; the bodysuit looked more like weirdly-shaped dark webs wrapping around her body with how much the fabric had unraveled.

She lifted it over her head with a cry of victory and release, looking so amazingly beautiful and strong that it made Ezra blush, and his loins throb.

Sabine panted, grinning wildly as she held the machine over her head. Her mind swirled with a haze of lustful thoughts as she looked at Ezra's manhood rousing under his strained pants. "Don't think you need a lightsaber with a sword like that."

Her tease made him blush even more, and her (futile) attempt to cover the erection. "It's the damn serum, get off my back..."

"Oh? So you don't like my muscles?" She kept teasing him, wanting to bring a much stronger reaction out of her friend. "Or how, hgn!" She hurled the machine across the room, creating a

mess of broken parts and shattered glass. "Strong I got!" She flexed her arms to further emphasize.

Oh, how his chest broadened with each deep breath. There was strength there, even more strength, struggling to get out. And Sabine was all for it. But she wanted to see more. "Go ahead, big guy. Show me what you got."

Ezra was not one to back from a challenge, much less from one made by Sabine. Those enormous muscles compelled him to indulge her. Because in truth, he also wanted to test this strength, to feel what this body could achieve.

He reached out for a container of some kind; its purpose was irrelevant; it would serve his current needs. Ezra reached around it with his now longer and thicker arms, tightening around the material and making it groan from the pressure. His hand wrapped around his other wrist and *pulled*, his thick pectorals scraped against the container while pushing it inward from all sides. Ezra grunted in both effort and pleasure, feeling the fantastic sensation of his muscles hardening, growing, and crushing this thing as though his enormous physique was one living trash compactor. His back widened, his arms grew explosively, every inch of his body expanded with outstanding speed, rising higher and growing in width.

Sabine smiled voraciously at the sight of his muscles, of that arousing display of strength. Her loins simultaneously grew wet and were set aflame, "Yeah, that's it..." She murmured in satisfaction, her body pulsating and growing with pleasure.

Ezra almost growled in victory as the container was reduced to a broken, dented mess, letting it fall from his grasp, and at the dazzling sight of his ample pectorals, which only sped up her growth. Ezra panted; his erection was throbbing painfully as that outstanding member pointed in her direction. He marveled at the sight of that god-like physique, twisting and flexing seductively.

Reflexively, Ezra brought down his arms into a savage most muscular, *exploding* the remnants of his clothes with the monstrous volume of his upper body and the thickness of his legs, which stood as pillars of pure corded flesh. The only thing still intact on his person were the remnants of his pants, which looked more like a very tight speedo as his bulge intensified.

And it only grew harder as Sabine moaned, touching herself as she became fully naked. The sight was everything Ezra could have dreamt of in his wettest fantasies and more. "Ugh!" He grunted, thrusting his hips and letting his thick manhood burst forth, throbbing and dripping white at the tip.

The sight made Sabine's mouth water. It went beyond the throbbing manhood and all the potential for satisfaction it carried. Oh yes, she wanted a taste of Ezra's virility. But there was more to it than the size of his member or the volume of his muscles. There was a sort of primal power to him, an indescribable pull that ignited such a raw desire to touch every inch of him, and to have his rough, strong hands touch her body as well.

She watched as Ezra panted, his heaving made his upper body inflate and deflate, pushing out the shredded core of abdominals and making his pectorals expand and contract, making the definition tighten with each deep breath. His hands twitched at his sides; he had this adorable look of embarrassment as he stood fully naked in front of her, while he clearly wanted to take care of the rampant arousal he felt.

"No need to be shy, Ezra." Sabine teased, brandishing her own imposingly huge and enticingly naked figure, posing in a way that was both elegant and raw as she raised one arm to admire it while her other hand sensually trailed over her curvy toned frame. "We're in the same boat here." She winked at him.

"Sabine..." He muttered, and she loved the way he said her name. So raw and full of need.

Sabine walked up to him with a sensuous gait, breaching the personal space between them as she placed a hand on his chest and leaned forward, whispering hotly against his lips. "I like what I see, what I feel..." She muttered, enraptured by the hardness of his pectoral slabs. Her nail rasped against the ridges and lost itself in the valley between. "Do you like what *you* feel?"

She grabbed his hand and swiftly guided it over the curves of her muscular glutes, enjoying the way he shuddered against her. Sabine let out a soft gasp as she positioned the hand over her ample breast, urging him to squeeze it. Which he did; he no longer needed any coaxing or guidance. Ezra acted on his impulses just as she wanted, deliberately touching the pleasure zones like kneading the nipple under his palm.

"You're amazing," He muttered in full reverence, and his cock throbbed even harder, brushing against her hip.

Sabine could wait no longer; she angled herself to the side, pushing her breasts against Ezra's enormous chest muscles and smooshed the softness of her bosom against him. Her hand traveled down the rows of quivering abdominals and slowly wrapped her deft fingers around his length.

“Ugh!” Ezra squirmed in pleasure as the heat from her palm joined the pulsating throb of his dick. Sabine licked her lips and savored the tactile pleasure of such a virile instrument under her grasp.

Ever so slowly, she began pumping the phallus up and down, pulling the skin back to show the dark red heat. Ezra let out shuddering moans of delight as his hips reflexively moved back and forth, accompanying her movements. “S-Sabine!” He grunted almost deliriously as Sabine pumped him with great eagerness. Sabine was panting too, aroused by her actions and the feeling of their bodies in such intimate contact. She kept masturbating her best friend, guided by a lust that overcame her entirely; she memorized every detail of him, from the way his face twisted in agonizing pleasure to the way his muscles twitched and flexed with every wave of pleasure coursing through his body. There was such a primal spirit inside him, buried under the Jedi training and discipline. She wanted to bring it up, to make him go wild and unravel all inhibitions with her, on her, *in her*. She wanted to see the beast inside. And by her hand it’d come free.

Ezra could not believe it had come to this. He felt like a god, like his body could survive a meteor impact or orbital re-entry. Every flex of his muscles carried with them immense power and arousal, yet none of that compared to the feeling of Sabine, gloriously muscular Sabine, masturbating him.

He had fantasized about this in so many ways, in the privacy of his room or in the shower. Often involving Sabine, or Hera, or both. Yet now here he was, experiencing something that blew all his fantasies out of the water.

“Hnnng!” He grunted, feeling the pool of pleasure fill up so much it threatened to overflow. A familiar sensation settled down in the pits of his stomach and traveled down. He held on as much as he could, wanting to prolong the experience for as long as possible. Ezra felt his erection throb until he was rock hard and wouldn’t grow any harder. The veins along his shaft pulsed and deformed with each pull of Sabine’s masterful hand.

He could feel it now, like a tidal wave on the horizon, drawing closer and closer to the edge and making him see the world in flashes of light, like his brain was being scrambled by static. “Ahrrhg!” He growled gutturally as the last vestige of resistance broke, dripping white from the tip as the release was inevitable.

Ezra howled in pleasure, his eyes going wide as spurts of erotic release escaped him. Shift shaft twitched as he shot his load in the air, trailing arcs of semen before staining the floor.

Sabine watched and marveled at how much he had come. An impressive volume that signaled just how much virility there was in him. If his strength hadn't won her over before, then this vast evidence of how much his body flowed with virile potential sealed the deal.

Sabine *needed* him like she needed air to breathe. Her lower lips were absolutely damp with desire, flowing with thrilled delight as she teasingly rubbed the edges of her folds, imagining what it'd feel like to have that mighty weapon between them.

She whispered into his ear. "Is that all you have?" And flicked his earlobe with her tongue.

What happened next was hard to describe for both of them, given how much they had fallen into a frenzy. It made the world around them become a blur of movement and hazy colors. All they could feel was their bodies tumbling together over to the ground, their mouths crashing voraciously as their tongues wrestled each other in a battle for dominance as well as a lustful dance. Their hands eagerly reached out to touch and grasp the powerful muscles in each other's bodies, their fingers pressed so tightly they left a mark.

The moment Sabine's legs spread, Ezra dove in. There was no warning, no prior announcement of his intentions; he slid in with a thrust, welcomed by her hot entrance. She was so wet he could slide right in without friction. The young Jedi grunted in absolute pleasure as his cock was cushioned by the Mandalorian's inner walls, his hips thrusting back and forth repeatedly with tremendous speed and force, creating the sounds of wet meat smacking together.

Sabine threw her head back, gasping in joy and ecstasy as she felt his girth ravage her sex. She panted and cried out his name, which only helped to invigorate him. Ezra was fucking her like there was no tomorrow, claiming her in a way a Mandalorian would respect. She loved this savageness in him; the aspect she wanted to feel in its entirety was now filling her completely.

"Ahhhh!" Ezra cried out with a feral voice, the muscles in his throat rippling with the sound, as he slammed his hips one last time before exploding inside her. Sabine moaned climactic pleasure as she unraveled herself around him, spilling her essence and letting it mingle with the seed that flooded her.

He panted heavily, but Sabine gave him no respite. She reached out and grabbed his cheeks, making him stare directly into her eyes as she hissed like a kryat dragon jealously guarding her pearl. "You're *mine*."

Their lips crashed once more, and this time they switched places, with Sabine relentlessly riding his waist, bouncing up and down his length and thrusting out her chest muscles and breasts as she cried out with pleasure.

After the second climax, the two lovers collapsed in a heap of sweaty limbs tangled around each other, panting heavily with satisfied grins on their lips.

"Say..." Ezra pointed out. "Aren't we on a mission?" He asked, suddenly remembering they were here for a reason.

"Oh yeah," Sabine laughed as she turned around, resting the back of her head in Ezra's strong chest. "Gonna be fun to explain this."

"Gotta get back to work eventually," He said, a little disappointed at the fact.

"Yuuup," She popped the P at the end, keeping a lazy smile while her eyes glowed with devilish ideas. "But make no mistake, we're continuing this once we're back home, 'Little Jedi'"

Ezra smirked, tightening his hold on her. "Fine by me."