The galaxy wasn’t a safe place, even in the so-called centers of civilization. Kiva knew that very well.

And Nar Shaddaa? Everyone knew it was as far from safe as you could get. This planet-wide city was a bastion of scum and villainy, to the point that it had barely changed at all from here to the 31st century. A thousand years earlier and the cartels and crime syndicates still ruled this place, Kiva wagered that if she were to travel a thousand years more into the past then she’d still find Nar Shaddaa to exist in a perpetual state she could only call ‘crime in progress’.

She adjusted the cloak that covered her bright bodysuit. A red-haired humanoid would not call any attention on the streets, but her gear contrasted a lot with the dark shades and neon lights of Nar Shaddaa’s streets. She walked into an alleyway, passing by the many-tentacled street vendor offering some form of noodles made from something that could not be found on earth. Yet the smell reminded her of the Chinese Coop and Jamie would often get for take-out, so it brought a nostalgic feeling to her.

Her communicator beeped in her ear; she answered the call with a tap of her fingers. *‘Shows about to start. You there?’*

“Gonna be a bit late,” Kiva replied. “Got word of a drop off for Eclipse in the area, about to intercept”

Her partner’s reply was frantic. *‘Wait what? Kiva that wasn’t in the plan!’*

“It’s just a few thugs,” Kiva shrugged, “Nothing I can’t handle”

*‘You don’t know that Kiva, they might have enforcers with them. This is why we plan things in advance!’*

“I did plan it, I have the layout of the area along with the time and location” She clicked into her wrist bringing up a holographic display, she was close.

*‘Yeah, without me’*

“You’re busy with the show, this was a productive use of my time” Kiva explained, “Besides, long term it furthers our goal here”

A long-suffering sigh came from the other end. *‘Just be careful, okay?’*

She chuckled, “When am I not?”

*‘Oh boy let me start by the time we-‘*

And with that, Kiva ended the call. She grunted under her breath, oh like her partner was the soul of caution too. Hypocrisy of the highest caliber. “And yet somehow I’m the Coop here…?” She muttered.

The elite soldier reached her destination, one of the millions of dingy and unsafe alleyways in Nar Shaddaa, but this one held something important. Rather than waste time looking for it, she decided to let the Eclipse thugs do it for her. She looked over a few crates haphazardly stacked by the corner and then up to the open window of a rundown abandoned apartment. With great dexterity, she jumped up the crates and darted through the window with a perfect spin. The place was completely deserted, good.

Kiva positioned herself by the window and waited.

She enjoyed this part of the job. The parameters, the planning, the execution. A mission, the hunt. She felt… at ease when she had an objective. It was something she lacked back on Earth, she loved Coop and Jamie, she did, they were her best friends but… idleness did not suit her. Kiva felt she’d go stir crazy if had to sit around living that laissez-faire lifestyle of theirs.

She had to leave, she needed to do something, to keep on fighting in a galaxy she knew was unfair and full of danger. The Glorft were gone, and the future of Earth was secured, but they would not be the only evil to face between now and the next millennia.

Kiva just… felt she needed to do something.

That didn’t mean she didn’t miss them. She idly checked her wrist and brought up the latest message she got from Coop and Jamie, a picture of the two doing the devil horns atop Megas, sticking their tongues out, in the distant background she saw a concert of one of their beloved bands playing. The sight was enough to make her smile.

It would have been a lonely experience, but thank the stars she ended up meeting someone who shared her ideals and values. Someone who wanted to right the wrongs of an unjust galaxy, and live a little on the way.

Her musings were cut off as she heard voices. Quickly she hid behind the corner of the window and looked out, spotting three figures approaching.

“Boss said the drop’s here, right?” A scale-faced gordanian spoke in that rough voice of theirs. He was large and possessed a dense musculature as the rest of his species, Kiva prioritized that one to take down first.

“Right here,” The second one. Orion, green hair and green skin, medium build. She spotted a blaster holstered on his jacket.

The third member of the party shuffled. “You don’t think the boss will mind if I take a sample? Stars, the look of those gals, what I’d love to look like that…” Twi’lek, lithe build, purple-skinned. Honestly, she had all the signs of a rookie.

“Sure, if you want to take a tour through the waste disposal processor” The gordanian grunted with a cruel smirk.

“Eeek” The twi’lek let out a pitiful sound.

“Quiet you two,” The orion ordered as he knelt by the alley’s corner, removing a loose piece of metal from the floor to reveal a hole in the ground.

Kiva’s eyes narrowed as he pulled out a small container, twice the size of his hands.

“Here it is,” The orion said, turning to his companions. “Let’s get out of here”

Kiva leaped into action.

She jumped from the window, twirling in the air before landing feet first on the gordanian’s head. His species was tough, as evidenced by the fact he was stunned instead of instantly knocked out. The twi’lek shouted, and the orion swore.

“What the-?!” The orion fumbled to pull out his blaster, sloppy with the panic he felt at her entrance.

Kiva wasted no time in jumping from the gordanian’s head, letting his body stumbled backward, and slammed her fist directly across the orion’s jaw. He was down for the count an instant.

She landed and reached towards the container, but grunted as something tugged at her coat. The gordanian snapped out of his stunned state, now all he felt aside from the throbbing headache was pure fury. He snarled as his clawed fingers tore through her cloak as he pulled it tightly, ripping the material in the process.

Kiva dexterously slipped out of the cloak, rolling back regaining her balance, crouching on the ground with one hand to the floor. Her wild red locks swayed as she lifted her gaze, determined eyes narrowed at the gordanian who just threw the now useless cloak away and charged at her.

Kiva pulled out a cylindrical object from her waist with her free hand, and with a press of a button, it extended into a metallic staff. Another click and the ends were humming with kinetic energy building up.

The gordanian roared, swiping at her with his large clawed hands. Kiva deftly dodged his strikes, darting around him from side to side, spinning her staff around before landing a solid painful blow to his arm, the energy on the weapon causing more than enough damage to the strong gordanian musculature.

The large scaled alien grunted in pain, yet still tried to take her down, swiping widely and without purpose, other than to cut her to ribbons. But Kiva was faster, far more controlled, and trained, she saw right through his chaotic flailing and delivered precise strike after strike. Taking advantage of every opening and slamming her staff into his exposed weak points.

A swipe at the back of his leg and the gordanian stumbled forward, falling to one knee, leaving him open for one final spinning attack to the underside of his squared jaw, sending him flying away into a bunch of loose crates.

Kiva held her weapon at the last Eclipse thug, who merely let out a panicked ‘yeep!’ and held out her arms. Her panic gave way to fascination as she took in the looks of the woman in front of her. Looking fascinated by Kiva’s bright red hair, and the various tightly-packed and well-shaped muscles displayed by the form-fitting suit. Her cheeks blushed dark purple at the sight of those sizeable biceps and forearms coiling from the grip on her staff.

Kiva just stared at the young girl with a growing sense of pity. No fighting instincts, no weapons, no training. Just a dumb kid who joined with the wrong crowd.

“Go home, kid,” The redhead said, collapsing her weapon and pulling it away. “And rethink your life”

“Y-Yes!” The twi’lek stammered, slowly backing away before running off.

Kiva sighed, hopefully she’d take her advice. In moments like this, she wished she had her partner’s ‘magic hand’.

Stepping over the unconscious orion, Kiva reached into his jacket and pulled out the container. Opening it, she stared inside and grinned. To quote Coop; “Jackpot”

She pocked it inside a pouch on her belt and went on her way. She still had time to make it to Ahsoka’s show.

X~X~X~X~X

The sounds of bombastic techno music mixed with the cheers of the crowd in a loud cacophony. Laser lights flashed in thin streams above the varied patrons of the rather compacted club, not helped by the number of people attending the event, making it hard to navigate without bumping into someone every five seconds.

Kiva looked at the platform where all the stage lights were focused on, shining upon the figures that were driving the crowd wild as they expressed their jubilation in cheers, whistles, and other less-than-reputable choice of words.

What inspired such excitement? Such open desire? Well, the women on the stage of course.

There was a common theme among many species. Strength was alluring. Power and beauty could be as intricately tied as a star and its gravitational pull, and so many gravitated to the image of a woman whose strength was reflected in their body.

Powerful muscles, tone that had been marked to perfection, limbs that flexed with poise and grace akin to a primitive dance that embodied raw power and sensuality. These women displayed their beauty for their very appreciative audience with proud smirks on their lips. Bodybuilding was a popular craft in more worlds than just Earth, their little blue planet had not been the first one to invent it.

And so the stage hosted a variety of women from different species, showing their bodies in a masterful display. A blue-skinned asari held her wrist in a sexy side-chest as veins throbbed under her skin, a green twi’lek held up her arms with her fists rolling outwards to flare out her upper body as she smiled widely. A silver martian whose wonderful definition could be seen even with her dark-as-the-void skin. A golden-furred caitian with a wild mane of brown hair who was pretty much purring as she put her hands on her hips and flexed her legs.

Beauties all, and for a moment Kiva felt the intrusive thought of showing her own physique.

She too was a force to be reckoned with, her muscles tightly packed and toned upon a lithe figure that betrayed their full size once she had worked up a good pump. The results of a lifetime of military training and nonstop fighting. Kiva wasn’t a vain person, but she did have a competitive spirit, so she couldn’t deny part of her wanted to go up there and give it her all.

She shook those thoughts away; she wasn’t here to play or to indulge herself. She and her partner had a job to do. It just happened that Ahsoka enjoyed her role far more.

Kiva’s eyes settled on the final competitor. Orange skin of the most lovely shade, white and blue striped lekku, large blue eyes that carried the spark of an uncontainable free spirit, and a smirk full of pride and mirth. Dressed in a black bikini which showed every inch of her athletically muscular togruta frame.

Ahsoka twisted her body to show her dorsal muscles as she extended her arms to display the powerful striations of her triceps, before turning around fully and regaling the audience with the full view of her back and rear muscles.

Kiva smirked; her partner always had a way of expressing herself with her body in a few could. There was such raw emotion behind every pose, allure, and beauty in the way her muscles rippled and veins throbbed. And with just a grin she could make hearts flutter. As proven when she turned around, placing her fists on her hips, flaring her torso, and winking her way once she spotted her.

Kiva winked back, heh two could play at that game.

X~X~X~X~X

The competition was done, the winners had been decided, and of course, Ahsoka had been among them. Kiva walked backstage, passing by the fuming ladies who had not made the cut. The caitian was snarling, looking ready to cut everything around her to ribbons, while the martian kept her head high with dignified grace, though her clenched fist still shook.

As she approached, she saw the host, a red-skinned blue-haired zeltron, smile at the winners. The twi’lek and the asari were grinning with hunger etched on their faces, while Ahsoka kept a calmer demeanor.

The zeltron took out three hyposprays which contained a peculiar green liquid. The first two women all but snatched it from her hand while Ahsoka held hers calmly in her hand.

The asari and twi’lek did not wait a second longer, injecting the contents of the hypospray directly into their necks. They shuddered, letting the devices fall from their hands as they let out two thrilled groans. Quickly, their muscles began to pulsate, mass expanded rapidly as veins throbbed a bit larger. Pecs thickened, biceps inflated, legs widened and breasts filled out a little more. It was like they had quickly achieved a whole month's worth of training in an instant, not enough to evolve their frames to a heavier weight class, but the difference in size was indisputable.

Ahsoka and Kiva both stared intently at the transformation that had transpired before their eyes. It wasn’t the first time they had seen it, and it wouldn’t be the last. This was the reason they were here, this wonder drug that was circulating around Nar Shaddaa. Already it was in the hands of the local criminal syndicates, and it’d only get worse if it found a place in the black market off world.

As the two women lost themselves in their improved bodies, flexing and touching with curious and tantalizing fingers, the zeltron smirked before turning her gaze to Ahsoka. “See you in the next round,” She turned around without another word and walked away.

Ahsoka looked at her go before looking at the hypospray in her hand and the two ‘excited’ winners who kept escalating their activities. She walked towards Kiva who crossed her arms, “She is definitely with the Eclipse,” Kiva said suspiciously.

“Everyone in these events is working for a gang or other” Ahsoka replied. “They’ve all got their hands in this,” She said, shaking the serum.

Kiva pursed her lips in thought. “You sure about this?”

“We need to go deeper, and for that, I need to advance in the competition,” The closer they got to the finish line, the closer they’d get to the main suppliers. She smiled comfortingly at Kiva, “It’ll be fine”

That said, she brought up the device to her neck, only for Kiva to hold her hand. “Let me,” She asked gently. Ahsoka let go of the hypospray, and Kiva injected it in the best place she could spot.

A brief flash of green liquid spread through her veins before it faded away, and Ahsoka grunted, her body seizing as her fists clenched tightly and shook from the strain. The togruta thrust her chest outwards as the lines between pectorals deepened, shoulders inflating with more mass as her arms adopted a thicker, meatier look, with her biceps expanding like mounds of flesh and her forearms widening. Orange cobblestone throbbed with even greater definition in her core, as her perfectly shaped and toned quads expanded even more. Before Kiva’s widening eyes, Ahsoka’s height had even managed to increase slightly. The togruta still wasn’t at the human’s height, but damn if Kiva didn’t spot the difference from before.

“Are you okay?” Kiva asked with concern.

Ahsoka panted, her bikini straining so much under her new girth looked like it might rip. She smiled at her with one eye closed, showing her sharp incisors through her thrilled grin. “Oh, this must be what doing red sun feels like” Ahsoka flexed her improved arms, reveling in the way the flesh pumped and veins throbbed, “Want a taste?”

Kiva sighed in relief before rolling her eyes and eventually looked at her with a warm smile. “You’re such a show off”

“Any objections?”

“None whatsoever”

The two chuckled before sharing a kiss.

X~X~X~X~X

Their business concluded for the day, Ahsoka and Kiva returned to their base of operations. That is, the apartment they were renting while they stayed on Nar Shaddaa. It was a middle-class place with enough commodities for two people, they preferred not to spend too much money on one of the higher-tier penthouses, their funds weren’t unlimited after all, and they needed to keep a low profile for now.

Of course, it might sound paradoxical considering Ahsoka’s involvement in the competitions, but nobody knew who they were, they needed to get closer to the syndicates in charge of the supplement.

The moment the door closed, Kiva quickly pulled out the container and opened it, letting Ahsoka see more of the vials that went into the hyposprays, there were ten small glasses with green liquid. Enough to turn any woman of any sapient species into a behemoth of strength. “Wow…” The togruta muttered in amazement, eying the vials with intrigue and more than a little desire. “Look at that,”

“Yeah,” Kiva nodded, setting the container on the nearby table and pulling out a holographic keyboard and screen. “The people behind this are also supplying criminal gangs, Eclipse was going to get this package had I not intervened”

“Without telling me first…” Ahsoka droned as she went to change, removing her now *very* tight long gloves that looked ready to burst in her arms, and long baggy pants, setting them over a wide bed.

“I told you I prepared in advance,” Kiva said without looking up from her work, checking out the info they had compiled so far. “I knew the area, they were just low-level thugs”

“Kiva,” Ahsoka called her in a disapproving tone. “We’re still a team”

The redhead frowned, “Hey you do impulsive things all the time”

“Okay I’ll grant you that, but we agree to work on that. Both of us” They had to if they wanted to work as a unit.

“This is important, ‘Soka” Kiva went back to the screen. “Somebody is supplying this drug to a lot of people here, and most worryingly of all, the gangs. At the rate it’s being distributed and how much effect a single dose has, some of them will become nigh-on supersoldiers.” And yet whoever was hosting these bodybuilding events was also handing them out as rewards for each tier of the competition. Kiva just couldn’t figure out what their aim was. “So unless we-“

“Kiva,” This time Ahsoka said her name in a much softer and gentle tone. Her orange hand wrapped over her tanned one, keeping her from typing further. “It’s not a military operation, remember?”

“…Right,” Kiva sighed after a moment. She closed down the hologram and stood up, “Just need some air”

Ahsoka smiled at her understandingly as Kiva went over to the closet, where she began the long process of removing her outfit. The armor pieces on her shoulders and legs were the first to come off, followed by the reinforced fabric as she pulled down her zipper, unclipped the belt, and stepped out of it, leaving her wearing the skintight bodysuit that hugged all the curves of her body and displayed her prodigious muscle tone.

Kiva hung the outfit in the closet and stared at it for a moment, trailing her fingers over its white surface for a moment. This outfit had such an important meaning to her, a history of survival and strife of a time that wouldn’t come to pass.

The Glorft were gone, and if things played out as they should they would never become a threat. The terrible way of life created under their onslaught will never come to pass. No more rationed resources like food or water, no need for people to devote every moment of their lives to the war effort in the name of survival. A thousand years from now, the people of Earth will still enjoy the freedom to do simple, purposeless things just for the sake of it. To have leisure time and enjoy themselves. Dance, listen to music, play games, eat deliciously unhealthy things.

It was all thanks to her and her friends. Earth had a future now.

A future with no Earth Coalition.

It had been… a rather disturbing thought when she realized that, a few days in the wake of their final victory. Kiva had tried to live a relaxed life like Coop and Jamie but… it was hard for her to put aside the only life she had known since the day she was born. She wanted to enjoy life, relax and be able to live as a regular human.

But that type of life seemed beyond her ability to accept. The most she could do was lay down her arms from time to time before feeling the need to go back out there and keep fighting. But fight what? An enemy that did not exist yet and most likely never will again? Her travels with her friends through space showed her the galaxy was still filled with all manner of villains, and lots of people suffering under their joke. She felt it was a personal responsibility, that nobody else would have to go through what she did growing up.

Could Kiva live without fighting? She certainly treated everything like it was a war, stopping crime syndicates and tyrants demanding she treat it as one. Perhaps in a way she still felt she was out there, fighting the Glorft, and if she wasn’t fighting… then what was she doing?

The soldier who could not live without a war.

She thought she was doing the best thing for her and her friends, letting Coop and Jamie just enjoy their victory and simple lives back on Earth (as simple as they could be with a giant mech), but as time went on she began to feel their absence. The… ‘balance’ they brought to her life.

It would have gotten worse had she not met Ahsoka.

Heh, first time they met they got into a fight that ended in a draw (though they each claimed they won). Though fortunately, their combined efforts managed to take down a notorious Hutt they both were after. After a talk over a drink and a meal, the two realized they had a lot in common and could make one hell of a team in their aim to right the wrongs of the galaxy. Kiva was unsure at first but… being together with Ahsoka made her feel like she was back on Earth.

It helped that Ahsoka knew a thing or two about growing up in a war…

She didn’t know exactly when their relationship had changed from friendship to ‘more’. Honestly, Kiva still didn’t know what to call themselves. Girlfriends? Lovers? The two took a lot of comfort in each other’s arms, and… well, she was happy with Ahsoka. Just as Ahsoka had expressed she was happy to be with her.

Ahsoka had that same love for life as Coop, the togruta managed to keep her grounded when she started treating everything like a war again. And Kiva returned the kindness by reminding Ahsoka she wasn’t alone in this vast universe.

Kiva stretched, groaning as she popped her joints and stretched her muscles. Her blue bodysuit strained with the action before she walked away from the closet and towards Ahsoka, who had gotten more comfortable as she only now wore a black tank top and panties, inviting Kiva to look at her amazing legs and arms.

Yet still, she managed to focus enough on the top. “Is that my tank top?”

Ahsoka shrugged, “Well needed something that’d fit me more now, besides” She grinned saucily at her. “I do believe you like it when I wear your shirts”

That, Kiva could not deny. She chuckled, and surrounded Ahsoka’s neck with her arms, gently pressing them against her lekkus while the togruta placed her hands around the redhead’s hips. The two shared a slow and deep kiss, their lips smiling even as they pressed against each other.

They parted with a soft exhale of air. “Thank you,” Kiva muttered, looking into Ahsoka’s blue eyes. “Was getting a little hyperfocused again,”

“You know I’m here for that,” Ahsoka gently replied. “You’re not fighting the Glorft. You’re here, with me”

The human hummed a pleasant sound. “Best place in the galaxy”

Ahsoka chuckled before pulling her in for another kiss, a hungrier, more passionate one this time. Her hands roamed over Kiva’s back, feeling the potent and defined muscle. Kiva too indulged in feeling her lover’s physique, marveling at her larger mass. “You sure got bigger…” Kiva muttered breathlessly, trailing a hand over Ahsoka’s shoulder and bicep.

“You like?” Ahsoka grinned impishly as she raised both her arms and flexed with all her strength, the muscles rippled and jumped at her command, giving more room for Kiva to feel. “Feel I can lift twice my usual weight now” She moaned softly as Kiva’s fingers prodded her biceps. “I’m bigger than you now~”

Kiva took that statement as a challenge and smirked at her in kind. “Oh just you wait, I’ll boost up my workout regime and catch up to you in no time”

“Mm-hmm” Ahsoka hummed with a smug smile. “And how are you gonna day if I keep winning the competition and get more of the drug, you know, *like we planned*”

“…Well, you’ll be a sport and give me time to catch up afterward?” Kiva sheepishly smiled and shrugged.

Ahsoka made a thoughtful sound before her gaze settled on the table, a devious expression forming on her features. “Or you could take a boost now~”

Kiva’s eyebrows shot up as she realized what she was saying, she turned her head to look at the container. “You’re serious”

Ahsoka shrugged, “Why not? Would give us a leg up if we need you to take over in one of the competitions for some reason. Plus all the benefits you get from it. The increased strength, stamina,” She grinned, “Some more sexy muscles for you too~”

“You just want to see me bulk up,” Kiva countered with a smirk of her own.

“Doesn’t discredit my other points though”

Kiva thought about it for a moment. Perhaps it was a touch hypocritical of them to use the same substance they wanted to stop from spreading to the larger market. But she couldn’t deny they presented a great opportunity. The drug was virtually consequence-free, which was *impossible* to find out with any enhancement substance, and the results were both swift and notable. They had yet to test Ahsoka’s improved strength, but she wouldn’t be surprised if her statement about benching twice her usual weight held any water.

The pragmatic in her didn’t want to pass up the chance to become stronger, make herself a better soldier to take down criminals. The adventurer in her, after seeing how strong and beautiful those women became, wanted in on that as well.

“Alright,”

Ahsoka’s smile was one of utter thrill. She all but raced to get a hypospray loaded up with one of the vials. “Heads up,” She said as she drew the device to Kiva’s neck. “It’s *intense*”

“How intense are we talking here?” Kiva asked with slight hesitation.

“*Orgasmic*”

And injected the hypospray into Kiva’s neck.

Oh *wow*. The moment the substance entered her bloodstream a rush of energy instantly began spreading through her veins. It was like being injected with liquid fire, it burned but at the same time felt *good*. Like the feeling you get after a good workout. Her neck muscles rippled as veins popped, stretching her collar’s bodysuit.

The material everywhere in her body made a leather-stretching sound as every fiber in her tight musculature broke down and rebuilt itself stronger than before, multiplying bone and muscle cells weaved into tightly coiled and firm fibers which solidified into even more potent muscle groups.

“Hgn!” Kiva grunted, gnashing her teeth. The pain was exquisite, pleasurable to the extreme as her mass quickly expanded. She hunched over as her arms flexed, prompting to soccer-ball-sized biceps to explode out of the sleeves with tearing sounds, the resistant material unable to contain the onslaught of flesh. Forearms widened in circumference, spreading deep lines of definition all over the myriad of muscles. Her shoulders massively punched out of the remnants of her sleeves unopposed, pumpkin-like ridges decorating their massive surface and giving them a stronger look.

Her quivering legs, already strong, shapely, and muscular things, *bloomed* beautifully into tree trunks of pure flesh. Power filled every single corner of their stacked meaty glory as the multiple quad muscles competed for room, spreading massive tears all over her leggings to the point they *burst* into tatters. Sensual glutes of the most striated flesh expanded, making the remains of her leggings be swallowed by the orbs of flesh, making it look like she wore nothing but a torn bikini.

Her toned abdominals jutted out of her stomach, morphing from blocks on her core to absolute cobblestones of unrivaled definition, so deep the sweat could pool down in between each line that separated her abs. Her widening lats tore her outfit at the sides with the expanse of her chest, inch-thick pectorals rising to the occasion as her breasts inflated in size, the hard nobs tenting the material the only hard part that could be found in the orb-like perfection.

Kiva’s back widened massively and imposingly, a mountain range of flesh, hills, and slopes of all manner of shapes and sizes dotted the unconquerable landscape, *tearing* her suit down in half and reducing it to tatters as the unstoppable surge of growth on the front made the material explode into nothing but strips that were flung to the air.

Kiva howled in ecstasy, liquid pleasure drenching her lower regions as she rode the greatest high of her life. The slim yet strongly built woman had become an icon of female strength, a perfect blend of sensuous beauty and powerful muscles. A bodybuilder of the highest caliber.

She panted, sweat trailing down her imposing borm in heavy drops. Kiva smiled as she held up her arms, looking as best as she could at her muscular frame. “God I… I didn’t imagine it’d feel so good”

“Looked amazing too…” Ahsoka muttered with a guttural hungry tone, almost salivating at the sight of her lover becoming a full amazon. “You even ended up bigger than I thought”

“Must have been due to,” Kiva panted, trailing a hand over her new bicep, feeling its girl, “My implants, they’re… a thousand years more advanced. Caused a different reaction…” She marveled at the sheer size of it when she flexed it, “to my biology”

“Hmm~” Ahsoka drew near, placing her hands on top of Kiva’s *bombastic* frame, starting from the shoulders and slowly trailing her fingers down her mighty arms. “I don’t object…”

Kiva laughed, slowly recuperating her breathing. “Neither do I”

“Force, you look amazing” The togruta huskily said, pressing her fingers over those jaw-dropping abs; which quivered under her touch.

“Am I seducing you that easily?” Kiva grinned, lifting an arm to flex it, pumping the muscle and veins. “Can’t blame you I guess~”

A throaty sound escaped from her lips as Ahsoka moved around Kiva, inspecting her rear and focusing on that wide back. She chose to return the favor by pressing her soft breasts upon Kiva’s dorsal muscles, making her shiver and moan in turn. Ahsoka’s hands sneaked their way to the front, one savoring the wide muscles of her quads, while the other grasped Kiva’s flexed bicep.

“You look so delicious,” She muttered, placing a kiss on her shoulder. The hand slowly left her arm and trailed over Kiva’s chest, feeling her thick pec before deciding to teasingly grasp her breast.

Kiva shuddered and moaned, her nipples became painfully hard. “God, Ahsoka…” A sharp gasp escaped as the other hand decided to play with her lower region, having ripped out the remnants of her suit.

Ahsoka grinned, trailing her tongue over Kiva’s wide traps. “What do you want to do, Kiva~?” She whispered hotly into her ear, “Test your strength, go out and beat up a few bad guys… or perhaps…?”

She pinched a nipple, and Kiva grunted.

She could not take this anymore. Kiva sharply turned and took a hold of Ahsoka’s shirt (her shirt), and tore it down in one simple tug. With that muscular orange perfection fully bare in front of her, Kiva firmly held Ahsoka in her grasp, their breast clashing against each other as their mouths were millimeters apart.

“I want to live tonight…” Kiva muttered in a rough raspy voice, “with you”

Ahsoka smiled, and their lips clashed in a maddened dance. Muscles rubbed against each other, helping stoke the fire burning in their sexes, mutually worshipping the other’s body as thoroughly as they could. Kissing, biting, licking, tasting the other with desperate desire.

Kiva eventually threw the two of them to their bed, where she looked down at this wonderful partner she had, Ahsoka lifting a hand to cup her cheek and pull her down into another kiss, one of countless many that would lead up to their passionate lovemaking.

Battles would come and go, but Kiva would always take a moment to enjoy life now