It was a common misconception, brought by years of popular media, to think of battles in space as these loud events. Where the run of gunfire, sizzling lasers, and deafening missile blasts filled the void with a cacophony of war.

But space was a vacuum, there was no air or any other molecules to carry the sounds. The noise one would hear from space combat came just from a ship or mech’s systems. And right now, the data stream was flooding Lunamaria’s panels.

Her superhuman senses quickly took it all in, from specs of the enemy’s mechs, their movements, their attack patterns, to the various detonations and visuals of beam fire being exchanged, and the reports of enemy movements on other sides.

Blue Cosmos’ attack was desperate, chaotic, like a rabid animal let off its leash. The remnants of that organization were taking everyone they could get their hands on, giving them only the necessary training, and throwing them at the grinder without concern for their fellow man, for the human lives they claimed to be fighting for.

Their attack had come as a surprise, an initial missile barrage that had their defenses scrambling to intercept them all, softening them up so their carriers began launching their mechs. They attacked without a clear objective, without rhythm, just an all-out assault on their convoys with the intent of destroying them.

Even if the attack lacked strategy, the way these people fought with zealotry and hatred made them extremely dangerous. Luna knew wars were won by professional soldiers, strategy, and quick thinking, yet it was ferocity and ruthlessness that caused the most losses for both sides.

Not a single convoy would be lost this day. Not to a bunch of terrorists with delusions of grandeur and a burning hatred for the different. They would not allow the people in them, the colonists heading for a new home, to be lost.

The Millennium stood at the head of the convoys providing cover for most of them as its defense systems intercepted enemy mechs and missiles. Combat data was supplied from its command center directly to their GUNDAM systems, allowing them access to real-time information, through it, Luna and Shinn could observe what was happening as the rest of their defenders fought off the Cosmos’ mechs.

They were ordered to remain in position underneath the convey, keep the perimeter in check in case the Cosmos forces suddenly decided to switch their offensive. While Kira was handling a squadron by himself in the rear.

Luna could hear her boyfriend’s frustrations through the comms as he once more hailed their squad leader, “*Kira, our position is secure, let us move in!*”

“*Negative!*” He replied, “*Stay where you are!*”

Luna comm’d him. “*Kira, you have Hilda engaging on sector Zeta, Agnes is busy fighting off attacks on the Millennium, you can’t handle this on your own!*”

“*I gave you an order! Guard your sector and stay put! I don’t want Cosmos attacking where we’re vulnerable!*”

“*They outnumber you!*” Kira shouted. “*You* are *vulnerable right now!*”

Kira just lost the channel, and Luna sighed in frustration, a sentiment shared by the other pilot. “*He’s going to get himself killed*…”

Just when things couldn’t get worse, they suddenly did. Combat data had informed them that one of the convoy engines had been hit, the shift was drifting and steadily losing velocity. Soon it’d fall out of formation and become vulnerable to enemy attacks.

It was one of the ships in Kira’s sector.

Luna quickly hailed him, “*Kira! Convoy-3 is drifting, moving to intercept!*”

“*Negative, I’ll handle it!*”

He *what?* Oh, that self-sacrificing *idiot*. Why did the people she loved the most in her life have to be so thick-headed?

Speaking of…

“*Justice, going in!*”

And once more Shinn charged in without thinking. Oh, it’s not like she approved of Kira’s orders. He needed assistance. What she *didn’t* like was how Shinn suddenly boosted his thrusts and jumped straight into danger at all speed instead of a more careful approach.

He went directly for the drifting convoy, knowing it’d attract a wave of Cosmos’ mechs. Which of course it did. Shinn would soon find himself in a similar predicament as Kira. Outnumbered and burdened. They were all ace pilots, the best of the best. But they were still human, their flaws born from their own experiences.

Such as Kira’s desire to protect his friends. And Shinn’s drive to make sure no civilian came to harm.

She should have gone with him, should pulled his head out of the fire before got in too deep. But this flank had to remain protected, even if no Cosmos’ mech was around…

She kept the channels open, hearing Shinn’s voice as his ragged breath filtered over the comms. The clenching of his teeth, the rattling of his pilot seat as explosions rattled over his mech.

He could do this, he could handle it, she just had to stay here and-

“*Shit!* *Sensors are down!*

Lunamaria gasped. “*What happened?!*”

“*Bastard got a lucky shot! Visual feed is working but targeting barely is! Radar’s going haywire, can’t tell where they’re coming!*”

Her hands tightened on her controls.

“*Tch! Left leg thruster down! Ack-!*” His shout was distorted, filled with static.

Luna turned her mech around and took flight before she even realized it. The Gelgoog’s thrusters boomed as she charged them to the maximum output. Her mech blazed through debris and gunfire, her superhuman mind reacting to the various prompts and warnings in her sensors with great speed and dexterity.

There she found her objection. Shinn’s mech, haphazardly drifted as its leg thrusters were damaged. His range of movements was limited, yet still, he soldiered on, gunning down the enemy mechs that drew close to confront him in melee. But with sensors damaged and no targeting systems, he was a sitting duck for the Cosmos mechs flying around him.

Lunamaria aimed for her first target and fired, a clean shot that pierced its head, leading to an explosion that took out a piece of its torso. Her energy shield deflected the barrage of beam fire aimed at her, she flew around in arms, aiming their sights away from Shinn’s mech.

She dodged a barrage of missiles, her mech’s countermeasures igniting them with pinpoint accuracy and razor-thin lasers before they would impact its frame and detonate. Thrusters flared at full power to evade two mechs with beam sabers poised to strike at her from behind, she released explosives to throw them off her path.

There were so many, she had to fight them off, she had to keep Shinn safe, she had to keep the colonists safe.

The multiple alarms on her screen became too much, even for her to handle.

On the comms, she heard Kira swear, “*Convoy 3’s integrity is compromised!*”

The drifting convoy had a fire on its rear section, with Cosmos still on its trail. Too much, too much was happening all around her. The enemies on her tail, the enemies attacking Shinn, the convoy in danger…

And Shinn, brave, idiot, beautiful Shinn, was moving his mech back as much as he could, to shield the convoy with his own mech.

Selfless fool, that heroic stubborn knucklehead who owned her heart.

Her screen showed his mech fighting still, firing almost blindly, striking in melee at any mech that got close enough, doing his damnedest to protect the colonists no matter what.

Even if it cost him his life.

No… not on her watch.

Lunamaria gasped, and her vision was filled with stars.

It felt like a *powerful* jolt of electricity shooting up her spine. A dose of adrenaline injected straight into her heart and pumped through every fiber and nerve in her body. Brain cell synapses fired at all cylinders.

Time… seemed to slow down.

The constant update of data seemed so slow now, no longer overwhelming, her mind was processing it with unnatural speed and calmness, as though she was simply reading an after-action report. Her muscles *tensed* so much, as though she had been lifting heavy weights, she failed to notice the way her suit felt a bit tighter, how the grip in her instruments dented the material slightly.

She felt she could see everything in slow motion, and more than that, *process* at a speed even her enhanced Coordinator mind had never been able to before.

This… This was that special ability some Coordinators like her managed to tap into. When their senses, reflexes, and perception all went into overdrive, allowing them to react at lightning speeds.

The state unofficially known as ‘SEED Mode’.

Lunamaria was experiencing it for the first time in her life.

And she knew what to do.

Her gun aimed at the mechs around her, she felt she had all the time in the world to aim. And fired a series of shots that pierced through their weak points with pinpoint accuracy, faster they could react.

She danced around her pursues with such dexterity and speed, pulling off maneuvers they couldn’t follow, and it cost them dearly when she turned her sights on them.

Then she blasted off, thrusters burning with flaming exhaust as she flew towards Shinn. She picked his pursuers one by one, with precision shots of her rifle. Storing it away instead of reloading, she brandished her mech’s double-sided saber. It spun like a wheel of death in her machine’s grasp, cutting through the enemy’s plates like a hot knife through butter, seeing them in slow motion, she maneuvered around them before they could defend themselves or escape.

Lunamaria fought like a machine, with all the efficiency and effectiveness of a supercomputer.

Then when it was all said and done, there were no enemies left, and her senses returned to normal.

Luna gasped, a wave of exhaustion hitting her all at once, her brain raced with hundreds of thoughts, her muscles *burned*. Yet at the same time, it felt… good, great even. She felt *amazing*.

“*Luna!*” Shinn’s comms hailed her, she could feel the smile on his face. “*That was amazing! You- Are you okay?!*”

She panted, one eye closed as she stared at her screen where her boyfriend’s icon was displayed. “I should be asking you that,” She sighed in relief before fondly muttering, “Dummy…”

X~X~X~X~X

Lunamaria let out a sigh, rubbing her neck as she walked to Shinn’s room. After-action medical checkups were thorough and time-consuming, and most pilots hated them for a good reason. But it was vital, and most importantly it was protocol. There was no getting out of one.

Although they wouldn’t need to go to the doctor any time soon. They were on shore leave right now.

Though perhaps it was more accurate to say they were ‘benched’ for the time being. Between Kira’s irresponsible orders, Shinn’s blatant disregard for them, and the repairs and retrofit the mobile suits desperately needed, the trio of pilots wouldn’t be flying for a few weeks. The Millennium was in dry dock, its valiant crew deservingly needing some rest after the constant action and close calls.

Lunamaria adjusted the sleeve of her uniform a little bit, tugging at the shoulder and smoothening the fabric. It felt a little bit tighter than usual, indeed her physical showed she had put on a little bit more muscle. Well, she was a mech pilot and a Coordinator, she was in peak physical condition and followed a strict workout regimen.

Her check-up had taken longer than usual for a few reasons. First, it was standard procedure for a Coordinator to be examined after using SEED Mode for the first time. The ability to trigger it wasn’t exactly common, in fact, it was rare enough that a lot of Coordinators hadn’t even heard of it, and Luna hadn’t really been able to use it before. She didn’t know if there could be any potential side effects, like, burning her brain under the sheer stress that mode induced, so she at least needed to make sure.

Thankfully they clarified SEED Mode worked like an adrenaline rush, but augmented to Coordinator levels. So long as she didn’t overdo it she’d be fine.

Then there was the fact that she wanted to make sure the SEED Mode had not created any unintentional side effects with another procedure she was currently undergoing. An experimental gene therapy.

For all the advantages Coordinators had over baseline humans, there was a great setback to the offshoot of their species. Coordinators possessed a very low fertility rate, after a third generation, it’d be almost impossible to naturally conceive. Their people were looking into ways to circumvent this devastating hurdle in order to maintain stable populations and not rely on completely artificial means just as the genetic modification of human fetuses to create more Coordinators.

Genetic therapy to increase fertility levels over the course of generations was one such experiment, one that was still in its early stages but were hoping it’d bear fruit. Lunamaria had volunteered to undergo it as one of the test subjects. She felt it was a personal responsibility to her people, and… well she wasn’t certain if she wanted *children* in her future just yet, but she’d like the possibility of that being open to her.

Shinn and her had started dating for a year, but it was still *very* soon to start talking about a family. Even with the bond they shared, and how much they loved each other. It was better to go step by step.

…Even if Shinn had yet to take a certain ‘step’, no matter how many hints Luna dropped on him.

Gods she loved that thick-headed man, but it was *infuriating* that he needed landing lights for him to get the hint that she wanted to get *intimate* with him.

Not like she was any better, given that she couldn’t even muster up the courage to say it.

She entered Shinn’s room with her access key card, which had long since been programmed to give her access to his room much like his card could give access to her room. And found Shinn sitting in front of his desk, looking over reports on datapads. He soon looked up the moment she entered the room, smiling warmly at her. “Hey”

“Hey,” She replied with a smile of her own.

“Everything okay?”

“Yeah, no issues at all”

“Good, that’s… good” He trailed off a bit distractedly.

Luna went on to sit on his bed, figuring out the best way to approach this. She really wanted for Shinn and her to be intimate at some point, and at this point in their relationship, she felt they should have already. Having almost lost him recently made that want even stronger, you never knew how much time you had with someone after all.

Should she go for a more direct approach, take off her jacket, and say something coy like ‘I think I’ve put on a bit more muscle, what do you think~?’. Hopefully, that would do the trick. First, she actually had to get him to look at her, she needed to lay it on properly.

“It was a close call,” Luna softly said.

“…It was,” He said with a low voice.

“Makes you think, huh?” She blushed, feeling her heart hammering in her chest. “About the things you never did, the… chances you let slip by. Things you’d never have a chance to do again”

She saw his back rise with a long intake of air, which he slowly let out in a sigh. “Yeah,”

“…I love you,” She said, feeling happy just by saying it. “Just… want to say it for as long as I can”

That got him to turn around, a joyous gentle look in his eyes and he said back, “I love you too”

Amazing how just a few words made one’s body feel so light.

She was about to go for it, to say what she really wanted to be doing with him, when Shinn spoke again and threw all her plans out of order.

“Am I good enough?”

Luna blinked, staring at him in surprise. “What do you mean?”

“I messed up today,” He continued, looking away downcast. “I just dived into danger without considering the consequences. It was more than my life on the line, I made a mistake and other people would have paid for it”

Luna stood up from the bed, walking towards him, she put a comforting hand on his shoulder. “You’re alive, Shinn. Everyone made it out”

“This time,” He said, looking at her with uncertainty. “But there’s been close calls before. And I keep doing this, I keep… being so stubborn and so foolhardy when I’m in the field. I take so many unnecessary risks because I want to give it my all and… and sometimes I wonder if everything I have is enough”

“Shinn…”

“I’m serious. I just… stumble into things, I get way in over my head and just believe I’ll come out okay. I think I’m doing the right thing, and then…”

Luna could already tell what he was thinking about; ZAFT, Durandal, Kira.

Stella, the name he sometimes mumbled in his sleep…

“But that’s not always the case, I don’t stop and think, I just act and other people end up paying for it”

Luna remained silent, letting him vent as she comforted him with her presence.

“I should have trusted Kira today…”

“His orders weren’t the right ones”

“Well, that’s not for me to decide. I know that, and yet I-“ He paused, letting out a weary sigh. “It doesn’t matter. I was given this opportunity here at Compass, and I’m not making the best of it, I keep making the same mistakes *over and over*”

He was silent for a moment.

“What am I doing here, Luna? What is someone like *me* doing here?” He laughed ruefully. “They should get a better pilot, a better soldier, a better… just someone better than me”

Luna decided she had enough.

“You want to know why you’re here?” Her voice was firm, making him look at her in surprise. “You’re here because you want a better future for *everyone*. You’re here because you know the prize of war. And you’re here because you are willing to lay down your life for it, because you know it’s a noble goal, and you believe in it because you have a good heart”

Shinn stared at her his eyes marginally wider than before.

“Yes, you should start thinking more about this” She tapped a finger to his forehead, a touch playfully. “But please, never stop thinking *this*” She then laid her palm over his chest. “Is not good enough”

Shinn’s eyes reflected a myriad of emotions, remorse, gratitude, melancholy, grief, joy, before finally settling on love as he held the hand on his chest. “Thank you. Just… Thank you so much”

Lunamaria let out a huff mixed in with a laugh, “Why did I have to fall for a knucklehead like you?”

X~X~X~X~X

Luna was happy to have helped Shinn during that moment of vulnerability. She wanted the two to be open with each other and be able to help one another during emotionally tumultuous times. Shinn was a good man, and he deserved the best, so she was there for him in his time of need in his journey to improve himself. He certainly needed someone to think well of him because he wasn’t going to do it himself…

Given how he was dealing with so many things in his head, she put her desire to be physically intimate on the back burner. They’d have other times.

Meanwhile, Luna would have to deal with all this excess pent-up frustration another way. And there were only so many showers she could take…

Right now Luna was finishing working on her cardio with the treadmill. This specific gym wasn’t too large compared to other training facilities around the base, and fortunately, she was the only one around right now. That’s good, she needed some time for herself to just burn away this excess energy and thing.

Though maybe she had been too lost in her thoughts, the counter on the treadmill showed she had been running for longer than she intended, and the strain on her legs and lungs wasn’t what she had expected either. Even for a Coordinator, she had been running for a long while.

Stepping off the treadmill, Luna caught her breath. Her toned stomach rising and falling, sweat starting to seep into her burgundy sports bra and tight pants. Which were feeling tighter than usual. A press of her fingers over her thighs allowed Luna to feel the toned and hardened muscle underneath, slowly they trailed up to her stomach and found the lines that separated her abdominals were deeper than before, or perhaps it’d be fairer to say her core muscles had become more prominent.

It was rather embarrassing, to think she was spending so much time working out because she was *not* having sex with her boyfriend…

It was humiliating. Why wouldn’t he *touch* her?

Frustration and anger gave rise to a new wave of energy, and Luna leaned down on the bench, her knuckles almost popping with how tightly she grabbed the bar. She huffed once the bar was held aloft, panting as she lowered it to her chest before repeatedly lifting it up and down. Her eyes shone with steely determination as she focused on her task, not on the source of her wants. She had to be patient, she repeated in her head over and over like a mantra. Shinn was a good man, he was dealing with a lot, he just needed time…

…They’ve been dating for a *year*.

How long would she have to wait for him? Was she even attractive to him? After everything they’ve been through was it really *that* hard for that thick-headed fool to grasp the fact that she *wanted him?!*

Luna grunted as she felt her muscles *burn*. She thought it was the intensity of the workout, fueled by her frustrations. So absorbed she was in her task she failed to notice how the arm muscles started swelling with each repetition, with her forearms widening and her biceps inflating with mass and power. Her chest muscles grew tighter and more defined, the line separating was becoming more prominent with each passing second.

Yet it wasn’t just the muscles of her torso that were expanding, her stomach pushed out the rows of abs even further, while her calves expanded in girth, the different muscle groups becoming more defined with each passing second, while her calves expanded beyond her shins.

Luna felt *good*. This workout burn made her feel so invigorated, so alive, adrenaline and endorphins were rushing through her veins at amazing speeds, filling her completely.

However, when Luna felt a pressure build up in her stomach, she decided to stop. She put the bar back on its rack and stood up, panting for breath. She didn’t know why but had the feeling that if she kept going then ‘something’ would happen… and she wasn’t sure what ‘it’ was but it gave her a bad feeling…

“Ohh my, you really been hitting the weights lately huh?”

That voice was enough to make Luna jump out of the bench with all her instincts screaming *danger*. She stared nervously at a woman in her early twenties with shoulder-length orange hair and an eyepatch over her right eye. Dressed in workout clothes much like her own, Hilda took the chance to drink in the sight of Luna with a smile on her face.

Lunamaria hated being alone with Hilda at any given moment. The woman was utterly *shameless* in her want for her, and more than one time got far too close to her personal space, not to mention the times Hilda had actually groped her.

Where was HR when she needed it? …Did Compass even have an HR department?

Probably not…

Lunamaria realized she had made a crucial mistake, she got distracted for a single second when in Hilda’s presence. The older coordinator had somehow vanished from sight, but the hot breath on Luna’s neck let her know she was right behind her.

Before she could move, a pair of lithe yet toned arms wrapped themselves around her, with one hand pressing over her stomach and another caressing her shoulder. “You got really cut in such a short time, haven’t you, Luna~?”

Luna blushed, yet a part of her was confused by Hilda’s statement… and with the woman’s fingers fondling her, she soon understood why.

Her abdominals were more prominent, her thighs were wider and more muscular, her shoulders rounder and fuller, and her biceps had become larger and more powerful. She… She wasn’t this fit before, how could she have developed so much muscle in such a short time?!

Luna accidentally released a moan when one of Hilda’s hands roamed over her chest, while the other squeezed her bicep.

“Hmm, solid as mech plating~”

She should tell her to stop, she should have ended it right here… But Luna felt good. It felt nice to have someone touch her, to feel her body in such an adoring way. Was this what she’s been missing for so long? The touch Shinn neglected to give her? Luna felt appreciated, *venerated*, in such an intimate way…

She barely realized she had lifted her arms and flexed them with a mighty pose, inviting Hilda to touch them more. Which she did, the orange-haired pilot fondled her with great eagerness, lavishing her peaks with soft touches and lustful kisses.

Luna was panting with arousal. *More*, she craved. More touch, more…

This what she *wanted*, what she needed, what she failed to achieve with Shinn…

With… With Shinn…

When Hilda’s hand slipped under her pant’s waistline, Luna came to her senses.

She swiftly removed herself from Hilda’s erotic embrace, looking at the one-eyed woman with shame and astonishment. Hilda for her part just looked so confused and annoyed, “What, that’s it? Tch,” She clicked her tongue. “Tease…”

If she said anything more, Luna didn’t know. She *ran* for the bathroom and hurriedly locked herself in one of the stalls. Her shaky hands locked the door as she desperately tried to reign in her breathing, or the *heat* coming from between her legs.

She tried everything, cold thoughts, logistics, mech engineering, nothing was working. It all eventually went back to Shinn, her desire for him… and the erotic moment she shared with Hilda. Luna bit her lip, noting how her nipples were painfully hard.

M-Maybe if she just… *dealt* with it, it’d pass.

That was all the justification she needed to shove her hand down her pants and begin pleasuring herself.

She moaned, sending sparks of electricity through her spine. The heat was overwhelming her. Luna bit her lip as her hand’s strokes increased in tempo, another hand fondled her breasts over the sports bra.

Her muscles palpitated, they rippled and *grew*. Firm veins throbbed their way to the surface as the pleasure kept rising. Supported by powerful pectorals, her breasts inflated, straining the material until a few rips were heard.

Her legs buckled under the pressure, flexing as a result and spreading tears over the fabric of her tight pants. Luna hunched over as her back widened, her hand kept working overtime as she drew closer and closer to-!

Luna moaned pitifully as she finally came, her balance weakening as she was forced to lean against the stall’s wall.

It took her a minute to regain her breathing, upon which she looked down at her now larger and more muscular form.

What was happening to her…?

X~X~X~X~X

Luna spent the rest of the day pondering just what had happened. Her body had grown larger and more muscular in such a rapid and exponential way it defied all comprehension. She stood inside her room, looking at her reflection in the mirror while trying to wrap her head around it. She wore nothing but her underwear, which thankfully was stretchy enough, as putting on her uniform or other clothing would be a struggle. Gone was the lithe young woman, now stood a professional athlete who looked like she lifted weights for a living.

“Think, think…” She muttered to herself, bringing a thump to her lips to bite her nails. “What could have caused this?” She tried to ignore the way her bicep bulged with the action.

Radiation? An unknown mutation in her Coordinator physiology? Some sort of viral mutagenic agent?

The most likely explanation she could come up with was the time she activated the SEED Mode, that was when things began… changing. She felt so full of energy since then, but was it truly possible that alone had managed to change her at such a fundamental-

Her eyes snapped open in realization. Her treatment… The gene therapy. She was literally having tests done on her to alter her genetic material, but that was supposed to take effect when having progeny, how could their experiments veer off so much?!

It was when her mind connected the dots that she realized. It had been *both*. The SEED Mode and the experiments, somehow the two had clashed together and resulted in *this*. Had it unleashed a sort of mutagenic that increased her BMI and strengthened her body? She dared not test the results, or go to the doctors, for she feared they’d bench her from active duty until they ran as many tests as they could on her. She needed to be out there with her team! Protecting Shinn!

At the thought of Shinn, she paled. Oh god, how would he react to her body now? Would he be shocked? Disgusted? Frightened? What if he didn’t like her new body?

Lunamaria stared at her reflection again, trailing her gaze over the curves of her *outstandingly* toned thighs, the rows of toned abs, and the way her stomach drew inwards before widening when she reached her strong lats. Her breasts had also grown in size, pretty much tripled…

Would… Would he truly react negatively to her? Was she just worrying over nothing? It wasn’t like her body was *ugly* to look at.

Hilda certainly showed her appreciation for it…

Testingly, she raised an arm and clenched her fist, the action caused her bicep to bunch up impressively. Luna marveled at the sight of that solid mound of muscle and the fain veins trailing over the skin. It was… an invigorating sight, in a primal sort of way.

Beautiful in its own right.

Trying another pose, she lowered her arm and grabbed her wrist, trying a side chest that made her bicep and tricep balloon out imperiously. She twisted her body to the side and watched as the rippling thighs coiled with the movement.

Good god, she looked *good*.

Why was she so *afraid?* Why did she have to doubt herself constantly, hesitate, and then pull back whenever the chance arose?

It was cowardly of her, it spat in the face of all she had gone through in her young life. She was a *soldier*, a mech pilot, she lived for danger and braved through the storm without a second thought.

Enough strategizing and recon, it was time to go on the offensive…

X~X~X~X~X

The battleground was set. The lights of her room were dim and a few candles set the mood. She fiddled with the knot of her bathrobe, making sure it was loose enough to unravel it with a simple tug.

All she needed was to wait for her darling knucklehead.

Lunamaria took a few deep breaths. This was it, this was the moment. She would show Shinn she meant business, there would be *no* ignoring the obvious signs she’d give him tonight. She would present to him her outstanding physique, and make him fall in love with it.

A beep on the door indicated the access card was used, and soon enough it slid open to reveal Shinn in uniform. “Luna, it’s me” He greeted as he entered the room, “You… called?” He trailed off as he took the scene in front of him. Noting the ambiance of the room with the dim lights and the candles. “What’s all this?”

Luna smiled lovingly at him, walking towards him. “It’s a special night, Shinn” She didn’t know where this bout of confidence came from, but she loved it. “Just for the two of us,” She placed her hand on his shoulders and gave him a deep kiss.

He blinked as the kiss ended, looking dazed. “S-Special?” He muttered, “How so? Did I forget a date or something?” He looked *up* at her. “Did you get a bit taller…?”

Oh her sweet little doofus.

She chuckled, guiding him to a chair and making him sit. “There’s been a few… changes” Her voice hesitated, just for a moment. She stepped back a few faces, making sure her full body would be in view. “And I want to get your honest thoughts,” Her hands undid the simple knot of her bathrobe, “Shinn…” She muttered huskily. “How do I look?”

She let the bathrobe fall to the floor and enjoyed the sound of his gasp along with his shocked expression.

Luna felt the heat rush to her cheeks, if the room was better illuminated, he’d see how bright red she was turning. Yet the dim lights still allowed him to bear witness to her impressive physique. From head to toe, Shinn stared at the shredded figure that was Lunamaria, the lithe girl he had known for so long was gone, and in her place stood an athlete fit for any Olympic competition. Almost every inch of her skin was visible to him, with the sole exceptions being the areas covered by her bra and her panties.

“W-What happened to you?!” He sputtered in shock, “How did you get so…” He struggled on the next world as if trying to decide which to use, “buff?!”

“It’s a long story,” Luna purposely kept her voice low to give it a husky tone, she was bringing all her weapons to secure victory. “The real question is; Do you like it?”

“H-Huh?”

“Is my body,” She half closed her eyes, going for a smoldering look, as she joined her hands together and squared her shoulders, pushing up her breasts and squeezing them between her biceps, “beautiful to you?”

She heard him gulp loudly, “Y-You’ve always been,”

And knowing that touched her, but she needed more than that, she needed a reaction to her body *now*. She needed to know she could inspire *lust* in him.

“And if I do *this*,” She put one leg forward and flexed. The muscles jumped at her command and rippled with great striation. “How does that make you feel?”

He stared at her leg slack-jawed, his hands gripped the chair’s armrests tightly.

“Does it make your body… heat up?” She brought her hands behind her head and *clenched* her stomach tightly, making the shredded core muscles locked down with force, emphasizing each line between them, and popping the obliques at the side.

She then relaxed her stomach and flexed her arms, making the 15-inch biceps brim with power as the mounds split at the peaks and shook from the strain, causing a myriad of veins to coil around the arms.

“Is watching my *hard* muscles making another… part of you *harden* as well?”

Once more, Shinn’s reaction was one of stunned silence… yet his body spoke for him. There, Luna spotted the sign she was waiting for, the evidence that Shinn felt attraction for her, in the form of a bulge rising in his pants.

*She* had aroused that in him. Her glorious body was effectively seducing him.

The sight sent her loins into overdrive, heat exploded like an inferno as her panties *drenched*. Her nipples hardened so much they hurt. Luna was overcome by waves of pleasure spreading from her core, addicted to this new sensation, secure in the knowledge that Shinn *desired* her.

“Oh, Shinn~” She moaned his name as she arched her back and brought down her arms into a powerful most muscular. Her eyes closed in concentration as she willed her body to flex with all her might, making her muscles bulge out a little more and the straps of her bra cut into her skin. She heard him grunt in surprise and arousal, oh he had to be touching himself thinking of her.

Over and over she flexed her arms under her bust, flexing harder each time, she didn’t even need to touch herself for stimulation, the images of Shinn pumping himself to her body in an act of worship were far more invigorating in her mind.

“S-Shinn!” She cried out with a final flex, and her bra *snapped* into pieces, revealing her naked chest to him. She shivered and moaned, eagerly awaiting his response. “I want you… so much”

Yet only silence greeted her. No sounds of pleasure, nor shock, nothing.

“Shinn?” She finally opened her eyes, only when her door beeped and slid open, she barely had time to catch the sight of a pair of legs taking off in a run before the door closed.

Leaving Luna half-naked, alone, aroused, and thoroughly confused.

He… left? He just left?

Mortification filled her being, she felt her heart drop into her stomach as she struggled to comprehend what just happened.

But shame and anger did not douse the fire in her loins. “RAAHGH!” She ripped the damp underwear with a simple tug, and fell backward to the bed where she proceeded to stoke the flames, furiously masturbating, running the fantasies she had *almost* made real until she erupted into a powerful orgasm.

X~X~X~X~X

Lunamaria spent the following day *fuming*. She did her best to go as unnoticed as she could, wearing new uniforms that were adjusted for her figure through requisition, who thankfully knew to keep their mouths shut when a pilot told them to. She tried to keep her mind off that *embarrassing* event, but it kept coming back to her over and over.

Had she come on too strong? Was Shinn just not attracted to her body? God, she was a fool to think so. Just because she came to enjoy them didn’t translate to her boyfriend doing the same.

Or was simply he not attracted at all to her?

Then Luna remembered the bulge in his pants and knew that to be false.

He *was* attracted to her fit body, so why was it so hard for him to actually *act* on it?!

His lack of initiative was putting a damper on the relationship, and Luna had to endure it if she wanted the two to work it out. There had to be *something* she could do. But what? She had pretty much given him the muscle equivalent of a strip tease and it wasn’t enough.

Bereft of energy and impetus, Luna just chose to spend the rest of the day in the rec room, watching old movies and shows. Maybe a bit of romance portrayed in idealistic and silly ways would help give her some ideas. So far? All it did was make her feel more melancholic and miserable…

Luna sighed as she leaned back further on the couch, propping her legs over an ottoman. The rec room was well furnished, equipped with a coffee table, a snack bar, several computer modules, and a high-quality screen which she was currently using to watch the movie. She leaned into her fist as she watched the big kiss take place, “You have it easy, you’re an accountant, not a pilot to a giant death machine…” Like 90% of these silly movies could be solved if people actually talking to each other.

…Could talking openly and honestly even work? She had tried that already and yet-

Although to be fair, she hadn’t. She *was* going to ask Shinn about getting their relationship to the next level, but it had been at that moment when he was emotional and vulnerable, so chose not to take advantage.

In fact, she had purposely avoided talking about it since. She had jumped straight to action after her first growth. Was she just going about it the wrong way…?

“Hoping to get some inspiration from old flicks?”

Luna nearly jumped from her seat, startled by Agnes’ sudden appearance. She had been so distracted that she had not noticed her fellow mobile suit pilot lean down on the couch’s backrest, with her arms and chin resting over its cushioned surface as she idly watched the movie play out.

“Agnes…” Luna greeted without any real enthusiasm. To say she did not like Agnes was a massive understatement. The woman was despicable in so many ways. With her high and mighty attitude, her arrogant claims of being a superior pilot, her brags about getting any men she could possibly want (including how fun it was to take men from *other* girls…). Luna went out of her way not to hang out with her in the least. “What brings you here?” She tried to remain cordial all the same, and ignore the instinctive want to bash her head in with her newfound muscles.

“Back from a date,” The twin-tailed young woman propped herself up, and Luna noticed she was wearing a strapless top that hugged her curves and generous bust. As she walked around the couch to sit on it, Luna noticed she also wore a dangerously short skirt and high heels, the latter which she kicked off and rested her feet on the same ottoman as her.

Luna grimaced and removed her feet. “Went well I assume”

“You would assume incorrectly,” The pink-haired girl droned. “He was very cute. Turns out he was just looks and nothing else. He picked up the cheapest possible meal, it’s he barely made an effort when it came to a beauty like me,” She arrogantly flipped her hair, making Luna roll her eyes. “I thought; ‘Maybe he makes up for it in bed!’ Could not have been more wrong…” She groaned, crossing her arms. “Ugh, he was *terrible*, didn’t even get me off proper”

“Such a charming conversationalist you are…”

“Hey, at least I was doing *something* with my life. How long have you been cooped up in here watching old movies?”

“Not too long, um…” She glanced at the clock in the wall and *paled*. “Oh God, it’s been six hours…?”

Agnes *laughed*. Loudly. “Oh my god, it’s 1 am and you didn’t even notice! Girl, this is how you spend your free time?! You couldn’t even get your lame boyfriend to spend time with you?!”

Luna felt a vein throb in her forehead. This *skank* always dared to insult Shinn right to her face, calling him a ‘low-quality boyfriend material’. Where did she get off, treating people like garbage?

“At least I have a boyfriend, you had a shitty night” Luna tried to fire back.

Agnes shrugged, “One bad date doesn’t invalidate the fact most of my record is spotless. Besides, I can only go looking for a better man once I’m bored. Plenty to go around,” She airily waved her off. “Don’t worry, your puppy is safe. Wouldn’t be caught dead trying to flirt with him, even I don’t like *sloppy* sloppy seconds”

Luna’s hands slowly tightened, making her knuckles pop from the strain. Her heart began thundering in her chest…

“Not surprised he didn’t even want to spend the day with you,” Agnes cruelly smirked at her. “What with that mannish body you have now? Oh, you try hiding it all you want, but I can see the *muscle* underneath that uniform. Ugh, *very* unladylike. No wonder he won’t even touch you”

Her ears burned, Luna directed a scathing glare at the other girl. “*Who told you?!*”

Agnes’ grin only widened, “You just did!” And laughed again. “So pathetic! I would have said you should pick up a better boyfriend! But with that ugly body of yours now you can only scarp the bottom of the barrel! Shame for you that Shinn is *under* the barrel!”

Luna’s vision went white, the sound of her heart pounding in her ears was replaced by white static.

Molten magma was flowing through her veins, raising her body’s temperature and making her sweat profoundly. She felt her joints pop, the muscle writhe under her skin.

And all of her frustration and arousal explode like a mobile suit’s core going critical.

She was so *fucking* done. Of not having her needs met. Of enduring the painful grind and humiliation for the things she wanted. Of dealing with this unbearable *bitch*.

With a growl, Luna kicked the ottoman with tremendous force, making Agnes yelp and curl her legs up against her body.

“Hey, what gives?!”

Luna slowly stood up, her posture stiff yet trembling all the same as her hands slowly tightened into fists with the loud noise of her bones cracking following suit. Agnes’ expression morphed from annoyance to confusion, and then concern when she noticed Luna’s uniform go from form-fitting to snug, the sound of fabric stretching almost drowned by Luna’s throaty growl.

It was like the dreadnaught’s reactor was powering her entire body. She felt waves of heat and swathes of painfully pleasurable sensations erupt from every never ending in her body. Her muscles coiled and expanded with tremendous speed, resulting in mass swelling to truly staggering proportions.

Her outfit became painfully tight as her height increased, making the cuffs of her sleeves and the edge of her skirt hike up, wide muscles strained the material until this one was groaning in protest. Her stockings were starting to rip, small gauges slowly tearing as they failed to contain the monumental thighs and calves, before they fell into tatters by the sudden surge of muscle that made her muscles jump vigorously, giving so much meat to her legs there was no space between her thighs, making them rub to pleasurable effect. Her boots felt painfully tight, but relief was achieved when her toes burst through them.

Her arms snapped into a flex by instinct, and the sleeves *exploded* into tatters, mountainous biceps rose imperiously with the most shredded tone, throbbing veins rising to the surface and covering them like lines on an old map. Forearms widened in circumferences as their landscape was dotted with the topographical marks of dozens of lines of definition, while her volleyball-sized deltoids tore through the fabric, unveiling the tight ridges in them.

Her back *spread*, a vast distance going from shoulder to shoulder gave rise to a valley of flesh. Hills capped in the most strained muscle, a labyrinthian pathway of lines from the muscles competing against each other for space. A loud tearing sound accompanied the burgundy fabric ripping perfectly down the middle to show all its girthy glory.

Her belt snapped, torn by the onslaught of her muscular core, the outline of her abs was visible against the tight uniform, showing the eight bags of flesh and the dozens of muscles dotting the sides of her torso, widening lats tore holes through the sides, aiding in the tearing. Her bulking neck unraveled the tight collar that was chafing her throat, undoing that entire area with the throbbing meat and the rising hills of her traps.

A large rip appeared in front of her now *monumental breasts*, making Agnes goggle in jealousy, though that sentiment was dimmed in favor of shock as she stared at the massive amazon Luna was becoming. The spear spread down the middle, all the way to her navel as her abs came for air. Strained and shredded pectorals became slabs of pure granite-like meat, with at least an inch of thickness each.

“NGH!” Luna grunted as the pleasure kept rising. And the pain. Oh, the magnificent pain. Her muscles were heavy, her bones ached, her pussy *burned*. Bullet-hard nipples arose from the soft mammaries, sensitive to even the touch of the failing fabric.

She could feel it coming, this surge of ecstasy, building up from the massive feelings of *power* she felt in every fiber of her being. Intoxicating, addictive, wonderful, it felt like injecting pure glory into her veins, coursing through them and into her throbbing muscles, into her wet folds…

Luna cried out, making the remnant of her clothes explode like confetti, while her sex hungrily dribbled the drops of her orgasm between her voluminous sighs.

She stood there with her arms spread and her hands balled into fists, her imperious torso widening and retracting with each panting breath as she slowly settled into the afterglow.

Luna was *enormous*. Almost twice Shinn’s height, certainly more than double his girth. With arms so large they could rival a grown man’s torso and her biceps were cannonballs larger than Shinn’s *head*. Gods she could crash industrial-grade steel between this tree-trunk legs…

She picked up Agnes making a dry sound, something between a gasp and a whine. She looked over her massive shoulder and saw her squirming in her seat, her face flushed, her legs rubbing together.

Hmm, yes~ Appropriate reaction~

She turned around to face her, letting her gape at the muscular perfection of her naked front. “What are you going to say, I wonder” She coyly said with a smirk that was very out of place on her face. Luna had never felt more *alive*, her urges were in overdrive, she had no patience or interest in boundaries and morals right now. There were only her desires, and the will to achieve them. “Is my gorilla body a turn-off for all men now?” She grabbed her wrist and struck a side flex, making her boobs bounce to show she still had her womanly allure. “That I’m a freak? A grotesque thing?” Her smile showed her upper teeth row. “Or perhaps… you feel the opposite?”

Agnes gulped, her cheeks crimson red.

“Perhaps you understand the *beauty* of this body? The *intoxicating* allure of this *power*”

Agnes yelped when the couch suddenly lifted, or rather, when *Luna* lifted it, with one hand, holding it over her head, giving Agnes the chance to touch the ceiling were she not holding for dear life.

So strong, she wasn’t even trying, she wasn’t even putting in the *effort*.

Upon putting the couch down, Luna knelt, the intent was clear, to bring her muscular frame even closer to Agnes. The promiscuous girl felt a myriad of conflicting and confusing emotions, the most mind-blowing of all was the heat and *dampness* in her nether regions thanks to exposure to Luna’s hulking physique.

Luna put her hands on top of the couch’s backrest, corralling Agnes in a face of meat as the thick arms held her prisoner, while those enormous breasts were so close to her face she could just dive in.

“Do you like my body, Agnes?”

Compelled by forces beyond herself, she swallowed and answered, “Y-Yes”

“Does it make you *hot*?”

She was barely keeping herself from masturbating. “*Yes*”

Luna’s smile was teasing and devilishly playfully, “Oh Agnes… how badly do you want me to *fuck you?*”

The pilot’s response was to lunge for Luna’s body, circling her massive torso with her arms, grasping as much as she could from the marble-like perfection of her frame, her face rubbing vigorously against her shredded pecs and ample bosom, kissing and licking every inch of skin while letting out mewling noises.

Luna licked her lips. “Good girl…”

She held the smaller woman in her arms, and easily ripped the garments off her body. Agnes wasted no time in locking her legs around her fiercely muscular waist and *grinding* her burning sex against those abs.

Luna shivered in pleasure, feeling Agnes’ wetness dribble down her core, taking pleasure from the pinkette’s moans and cries. She pinned the smaller pilot against a wall and seized her chin before slamming a furious and hungry kiss, Agnes’ moans were muffled as they reverberated into her mouth.

They two parted with a pant, a trail of saliva still connecting them. “You always brag how no man is enough for you” She grinned hungrily, arching her legs and positioning Agnes so her burning core was lined up against hers, “Maybe you needed a different piece of meat between your legs”

And *slammed* her hips against the fellow pilot, making her gasp and cry out in ecstasy from the contact and friction of their sexes.

With months of pent-up frustration, the intoxicating power, and hormone-fueled lust, Luna drove Agnes to echelons of pleasure she never experienced before as she fucked her with relentless thrusts of her hips.

Luna laughed and moaned as she felt the pleasure she had long been denied. But it wasn’t enough, Agnes wasn’t the true target of her needs, she was a wonderful stopping gap, a quick relief. She still needed to claim her man~.

X~X~X~X~X

“Wake up~”

Shinn let out a groggy sound as he was roused from his sleep by a tender yet playful voice, and a finger to his lips. His eyes open, and his blurry vision sees Lunamaria kneeling by his side. His half-asleep brain tries to understand why she’s here, in between the barely rational string of thoughts and the instinctive joy he feels at seeing her.

It’s when his vision clears, and his mind properly wakes up, that he gasps in shock.

Lunamaria’s musculature had been a surprise, something that had really shaken him. Her beauty was nothing like he had witnessed before. And her attempts to jostle a very *specific* reaction out of him were just… too much, he didn’t have a good way of properly answering in kind, he was inexperienced in such matters and didn’t know what to do. But that did not mean he didn’t find her muscles charming, that the athletic physique wasn’t enticing. She was still a beautiful soldier.

Now she was a great amazon.

Muscle, every single bit of her was filled with muscle. Her height easily dwarfed him, making him look puny in comparison with the sheer *breadth* of her body, as most of his body alone could comfortably fit in the great space that lay between her shoulders.

“Luna…” He muttered with a dry throat.

“I know it’s a shock… again,” She giggled, “A *bigger* one than last time” She purposely sat straighter to give him ample view of her *massive* upper body. “I like it even more,” She placed her fists on her hips, flaring impossibly wide lats and tightening the muscles, “Don’t you~?”

He was at a loss for words, so instead, his body spoke for him, a bulge slowly rose under the covers.

Her grin became hungry. And placed her balm over his stirring crotch, patting it slightly. “Yes you do~”

He gasped when she slowly rubbed it up and down.

“I’ve been trying to get you to understand for a while, Shinn” Her voice dropped to a husky octave. “Think words are useless at this point, so let’s stop dancing around.

She flung the covers off his body.

“You want this,”

A tug tore his shirt from his torso.

“I *crave* this”

Another tug, and his boxers were gone, freeing his stiffening member.

He grunted when her large hand grasped the shaft and slowly pumped, getting him even harder.

“I waited long enough,” Her voice came out as a growl, and a *huge* leg swung over his leg as she positioned herself on top of him. She rested her fists at the sides of his head as she hunched over, taking on a sort of primal stance that framed her shoulders and back muscles around her head, giving her an even larger look.

Shinn could only stare in disbelief and excitement, his member *throbbing* at what was about to come. Her folds were wet, ready, waiting to be pierced by *him.*

Luna grinned, and a long throaty growl escaped her lips as her hips descended upon his, guiding his cock through her folds as she took all of him in one go.

“*Finally…!*” Her declaration was one of triumph and ecstasy. Shinn’s body exploded in pleasure, the world going white even in the dimly lit room as his cock was cushioned by the fleshy walls of Luna’s entrance. It felt like *nothing* he had ever experienced before, self-pleasuring paled compared to the carnal pleasure shared with someone else.

Her hips moved, slowly at first, gyrating to run the length of his penis repeatedly, bringing them both extreme pleasure from the friction. The tempo increased with each stroke as her walls tightly wrapped around him, tasting his rock-hard organ as she was spread from within by its mighty shaft and swollen head. The speed kept increasing, the downward thrusts of her hips became a jackhammer, the sounds of meat slapping together joining the cacophony of feral and hungry groans coming from her mouth, and the sharp gasps of pleasure from Shinn’s.

“*Yes!*” Luna cried out, straightening her posture, her hands leaving the mattress to caress her powerful frame, never once ceasing her motions as her fingers ran over her enormous muscles. “*Yeeeeees~!*” Her palms kneaded her ample breasts, roughly palming them and tweaking erect nipples.

Shinn’s eyes closed in concentration, his hands held onto her barrel-like thighs for dear life, the feeling of her prominent girth and hardness felt better than touching even the softest silk. As his manhood plunged deeper into her, he felt that familiar pressure building up in his stomach, traveling down to his sack.

“L-Luna!” He called out through gritted teeth. “G-Gonna…!”

“D-Do it!” She replied in a similar state of euphoria, drool dribbling from the corners of her mouth as her whole body seemed to ripple and flex, making veins throb prominently. “I want it! I *need* it! S-So long, been… so long!” She growled like a feral beast, “*Give it to me!*”

And he did.

A silent cry escaped his lips as his back arched, his erection throbbed as he shot load after load inside her, his climax powerfully unleashing waves of pleasure through his entire frame, making him feel bodiless.

Luna felt it, his seed filling her, splashing against her walls, leaving his tip in thick ropes as shot after shot was released. And with it came *euphoria*, liberation, vindication, and *pleasure*.

Lunamaria raised her arms in a mighty pose, flexing her biceps with such force her arms were shaking, an orgasmic cry erupted from her throat. Her entire body *pulsated*, flexing fiercely as pleasure ravaged every fiber of her being. Waves of liquid pleasure coated his cock, her love juices mixing with his and leaving his manhood utterly drenched.

The two remained there for a moment, he collapsed on the mattress, she locked in her pose as her torso inflated and shuddered with each breath. Then slowly she fell upon him, dragging his body with her as she turned sideways so she could cradle him in her enormity.

A deep satisfied rumble came from her chest, her eyes drunkenly gazed upon him as she mumbled, “I love you, Shin…”

He could only give the weakest of replies, but it did not make it any less strong in emotion. “Love you too, Luna…”