

ADJUSTED FOR WAR

BIWEEKLY STORY #106

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The development of GUND-ARM INC. had been going splendidly lately.

Ever since the duel with Shaddiq, there had been little in the way to prevent the company's growth, and Miorine Rembran had been so hard at work that she had hardly had time to breathe. It was annoying having to answer to the father that she hated so much, and the lack of sleep she was getting was certainly a pain in the ass. But it was all worth it if it meant being able to protect a certain something. A certain *someone*.

But the person she had been trying to protect had become somewhat distant as of late because of it. It had been hard to meet up with Suletta Mercury when she was always away on business, and she realized she must have said something wrong to Suletta in her garden at some point, because the girl had been being even *more* distant with her. Which was annoying, since the two were *engaged* and all.

Perhaps this disagreement had drawn out for too long, because even after arriving at Plant Quetta to pick up the Gundam Aerial after its long repair period, Suletta seemed to be doing her best to avoid Miorine... Which was really starting to piss the sixteen year old off! **“That girl... I’m really going to give her a piece of my mind!”** Maybe that wouldn't be the *best* way to handle the skittish Suletta, but it was certainly the more *Miorine* way to handle her.

PROBLEMS WITH YOUR GROOM TO BE?

Having made this comment while she had presumed to be alone in one of Plant Quetta's hallways – seeing as it was a giant space station with limited gravity – Miorine chirped in surprise upon hearing a voice

comment from a nearby door. **“None of your business, actually!”** There was no way she would spill her secrets to a stranger, much less one that she couldn’t even see. The voice also had sounded all echo-y and unnatural, not to mention the room was completely dark inside.

A SHAME ABOUT THAT ATTITUDE. BUT I’LL HELP YOU GET ALONG EITHER WAY.



Miorine had been about to ask what they meant by that, but she was grabbed by the ankle and pulled across the floor, mouth gagged so that she could not scream. She was being pulled by metal cables!?! How were they moving like that!?! Dragged into the dark room with the door shut behind her, it wasn’t until she was tossed into what seemed like a giant, glass tube before she was afforded her voice and motion again. Because the tube had trapped her inside.

“WHAT THE HELL!?! LET ME OUT OF HERE! SOMEONE’S GOING TO LOOK FOR ME! YOU CAN’T JUST KEEP ME HERE!” She banged on the closed tube repeatedly as lights in the room whirred to life, including a *pink* light that shone through the grate flooring of the tube beneath her. She *assumed* she had just been kidnapped by someone trying to get at her father, but...

DON’T MISUNDERSTAND. I’M MERELY SAVING YOU. YOU AND YOUR GROOM-TO-BE ARE NEEDED IN THE UPCOMING CONFLICTS. BUT YOU BOTH NEED A FEW... ADJUSTMENTS.

Adjustments? Suletta was about to get caught up in whatever this was too? But who was behind it? Was it one of her father’s enemies? Miorine had a million questions and no way to find answers, because as she quickly realized? She couldn’t speak. She couldn’t even *move*. Whether or not it was the light’s fault she didn’t know, but none of her muscles were responding aside from those in her legs that kept her upright. She was angry, she was confused, but she was incapable of expressing anything.

Including her reaction to what suddenly felt like an *electrical current* running through her body. Her flesh vibrated from the sensation, and at first? It really hurt if her widened eyes were any indicator. But after a few moments? She couldn’t really feel the pain anymore. She couldn’t feel

much of *anything* anymore. She still had her thoughts, but there was very little sensation of touch coming from her skin.

At the time this was the least of her worries though, she just didn't know it yet. From the perspective of the one that had captured and trapped her in the first place though, it could observe freely what was happening within the pod. It was all according to *its* plan, after all. Miorine was powerless against what was happening, but when all was said and done she *would* embrace it.

The sound of fabric ripping accompanied the buzzing sound that came with the electrical current that was still passing through her, but the teen was unable to see what the cause was. But sparing a glance at her legs revealed all that one needed to know. Flesh was bubbling out through small rips in her tights, the skin tight cloth *clearly* incapable of handling what was a surge of additional weight that was applied to the teen's thighs.

Those tights were continuously shredded in new and exciting places, with the tears blending into each other and allowing more firm, plush flesh to spill out, skin pulled so tightly that it bore an elastic sheen. Each thigh was thicker than Miorine's waistline and they pressed sensually against each other between hips even after they had pulled several inches wider. Before long, her tights were all but absent above the knees.

Similarly, the fate of her tights in the rear were similar. At most, the teen could feel a strange pressure around her pelvis and rear, because the uniform shorts she had on were digging into her widened gait and peaks of her thighs. But they were struggling most of all thanks to her ass, which had taken cues from her thighs and had bloated rigorously. It was just the shorts were made of tougher material, so they didn't rip, but her cheeks peeked out over the *top* of those shorts.

I need to protect Suletta! That was what her mind was screaming, but she was admittedly having a hard time keeping her thoughts together. New suggestions were being planted within her mind, or perhaps it was better to say new *programs* were? The electric current had been converting her brain into a digitized state. A computer. It contained Miorine's original memories, but her perception and will were being overwritten.

The more of herself she lost, the more different her body became. Miorine's waist, for example, took on a bit more girth so that the gap between her chest and her *enormous* thighs was not so cartoonish. Yet for all that her lower half was blessed with? The girl's chest did not grow an inch. Okay, maybe an *inch*, but not much more than that.

Miorine's face became rounder, and yet while it almost looked a little more babyish as a result, there was the sense that she was now *older*? Perhaps in her early twenties. Or she was *designed* to look that way. The blood and bone that ran through her body now were mere artificial counterparts, her 'bones' being a durable metallic skeleton for one. Her eyes eventually glazed over with a slightly darker silver; her lips swelled fuller and a beauty mark appeared under the left side...

Her hair lit up with a cotton candy pink as opposed to its usual silver. And once it had, the length of these locks spilled wildly down her side – robbing her of a style that looked uncannily like a certain type of domestic bird. Falling to tickle the cheeks of her rear, Miorine did not even feel it. In fact, she had realized she *could* protect Suletta.

If she undergoes this procedure, we can remain together.

Steam filled the pod, and its heat ate away her uniform and left her skin uninjured because that was how durable this new body was. She was momentarily left naked, but a flash of light gave her a new outfit. And then the pod finally opened.

HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW?

“**Not better yet.**” The steam that released from the pod obscured the source of the footsteps and voice that sounded in the small laboratory. But as it thinned? A short figure with long, pink hair was revealed. One dressed in little more than a black leotard around her waist, showing off all of her hips and thighs despite being respectably dressed from the waist up. Gone was Miorine's personality, but her memories persisted in a lesser form.

She was now a *Nikke*, a combat android designed for wartimes – which seemed to be what the AI that had transformed her had been alluding to in the first place. *Yuni*, as she was now designated, understood this, and had no complaints. Though perhaps it was better to say that she had been programmed to accept it. Just as she was programmed with a certain *quirk*. This android body of hers couldn't feel anything that wasn't direct contact, and there was one manner of contact that made her happy. “**I want to hurt.**” Not herself, but someone else. With permission, of course!



I ANTICIPATED THIS OF COURSE, SO BRING SULETTA MERCURY HERE.



“Didn’t you say Miorine-san was supposed to be here? I don’t see her...?” It hadn’t been all that hard for Yuni to coax Suletta into visiting the same laboratory that she had been repurposed inside. All she had to do was tell the girl that Miorine wanted to talk with her there in private – while hiding the fact that she *was* Miorine, of course. She felt no guilt about this as she was. She knew that it was for the best and was anxious for Suletta to see the same light she had.

And Suletta herself was none the wiser. If anything she was worried that her bride-to-be was going to scold her for how she was acting lately, but she was also far too loyal not to go when called. She didn’t know who Yuni was, and thought she was dressed rather embarrassingly, but she knew things about Suletta that she could have only known if Miorine had told her. “**Come here, Suletta Mercury. She’s over here.**”

So when Yuni beckoned her over to an open pod, she didn’t question it until she was standing right in front of it. “Um... I don’t see **HER!?**” Only to cry out when Yuni pushed her and the pod closed around the pilot, leaving her to frantically hit the glass. “**Y-Y-Y-YUNI-SAN!? WHAT ARE YOU—!?**” A dark purple light began to glow through the grate beneath her.

She immediately found herself immobilized, unable to move or even make a sound. She could see Yuni on the other side of the pod’s glass staring in at her. But there was another presence here as well, wasn’t there? She just hadn’t realized at first. The electrical current seized her before she could wonder *who* was there.

Yuni watched with withdrawn elation as she noted that changes beginning to affect Suletta that had effected her. It seemed they were progressing in a different fashion though, because the girl’s tanned skin was lightening significantly to something *much* paler. Almost contrastingly, her red hair darkened to black with purple undertones as it began to lengthen *and* straighten. It fell down her back, stopping just above her butt, while at the sides it had been robbed of its iconic fluffiness.

She *already* looked like a completely different woman.

In the meantime, Suletta had been struggling with the pain of the electrical current running through her body in the first place. It hurt a lot! But she couldn't even bring her eyes to water from the feeling – like everything had just *dried up*. But before long the pain didn't bother her. In fact, it actually began to feel surprisingly *pleasant*. *Arousing*, even.

And this change in perception was accompanied by what seemed to be a shift in the teen's facial features, which seemed to be directly related to her perceived age. A newfound maturity saw lips swell into much puffier, full shapes. Her eyes glazed over with a dark purple color as lashes thickened with mascara, and cheeks thinned to look much more mature. All in all she didn't look like a teenager anymore. She didn't even resemble *Suletta*.

She looked like a woman in her late twenties of Asian descent.

Not that the rest of her body matched her face... just yet. But Yuni's eyes sparkled with glee as she noticed that the woman's figure had begun to *flourish*. Mounds were pushing up against the underside of her Holder jacket, stretching the latex pilot suit beneath it to its limit before the material snapped under the heft of a swelling bosom. Erect nipples that were just as wide as her eyes led the charge, and the bottom of her jacket lifted to reveal the orange pilot suit fraying due to a broadened waistline and rapidly widening hips.

Suletta's chest reached an egregious side soon after. Each tit was about as big as her head and weightier than it too, though tightened back muscles and her interior shifting into that of an android aided her with supporting that burden. Her jacket his them, but those tits were so big that the jacket *had* been lifted so that they only just *barely* covered her breasts.

A stretching spine and lengthening limbs added a few additional inches to the pilot's already impressive height for a girl her (old) age, and in turn this left her shorts to appear even shorter. But they soon had bigger issues as everything that the encompassed became, well, *bigger*. Her thighs swelled not with the same vigor as Yuni's had for that boon had been saved for her tits, but those thighs *did* become voluptuous, prompting the bottoms of her shorts to clamp down on them. While her ass? It bulged similarly, the pilot suit digging sharply in between her cheeks in a painful wedgie.

But that pain, from Suletta's perspective? It felt *nice*. She had no complaints about it. She had no complaints about *any* of this, not even

as steam rose with such a heat that it felt like her body was being scalded. It wasn't because of its new Nikke composition, but the pain was very real. And very *pleasurable*. "**Mmm!**" Pleasurable enough to entice a moan as the pod opened and the steam filled the air.

The hissing of the steam that now escaped the open pod filled the air, but despite the low visibility Yuni ran into it, immediately grabbing hold of the tall, pale figure that emerged into a hug. "**Mihara! It's really you!**" *Mihara*. It was the name that the Nikke that had emerged in Suletta's place now went by. She was a tall, cool beauty that was dressed almost like a dominatrix. But she certainly *wasn't* the one who would do the dominating.

"**Yuni...**" From Mihara's perspective, she *understood* what was happening. Who she had been, who she was now – as well as who Yuni had been. This was Miorine, and those feelings that the two had shared had simply been placed into new containers. Containers that were ready for war. But much like Yuni? Mihara had a quirk of her own. It was why the two of them were so compatible. "**You should hurt me for making you wait.**"



She was an EX-tier masochist.

Yuni and Mihara were two sides of the same coin. One who found got her thrills through hurting, and one who got her thrills through being hurt. You couldn't ask for a better pair. A pair as good as Suletta and Miorine were, really. "**I thought you'd never ask!**" And so the two androids would intertwine in a dance of pain and sex, both deriving pleasure from the experience.

Though it was rather unsettling for the AI who had transformed them in the first place.

...WHEN YOU TWO ARE FINISHED, WE REALLY NEED TO COLLECT THE GUNDAM AND REPURPOSE THE REST OF YOUR PEERS...

Words that fell on deaf ears for now.