



ROCKING COSPLAY

"So~? Whaddya think? Pretty cool isn't it?"

Staring in utter disbelief at the feat of engineering before his very eyes, *Markus* stays quiet for a few moments following the unveiling of an imposing suit of faux armor standing silently in the middle of a garage. Empty and lifeless, yet posed with such poise that it wouldn't be a surprise to know that there might be someone inside.



But the young woman's use of the term 'pretty cool' seemed like a severe underestimation of her own work. The thing was honestly a marvel to behold, no doubt costing her a pretty fortune to design and build from scratch, all in an effort to stay loyal to the tiny bit of fiction from a fantasy universe she had brought to life.

A stuffy vest layered over with metal plate, stiff leather and miscellaneous gadgets. Gunmetal gray pieces of armor showing through gaps in the pale beige exterior, being especially prominent around the cranium to form what looked to be a futuristic take on a medieval helmet with plentiful homage to high fantasy tropes with the inclusion of three horn-like extensions reaching up high. It all came together in a strangely fitting ensemble that reminded Markus of soldiers in thick, cumbersome body armor. Except this one looked like it was tailor made for a WWE wrestler to don for a flashy fight, with a frame that looked like

it could only fit a dedicated bodybuilder, complete with rubbery tubes of unknown purpose running down the sides and back, slipping under the protective collar, almost like a funnel for a rebreather system...something Markus would expect to be built into the bulky suit standing about a head taller over him if safety precautions were taken seriously in the construction of this behemoth.

'I doubt anyone could stay comfortable in this thing for hours on end without something to make it bearable after all...even I wouldn't go an hour or two inside of it without water...'

With that train of thought reminding him of the original purpose behind his visit today, Markus turns to face the peppy gal shooting him a satisfied smile mixed with a smidge of hope. *Nisha* was her name. With an outgoing personality that made folk gravitate toward her and enough smarts to make a name for herself as a local savant in the arts and crafts of engineering seeded by her hobby of fawning over fictional characters and a mission to make their 'impossible' equipment a reality, she was Markus' direct opposite;

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silent, unimaginative and without much talent to his name besides raw strength and a herculean frame gleaned from the one route left open to him in the broader world upon ending his studies after a few years since an unceremonious time in college. Maybe he could've continued his studies in some course he could slowly acclimate himself to, or maybe there was a helping hand afforded to him that he just didn't notice until it was too late, either way, those thoughts were null the moment he'd received a follow-up call and acknowledgement letter approving his entry into boot camp. Reminiscing on old memories as he stares into Nisha's amber eyes, not quite hearing the muffled words coming out of her as his mind backtracks for a moment.

Being military had as much benefits as there were negatives, but while Markus did appreciate the idea of not having to use his brain as a simple grunt, the thought of being shipped off to duty in some foreign land had him contemplating his life choices up till now, indirectly influencing his decision to agree to a meeting with Nisha despite the amicable terms they had parted on since they last saw each other.

Indeed, he was her ex-boyfriend. An old flame of his he'd decided to cut ties with after feeling like he wasn't up to snuff in comparison to Nisha, who excelled in whatever she did. He didn't want to make her look bad by being burdened with a no-good boyfriend. Furthermore, what would they do once school was behind them? If he couldn't even be a worthwhile husband, then no matter how much he loved her, Markus knew she needed someone better than him...

And so he had made the decision to break off with Nisha despite some push back from her side. She didn't see things like Markus did, arguing that he couldn't just judge the future without chancing it out and pushing through whatever hardships they might face together. But after realizing how futile it was to make the stubborn man see things in a more positive light, Nisha would settle into a silent agreement on his terms, agreeing to stay friends despite the sudden shattering of their link he had tossed her way, making his heart ache every time he would think back on that day.

So when Nisha had sent him a text asking him to visit on the last week of boot camp, it was a no-brainer move to agree, especially with the conundrum he faced about being sent overseas, making this quite possibly the last time he'd be able to see anyone he cherished one last time, and Nisha was top priority, making Markus think about what a stroke of luck this was considering how he was initially afraid to even stroll up in the vicinity of her home (one he was thankful she still lived in), imagining a scenario where he, her ex, would appear and match gazes with her, a married woman living with some stranger he didn't know but one she knew to be the man that had taken the spot by her side he'd left open...it always made him nauseous from all the mixed emotions he felt just by imagining that scenario.

But here he was, standing right beside her and her marvelous suit in the middle of her garage where he remembered many experiments and projects taking place like nothing had ever changed despite how different they looked after all this time.

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While Markus had always been fit, the added benefits of military training and the blissful ignorance that gave him all the time in the world to work out on his own time had left him with the body of a titan and an average visage that could pass for 'handsome' at best.

Nisha on the other hand was almost unrecognizable to those who didn't speak much to her younger self in college. Instead of her casual wear and long auburn mane, Nisha had adopted a more rough, tomboyish aesthetic to go along with a notable increase in musculature, evidence to a steadily maintained workout regimen she must've adopted recently in the last few months if her toned figure was any indicator, replacing the pale beige he had remembered her sporting with a cocoa tan over her entire body with no tan lines as far as he could see at least...it made him slightly proud to see Nisha doing well for herself...

"Hello? Earth to Mark? Anyone there? Your eyes are all over the place..."

"H-Huh? O-Oh...it's...a uh...really nice suit..."

"I asked you that ages ago, dummy, I was asking if you'd be able to wear it over the weekend."

The word 'weekend' lingers in Markus' head as his posture stiffens upon processing the entirety of Nisha's query. A part of him dreaded to tell her that he was busy from Friday all the way till next week. It wasn't as if he had any obligation to acquiesce to her request seeing as how they were no longer a couple, but the firm side of him that had brought driven a wedge between them all those years ago was nowhere to be found, leaving Markus to flounder until he finally opens his mouth to deflect the question instead of coming clean.

"Uhh...shouldn't we test it out first? Try and see if it fits me in the first place before we think about the yes or no..."

"O-Oh right...I guess we should huh...I'll get it ready then..."

Raising a brow in thought as he watches Nisha carefully pour over the pale hulk to prepare it for him, Markus ponders the fact that she didn't even think to have him try it out in the first place before asking him about whether or not he was interested in attending whatever it was she had made the suit for. Could it be...

'No way...even if she remembered my measurements...but she was furious, wasn't she?'

A part of him felt touched by the meager possibility that Nisha might've constructed the suit specifically so it would fit him, but another part of him doubted that. Despite their stable breakup, he could tell

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Nisha had been less than pleased about it. Hiding her animosity because she most likely didn't want to make the last time they'd see each other a regrettable memory. But to discover she had not only kept his contact details to send him the invitation in the first place but had an entire suit built with him in mind left Markus slightly perturbed, doubting the self-made decision to stick with his guns and go full military. Once a choice like that was made...there'd be no going back, sighing as he moves forward to help Nisha unwind the suit.

'Guess I'll tell her about my gig later...can't keep her hopes up after all...'

With most of the connections loosened and the front zipper undone, the sturdy suit now looked like an open flower with two stems to root it to the ground in the form of heavy boots that must've been made out of metal if they had the weight to remain standing against the heavy helmet hanging precariously in the air with its three horns facing away from Markus and Nisha as they stand before the hollow giant, waiting for the man before it to enter and make it whole again. The two humans remain blissfully ignorant to the invisible entity that had taken notice of their shared plight, imbuing the suit and in turn Markus with its energy as he takes a step forward, putting one leg inside before turning to face his ex with a bashful look.

"I know this isn't the first time you've done this Nisha but...how did you even make something like *this*? Must've taken a lot of time right? And the money?"

"Oh it was nothing...just some glue...a few scraps here and there..and voila! How else did you think I made it Mark? You know me, brilliant designer and all that...now hurry up and get inside already, I wanna see you move in it!"

The look Nisha shoots his way as she playfully shoves toward the suit makes Markus think she might've wanted to say something more before restraining herself, causing a momentary air of awkwardness to linger between them before she steps forward with a slight shake of the head, redoing the seals after helping Markus secure the respective bits of the suit over his body starting with the sleeves as he slots his arms into the surprisingly accommodating interior, feeling some sort of material close around the few remaining gaps between his skin and the suit, ensuring it would retain its silhouette without slumping or denting. But that also meant the wearer needed a lot of strength to remain mobile, strength he was more than certain his past self lacked, keeping his mind busy while animate materials beneath the suit crushes the right arm already slotted in, compacting well earned muscles around lengthening bone, extending stubby forearms into waifish branches while a broad hand, callused and wrinkled, shrinks into a dainty manipulator tipped with slender fingers, healing rough nails into light pink shells of polished calcium, an oddity masked by the quality of life features that came with the suit keeping Markus ignorant to the way his right arm now looked like it would belong better on a woman's body...

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“Hey...Nisha? I’ve been meaning to ask you something...”

“Y-Yeah? What’s up?”

“This suit...it’s gonna take someone a whole lot of work to wear...someone big...”

Nisha’s silence was telling, enough for Markus to crane his neck to the side in an attempt to look his ex in the eye, watching an uncertain frown form on her face as she finishes securing his one remaining arm in the other sleeve, plugging wires here and there while chewing on her lower lip. Clearly hesitant to answer, much less look him in the eyes as she scurries to the safety of his back where he couldn’t see, forcing his head straight once she slaps the heavy rear portion of the suit over his spine, chafing his chin as an automatic mechanism secures the sturdy collar around his neck, leaving the majority of his body concealed within the stuffy cocoon that was Nisha’s prized creation. Obscuring the two of them to the ongoing occurrence taking place beneath as the left hand follows swiftly after it’s partnered limb while body hair all across Markus’ hide begins to recede back inside of smoothened skin glistening with sweat as stimulated pores and cells act to cure him of all blemishes, leaving the man with a brand new hide or pale skin that borders on albino...

“What happened to all that talk about being ‘dumber than a rock’ huh?”

“Yeah...I’m wonderin’ about that too...h-hey! Not so hard Nisha...”

Smirking to herself as gloved hands carefully grab ahold of the spikes on the helmet, Nisha shoves the overhanging thing back into place, slamming it over Markus’ face with a reverberant ‘CLANG’, drowning his vision in suffocating darkness with chiseled slits in the visor being the only thing that afforded him vision to the outside world while the smell of fresh metal enforces his earlier suspicions of the heavy thing actually being made out of iron or something along those lines while the rest of the form-fitting material beneath the suit conforms to his body, making him realize he was still wearing his own clothes beneath that mess, dreading the sweat and stink that would set in soon enough if he spent too long inside, none the wiser to said clothes being consumed by the inner lining, tearing the threads of his t-shirt apart before making do with what remains to form a loose tank top and a bundle of bandages stealthily wrapped tight around his bubbling chest to prevent the feeling of wobbly masses taking shape from his pectorals a secret. Gradually overshadowing a tight navel blooming forth from undulating lines of fading abs, retaining it’s trained appearance in addition to an added layer of titillating sexual appeal once his skeletal structure bends the knees to the mysterious energies coursing through his body; crushing in at the waist while pelvic bones broaden, pushing out gaunt hips until they were shapely handlebars, perfect to frame the heated core of a female bodybuilder with a cute belly button in the middle, rising and falling with each breath as sweat and body heat continues to build.

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And a little ways down below? Olive green trousers are eaten away in their entirety alongside the boxers beneath, leaving nothing in the way to prevent Markus' girthy manhood from coming into contact with the metamorphic lining as it tightens around his member, forming a pseudo-cocksleeve that slowly begins to stroke and knead, applying pressure on it as otherworldly energy flowing within the man's body work to do away with his manhood now that it no longer seemed like a nice fit to go with melon crushing thighs lined with just the right amount of supple flesh and tender fat to form thick, drumsticks linking with curved calves that taper off into petite feet supported by an added layer to keep the illusion of height in Markus' mind now that his feet were practically hanging in the air.

"How's it feeling in there? Everything nice and firm? No loose ends or that sorta stuff?"

"N-None that I can tell...this thing beneath the suit...it's really worth the money, can hardly feel it touching me at all besides it being real tight in some places..."

"Nice to hear~! Took me a bit of sourcing to get my hands on some reusable foam to get it all working, that and the experimenting on the right level of sensitivity? You wouldn't know the pain of it...try moving around. Shouldn't be too hard right, big guy?"

"We'll see...stand back though, wouldn't wanna fall on you in case I lose my footing..."

Back in college, running track and field for about two kilometers without stopping was an easy proposition, doing so with cinder blocks tied to the base of his soles was a hard task. So if someone were to tell him to try and walk a few steps with what felt like his entire leg coated in a solid layer of lead? He'd have conceded defeat right then and there in fear of losing his only means of mobility.

But Markus had been put through a varying series of physical training exercises for years now, long enough for the bulging muscles in his thighs and calves to handle the strain of lifting a mighty boot up before bringing it back down, lacking the grace and finesse to stick a proper landing with the sound of cracking concrete and banging metal putting a wince on Markus' face, hidden by the obscuring helm while Nisha whoops out loud, not the least bit angered by the destruction of her garage floor while the clumsy behemoth struggles to make a careful second step, doing marginally better with a satisfying 'THUD' accompanied by the jingle of accessories and the subtle sounds of wavering rubber as the pipes protruding from the armor sway slightly to the movement.

It was a half truth of course, for the physical changes working in tandem with the altered suit gave the Markus the illusion that he was able to move around while wearing the bulky thing, unaware as to the current status of his body as bound breasts stayed closely packed together, twin orbs of sensitive flesh hidden away behind tight bandages and a loose top that leaves little to the imagination with plentiful cutouts exposing rounded shoulders and a sexy tummy. Standing on shrunken legs with enough curves

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and indents to match an equally banging torso. Only able to feel an uncomfortable tightness in his groin as it continues to fade, testicles long since emptied of the organs responsible for sperm production reshaping themselves into smooth, clean shaven lips to frame new muscle and house moist flaps of highly sensitive flesh that remains hidden thanks to unactivated nerves realigning themselves around a hot, damp tunnel lying just below a sweaty incline, linked to a brand new organ flanked by old testes that waste no time in pumping new chemicals and hormones throughout a body that could no longer be considered a man's once a flat rear bloats outward, becoming sizeable cheeks that rub hard against the back of the suit, causing Markus to involuntarily shiver in an awkward moment of arousal as the electric bolt of pleasure zips up his spine, ignorant to the slight trickle of transparent grool leaking out of a new hole just beneath a woefully shrunken penis as he turns to face Nisha, craning a petite neck downward to face her just as the affliction begins to creep over his face, reshaping a broad chin while doing away with it's stubble, taking on a frown once an unusual haze of thirst and discomfort floods his mind.

“Hmm...needs some tightening in the screws but...not bad...I wasn't sure if you really could walk right with full metal soles but...I guess we could settle for rubber ones...property damage at the convention would be a big no-no...”

“But you knew I could move in em...anything else you're not telling me?”

“Oh cool your head Mark...it's not what you think...it might sound weird but...I thought I saw you recently while I was out looking for supplies; running down the street on an evening run? I wasn't sure but...I figured it wouldn't hurt to gamble...so I sent you that message once I was done with this project...and it looks like I was right.”

“High praise coming from you Nisha...but *'getting supplies'...* *'once you were done'...*so...but what... **cough** w-what made you think I'd even accept your invitation? Or that I'd still be using the same number?”

“Like I said; it was a gamble...are you really sure? Back then, about what you said to...are you alright? You're swaying around... and you didn't sound right for a moment back there Mark...is it something to do with the filters? If there's anything wrong you've gotta let me know, don't show off and play tough!”

“I-It's **back** fine...must've been the curry I ate last night. Y-You were saying?”

“Yeah right, we're getting you out of there, you can barely even tell what I'm saying! Now hold still...goddammit, did I mess up somewhere...”

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As Nisha scrambles out of sight to get her friend out of the suit with panic on her face and a series of frustrated mumbles pouring out of her mouth, Markus would begin to succumb to the dizzying wave that had suddenly befallen him not too long after he had turned to face Nisha, bringing gloved hands up to cup at his head as the feeling of metal fusing with bone leaves him stunned with the onset of a terrible migraine, left to endure the pain of nerves snaking and coiling within an inhuman construct to complete the connection between the two as the twin horns jutting out of the helmet fuses with the extensions linking them to Markus' being, leaving him, or rather *her* with a natural set of ebony spires reaching high above a head of smoothened hair bleaching itself a boney shade of beige from the roots. Leaving the changed woman with a stifled head of ever lengthening hair pooling inside her enclosed helmet, struggling to undo the latch holding tight while her hair begins to tickle puffy cheeks just beneath widened eyes and beautiful lashes, going on down to caress the sensitive nape of a shapely back before pooling further down over the squished valley that was a lady's cleavage formed from breasts large enough to rival Nisha's as their combined efforts at loosening the suit begins to bring a modicum of awareness to Markus as she begins to feel her chest bounce and jiggle alongside the frightening absence of something between her legs once the obscuring fabric below loosens its grip over her crotch, giving her brand new pussy room to breath as a noticeable spout of steam exits the glistening folds that had consumed her penis...trailing a string of slick fluid between the suit and her heated loins while excess flow gradually slides down her inner thighs, mixing with the sweat to form quite the rousing view if it weren't obscured by the gradually loosening suit.

But now that her mind was no longer clouded by pain or dizziness, the ensuing panic upon registering the alien sensations her feminized form experienced were free to run rampant in her head, renewing efforts to free herself as weak hands begin to struggle with the lock around her neck, unknowingly fiddling with a choker that had since manifested around the dainty pillar, lacking the bulge of an adam's apple and shaved clean.

“N-N-Nisha! S-Something's...there's something wrong! I can't feel it anymore!”

“H-Hold on! I've almost got it...why do you sound like...nevermind! I think it's almost...done!”

A metallic clack, an explosion of pale white silk, and the bulky suit would finally come apart, leaving Nisha stunned at the sight before her while Markus remains clueless, taking in heavy gulps of air that causes her



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bosom to rise and fall, dragging swollen nipples along the length of her strained tank top as it's sweat soaked fabric remains plastered over her gorgeous skin, showing off the ample layers of muscle mixed in with the unmistakable mounds of fat that leaves her with an eye-catching hourglass figure.

A mature yet soft spoken voice, crimson eyes inlaid into almond shaped slits, peculiar black scars that looked like fragmented stone had embedded themselves across her body after an accident...and those ears; cute flaps that seemed to move with a life of their own as they flapped weakly in the air embedded with black iron ear cuffs...Markus had become someone *very* familiar to Nisha. But in Markus' eyes, her sudden gender inversion and the manifestation of the markings over her body was enough cause to let out a scream. Silenced before she could do so as Nisha leaps forward, cupping a hand over her friend's mouth while the other grabs ahold of her shoulder in an attempt to calm her.

"D-Don't scream you idiot! You're gonna let the whole neighborhood know! This is perfect!"

"WMMN MMPHGH?! AM MFF MNNN!!!"
(*What do you mean by 'perfect'?! I'm a girl!!!*)

"Precisely...Look, I don't know what's going on here, but you can do double the work with the effort of one now! And if things work out well at the con...we could get you a nice little job, a really nice paying one...isn't that what you were always talking about?"

"W-What do you...b-but im in the military now Nisha! I can't-"

"Military? You? The moment they see some foreign girl walking up to their base with horns sticking out of her skull saying shes a man, the only place you'll end up at is either an insane asylum or under a microscope somewhere in Nevada or something...trust me Mark, this is gonna be *big* if you go through with this!!! So be a good girl, and chill, alright?"

Giving Markus space as her hands slowly loosen themselves, the changed woman turns her attention from a strangely energized Nisha back toward her body, nervously poking her new assets while tracing the smooth contours of her waifish frame. Her feet still felt like they were on solid ground but she knew with a simple glance that it wasn't the case, supported by her ex's mastercraft lining to make up for her cut down stature, taking the opportunity to pull down the front of the suit to get a better look at her crotch with fearful anticipation as a slender arm gingerly pushes against her obstructive chest, revealing the dreaded lack of her former member down between pillowy thighs she couldn't quite believe were hers, turning her eyes away from the bare glimpse of a woman's flower before she felt the urge to yell once again...

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“H-How did this even happen? I-I’m supposed to live like a girl now? What am I supposed to tell the base? My parents?! Nisha...say something!”

“We take it slow...”

“T-Take it slow?! W-While this thing could be permanent? N-No! I am no-ogh!”

Tumbling backward while a warm cushion silences her protests before an eager tongue chokes her out, Markus falls onto her back, feeling the air being knocked right out of her, stunned by the realization of what Nisha had done; tackling her from the front, using swift arms to grab on to her head before locking her hips down by straddling her. She wouldn’t risk harming her, and she knew it, taking advantage of Markus’ still burning flame in order to dominate.

“Do you remember what I asked you just now? Before you started going all woozy on me?”

“N-No...Nisha, please, this isn’t the time for-”

“But it is...see, I don’t know what your stupid, blockheaded brain has gotten you into over the last few years, but I am not letting you...run off to join the military! Something’s obviously got you second guessing yourself because you wouldn’t show up here otherwise...and now something’s turned you into a girl...a special one no less...if now’s not the time to talk about our past score...then I don’t know what else will be a good time for you Markus...now can we just talk? I’ve had enough of you constantly shitting on yourself and I’m not the same meek girl who couldn’t stop her boyfriend from leaving...”

“A-Alright...just...could you get off of me...you’re pressing into my...”

“Oh..right...sorry...”

The next few minutes were awkward to say the least. With the reminder of Markus’ inverted gender, the two women took some time to get comfortable before they were in a position to speak normally. And once they were, the subject of the past would only grow even stranger to talk about now that Nisha was chatting with a life-like representation of her favorite mobile game character instead of her ex-boyfriend, although knowing he was still inside of her was enough to keep her focused and on-topic.

“So...like I was saying...now that you’re...well, not you...and a girl that looks alot like a really popular video game character, you could get a nice paying gig going as a model. Photos, videos, we could do so many things and...well...no offense Mark but I’m guessing you haven’t gotten a stable job after all this time, did I hit the nail on the head?”

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“Y-Yeah...it’s why I got in with the military in the first place...although now...now i’m not so sure about sticking with it anymore...”

"Not sure huh? You seemed pretty eager to go running to em earlier."

"No...it's not like that Nisha...it's just...I was thinking about what military service meant...and when I thought about dying somewhere overseas without anyone knowing, it all just started to sound like a bad idea...all that regret...and then I saw your message...wanted to come see you before I got shipped out or something."

"You dunderhead...looks like the only change you got was a physical makeover...not...this I mean...you only got buff but that stupid head of yours is still stupid!"

"I'm sorry..."

"Quit apologizing...you're making it a habit and it's terrible..."

A few moments pass in relative silence as Nisha watches Markus curl into a tighter ball, looking almost pitiable with regret and confusion written clear on her face to see, making her sigh in regret before rubbing her forehead in dismay, moving away from the nasty temper she had built up over the years since their initial parting towards brighter pastures, clearing her throat as she does so.

"But...like I said earlier; it's not the end of everything. Just cuz you're a girl now doesn't mean you can't continue living."

"What about the military people? And my folk back at home?"

"C'mon Markus, remember what I told you? Back when you wanted to call it quits?"

Being brought back to that moment in time by Nisha's words only made Markus' already heavy heart feel that much more unbearable as the events of that unpleasant evening play out once more; of her male self standing in a confrontation with a younger, more girly Nisha. And indeed, she wasn't as headstrong and brave as she was now, seemingly afraid and confused much like herself as she voices her argument in an effort to get Markus to stay. An effort that was ultimately futile as the two came to be alone by the end of the day, never to meet again until now.

"We can figure this out...together...one step at a time..."

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"Good girl...so that's what we'll do...whatever comes up, we deal with it, *together*...whether or not you're a man or a woman, I don't think anyone would mind so long as you're still yourself Markus..."

"*Be myself* huh? The same Markus who left a girl like you?"

"*Yeap*...although, it wouldn't hurt *too* much if you learned to change...don't you think?"

Turning over toward Nisha, Markus could only reply to her wry smile with another of her own, leaning forward to embrace her girlfriend in a warm hug that unfortunately doesn't last too long once she gets a whiff of her hair.

"G-Get out of that thing...you might look nice but you definitely don't smell like it at all!"

"Comes with the job I guess...a model huh...sounds...interesting..."

"Yeah but no ones gonna hire or heap praise on ya if you walk around smelling like a rotten fish...and besides...how long's it been since we last took a shower together?"

"Too long, Nisha...too long..."

Markus wasn't sure what laid ahead for her in the future as she slowly disrobes herself from the rest of the similarly drenched suit, but like her girlfriend had said; being herself was plenty enough if she hoped to last through the coming days. And with Nisha by her side and a kindled flame burning once again in her mind, the silver haired woman laughing with her love in hand as they headed towards the bathrooms rejoiced internally at the lovely feeling of bubbly excitement she hadn't felt in a *long* time running free in her heart and soul...

THE END

SOURCE GLOSSARY

Image Sources

Image 1 official character portrait from Arknights

Image 2 by Wenit : <https://www.pixiv.net/en/users/4205945>