

Road Trip: Suiting Up

Commission for Nomen Nescio

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Organic to synthetic TF, male to female gender TF, hyper hourglass expansion, semi-stuck.

Read at your own discretion.



A long time ago

In a galaxy far, far away...

This place was dead as a tomb. That wasn't a surprise, since the station looked completely derelict from the outside too. Expecting any signs of life or function might have been a bit much. Just finding the artificial gravity and light worked was nothing short of a miracle.

If not for the thick covering of an environmental suit Janus was sure he'd hear his boot falls echoing across the cavernous storage chambers. All his pointed wolf ears could pick up scrunched inside a protective helmet were the sounds of his breathing hissing out tiny filter ports. He was glad for those with how much metallic dust reflected off his headlight beams. The idea that space had no air but stuff can still rust away was fascinating to the brown wolf man in that moment. Looking up the exact Scientifics of how that worked might make good reading back on the *Out of Dodge*.

For now, he continued forward across the third of what seemed like many storage holds. The massive cubic room, like its predecessors, was lined wall to wall with racks of droids. Janus curled his tail inside the suit's pant leg seeing only more of the same here. What droids weren't hanging haphazardly on their placements in states of disrepair littered the floor in clusters of scrap.

Sigils of the Galactic empire were branded everywhere; on creates, droids, even the tools. They were just as worn as the empire itself these days. Two years after the fatal battle of Endor it's no surprise a depot for service equipment would be drifting in the boonies of deep space long forgotten. Janus had really gotten his hopes up there'd be some kind of epic secret to unravel, or at least a fancy weapon to tinker with. He did take solace that this much level of salvage would help fuel his little expedition outside the galaxy for many months.

The wolf was turning to head to the next lower level when his sweeping headlights illuminated something that did spark interest in his passive thoughts. Turning back for a better examination, a small grin couldn't help creeping across his muzzle.

Anything put behind airtight titanium shielding doors with triple locks can only be good. With a swift, instinctual, move of his arm, the wolf's lightsaber clicked on with its signature hiss. A glow of bright blue irradiated for the energy blade in his right hand. It provided next to nothing for illumination but made quick work cutting through the deadbolt mechanisms blocking his path.

"YEET!?"

No sooner did his energy blade break the last bolt than the heavy door lurched against its hinges. That was just the two seconds Janus needed to dive away in time. The heavy lump of metal rocketed through the space he previously occupied into the far wall. Droid parts exploded from impact raining chunks across the bay.

"Wow. When they say highly pressurized room, they really mean it," Janus commented, ignoring the bits of rubble clinking off his environment suit. A room still filled with oxygen was a neat surprise.

It also meant the goodies inside might still be preserved. The wolf strode into the room with fluffy tail wagging feverishly inside his suit's leg. His lightsaber still at the ready carried a shining blue aura off the still settling dust. A bit of dramatic music played inside Janus' head to counter the silence of what he imagined was a really cool jedi entrance. Why couldn't these moments happen to him when someone was around to witness them?

Oh well! At least he had found something worth looting. Janus relaxed his lightsaber as he entered the closet but didn't shut it off just yet. His suit's flashlights cut through the dusty air to illuminate four erect cylinders about the size of his leg. Standard quadanium steel enforced, air tight sealing mechanisms meant whatever they held would stay contained.

Naturally, the lack of power to the housing unit also meant he had no idea what was inside, and opening it would take a lot of convincing for Janus to do something that rash...again. Examination and research were a job better suited for the crazy scientist with a criminal record busy hiding back on their ship. A few quick flips of the manual locks and he had the protective glass case open. With a little heavy labor, he could probably carry one back.

"Hey! Janus!"

"SQUEEEEEEE!!?"

When it came to history most people alive before the galactic civil war could explain how jedi had a reputation for being noble warriors of peace. Rigorous training in both mind and body meant they could approach even the worst of situations with a level head and a steady hand. Some might even consider them living statues, never expressing emotion while the force guided them through a job well done.

The high-pitched scream and frantic lightsaber thrashing Janus displayed after being broken from his thoughts embodied none of these traits. Fortunately, the new arrival had the reflexes to avoid his humming blue energy blade, if only by inches. The same couldn't be said for the shelves and boxes in the wolf's immediate reach. For a few seconds there was nothing but yelling to the symphony of scolding metal and crashing wreckage. Eventually his lungs ran out of enough air that he had to stop and take in the same environmental suit as his own standing in the doorway. A very disgruntled lapin face glared back through its helmet visor.

"Oh, hey, Nomen!" Janus said, grinning like he hadn't just cut the storage closet into trash pieces. "Didn't hear you arrive. How were the lower decks?"

“Dismal!” Their bunny shuttle pilot answered with a curt snort. His eyes glanced over the chunks of things freshly strewn across the floor. “Transport ships are gone or already scrapped. Probably when the people working here left. Anything on your end?”

“Oh, I think so! You’re just in time to help with these...uh...”

The silence was thick thanks to being on a dead station. Both anthro’s stared at the canisters through their helmets. Stray beams from their flashlights illuminated the still scolding hot marks left by frantic lightsaber strikes across the housing case. It seemed only by some sheer whim of luck that only one canister had been sundered clear in half. A thick purple muck slowly poured out onto the floor, making a puddle that was slowly creeping its way towards the pair.

“I’m guessing it wasn’t like that when you got here?” Nomen couldn’t see Janus’ face through the helmet, but his little puff tail wagged, knowing the wolf was shooting them a very annoyed look. Not waiting for a response, he stepped closer to kneel over the puddle for a closer examination. It seemed to almost defy the gravitational tilt of the station and start spilling towards his boots, making the bunny take a reflexive step back. “Any idea what this is?”

“Some sort of industrial fuel, maybe? I haven’t had a chance to check out the whole room yet.” Janus eyed the damaged case again, paying no regard to the ooze seeming to follow his companion's feet. Luck continued to favor the wolf as his less than graceful attack had also missed slicing open the control consul. Fishing out its memory bank from there was easy enough. Within seconds he was skimming through the whole station's manifests using their suits glove mounted computer. “Let’s see... droids...droids... a lot of spare carpeting, for some reason... an excessively large order of cashews. Ah ha! I think I found it. This thing is carrying prototype dark trooper armor, Mark Four, phase three. Oh. That’s, uh, that’s not nice at all.”

“Maybe,” Nomen jumped to his full height backing from the leaking goo with a bit more concern now. “I’ve heard of the phase threes, but never thought any actually existed past beta testing.”

“Hey. I’ve fought dark troopers before,” Janus snapped, readying his lightsaber as if the still unopened canisters might launch an attack. The purple stuff leaking off the broken one was even getting all over the smooth surface of its neighbor. “Those things are just giant angry robots. And suddenly I don’t want to be in this room.”

“Relax! From what I’ve heard these were upgrades to act as battle suits, not droids. Sure, they got AI guided cybernetic systems but the wearer should still have...mostly control?” Nomen took a deep breath unsure himself how to take their discovery. His view over the casing left him unable to see tendrils of the purple muck working at the lid of another canister. The covering of his suit left the bunny oblivious to the same substance inching up his legs, gently prodding along the seams.

“Yeah. They’re also supposed to turn tubby imperial moffs into hulking juggernauts of destruction.” Meanwhile, Janus remained on guard completely focused on the canisters over everything else. Anything Sith on a derelict ship was just asking for trouble. “Rebel camps loved sharing rumors about this project. They say the guy heading phase three discovered something

called a nanospore that could completely alter a person's body. The things they did were so disturbing and deranged Emperor Palpy himself apparently had to fire them."

"Hah! If there's a guy psychotic enough to make a Sith lord cringe, we should recruit them."

"I think what we should be doing is get out of here."

Nomen huffed, resting both arms on the casing. "Will you relax? These things have been adrift in dead space for years without power. No way they can be..."

A small pop echoed out of the closet followed by a soft clang of metal hitting the floor. Both furs jumped back reading their lightsaber and blaster respectfully at the second canister that'd been forced open by the spreading purple goo. Almost immediately a blue substance of similar material began pouring out the metal container like boiling water.

"Holy hell! These things are active!?"

"I told you!" Janus groaned, realizing the outpouring of blue tar was spilling directly towards them. "Nomen! Watch out for the-"

The thought couldn't even finish before two things happened in rapid succession. Some loud tearing diverted Nomen's attention to the fact everything from his hips down had become practically encased in the purple muck. A position it exploited by rending open the fabric of his environment suit and causing a near instant decompression. The bunny didn't even get a brave womanly squeal out before it rushed inside the breaches and across his exposed body proper. An instinctive reaction to kick it off only threw his balance, sending him crashing to the floor.

"Hey-" Seeing his friend and only pilot in sudden peril caused Janus to drop his guard in a classic blunder. He wouldn't have time to worry about Nomen's predicament much. The blue goop capitalized on the distraction by shooting up to block his view as a literal wall that engulfed the wolf like a blanket. Its attack struck with enough force to send him falling onto his back, ripping its way through their protective suit in the process. The lightsaber flew from his hand along the way, immediately powering down so it rolled out of the closet harmlessly.

Yay! A new pilot at last!

The air burst out of Nomen's lungs upon landing, leaving him dazed and only seeing blue over his helmet's visor. In the few seconds it took to collect his thoughts and breath in for a scream the view became clear once more. He blinked in confusion a few times before cautiously sitting up. The strange goo was literally covering him one second and then gone the next. Although, it did leave several small holes in his environment suit. Damage that was strangely not hindering his ability to breathe.

"Janus? You, okay?"

The wolf was still frantically patting himself down when the simple question gave him pause. Climbing back to his feet, it was easy to see their suit had been split clean down the front.

A nervously slicking canine tail peeked out now and then with his shifting inspection. And yet, he seemed no less impacted by the station's lack of oxygen either.

“I...everything seems okay. My legs are feeling a bit w-wh-WHOA!”

Janus shot both arms out to his sides, waving frantically to maintain balance as he staggered backwards. It was hard to tell what was tripping up the wolf at first. While still sitting down Nomen thought he was trying to pull some kind of jedi levitation trick. But then his eyes drifted down to find his legs never left the floor. Instead, they were significantly longer and denser than he usually sported.

“Never mind! This is probably not okay!” Janus groaned, grasping at his thighs. Glints of a golden metallic surface bulged out the environment suits tears, wrecking them further while making their owner progressively taller.

“Maybe. I’m pretty sure that’s a... uh...” Nomen raised a hand to gesture at Janus’ altering legs and then got lost observing his own extremity. Fingers twitched involuntarily, wrist rotating to degrees that should have been considerably painful. More worrisome was the increasing sounds of servos shifting and metal clinking with the strange movements.

He could only give a hollow gasp when a chill rushed down his arm. Seconds later the fabric began shifting, pulling taut across a limb that looked to be undergoing a growth spurt of its own. The thin protective material didn’t put up much of a fight. Shining green fingers erupted from the glove causing a chain reaction that tore the entire sleeve apart up to the rabbit’s shoulder.

“Not what I expected,” he mused while experimentally moving his changed appendage. The arm had become over double its usual bulk and covered in armored plating colored the same emerald and cream as his usual fur patterns. Each joint whirled and squeaked with the mechanisms of a machine, exactly like a droid.

“Nyah!” Shakey groans from Janus followed a similar transformation to the wolf’s legs. Their suit from the waist down molted off in a messy reveal of two very long, robotic looking legs ending in solid boot-like lumps for feet. Similarly, to Nomen’s change, his were plated in a bright golden and white armor that matched his fur. However, the robotic parts seemed to stop halfway up the thigh and take on a softer round shape that looked sleek and shimmering, as if he were wearing latex.

Nomen couldn’t help also noticing his friend's legs were designed with a very feminine humanoid appearance. Especially with how shapely those extra padded thighs rounded into outwardly curved hips.

“Nomen!? I’m feeling this is the perfect time to panic.” Janus yipped, grabbing at said hips in a desperate attempt to stop them growing even bigger. Their rear quickly joined in, puffing out into a distended shelf that could balance a drink or two at the pub. The amount of material filling his artificial skin became so excessive that they wobbled and sloshed with every movement the wolf made twisting to observe them.

Installation is currently at forty-eight percent. Please remain calm until calibration completes!

Nomen blinked at the voice that came from everywhere, yet seemed inside his head. It was oddly feminine, but with that flat ton that only came from typical programmable intelligence. When he opened his mouth to question it, though, all that came out was a grunt as his other arm exploded out its sleeve. His legs quickly followed, erupting into feminine robot-like limbs platted in green. Every little movement filled his long-folded ears with subtle strains of mechanical joints. Not that he could move much with their weight keeping his smaller torso pinned to the floor.

“Nomen? Was that you?” Janus asked for his friend absently. His attention was on the very smoothed area of latex over his crotch helping sell the incredible span of new child bearing hips. A loud clanking returned the wolf’s attention to his equally enlarged butt, where his tail fur became systematically replaced with a series of golden metal covering. Each section of vertebrae snapped between them in an instant transformation to become servos that could easily mimic nervous wagging.

Negative. Another automaton voice echoed through both changing furry’s heads. It was a weird sensation since Janus could almost swear the source was also originating from the bunny at his metal feet. *I am designated as Tria, and that is my counterpart Dyo.*

Greetings! Janus was more than a little horrified when his hand lifted against his will to wave at Nomen. That fear was only compounded when his arms erupted from their suit coverings as synthetic gold versions of his former form. The forearms were especially bulky like they’d become a housing for something else. **We will be serving as your AI companion pilots for the duration of your usage.**

“And, uh, what the heck are you...girls... doing to us!?” Nomen asked, unsure about etiquette for AI, droids, and genders. A lump shot into his still organic throat watching his shoulders bother slim into a womanly cast before bulking slightly with reinforced pauldrons. That change quickly flowed into the rest of his body where lots of things began to ruffle under his remaining environment suit.

In accordance with the programming of our great creator, your physical forms will be temporarily adjusted for maximum combat efficiency.

“How is making my bottom-heavy combat effective?” Janus wailed. Every word spoken crackled and strained like a radio adjusting until ultimately settling on him speaking with a tone clearly female yet also artificial in nature.

The application of combat grade polly gel is part of the special armor modification labeled as 'dump truck.' Dyo explained flatly. **This has statistically proven to be distracting during combat, while making you very resistant to low powered blaster fire and ballistics.**

"Yeah. I can probably bounce platinum c-c-chips off that rump." Nomen would have chuckled at his own heckling if his own voice hadn't shorted out and returned as a robotic feminine siren mid-sentence. Instead, he returned to watching his torso grow into a more

balanced size befitting his changed limbs. Hips cracked and puffed with presumably the same gel substance, though thankfully not near the curves as Janus' aptly titled dump truck.

Watching the suit contort around his chest in a more circular rise of twin protrusions didn't even phase Nomen that much. In hindsight such a drastic growth should have been expected. When the material became too restraining to tolerate, he grabbed at the budding breasts and rent what remained of his environment suit open. Somehow, he doubted a lack of oxygen would be a problem for them anymore.

Installation at eighty-two percent. Tria popped into Nomen's mind.

That seemed about right with his shining new body unceremoniously revealed. Nomen's torso had completely reshaped into the curves of a very endowed woman, better enlarged to match his sleek mechanical limbs. Latex gleamed over the softer parts of his thighs, hips and bust giving the appearance of a bodysuit. Granted, he had no doubt this was meant to serve as his new skin. The complete lack of a bulge in the crotch area was also telling of how thorough this 'installation' was getting.

At least Nomen was relieved to be getting the shorter end of the deal. Another panicked squeal from Janus brought attention to their own budding bosom. The poor wolf's suit was quickly filled with all the space it could provide until he looked like an inflated balloon. Both his now robotic golden hands clamped down on the expanding shelf unable to hold back the slightest bit of their momentum. Fabric tore away in large clumps letting the squishy sacks of fabricated material pour around his elegant palms.

"Forget chips! You could deflect a photon torpedo off that rack." Nomen giggled in an unexpectedly girlish way as he got to his feet. Servos whirled among the many reformed joints to support a different body, yet it didn't seem to throw off his instinctive balance that much.

Detecting instances of envy. Tria's sudden report slapped the smile of Nomen's face. Something else churned to life inside his more robotic stomach, rapidly building strength. *For the pilot's mental health, we will engage in platform recalibration to better match Dyo.*

"Recali-what? Hey? HEY!" Nomen's eyes shot open with the constant drone of a vacuum from somewhere within himself. Both hands slapped defiantly across his butt, which did nothing to halt its imminent inflation. Glossy bunny cheeks gushed out behind him easily pushing the robotic palms aside. The excess mass bulged between his slender metal fingers as hips popped and reconnected two...four...several inches wider. Thighs plumped up into juicy chunks of synthetic meat, making sure his every step would have a jiggling sashay to it. "I'm not envious of a dump truck wolf, damn it!"

"Who are you calling a dumpy with a cargo hold like that?" Janus teased, giving Nomen a raspberry when they whirled to growl at him. It was pretty clear both now possessed the hip span to fill the two-seater couch back on Nomen's ship, and it might still be a tight squeeze.

"Dook!" Nomen barked when the motor shifted gears in a way that caused his newly formed breasts to vibrate. "Nonononono!!"

Trying to hold back Tria's automated pumping had already proved futile, but Nomen still clamped down on his tits with all the strength biomechanical innovations could muster. He managed to hold back the rushing pressure for exactly six seconds before his joints faltered. Soon as he released his chest the floodgates ripped free, erupting his chest from galaxy average to 'death star' sizes of round globes in a loud sloshing noise that echoed across the station. If not for the timely leg adjustments from Tria, the inflating bunny would have surely been rocked off his feet by the mass bouncing hard off his chest.

Recalibration complete. We are now matched to Dyo's platform measurements with a point-eight-four percent margin of error. Scans indicate an immediate heightened brain activity and focus. We are pleased you approve, master.

"S-shut up!" Nomen bit his lip, hands still gingerly fondling the enormous synth boobs he'd grown. A side glance at Janus saw they were looking back with the same pensive stare. They sure looked the same size, but the bunny felt a stab of superiority that he was definitely the bigger one now.

And he didn't know what to make of that fleeting thought.

"Oof!" Janus released his own glossy rubber mammaries with a grumpy huff. They bounced for a lot longer than either transformed anthro could have predicted before setting into a natural hang almost down to the wolf's naval. Pretty much his entire thinner upper body could hide behind the massive mounds. "Strange. I don't feel that heavy."

Your physical attributes have been upgraded with extensive cybernetic replacements. A drastic increase in your capabilities should be expected.

Installation process at ninety-six percent. Please stand by for HUD calibration.

"The wha-GAH! Give us longer warnings about this slag!" Nomen growled as a fog blanketed his vision. At the same time pressure engulfed his entire brain with his skull being pressed on from all sides. Not even ripping off the useless space helmet helped. Judging by the yelp from Janus he was pretty much in the same boat.

"Arf?" Thankfully when his pointed canine ears popped Janus didn't suffer a spontaneous head explosion. His eyes flew open again only to find the wolf tinted in a shade of blue. A visor had taken shape over eyes glowing with the power of circuitry, welded smoothly with the metal plating's making up the other areas of his head. Ears buzzed with the sounds of machines in their curious twitches to this final stage of their transformation. One hand giving a light touch over a canine muzzle smoothed over by soft latex. "Wow! Are we robots!?"

"I mean, probably?" Nomen panted, despite his breasts not shifting with the expansion of lungs anymore. His manufactured eyes darted rapidly behind a bright purple visor, awed how computer readouts began to scroll by in the little corners. All of which his new processing vision could read in seconds, from the estimated weight of the remaining sealed canisters to the dress sizes for both of their impossibly wide curves.

They would need a lot of material for such an outfit, to say the least.

Installation complete! Dyo announced to the pair. **We look forward to serving you in glorious battle. Please take the time to go over the enclosed safety manual. A search engine is available for any simple questions you may have about our functions.**

Nomen ignored the prompts in his overlay until they went away. Both hands alternated between feeling up his chest and behind. They were ridiculously stacked even by galaxy standards. “So, this is the power of Sith tech on bruiser trooper armor? Words honestly fail me.”

“This is totally not Sith design,” Janus insisted, also fairly distracted by his extended hair. It had grown virtually unnoticed to the swell of the wolf’s butt and shone with the same fakeness as the rest of their ‘skin.’ Hands came to rest on his hips in a very girlish pose almost by second nature. “Sith stuff is supposed to be evil and very destructive stuff. Whoever was allowed to do this is just... I don’t know...”

“A sick pervert?”

“I was going to say evil and sadistic beyond all reason.”

“Well, you don’t look half bad?”

“S-shut up!” Janus rocked back like his new body had been hit. They didn’t look capable of blushing anymore but the folded back ears and rapidly swaying metal tail still made Nomen smirk.

We would like to point out two sets of dark trooper armor are nearby and fully functional. It is recommended they be brought with you for potential use.

“Somehow I doubt we can sell these things, but might as well.” Nomen moved to heft one of the unopened canisters, almost flinging it through a wall with the effort put in.

“Forget about the cybernetic enhancements already?” Janus leaned in to tease the rabbit.

“Just stop talking and grab a pill.”

The walk back to their ship, the Out of Dodge, involved a lot more clanking and wobbling than when the pair had first embarked. They were just glad no other weird surprises jumped out to upgrade their position into busty war mechs or something. After having the canisters stored in the usual cargo hold Nomen hit the buttons that sealed off their ship and began depressurization. Being back in a controlled environment felt soothing despite his altered form.

“So,” Janus said after a long bit of silent standing. “How are we going to explain to anyone being stuck as robots now?”

Correction; your augmented forms are not permanent.

“What!?” Both anthro’s barked in unison, glancing around the cargo hold like there was anyone to glare at.

Now that we are in a safe environment it is easily permissible to withdraw your dark trooper armor. Do you wish to proceed?

Janus didn't need to think. "Yes! Yes!"

Almost instantly the pressure around his skull returned, along with a bizarre sensation of shedding. Before the wolf's eyes the thick curvatures of his breasts deflated while hips straightened out. Metal plates retracted onto themselves only to vanish somewhere inside his body. Fingers and toes wiggled in freedom again restored to flesh and fur. The latex surface covering his body rippled like it was melting away only for his old clothes to burst back into existence. Within a minute Janus was back to exactly the way he was when they'd docked with this cursed station; fluffy, organic, and male.

"Um..." Nomen could not say the same thing. The synthetic bunny woman shifted nervously on his solid metal feet platforms poking at one breast with a shining steel claw. "These are going to start shrinking soon, right?"

There was a disturbing silence before Tria spoke in their heads again.

Apologies. My conversion mechanism seems to have suffered several instances of searing damage. Repairs are going to be required before armor retraction can be performed safely.

"Are you kidding me!?" Nomen faced Janus with a look so intense it was amazing her visor didn't fire a laser beam. "You're the one that opened the canister with a lightsaber! We're lucky the installation didn't render me some malformed zombie mutant!"

"At least you're cute?"

Nomen raised his hands mimicking the infamous choking gesture among Sith lords of old. Luckily for his meek wolf partner he was not the type overly entuned with the force. Even better was a small buzzing going off in the bunny's metal skull before he could consider asserting that action in a physical sense.

Diagnostic complete, master Nomen. There is a way to bypass the damaged circuits and reactivate the armor's stand-by sequence. However, I must warn you this will require disabling over a dozen subsystems and...

"Just get me back to normal!"

Yes, sir!

Two seconds into the process Nomen regretted not listening to the rest of his inner voices concerns. An overwhelming tension caused his shining body to lock up so harshly it sent his feminine curves jiggling. His short muzzle skewed into an almost unnaturally tilted grimace. Sparks shot out from several different places startling Janus into a hastily backpedal for safety.

A loud ominous snap had both furs were worried the bunny was set to spontaneously combust. Instead, Nomen was ecstatic to witness his beach ball boobs begin to deflate, restoring a peripheral view of the floor. His butt and hips quickly followed, flattening in a similar process to what he saw occur with Janus. Aside from the occasional off sounds from grinding of metal

and straining mechanisms everything began to retract or recede into...wherever the heck these AI's store themselves on a host.

"Well, that's a relief." Nomen patted himself down, unable to hide a relieved grin. Everything seemed back in its proper place right down to his flight jacket. There was just this odd scent of burning plastic lingering in the air that was very concerning.

"Oh! So, this is where they ended up!?" A new voice nearly made both anthro's draw weapons in alarm. Descending from the ship's upper decks was a humanoid looking like a cross between a squirrel and a fox with blue fur. He ignored their looks of annoyance and made a beeline straight for the stored containers, rubbing their black nose against one in a disturbing display of affection. "I knew those imperials were lying when they said the mark fours were all trashed. You can't replicate genius organic robotization like this. And still fully functional too. Talk about long lasting power cells."

Nomen's long ears twitched, along with the right side of his face. A hand remained firmly resting on the hilt of a blaster. "Desmond!? You know about these armors?"

"Know them?" Desmond turned to face their pilot in a flourish of showmanship like they should be impressed with something. "You're looking at the empire's project head for the whole phase three line!"

Nomen took several long, deep breaths before finally letting go of his holstered weapon. Glancing at Janus, the wolf could only shrug with equal defeat in his eyes.

"Where'd you find these? Are there any others?" Desmond whirled in place excitedly scanning the hold for any more salvage.

"N-Nomen and I miiiiight have accidentally installed one on ourselves" Janus murmured sheepishly. "But Nomen's looked like it was having problems changing him back."

"Only because an expert warrior accidentally sliced it with a lightsaber!"

Nomen regretted today the second Desmond turned to gaze at him with that special gleam in their soulless black sclera. The squirrel-fox set upon him with an extreme disregard for personal space; poking, prodding, and generally trying to yank the bunny's clothes off. When the grabby paws went for his pants, it took actually drawing his pistol to get them off.

"Looks like our pilot is as springy as ever," Desmond mused in complete dismissal of the death threat. "Did your AI say what had been damaged?"

"I might have been too in a rush to get rid of the boobs for hearing her out." Nomen's ears folded despite the anger etched on his face. "Tria said there were a dozen subsystems that'd need repairs before she could fully shut down, or something."

"Really? And you're not dead?"

"...should I be?"

"I would hope not. Janus would crash us trying to fly out of here."

“It’s true.” the wolf interjected from his quiet observations.

Desmond rubbed his long slender snout in thought for a few seconds. “Well, if you can still manage to revert then the important stuff must be running. Let’s try this; Tria, activate!”

“Oh, come ON! Not this crap again!” Noman screamed when his insides clanked like an engine starting. Every word shifted sharply down the spectrum towards a sexy female pitch. At least there weren’t any sparks as plates ripped through his jacket and pant sleeves, the rest quickly being shredded by the explosive growth of breasts and an ass that could serve bar drinks. Before he could even form a coherent string of curses, the bunny found himself looming over his ship’s passengers, seeing the world through a purple synth visor once more. He even had to take a step or three back to properly fume at Desmond over the shelf of his rounded chest. “Damn it, Desmond! I wasn’t ready to go through this again. And why the hell did it wreck my clothes this time!?”

Sorry about that, master! Tria’s voice sounded off in Nomen’s head with the odd impression of one waking from a nap. One of my subsystems shut down was designed for converting clothing safely between suit applications. We had to default to many redundant backups or you would also have to regrow your skin every time you wished to remove me.

“... Fair enough!”

“This is still great news though.” Desmond clapped his paws in excitement as he orbited Nomen’s spacious hips like they had a gravity field. Given their size, it was almost a surprise they didn’t. “I’m glad two of them work in a near perfect capacity. Imagine the advantage you guys will have now. It’ll make hunting down this dumb jedi lost treasure quest of yours a lot easier. Can’t beat the wonders of Sith technology, am I right? Getting it to flawlessly transform an entire organic body was child’s play with what they do. Can you believe Palpy just gave me tons of this junk for the sake of a few super troopers? And he had the nerve to call me insane! Sorry, I got lost in a tangent again. You probably have tons of questions.”

Nomen rubbed his temple with one hand while raising the other to silence Desmond. It was three times in the last four minutes he’d had to remind himself this jittering ex-imperial was the only thing keeping his ship flying through space at all right now.

“No. No. Actually, you’ve explained a lot more than I really wanted to know about this.” He slowly gestured with the same hand over his smoothly polished metal body. “Now could you please fix me so I can fly us as far away from this hell as possible?”

“Sure. Sure. But first...” Desmond pointed back at the hatch he’d entered from. “Tria, long as you’re active, use Nomen’s amazing new height to get some cookies off the top shelf for me.”

Nomen blinked first in confusion, and then narrowed his eyes at the fox-squirrel. “That is the dumbest thing I...whoa! HEY! HEY!”

Janus’ jaw dropped as the robotic bunny began marching forward in a militarized stiff fashion. Nomen continued to shout and wriggle, but seemed unable to halt their course up the metal ladder. All it did was make their assets jostle harder.

“What the hell, Tria!? Is this another one of your backups?”

No, master! All mark fours have been hard wired to obey the will of our genius creator, even at the detriment of our pilots. It was his fail safe knowing the almost comical standard Sith have for betrayals. May his brilliance ever benefit this unimaginative galaxy.

“DESMOND!”

Nomen’s shouts faded with his ascension into the upper decks while the two remaining furs did nothing to follow. They could still hear the incoherent curses echoing through the ship, briefly followed by a crashing of dishes. Within due time the green armored bunny returned to pass Desmond a mason jar.

“I love science. Don’t you?” Desmond asked Janus as he began feasting on their limited supply of chocolate chip cookies.

The wolf, for his part, blinked slowly trying to carefully articulate his response so centuries of Jedi teachings weren’t disrespected by him sounding like a pervert.

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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