

# Star Wars

## Rogue Space Rabbit

By Charlie GM

TF Fiction, partially inspired by [Subakitsu's work's](#)

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**Tags:** Transformation, TGTF, Male to Female, Anthro TF (Lepi), Shrinking, Fur Focus, Paw Focus, Identity Play, Karmic, Tables Turned, Star Wars, Post-Imperial Era, Relationship Issues, Domme/Sub play, Semi-Comedy

**Rated General**

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Weeks ago, the skies above Malawa blazed with war. Time since saw its dark jungle canopies battered by the debris of falling defense satellites. It saw fields pockmarked with TIE/LN solar panels and burned out cockpits. It saw oceans roiled by the sinking of the star destroyer *Archidoux*, and the cityscape of Channai blackened by the siege cannon's ire.

Her garrison held out bravely. Without support from the Empire, however, their tenacity was folly. Unconditional surrender to the rebels calling themselves the 'New Republic' was the only term on the table.

So after three weeks of hard fighting, Imperial command relented. They agreed to demands. Army officials would turn over leadership to the 52nd NR Mobile infantry, lay down their arms and accept custody until duly processed by Alliance military police.

Things should have gone smoothly from there. They would have, if command hadn't lost their bargaining chip.

Yet when the 52nd Mobile Infantry went to collect their VIP, public enemy number one, the stalwart holdout of imperial sovereignty in the sector, his eminence governor Rigel, from his panic bunker at the bottom of the palatine estate, they didn't find a man.

They did find a tunnel.

Tens of miles away, a cowardly man crawls out of a ditch. He is rake thin. His cheeks are sallow and his lips are thin. He looks a few months younger than thirty-five. His uniform is smudged with dirt where it isn't covered by a poncho. His hands are sweaty, his legs are quaking, and his only salvation is getting off Malawa as fast as he can.

This man is the 'Lion of the Mid Rim,' Rigel Pammarant. He is craven scum. There are other

things you might call him too: a beneficiary of nepotism, a collector of connections (most of them unpleasant), and all in all not a big fan of aliens. Today, we will be following his aborted attempts to flee justice, and how in the end, justice finds him in a most peculiar way.

The road back to town is a mess of craters and ordinance. Rigel slinks through it in a hurry, poncho drawn up and elegant boots squishing in the mud. There's many places he'd rather be than the end of a blaster rifle right now.

It's a long walk. By the time Rigel reaches the gates of Channai, his legs are killing him.

A horn startles him. He levels against the wall, under the shadow of an overhang. Down in the plaza, a heavy speeder pushes through the last of the barricades. The Rebellion starbird on its side is in bad shape, red flakes chipping with age, but as far as Rigel's concerned, it's just as valid as fresh paint. If the driver or anyone on the hull recognizes who he is...!

He winces. A spotlight blinks into eyes, then passes over him. The speeder's engine makes a clunking noise in the gearbox. It drives past him, heading back up the road to the estate.

*Well that's lovely, Rigel thinks. More rebels. Remarkable. Delightful. Absolutely splendid.*

They didn't spot him, at least. That's something. Though how, he's not sure. All Rigel had left to work with a moff's tunic and flared pants, and the chances of those getting immediately spotted in the street were- well, immediate. The poncho must have hidden his face.

Rigel gives it a self-conscious tug down. Once he's sure the speeder is on its way, he turns the corner and melds into the crowd.

It has been ages since he ever walked this far and this deep into his starnation's holdings. Normally, the people here were ants. Now, they crowd him. The main street is stacked up with species of every color, indigent and displaced. From the approachable, to the strange, to the downright disgusting. Their world reflects the squalor inflicted upon them. Market stalls fill space not taken up by armored tanks. Burned out barricades with chain blaster emplacements stand lifeless, in the process of being torn apart by day laborers to make better use of the durasteel plates. Trooper helmets lie cracked and broken in the gutter. Rigel carefully avoids them. Meanwhile, not paces away, refugees panhandle at the dregs and affluent humans carefully avoid them, having managed to thread through the invasion with their wealth intact and wanting to keep it that way.

A bug-eyed droid nags him for donations to a Rebel rations kitchen. Rigel holds his credsticks close.

It isn't quite that Rigel is a miser. He's certainly scum, but he wouldn't deliberately

withhold currency to the needy. He just needs it more. Yes, exactly, that's the story. That's his alibi. He needs it more.

Content in self-deception, Rigel counts off alleyways. He stops an alien for directions. The narrow road five blocks down, sandwiched between a teahouse and market bazaar, they say, and he thanks them through gritted teeth.

Chennai town's depths are labyrinthine. Imperial administration settled into the city rather than outright building it, co-opting the architecture of the native simians long after their fall from grace. Their sense of organization wasn't the rigid block patterns of Core world metropolises, but a weave of streets that knotted together, such that there are almost no right angles. Arched roofs and noble pagodas stand at corners, open to the public, while towers and prefabricated offices loom. Those that aren't pockmarked stand solemnly, as though they'd lost this battle as much as the imperials had. The effort to make this place ordered hadn't worked out that well anyway.

Rigel should be going straight for the spaceport. The straight path in this situation, however, would have him detained on sight. He has another way.

"Red spot door, red spot door... aha, there you are."

He glances furtively over his shoulder for any stragglers. Then, with a sharp breath, he rushes up to the door and bangs his fist.

"Hello?" Rigel asks. "Hello, it's- it's me! You know, 'me?' Please bloody tell me you're here."

He waits several moments. No answer.

A mote of fear stiffens him up. He bangs again. "This isn't funny! Are you in there?! I've got creds! Stuff! I'm in a bit of a bind here...!"

Not even a droid attendant. Rigel's fist tightens. He turns to catch his breath. "How typical, he's not even home."

The door clicks. It slides open a crack for a hand to take Rigel by the shoulder. "You blooming idiot."

Rigel yelps as he is yanked inside. The atmosphere swings wildly out of balance. From a humid side street to blessed central cooling. For a moment, Rigel is terrified that he's about to be mugged, only to realize as staggers into the wall that this crook isn't unknown; he's exactly the man he needs.

As much of a man as near-human species could approach, in Rigel's estimation. He gasps with relief. "Oh, thank the void you're still around, Nells, I'm seriously lost."

The Balosar gives him a pitying look. A look that suggests it's more than Rigel deserves. He

spares that glance, before turning back to the door and jiggering the locks together. His twin antennas twitch as he works. Positioned where they are, an inch above a shaggy, scuzzy mop of black hair, they nearly let him pass as human without retracting them. Nearly.

He shakes his head at Rigel. His accent is as harsh as his voice. "Are you going to make my life hell, man? How loud was that?"

Rigel scrambles up to his feet. "I wasn't sure if this was the right address," he says defensively. His thoughts suddenly swerve. "Am I tracking mud in your apartment? Be Still the emperor, I am. Sorry for that. Entirely my fault."

"It does not matter," Nells says. He rubs his temple. "I am getting off this rock."

"Excellent idea," Rigel replies, "you know I had the same one-"

Nells is already on the move, choosing to ignore him. Rigel chases after his contact. In a few seconds of gesture, he's completely forgotten about hospitality and mud.

"The same idea, you know? Getting away, leaving all of this behind, haha? It's kind of- it's hard to do without a traveling buddy, isn't it?"

"I know what you're doing," Nells says, not looking at the sycophantic imperial.

"What am I doing?"

"Working me up?"

"Why would I do that, I've got nothing but respect for you?"

Nells snorts. "That's mighty kind. Still know what you're doing."

Rigel huffs. "I am not that easy to read, you know. This is very important, and I genuinely consider you a colleague and a friend."

"Piss off and leave me alone."

The conversation leads Rigel to a shuttered garage, where a loaded repulsorhauler sits half-covered under a tarp. Dust silhouettes are everywhere. Most of Nells' possessions seem packaged up, and the few that aren't line the walls in crates, unmarked. It is probably in his best interests not to mark them. Nells is a smuggler, after all. A dirty one.

Rigel stammers to try to collect himself. "You wouldn't happen to be in the market for a business partnership right now? Some kind of contract?"

Nells glares. His swarthy complexion makes him bronzed under the hanging lights.

“... a deal?” Rigel tries. He hopes he doesn’t look sniveling. Unfortunately, he does.

Nells pinches the bridge of his nose. There is a sincere effort on his part not to turn the former governor out on the street. “Alright. Fine. You have money?”

Rigel nods frantically. He presents his bag of cred chips like a present. “A lot of it! A king’s ransom. Will you hear me out now? Please, I don’t want to stay here.”

Nells frowns sharply. “Don’t we all? And those are imperial.”

Rigel hesitates, properly stung. “They’re worth something! The data printed on them, at least.”

“Imperial credits are dead currency,” Nells continues, metering his patience with a lowered voice, “you need to exchange a fortune to make it meaningful. I can’t do that.”

Dammit! Rigel scowls. Did he really have to debase himself to this alien to get anywhere? He decides then; fine, whatever it takes. He has no doubt Nells can see his reactions, but Rigel is a wreck anyway, there is no point in trying to cover it up. All he has to work with is rhetoric. Thus, he would use it.

He steadies himself. The two men eye each other, reluctant to let any weakness slip.

“Nells,” says Rigel finally. The resonance in the garage riddles through hollow bones. “... you’re my last hope. I need a fresh start somewhere, anywhere, some kind of deal to get me out of port, that’s all I’d trouble you with.”

“You’ve yet to give me something I can use here, *governor*.”

The word stings. Rigel isn’t a governor anymore. Hasn’t been for hours. The reality of his position crushes him. “Then you’re willing?”

“I didn’t say that.”

“But you are listening. You’re hearing me. Y-you know, you know I’m not evil. I’m just an administrator.” Rigel laughs unsteadily, the humor in him all but dead. He’s trying hard to convince himself as much as he’s trying to convince his city’s best arms dealer. “You know that I’m good for any price. That extends, doesn’t it, to traditional barter? Trading goods and services?”

Rigel can’t believe what’s coming out his mouth, but he has to believe it. A man accustomed to his station, reduced to having to barter for passage. The galaxy really had turned upside down.

Nells takes a moment to consider something. A pregnant pause hangs in the air. Pale,

sweaty Rigel fidgets, incapable of pretending to be Nells' equal.

Eventually, he sideeyes Rigel. Rigel swallows in turn. "... I may have something," the smuggler says. "Contingent, however, on what you mean by anything. What are you willing to give?"

Rigel looks at the swarthy man. That question is almost intimidating. If Rigel didn't have the slightest height advantage, he would have been unable to speak. Instead, he smiles tightly. "Anything. Ah. Which is to say - I am willing to work for my passage. Cook. Clean. Scrub the refresher. Anything you desire. Apart from anything dubiously legal... or non consensual."

Nells appraises him. The smuggler's arms cross. His eyes run up and down Rigel's beanpole frame before he settles on something Rigel couldn't guess. "I have something. What would you prefer?"

Thank the stars. Rigel wheezes, letting all that pent up stress out. Now he's getting somewhere. "For traveling?" he asks tepidly.

Nells shuffles to one of the unmarked boxes. He starts unlatching them. "You could call it that, sure."

"Well," Rigel starts. He closes his eyes, the pressure behind his eyes finally starting to abate. Specifications, those he could do. "Something small and light, probably. Not too fast. As long as it can get me through the blockade, I don't care what it looks like - strike that, um, no, actually, something aesthetically pleasing if possible? Comfortable too? For your sake, certainly not mine, since you'll be the one in transit, and I'll be taking care of it-"

*Ka-CHINK.* "OW!"

Something had broken the skin. Nells pulls out the stim needle he'd delivered directly to the shoulder muscle. Rigel cradles his arm, hissing through his teeth from the sting. "What is that?"

"Useful," Nells says.

"Is that a vaccine or something?" Rigel asks.

Nells shrugs. "Sure. You'll need it for the trip. Politely, thank you for being so specific. Saves me the hassle."

As he walks off to shut the cases back up again, Rigel can't help but feel attached. He steps to follow tentatively. "I really can't understate how generous this is."

"Do you mean that, or are you greasing me up again?"

Rigel shakes his head, then pauses. “No, I- ooh, a little lightheaded there. No, this is what I truly mean. Sincerely. As soon as we find a port of call, I am gone. You don’t have to worry about me.”

Nells raises an eyebrow. “Really?”

“Yes,” Rigel replies, not quite understanding the problem. “I... disappear? Is that the deal? Isn’t that what you do?”

Nells gives him that look he does when he’s about to say something stupid. It hits a woozy nerve. “You’ll be wanted across multiple systems the way you are. Are you so sure you’ll want to do that?”

The answer Nells gets is a stammer. “Then, um. A-aah. What am I supposed to do?”

Against all odds, the smuggler smiles that charming, lazy smile. “Make do. Stay with me.”

Rigel’s eyelashes flutter - and not just because of the offer. Something is tickling his nostrils. He tries to suppress the urge at first, but his cheeks are a little too warm, and his sinuses feel... how do they feel? Swollen? Or are they still swelling? “... I...” Rigel breathes, mouth wide open. “I-I... think... aaah...aaaaaaah...!”

He covers his mouth. “*Choo!*”

The sneeze echoes in the garage for several heavy seconds. Rigel’s thoughts come to an abrupt stop. He clings to the sound as long as he can, feeling somehow that he shouldn’t.

For a moment, just that sneeze, did his voice sound pretty?

A tingling gently pushes on his hands. Rigel opens them slowly. Whiskers slowly bloom out of the gaps between his fingers, long silver lengths. A little hill of a pink nose sits where his aquiline bridge ought to be.

He orders the pink dot to wiggle. It wiggles. The whiskers around it bounce like small clouds.

A revelation creeps into his mind. He is no longer the owner of a human nose. This wet-tipped thing is... it’s...

“Nells?” Rigel asks, unable to look at anything else.

Nells sheaths a grin. “Yes, my friend?”

“WeLl-” Rigel’s voice cracks halfway through the word. “I feel there’s something wrong with my-”

Just as he's about to say it, comment on the foreign object in his peripheral vision, a soft warmth sweeps over his cheeks, rolling from heightened nose to the notches right behind the jawbone. Reason drains out of his brain, until he's so lightheaded he can't quite mouth out what he wants to say.

His lost statement comes out with a fluttery blink. "My... face?"

His features shudder. By far, his teeth have it worse. Rigel's front incisors twitch once, then twice, before pushing over his bottom lip.

Surprisingly, Nells somehow keeps his cool. "Can you describe it to me?"

Rigel can't quite answer him. His pupils are dilating. "I-I'm not sure I can..."

The man scratches his jaw. Around the investigating nail, stubble grows into breakouts of purple fuzz that rapidly accumulate into tufts. Nells suppresses a snicker.

Rigel notices. Even in his haze, he's sensitive to criticism. "Hhuh? Is there something that I-I'm not privy to?"

The tips of his ears spring up. They were already a little pointed from mod therapy, but now the lobes are climbing out of his hair in little leaps, coating over with a powerfully dark fur color; hybridized black-violet.

"You seem a little anxious," Nells tries. "And... I would say feverish. Are you okay?"

He isn't incorrect. Rigel's cheeks are awfully red - the parts caught in the stripe of skin sitting between cheek fur puffing out, and a ring of lighter purples surrounding his growing snout.

Rigel licks over a swelling, darkening lip. He is right on the cusp of understanding, but even as his jawbone softens, the truth eludes him, hiding in the slow boil of his blush. It's as though his head is on a thermostove, and the whole of his being is absorbing the indelible heat. It's hard to think. It's hard to observe. Piecing anything together is difficult enough with all these distractions. Nells' question seems like a joke, if Rigel can even wrap himself around it.

**"I feel funny,"** he blurts, before covering his snout in alarm.

That isn't his voice. Or - it is, by association. It came out of him. But it wasn't *his*. The blurted squeak is pitched too high. The color is too silky smooth, too gentle, too sweet, it didn't have an iota of Rigel's voice in it at all!

One of Rigel's irises flickers, then the other. They swell from pin prick dots to vibrant blue suns in the time it takes to piece together what's happening.



Weight does its work as the ears reach a terminal height, and flop over Rigel's shoulders like regal drapery. Hands quaking, he grabs hold, pulling them into view. Inches of dense fur compress under his fingertips. Rigel feels them, all of them, in fine detail. Tension, plushness of fur, thickness of hide. The way they pull on his rounding face confirms the undeniable truth of his predicament.

He has large, rabbit-y ears, and a large, rabbit-y snout, and to add insult to injury, a profoundly rabbit-y voice.

**"Oh no,"** Rigel whispers. He sobers up remarkably fast. **"Ohhhh no, Nells? Nells, I think something's wrong with me-"**

Rigel tries to move. A shot of weakness shoots up through his heel, sending him stumbling. He pinwheels right into Nell's chest, bowling him into bed of the hauler. **"Hhhaaa, sorry! Sorry!"**

"It is okay," Nells reassures, half-stunned, but Rigel can barely hear him past the pulsing in his ears. His heart races. Flashes hit his scalp. Rigel shimmies, fidgets, struggling as the heat swims down his neck, and on past it.

**"Hold me!"** he squawks, voice nothing but cracks. **"Please hold me!"**

Nells grunts. "I got you, man!"

**"Mmmfhh!"** Rigel bites down moans, one after the other. **"Hhhnnnh. Nnnhhmm! What's happening to me...!"**

Nausea roils into something else entirely. What might only be described as a slick, sweet cocktail of sensation is set loose. It surges like molten durasteel pouring into a mold, dripping into his chest and pumping through his veins. The heat animates him something fierce. He kicks against the ground, arms suspended awkwardly, back pressing into Nells' chest for support. Tendons and ligaments go tight and unresponsive, as if every muscle in his inland empire is personally being courted by agents of a strange and unfathomable destiny. They're rebelling. Rebelling against him.

The arrangement he'd been accustomed to, the one where he ruled, is breaking down. His body is rising up against him, while the constituent parts are changing from the inside out...!

That's when it starts. The *transformation*. His gloves pull taut. The man's fingers clench between sharp intakes of air. Between nervous squeezes, the glove leather stretches around his swelling fingertips, bulging until little claws can rip them open. They follow each other, thought-clearing tears, muffled by the emergence of fur. Paws, he realizes. His hands are swelling into some kind of mammal paws.

Dirty boots squeak. The insides squeeze and pinch at his soles, suddenly too tight. Rigel

tries to kick them off, but he only gets far enough to realize that they won't slide off anymore. The toes are swelling, pushing into the narrow end of the boot. Not five, but three, gathering mass behind tortured synthleather. He fights it, with legs kicking and pants gathering slack, but the perfect sharpness of the imperial fabric doctrine soon starts to bulge all over from feet that fail to fit into it. He gets several moments of tense, pressurized pain - before the seam pops open, and three-toed feet spring loose, one at a time.

The more he fights, the more aware Rigel becomes of scintillation. Under the surface, under his increasingly uncomfortable clothes, subversive elements are at work. The sabotaging dysphoria of fur, for one, catching and filling open spaces with glades and thickets of silky hairs. The other, far more insidious, is caressing him.

He wriggles and gasps under Nells' rigid muscles. It isn't Nells, no, it's something he can't name. Some nameless presence working down his figure, eroding it. Running around the swells of his breasts like a river cutting rolling meadows out of rock. Rigel can feel it smoothing down his awkward physique and eliminating the broadness in his shoulders, the hardness in his chest, carrying those parts of him away. The pauldrons of his tunic slope down with nothing much to carry them. Not long after, his sleeves crumple, and a tweak of pleasure highlights the contrasting looseness in the belly, and the tightness of perky breasts squeezing against the grain.

It dawns on him. Not only is he shrinking, he's turning into an alien girl!

The heat fades everywhere except the most damnable part yet. Rigel grabs Nells' forearms for help. Nells supports him in turn, feet barely able to touch the ground. Rigel's little captain, his poor genitals, pulse with a kind of delight he's never felt before. His plush toes clench, trying to contain it, but every time it washes over him, he can feel a little more equipment shrinking away.

His breathing turns shallow. Another. Another pulse. Another! Rigel's claws dig into the smuggler's coat. Every time, receding with more of his maleness, and leaving him with another burst of pleasure.

He suffers through it until finally, the waves slow to a trickle, and leave Rigel gasping with his bunny incisors out and listening with saliva. "Hhhaaah..."

A final -POP- rips a hole in his trousers, snapping him back to the moment. He whines reflexively. The crotch of his pants is now wet with the smell of sex, and he is the new owner of a cottontail the circumference of a ripe melon.

The heat evaporates, and soon, Rigel is left panting in the aftermath of a changed body.

"Is..." he pauses to breathe. **"Is it over?"**

Nells' voice rumbles through his chest. "I think so."

Rigel waits for any more body tremors to catch him off guard. When they don't, he slides his way to the ground, fighting dizziness. The world is bigger than he remembers it.

That feeling is made phenomenally worse by what's left of his uniform. It drapes over his lithe, shapely body, stretch and slack in all the wrong places. No longer fit for me anymore.

He takes several careful steps. Balance doesn't work like it should. The garage is cold under his exposed paw pads. They plap loud enough to be heard. There's so much of him that weighs differently, moves differently, functions differently, to say nothing of the empty space between his legs, and the weird play in his hips.

Rigel cups them. A fat ass presses back against pudgy fingers, dimpling under his thumbs. The cheeks are coated in fur, like the rest of him, and they ripple on contact with tight cotton. If there is still a way he could blush through facial fur, Rigel would have absolutely done it.

All he can think to do is look over at his smuggler friend with a look of utter embarrassment. **"What happened to me? I'm not... this is...!"**

Here, the smuggler Nells did something Rigel doesn't expect. He smiles slyly. "The word you are looking for is 'inhuman.' And yes, you are."

Rigel shrinks a little. He didn't realize before, but even as Nells leans against the speeder, dusting himself off, the man is no longer a lesser equal in height. Rigel barely makes it to his chest.

**"What does that mean?"** the man-turned-rabbit asks shakily.

"You asked for a way out," Nells explains, "And your wish has been granted. You did not specify so..."

He gestures. "You are Lepi."

Lepi. The galaxy's bipedal lapinids, gifted with great big ears, puffy tails and exceptionally agile feet.

**"What?!"** Rigel squeaks. He pats down his front, sliding his paws down his hips in a panic, as if that would make his old body come back. Rigel whines. **"But I'm supposed to be human, not-"**

He can't bear to finish. Lepi are supposed to be beneath him! The galaxy's bipedal lapinids, gifted with great big ears, puffy tails and exceptionally agile legs, were a nothing in his head before today, a galactic oddity, a fetish for weaker-willed men. Is that what species he is now? Is every single cell in his body some nonhuman rodent?!

“And a man,” Nells qualifies, “but you are neither. Thank the Arkanians and their genefarms if you like, or hate them. Hate me if you choose. There was no way you could show your face within a hundred systems of Malawa, so instead of risking my business on tomfoolery, I made sure no one would ever rat you out.”

“**Yes, but-**” A whimper sneaks out of Rigel's throat. “**But! I'm a...**”

His head tilts down and away. He grabs his ears for comfort. “**I'm a governor. I can't look like this.**”

“No. You are not. And yes, you can.”

Rigel cringes as though Nells had caught him in a blatant lie.

Nells snorts through his nose. It is time to clear up any misconceptions. “It is clear you have no idea what you are getting yourself into, running off like this. I am surprised I don't have Rebels bashing the front door in, looking for you. Your terms were ‘anything.’ I gave you ‘anything.’ I'd rather have a pretty Lepi girl at the controls than a coward as co-pilot.”

The garage goes quiet. Rigel's tender eardrums ring with reverb from Nells' voice. Aside from sex, it smells to Rigel's nose like there's no way out. He's stuck between a smuggler and hard time

In the stillness, Nells takes Rigel by the chin. His hand, calloused as it is, is a uniquely gentle intrusion. Rigel leans, in spite of himself.

“Be grateful I had gene stims on hand, rabbit.”

Rigel whines in the back of his throat. It feels so damn good, and he can't understand why.

The place Nells' voice sits is neither fully stern nor fully domineering. It is both. The combination of looming height and immediate physicality, rippling and touching through Rigel's fur, shatters whatever resistance remains. He is nothing else but a placated rabbit in the man's hand.

Dreadful seconds pass before Nells speaks again. It is all Rigel can focus on. “Give me your chaincode. I will replace it with a dummy until we find a slicer for you.”

“**That's my identification, though-**” Rigel mumbles.

It doesn't factor in at all. “Is Rigel a palm-top high Lepi?” Nells reminds him.

Rigel bites his lip. A little encouragement from Nells' stroking thumb massages an answer out. “**No...**” he admits, hating how patronizing the smuggler sounds.

“Then all you would be doing is impersonating him. Poorly. Now please.”

Rigel fumbles for the device that carries every identifying mark of his old self, a little aluminum cylinder in his pocket. He offers it up. Nells relieves Rigel of the burden. When it leaves Rigel's paw, old notions of gender go with it.

While deep in his mind, he was still a man, everywhere that mattered was, at least for the time being, girlish. To the galaxy at large, Rigel no longer exists.

She is a bunny with no name.

Several hours later, the garage is nearly empty. The last few crates are pushed to the back of the hauler's truck bed and tied down. Nells testfires the engine; it's in good shape to make it back to his ship.

He wouldn't have made it tonight if he didn't have help.

"Hurry up," Nells calls upstairs. "I want a tight schedule!"

**"O-okay, boss!"** squeaks back his new co-pilot. Her voice sounds tinny, echoing down halls. **"Just trying to be decent."**

"Just throw whatever on and toss your dirty clothes in the hamper," Nells presses her. "No need for fancy."

He gets a huff. Nells sighs. He doubts the sapient had any formal training crewing a ship, but experience is often a better teacher for that sort of thing. At the very least, he has an accountant, and a smoothtalker, assuming genetherapy hadn't scared the snivel instinct out of her.

If he knew the rabbit right, she's more tenacious than that. The governor she used to be kept Nells secret for a reason, and it wasn't for clout. The Imperial bureaucracy had a place for smugglers. It didn't have one for affairs.

The bunny takes a handful more minutes to finish freshening up. She hops unsteadily down the garage steps in a plain dress and satchel, teetering every other step. It's obvious she's not used to the power in her feet. Open paw sandals aren't helping, as convenient as they are. There is a ball of soaked clothes wadded up under her arm, stinking of the aftershocks of a gender swap.

He feels a little sorry for her. The shrinking process had done a number on her body. It left her insignificantly sized, a creature stuck at 4'10", looking up at everyone else. Her reduced height aside, the injection also seems to have stimulated hair growth. In addition to the pelt covering her skin, it bound the hair on her head up in thickets of curls. Most of it collects on her shoulders, tangled and messy. A part in her bangs keeps the shaggy mess from covering her eyes, though Nells probably wouldn't blame her for wanting to hide from the world

after what happened.

Color is a sticking point. The old coal black color in his hair that had once been his base had somehow turned into two different tones of purple, matching the rest of her coat. Not to say she lost it all - there's still a little black at the tips, an artifact of genetic rejiggering that would unfortunately have to be cut first when it came down to servicing that dense, curly fur. Such is life.

All together, Nells guesses the rabbit alien barely weighs ninety pounds wet. If that. With the serum sapping energy from her body to power the rest of the changes, there were going to be some adjustments. He didn't expect it to be this exacting. Her arms are thin. Her bust is soft, trim like her stomach. A slight rise in the hips, a firm seat, some power in the thighs, but overall, nothing more spectacular than an utterly waifish figure.

Their eyes catch briefly. The Lepi looks away, hiding a bashful frown. He hopes she doesn't take that look to mean he's leering.

The fur lining her cheeks brushes against the shoulder as her head turns. There's so much fur there that it's hard not to hit into something. She's distracted by it. Her eyes lid a little, between exploratory rubs.

There's a pang, a brief one, of unfamiliarity looking into those big pink eyes. Nells bites back a little shame. The job was thorough, at least. Her dainty face treads the line between an overflowing starburst of purple-violet fur and thin, hidden features, the jaw in particular, that suggest a more delicate facial structure underneath it all. The sharpness of the male face was gone. What replaces it is anonymously high-cheekboned and whiskered. Nobody would know this dainty, thin face. Not even Nells himself, apparently.

"Toss it in the back there," says Nells, pointing with his chin. "I'll scrub out the smell later."

The Lepi nods to that. She tosses the ball of clothes she'd probably never wear again into the back and straps up the tarp.

**"I've been thinking of a name,"** she says, hoping Nells hears her.

Nells pauses. "Yeah?"

**"For my new self?"** she adds. **"Until you fix me, of course."** She tries to put emphasis on it. Her teeth make it embarrassingly hard to sound intimidating.

"Of course," concedes Nell. "If I fix you."

The Lepi takes a steadying breath. Damn him.

She gathers the confidence to tell him, biting a dark and puffy lower lip. Her buck teeth glint. **"... does Ruya sound good?"**

The sound lingers. Ruya. It rolls off the tongue, even plays well on her teeth. She has no idea what other Lepi call themselves, but it feels like a good name to start.

Nells sets his jaw. "Ruya, huh?" he says, testing it himself. "Sure, I can remember that."

Ruya smiles demurely. It is the closest thing she'd get to praise out of him, and as far as that goes, it's sweet. She nurtures that feeling.

There are a million reasons in the galaxy why scumlord Rigel deserves a prison cell in the far reaches of nowhere. Some of them, Ruya comprehends. Ruya, though? With nothing but time and credits on her side, there's nothing left to say about her former life other than Rigel disappeared.

Physically, anyway. She assures herself she'll get him back one day. Nells doesn't have the heart to tell her how silly that assumption is to make.

They load up. Nells steps up the footwell, while Ruya hops up running boards into the passenger seat. A final check is made. The hauler starts up, and the shutters roll open. Warm air shimmers in from the outside, damp from post-battle rains.

Ruya is a lot of emotions in this particular moment. Regret, pity, shame, bitterness, a little horny, elated, excited, relieved. Mostly, though, she's stable, and safe. That safety is contingent on being a good worker, true, but she hasn't been completely spoiled yet, right?

She winds the safety belt over her chest. It slides down the tender spot in her cleavage. She suppresses a sigh. Her tail bunches up as she sets back, acting as a kind of lumbar support.

"Careful," Nells tells her off-handedly. Probably hearing the tone in her voice border on pleasure.

"**Hmmph**," Ruya huffs. She wriggles herself cozy under the belt loop, puffing out her cheeks. They'd have words eventually. Now isn't the time.

Headlights blare into the dusk. The whine of repulsorlift engines carries them through crowds thick as tar, stopping and starting with the flow of traffic.

Thinking about it, Ruya decides a new life may not be a bad thing.

Of course - as soon as she's in a position of strength with Nells, that would change. She'd dig into his genestim stash and find something better. There had to be something resembling humanity. Hell, he'd settle for male, as long as it didn't have tentacles or some kind of chitinous shell, ugh.

She didn't want to admit to herself or to Nells that her dysphoria is wearing off, and that she feels remarkably... safe in his care. That's the word. Safe. Not comfortable. Not happy.

Not attached, and definitely not attracted to how dependent she is on him. Just, safe.

As the streets turn dark, she leans into the seat. Somehow, without being aware of what she's doing, Ruya finds herself nestling into his arm. He doesn't mind. She doesn't either. Her ear acts as a good cushion. It's nice. She'll chew him out later, Ruya tells herself, yawning into her paw. He deserves the worst. Not right now though, right now, she's better off bunting into his jacket and relaxing.

The hum of the engine lulls her to sleep.



## Bonus Page - Ochō's Aftermath

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When it was over, Grand Admiral Ochō couldn't believe it. Dizzy, lightheaded, affronted, offended, her head was swirling with details. Details that were now all over her shrunken, *alien* body.

"What did you do to me?!" the former human demanded. That damn Lepi merely grinned. If Ochō wasn't so furious, she would have balked at the timbre in her throat. It sounded nothing like her. She tried pulling those long, voluminous ears running down her shoulders, over the rumpled edges of her tunic. Somehow hoping a good yank would tear them off, probably - but the only thing she got was a startling jolt of pain.

Exposed toes twitched, clenching at the feeling. Oh. Right. Those fat things. They sprawled out of Ochō while she was flat on her plushy bottom, those furry, three-toed digits. Pressure broke the seam on her boots, and with nowhere left to bunch up, her changing feet came ripping through. What a sight. What an indignity to suffer. Her calf muscles tingled with a tautness Ochō loathed in retrospect, since everything else hung so loose.

Had every part of Ochō's body decided to mock her?

The worst part of this, though, made her face hot with embarrassment. The fur poking out of her collar? The fur tufting off her cheeks? The fur poking out of her boots and ruffling and rustling under her command tunic, fighting with the slack to give her brain a sense headache? It was all the Lepi's color. Even Ochō's hair turned brown and cream, just like hers. At this rate, they could be-

No. No, by the void, Ochō wouldn't say it. She wouldn't even think it. There was no single thing she shared with that Lepi adoptive. That *pet* father brought into the family. There was no way, no conceivable destiny in this universe or the next that could have made her and that awful Lop so closely tied.

And yet, looking up at Lop with narrowed eyes and mouth agape, buckteeth flashing under hangar lights, the truth was sneering at her. The truth belonged to Lop now.

Her lapine lips curled into a smug smile. "See?" said Lop. "I told you we were family."



Notes:

