The galaxy wasn’t a safe place, even in the so-called centers of civilization. Kiva knew that very well.

And Nar Shaddaa? Everyone knew it was as far from safe as you could get. This planet-wide city was a bastion of scum and villainy, to the point that it had barely changed at all from here to the 31st century. A thousand years earlier and the cartels and crime syndicates still ruled this place, Kiva wagered that if she were to travel a thousand years more into the past then she’d still find Nar Shaddaa to exist in a perpetual state she could only call ‘crime in progress’.

She adjusted the cloak that covered her bright bodysuit. A red-haired humanoid would not call any attention on the streets, but her gear contrasted a lot with the dark shades and neon lights of Nar Shaddaa’s streets. She walked into an alleyway, passing by the many-tentacled street vendor offering some form of noodles made from something that could not be found on earth. Yet the smell reminded her of the Chinese Coop and Jamie would often get for take-out, so it brought a nostalgic feeling to her.

Her communicator beeped in her ear; she answered the call with a tap of her fingers. *‘Shows about to start. You there?’*

“Gonna be a bit late,” Kiva replied. “Got word of Eclipse drop off in the area for a drop, about to intercept”

Her partner’s reply was frantic. *‘Wait what? Kiva that wasn’t in the plan!’*

“It’s just a few thugs,” Kiva shrugged, “Nothing I can’t handle”

*‘You don’t know that Kiva, they might have enforcers with them. This is why we plan things in advance!’*

“I did plan it, I have the layout of the area along with the time and location” She clicked into her wrist bringing up a holographic display, she was close.

*‘Yeah, without me’*

“You’re busy with the show, this was a productive use of my time” Kiva explained, “Besides, long term it furthers our goal here”

A long-suffering sigh came from the other end. *‘Just be careful, okay?’*

She chuckled, “When am I not?”

*‘Oh boy let me start by the time we-‘*

And with that, Kiva ended the call. She grunted under her breath, oh like her partner was the soul of caution too. Hypocrisy of the highest caliber. “And yet somehow I’m the Coop here…?” She muttered.

The elite soldier reached her destination, one of the millions of dingy and unsafe alleyways in Nar Shaddaa, but this one held something important. Rather than waste time looking for it, she decided to let the Eclipse thugs do it for her. She looked over a few crates haphazardly stacked by the corner and then up to the open window of a rundown abandoned apartment. With great dexterity, she jumped up the crates and darted through the window with a perfect spin. The place was completely deserted, good.

Kiva positioned herself by the window and waited.

She enjoyed this part of the job. The parameters, the planning, the execution. A mission, the hunt. She felt… at ease when she had an objective. It was something she lacked back on Earth, she loved Coop and Jamie, she did, they were her best friends but… idleness did not suit her. Kiva felt she’d go stir crazy if had to sit around living that laissez-faire lifestyle of theirs.

She had to leave, she needed to do something, to keep on fighting in a galaxy she knew was unfair and full of danger. The Glorft were gone, and the future of Earth was secured, but they would not be the only evil to face between now and the next millennia.

Kiva just… felt she needed to do something.

That didn’t mean she didn’t miss them. She idly checked her wrist and brought up the latest message she got from Coop and Jamie, a picture of the two doing the devil horns atop Megas, sticking their tongues out, in the distant background she saw a concert of one of their beloved bands playing. The sight was enough to make her smile.

It would have been a lonely experience, but thank the stars she ended up meeting someone who shared her ideals and values. Someone who wanted to right the wrongs of an unjust galaxy, and live a little on the way.

Her musings were cut off as she heard voices. Quickly she hid behind the corner of the window and looked out, spotting three figures approaching.

“Boss said the drop’s here, right?” A scale-faced gordanian spoke in that rough voice of theirs. He was large and possessed a dense musculature as the rest of his species, Kiva prioritized that one to take down first.

“Right here,” The second one. Orion, green hair and green skin, medium build. She spotted a blaster holstered on his jacket.

The third member of the party shuffled. “You don’t think the boss will mind if I take a sample? Stars, the look of those gals, what I’d love to look like that…” Twi’lek, lithe build, purple-skinned. Honestly, she had all the signs of a rookie.

“Sure, if you want to take a tour through the waste disposal processor” The gordanian grunted with a cruel smirk.

“Eeek” The twi’lek let out a pitiful sound.

“Quiet you two,” The orion ordered as he knelt by the alley’s corner, removing a loose piece of metal from the floor to reveal a hole in the ground.

Kiva’s eyes narrowed as he pulled out a small container, twice the size of his hands.

“Here it is,” The orion said, turning to his companions. “Let’s get out of here”

Kiva leaped into action.

She jumped from the window, twirling in the air before landing feet first on the gordanian’s head. His species was tough, as evidenced by the fact he was stunned instead of instantly knocked out. The twi’lek shouted, and the orion swore.

“What the-?!” The orion fumbled to pull out his blaster, sloppy with the panic he felt at her entrance.

Kiva wasted no time in jumping from the gordanian’s head, letting his body stumbled backward, and slammed her fist directly across the orion’s jaw. He was down for the count an instant.

She landed and reached towards the container, but grunted as something tugged at her coat. The gordanian snapped out of his stunned state, now all he felt aside from the throbbing headache was pure fury. He snarled as his clawed fingers tore through her cloak as he pulled it tightly, ripping the material in the process.

Kiva dexterously slipped out of the cloak, rolling back regaining her balance, crouching on the ground with one hand to the floor. Her wild red locks swayed as she lifted her gaze, determined eyes narrowed at the gordanian who just threw the now useless cloak away and charged at her.

Kiva pulled out a cylindrical object from her waist with her free hand, and with a press of a button, it extended into a metallic staff. Another click and the ends were humming with kinetic energy building up.

The gordanian roared, swiping at her with his large clawed hands. Kiva deftly dodged his strikes, darting around him from side to side, spinning her staff around before landing a solid painful blow to his arm, the energy on the weapon causing more than enough damage to the strong gordanian musculature.

The large scaled alien grunted in pain, yet still tried to take her down, swiping widely and without purpose, other than to cut her to ribbons. But Kiva was faster, far more controlled, and trained, she saw right through his chaotic flailing and delivered precise strike after strike. Taking advantage of every opening and slamming her staff into his exposed weak points.

A swipe at the back of his leg and the gordanian stumbled forward, falling to one knee, leaving him open for one final spinning attack to the underside of his squared jaw, sending him flying away into a bunch of loose crates.

Kiva held her weapon at the last Eclipse thug, who merely let out a panicked ‘yeep!’ and held out her arms. Her panic gave way to fascination as she took in the looks of the woman in front of her. Looking fascinated by Kiva’s bright red hair, and the various tightly-packed and well-shaped muscles displayed by the form-fitting suit. Her cheeks blushed dark purple at the sight of those sizeable biceps and forearms coiling from the grip on her staff.

Kiva just stared at the young girl with a growing sense of pity. No fighting instincts, no weapons, no training. Just a dumb kid who joined with the wrong crowd.

“Go home, kid,” The redhead said, collapsing her weapon and pulling it away. “And rethink your life”

“Y-Yes!” The twi’lek stammered, slowly backing away before running off.

Kiva sighed, hopefully she’d take her advice. In moments like this, she wished she had her partner’s ‘magic hand’.

Stepping over the unconscious orion, Kiva reached into his jacket and pulled out the container. Opening it, she stared inside and grinned. To quote Coop; “Jackpot”

She pocked it inside a pouch on her belt and went on her way. She still had time to make it to Ahsoka’s show.

X~X~X~X~X

The sounds of bombastic techno music mixed with the cheers of the crowd in a loud cacophony. Laser lights flashed in thin streams above the varied patrons of the rather compacted club, not helped by the number of people attending the event, making it hard to navigate without bumping into someone every five seconds.

Kiva looked at the platform where all the stage lights were focused on, shining upon the figures that were driving the crowd wild as they expressed their jubilation in cheers, whistles and other less-than-reputable choice of words.

What inspired such excitement? Such open desire? Well, the women on the stage of course.

There was a common theme among many species. Strength was alluring. Power and beauty could be as intricately tied as a star and its gravitational pull, and so many gravitated to the image of a woman whose strength was reflected in their body.

Powerful muscles, tone that had been marked to perfection, limbs that flexed with poise and grace akin to a primitive dance that embodied raw power and sensuality. These women displayed their beauty for their very appreciative audience with proud smirks on their lips. Bodybuilding was a popular craft in more worlds than just Earth, their little blue planet had not been the first one to invent it.

And so the stage hosted a variety of women from different species, showing their bodies in a masterful display. A blue-skinned asari held her wrist in a sexy side-chest as veins throbbed under her skin, a green twi’lek held up her arms with her fists rolling outwards to flare out her upper body as she smiled widely. A silver martian whose wonderful definition could be seen even with her dark-as-the-void skin. A golden-furred caitian with a wild mane of brown hair who was pretty much purring as she put her hands on her hips and flexed her legs.

Beauties all, and for a moment Kiva felt the intrusive thought of showing her own physique.

She too was a force to be reckoned with, her muscles tightly packed and toned upon a lithe figure that betrayed their full size once she had worked up a good pump. The results of a lifetime of military training and nonstop fighting. Kiva wasn’t a vain person, but she did have a competitive spirit, so she couldn’t deny part of her wanted to go up there and give it her all.

She shook those thoughts away; she wasn’t here to play or to indulge herself. She and her partner had a job to do. It just happened that Ahsoka enjoyed her role far more.

Kiva’s eyes settled on the final competitor. Orange skin of the most lovely shade, white and blue stripped lekku, large blue eyes which carried the spark of an uncontainable free spirit, and a smirk full of pride and mirth. Dressed in a black bikini which showed every inch of her athletically muscular togruta frame.

Ahsoka twisted her body to show her dorsal muscles as she extended her arms to display the powerful striations of her triceps, before turning around fully and regaling the audience with the full view of her back and rear muscles.

Kiva smirked; her partner always had a way of expressing herself with her body in a few could. There was such raw emotion behind every pose, allure, and beauty in the way her muscles rippled and veins throbbed. And with just a grin she could make hearts flutter. As proven when she turned around, placing her fists on her hips, flaring her torso, and winking her way once she spotted her.

Kiva winked back, heh two could play at that game.

X~X~X~X~X

The competition was done, the winners had been decided, and of course, Ahsoka had been among them. Kiva walked backstage, passing by the fuming ladies who had not made the cut. The caitian was snarling, looking ready to cut everything around her to ribbons, while the martian kept her head high with dignified grace, though her clenched fist still shook.

As she approached, she saw the host, a red-skinned blue-haired zeltron, smile at the winners. The twi’lek and the asari were grinning with hunger etched on their faces, while Ahsoka kept a calmer demeanor.

The zeltron took out three hyposprays which contained a peculiar green liquid. The first two women all but snatched it from her hand while Ahsoka held hers calmly in her hand.

The asari and twi’lek did not wait a second longer, injecting the contents of the hypospray directly into their necks. They shuddered, letting the devices fall from their hands as they let out two thrilled groans. Quickly, their muscles began to pulsate, mass expanded rapidly as veins throbbed a bit larger. Pecs thickened, biceps inflated, legs widened and breasts filled out a little more. It was like they had quickly achieved a whole month's worth of training in an instant, not enough to evolve their frames to a heavier weight class, but the difference in size was indisputable.

Ahsoka and Kiva both stared intently at the transformation that had transpired before their eyes. It wasn’t the first time they had seen it, and it wouldn’t be the last. This was the reason they were here, this wonder drug that was circulating around Nar Shaddaa. Already it was in the hands of the local criminal syndicates, and it’d only get worse if it found a place in the black market off world.

As the two women lost themselves in their improved bodies, flexing and touching with curious and tantalizing fingers, the zeltron smirked before turning her gaze to Ahsoka. “See you in the next round,” She turned around without another word and walked away.

Ahsoka looked at her go before looking at the hypospray in her hand and the two ‘excited’ winners who kept escalating their activities. She walked towards Kiva who crossed her arms, “She is definitely with the Eclipse,” Kiva said suspiciously.

“Everyone in these events is working for a gang or other” Ahsoka replied. “They’ve all got their hands in this,” She said, shaking the serum.

Kiva pursed her lips in thought. “You sure about this?”

“We need to go deeper, and for that, I need to advance in the competition,” The closer they got to the finish line, the closer they’d get to the main suppliers. She smiled comfortingly at Kiva, “It’ll be fine”

That said, she brought up the device to her neck, only for Kiva to hold her hand. “Let me,” She asked gently. Ahsoka let go of the hypospray, and Kiva injected it in the best place she could spot.

A brief flash of green liquid spread through her veins before it faded away, and Ahsoka grunted, her body seizing as her fists clenched tightly and shook from the strain. The togruta thrust her chest outwards as the lines between pectorals deepened, shoulders inflating with more mass as her arms adopted a thicker, meatier look, with her biceps expanding like mounds of flesh and her forearms widening. Orange cobblestone throbbed with even greater definition in her core, as her perfectly shaped and toned quads expanded even more. Before Kiva’s widening eyes, Ahsoka’s height had even managed to increase slightly. The togruta still wasn’t at the human’s height, but damn if Kiva didn’t spot the difference from before.

“Are you okay?” Kiva asked with concern.

Ahsoka panted, her bikini straining so much under her new girth looked like it might rip. She smiled at her with one eye closed, showing her sharp incisors through her thrilled grin. “Oh, this must be what doing red sun feels like” Ahsoka flexed her improved arms, reveling in the way the flesh pumped and veins throbbed, “Want a taste?”

Kiva sighed in relief before rolling her eyes and eventually looked at her with a warm smile. “You’re such a show off”

“Any objections?”

“None whatsoever”

The two chuckled before sharing a kiss.