

The gentle humming of onboard systems and the micro vibrations from the drive core roused Tali Sroka to wakefulness. The familiar coolness of the *Voidbreaker's* atmosphere was welcome as a mild headache throbbed at her forehead. Though, was it a bit colder than usual? Not that she seemed to mind, but as her eyes fluttered open, she was almost certain she saw mild frost on the viewport transparisteel.

As her vision focused, she furrowed her brow further. Why were there so many viewports in her cabin? She only had the one... Looking around her, she suddenly realized she was not in her own room, but in the captain's! A mild yelp of shock emerged unbidden, a second following suite as she heard Leeadra yelp beside her.

"I'm so sorry, Lee! I didn't mean for things to go this far and..." She paused, dumbfounded, as she saw no Pantoran sleeping beside her, yet her voice was mimicking her every word and...

Trembling, Tali swiveled her head to the side and looked at the full body mirror the former captain had put in place and Lee had yet to remove. A familiar, yet unfamiliar, shape greeted her, small and blue and pink on top. She stared at the reflection for a long while, eyes wide in shock, before raising a hand and waving to herself. The reflection showed every motion in perfect detail.

"W-what's happening?!" she whimpered, looking around as if some sort of prank was about to go down. Surely this was a trick, some sort of extravagant ruse set up by, by... Lucine! Yes, surely Lucine was playing tricks and, no. She was not the sort to play tricks, despite having the ability to. Maybe an anomaly? Maybe they'd flown into some sort of distortion and and... She peered out of the viewport and shook her head in dismay. They were still in orbit around the same pale-purple planet as when she'd fallen asleep. They had not moved anywhere.

Her panicking introspection was interrupted by a gentle, careful knock on the door. In the moment of distraught thoughts, Tali clung to the familiar and before she had time to realize what she'd done, Leeadra's voice had already called out a cheerful "Come in!".

As the door slid open, another familiar face wandered inside, hunching to fit through the doorway. A grey mountain of fur and gentle attitude, Kelviin entered with a datapad in hand, making a small bow and grunting something unintelligible in shyriiwook. A moment later, the pad flickered to life and a mechanical translation played out.

"[SALUTATIONS SKIPPER. AM ASK BEACH DEPARTURE AFFIRMATIVE?]"

The Pantoran Tali stared at the towering Wookiee, taking in just how *big* he was (had he always been so huge?) and trying to puzzle together what he was meaning. Kelviin's *eclectic* vocoder unit had a bad habit of mangling meanings and de-mangling them took a fair bit of creative thinking, but a moment's puzzling later she realized what the furry mechanic was asking for.

“You mean, shore leave?”

The Wookiee nodded. “[BEACH DEPARTURE.]”

“Uh, sure, by all means...” Tali muttered, feeling a little surprised to be asked for such a thing. It was not like she was... She was the Battleteam leader. Or at least everyone would think she was. The realization hit her like a ton of bricks. Not only was she not herself, but she was in charge of the whole Voidbreaker team!

Kelviin gave an appreciative grunt and turned to leave, when Tali called out after him. “Say, Kelviin? Did we experience any anomalies last night?”

The Wookiee looked at her and shook its head. “[ONLY NOMALIES.]”

“Ok, just asking...” Tali muttered, deep in thought. That had more or less exhausted one of her potential explanations.

The Wookiee was just about to exit, when he gave one final grunt and left.

“[APPEALING UNDERGARMENT. OPTIMAL SKIN SYNERGY ACHIEVED.]”

Tali looked down and realized she'd been having that entire exchange in her knickers and bra, the flimsy pink-white numbers indeed rather adorable on the Pantoran's petite frame, but far from official BTL garb. For the first time all day, she felt like the room couldn't have been cold enough.

If she ever managed to turn things back the way they were, she'd be getting kicked out of the team for sure once Lee found out what she'd done...

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“Captain on deck!” the sharp bark of the Iktotchi security officer rang over the almost deserted command bridge of the *Voidbreaker* as Tali gingerly made her way up to her station. Now more appropriately dressed, she was still feeling rather skittish about her Pantoran self and the fact she had suddenly lost more than a foot of height. Even though Decima had always been taller than her, at least she hadn't had to crane her neck up to address her. Now the Iktotchi looked like a giant damn statue!

Managing to not wander to her usual station, but instead make her way to the captain's chair, Tali climbed up to her seat and noticed her feet didn't even properly reach the ground. No wonder Lee was always a bit self-conscious about her height...

“Captain, we're ready to move out on your orders,” Decima informed her, the seasoned veteran's voice as smooth as gravel.

“R-right, uh, make it so!” Tali replied, still struggling to get used to her new voice and doing her best to sound captain-y. How Lee pulled it off so well was beyond her.

“At once, ma’am. Though one qualifying question, if I may,” the Iktotchi inquired.

“Yes?”

“Where to, ma’am.”

Tali felt her cool Pantoran cheeks burn with sudden heat. She had absolutely no clue where they were supposed to be headed! “Erm...”

The Iktotchi’s granite features shifted imperceptibly, Decima allowing herself the faintest of smug smirks. “Perhaps we ought to return to Ol’val, ma’am? I recall you mentioned something about resupply last night.”

“Erm, yes! Yes of course, Ol’val. Did I not make myself clear yesterday?” Tali snapped, surprised by her own sudden flare of temper.

Decima was momentarily taken aback by the outburst, but recovered swiftly with a dry, cool glare.

“L-like I said, make for Port Ol’val,” Tali muttered, earning herself a flash from the Iktotchi’s eyes.

“Aye-aye, ma’am,” she replied with nothing but cold professionalism, leaving the small and blue captain to her own devices.

Tali reached a hand to tug at her lekku, a comforting gesture for whenever she was feeling upset, but found her hand caressing locks of soft, pink hair. The sensation was *odd*, especially since she could feel the gentle tugging on her scalp as well, but it wasn’t disagreeable. In fact, it was quite *pleasant*.

Now that she thought about it, running her hands down her petite frame, she did feel quite *pleasant* all over... “*No! This is Leeadra’s body, you’re in!*” Tali chided herself. It was awkward enough as it is, she didn’t wish to make any more lasting harm than she’d already caused with Kelviin. Though maybe if things were permanent... No!

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Drowning herself in work seemed like a fair means of escaping any future existential crises or wandering hands, keeping her own busy going through Battleteam matters turned out to be the first good choice she’d made all day. By the time they’d arrived at Ol’val and the ship’s crew given some impromptu shore leave, the day had almost passed and Tali managed to avoid most of all contact with the rest of her fellow shipmates.

Weary and bewildered, she made her way along the corridors to her cabin, only to realize she'd wandered all the way to her 'old' cabin and not the captain's quarters. About to turn and head back before someone saw her, she noticed the door to her cabin was ajar. Curiosity piqued, she shuffled closer and peeked inside, finding the scent of her quarters oddly appealing. Had she always smelled so strongly of lavender? Gingerly pacing past the refresher and into her apartment proper, she couldn't help but feel that things were somehow *alien*. Not only from the new perspective she was viewing them from, about a foot and a half lower than she was used to, but her senses also seemed to change her perception, picking out scents and textures she hadn't even noticed were there. Or maybe she'd just been so used to always being there she no longer paid them any attention.

Sitting down on her bed, she ran a hand over the indentation in the mattress, familiar and yet... *not*. Lying down, she could feel the shape that felt so familiar and yet foreign and equal amounts of intrigue and dread filled her mind. What if she was stuck like this forever? What if she would have to become Leeadra? Or... had she ever been Tali in the first place? Was she just having a bad dream, a dream where she thought she'd been Tali at some point...?

The thoughts made her head spin as concepts beyond her comprehension swam around her like purrgil and in a few moments, she'd fallen asleep on familiarly unfamiliar sheets, drifting off into another night of fever dreams.

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Had it all been a dream?

Head spinning, she surveyed her surroundings and realized she was indeed sleeping in the captain's cabin, yet Lee was nowhere to be found. Gingerly, she dressed as quickly as she could and slinked out of the cabin and down the empty corridors. Thank the stars she'd sent the crew out on shore leave.

Taking the turbolift down to her quarters below deck, she was about to head back to her familiar home when she heard the door slide open and saw a small, pink-haired Pantoran emerge. Leeadra looked far more timid and skittish than she'd remembered and as their eyes met, they both froze in the shared gaze.

A bright blush flared on Lee's cheeks, her gaze shifting down Tali's body and then swiftly away, as hers did the same. Without a word, the two passed each other and for a moment, Tali thought it would be the end of it, until she heard Lee's voice behind her.

"Y-you've got some cute purple bras..."

Tali turned around, staring back like a deer in headlights. "Y-you look cute in the pink and white ones..."

And with that, the Pantoran was gone.