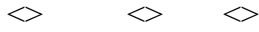


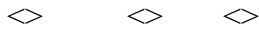
Broken Shell - Part Two

By Cimmaron Spirit

Commission for Xilimyth



****WARNING:** This story contains: nudity, growth, transformation, violence and lots and lots of plot development. If that doesn't interest you, then you better hop along now. Otherwise, enjoy!**



The sight of a nine foot tall musclebound, voluptuous, and very nude cheetah following a horse in a dark green trench coat attracted a surprisingly low amount of attention as they walked through the street. Sure, someone would whistle, but a quick glare from Xilimyth was enough to make whoever publicly admired the massive feline suddenly find they were needed elsewhere.

“Okay, so where are we going?” Xilimyth asked.

“You’ll see soon,” Cimmaron said. “But I can’t tell you yet.”

Xili sighed. It was the first time in days that she left the apartment, trying to adapt to using her robotic body by not destroying everything inside. She had an insane amount of strength, capable of bending steel bars in half and snapping two by fours like a twig. She had a sense of handling it now at least.

But the horse, Cimmaron, who was always nearby for the past three days, constantly hovering around her, always in a place where he shouldn't be, was really starting to get on her nerves. He knew something... a lot of something, but wasn't telling her. What secrets the strange equine had and wouldn't share with her irked Xilimyth to no end.

Cimmaron zig-zagged his way through the crowds, down one alley, then onto a road, then under a highway stuck in morning rush hour traffic, and back through another maze of alleys. Xili managed to always follow him, and only did a very minor amount of property damage along the way.

“Alright, here we are,” Cim finally said, coming to a halt in front of an abandoned supermarket store from decades before. Old paint was peeling from the front, the glass windows were busted, only a few halogen lights still shone inside the store.

Xili furrowed her eyebrows. “Really? Your super secret hideout is here?”

Cimmaron went up to the sliding doors, which, for some reason, still worked. Cim turned back to Xili, with a small smile. “That’s what you think. Duck your head please.”

The nearly ten foot tall cat did so, following Cim through the door and into the... Not a run down abandoned grocery store. There were computers, boxes, and a dozen people walking around, taping on computers and tablets, fixing machines, cleaning weapons.

“Wha-”

“Welcome to CIMIndustries Location #381,781,293,” Cimmaron said. “Or, better known as ‘The Resistance Headquarters.’”

“What?” Xili said, her voice going up another octave. “CIMIndustries?”

Cimmaron walked through the large open space, Xili following behind, trying to not run into everything. “Long story short, this whole society, TL-1830B192 has been taken over (Good work there, James) by a few big mega-corporations called the Syndicate, and turned it all into a cyberpunk dystopian nightmare: turning most of the people into poor, mindless (Try using the Titanium screws instead of regular steel to get it together Marg) consumerist worker drones all so the very, very rich can make their trillions. And, well this big mega-corporation (did you get that program working Rick? Excellent!) couldn’t have that. So, we are in the process of trying to undo it.”

“Okay, what?”

“That’s the short story,” Cimmaron said, as he was handed a tablet, and he quickly looked over it, and handed it back to the jackal that handed it to him. “It’s really complicated, lots of backroom stuff, lots of robots and business and politics...”

“And where do I fit into it?” Xili asked, before bumping into Rick’s computer setup, making the whole desk of computer equipment shake and nearly topple over, much to the Rick’s annoyance.

“Well, the robotic you was created by the Syndicate with the express purpose of silencing certain critics, and turn the few people that are opposed to this New World Order into obedient slaves. And, well, we don’t want that.”

“But, if I’m a robot...” Xili started

“Yep! You were opposed to them,” Cimmaron said, spinning on his hooves to give finger guns to the Xili.

“But I don’t remember...”

“You wouldn’t, because they wiped your mind of all those thoughts,” Cimmaron said.

“I guess that makes sense... But what is CIMIndustries?” Xili said, looking around. Much of the stuff in the room looked either incredibly ancient, or vastly futuristic.

“Just my little multiverse spanning research, development, manufacturing and sales corporation that helps me when I need it,” the stallion said. “But that’s not important right now. What is important is trying to get the real Xilimyth back, free the world from this neon glowing, grungy, capitalistic nightmare, and get me back to helping other people through time and space.”

Cimmaron opened the door to the office in the back of the building, and motioned Xili to enter. It was crammed with books, papers, and a really old computer system, like something from the early 2000s and not the slick modern systems out front. Cimmaron took off the trench coat he was wearing, revealing the black and grey shirt with the blue and orange highlights underneath.

“Wait... travel through time and space? Like time travel?”

“Yep! I can go nearly anywhere and anytime,” Cimmaron said. “At least, I would.”

“Then why don’t you just time travel your way into where I am and be done?” Xili asked, sitting down on the bench in the room.

“If it only it was that easy,” Cimmaron said with a shrug as he sat down in the office chair behind the desk. “Turns out the facility that you and the other’s are being kept in is a very highly secured place, and with special equipment to prevent people like me from just waltzing on in.”

Xili blinked a few times, trying to process everything she just heard. “Okay, so... I’m a robot copy of a person who was opposed to the companies that control the world, even though I don’t know it, and you are a time traveler who owns a big corporation that stretches across the multiverse, and you are trying now to overthrow a corrupt and decadent oligarchic state?”

“And they stole my pocket watch,” Cimmaron growled.

“That seems... rather insignificant,” Xili said.

“Actually, no, that’s more problematic than it should be. It’s the most dangerous thing that they have done. That pocket watch is actually a Chronodevice, which is what allows me to teleport through time and space. They got it from me, and disabled the features that should normally allow it to come back to me when I want it. That alone should be impossible, but they somehow did it. So who knows what they are doing with it. Nothing good, I’m sure,” Cimmaron frowned. “That’s the main reason I want... need to destroy them. I cannot allow people like them to understand how to move through time and space.”

“Why? They would be a challenge to your company?” Xili asked.

“They would try to do what they have done here to *every* timeline. That I cannot allow. CIMIndustries is really little more than my helping hand with my main job, protecting the multiverse, and ensuring the events of history and the future happen as they are supposed to.” Cimmaron leaned back in his chair, pulling a pencil out of seemingly nowhere, before throwing it up at the ceiling, where a bullseye had been painted. “I’ve been stuck in this world for a week now, and it’s driving me insane!” He threw another pencil, just missing the bullseye.

Xilimyth blinked again. “So... you need me to get into wherever your pocket watch is?”

“Yeah, but I’m a generous guy, so I’m also going to help everyone else out, starting with you.” He threw another pencil, this one glancing off the second one and into the pile of papers in the side of the room. He grunted, before picking up another pencil and aiming it at the roof.

“Why me?” Xili asked.

“Because I like you. I like all of you.”

Xili jolted up. “What? That’s... I only knew you for like three days, and your hitting on me?”

“No, not in that way,” Cimmaron said, barely flinching as he tried to clarify his statement. “I’ve met you through the multiverse a lot of times before. Five? Six? I can’t remember. But each time, it’s always been a blast. Lots of fun for everyone involved. Especially for you. Always something about every Xilimyth I’ve met that has a habit of getting into situations where you need to grow really, really big, and enjoying it.”

“O-kay,” Xili said, still really weirded out by Cimmaron. “So, what’s the plan?”

Cimmaron had grabbed another handful of pencils and was about to use them for target practice on the roof. “What makes you think I have a plan?”

The robotic, naked cheetah, eyes wide, stared at the horse, eyes blinking. “What?”

“Oh, I’m just making this up as I go. Always have, always will,” Cimmaron said, before throwing pencils at the roof.

“*What?!*”

Cimmaron grinned. “There’s got to be some fun in this for a time traveler. If I knew how everything would work out, it would be really, really, really boring. Believe me.”

“Well nice to see that everyone is just a toy to you to keep you from getting bored!” Xilimyth huffed.

Cimmaron shrugged, and was about to say something when there was a crash out front. The stallion’s ears perked up.

“Oh damn,” Cimmaron said, jumping out of his chair and dumping the pencil’s to the floor. “It’s way too soon! Should be at least another half an hour before they showed up.”

“What?”

Cimmaron continued cursing to himself, before turning to Xilimyth. “You better hide. Now.”

“Hide? What?”

“We are about to have company,” Cimmaron said. “Company that would rather you and I not be together right now.”

“And how am I supposed to hide like this?” Xili said, grabbing hold of her very large basketball sized breasts.

“The same way you got them! Make yourself smaller!”

“How?!”

Cimmaron groaned, before reaching into his jacket and pulling out the tablet he had been using. “I’m really sorry about this,” he said, tapping away on it furiously. “You’ll thank me later.”

“What? Wait! Cimmaron! What are you doing? CIMMARON!” Xili screamed, her voice rising in pitch as she felt her body drop lower and lower, going from looking down on the stallion until it was eye-level, then dropping even more. She was forced to look up higher and higher as she was shrunk to a miniscule six inches tall, the horse’s hooves nearly eye level with her.

“Look, it’s just temporary, I promise,” Cim said, his voice booming, ringing in Xili’s ears. He picked up Xili as gently as he could, before taking the grate off the vent into his office, and quickly tossing the tiny, nude, buff cheetah inside, and replacing it.

Just as he replaced the rusty metal, the door slammed open.

“Hands up!” a robotic voice said. “You are under arrest!”

“What for? I’ve done nothing,” the horse said, calmly as if he was recounting an uneventful day.

“You are charged with 57 counts of treason, sedition and fomenting rebellion,” the police officer said.

“Oh, I think that’s a misunderstanding,” the horse said. “Look, if I can just talk...”

The police men raised their laser guns and pointed them at Cim. “Shut up! Raise your hands now!”

Cimmaron took a deep breath and sighed, before raising his hands. The white armored clad police officer came up to handcuff the horse, when he suddenly kicked the police officer behind him, ducking behind his desk as the other two policemen began to fire at him, the laser bolts leaving black scorch marks and the smell of burning wood and ash in the air.

“Run Xili!” Cim’s voice said inside her head.

“Okay, how-”

“I will tell you later! Run!” he said, as the sound of laser blasts echoed in the thin metal venting system.

The tiny cheetah in the vent ran in the opposite direction, turning left, then right, then right again as she followed the path of the vents, until she came to another vent, this time overlooking the old store where the people had been earlier.

All the resistance members had been handcuffed and were being lead out of the building. Three officers came out of Cim’s office.

“The target escaped,” one said to another white clad man, with several yellow marks on his white armor showing he was a commander.

“Report!”

“He must have had a trapdoor under his desk, and escaped through it. But we cannot locate a device to enter it.”

“What about the cheetah that was with him?”

“There has been no sighting of her,” they said. “She should have been in the office, but we found no evidence that she was there.”

“Well then go find her! Search the whole building. Tear it down brick by brick if necessary,” the commander barked. “That cheetah must be recovered! The horse too, but the cheetah is the most important target.”

“Yes sir,” they replied and saluted, before turning around and going back to the office to start tearing the room apart, looking for Xilimyth and Cim.

Xili fell back from the grate to avoid being seen (if that was possible at her reduced stature), and she could feel her body tremble in nervousness and anxiety.

What the hell did you drag me into, you stupid horse? Xili asked herself, before trying to retrace her steps out of the ventilation system.

“Don’t go that way,” Cim’s voice echoed in her ears. “They will hear you if you go that way.”

“What? Where are you?”

“Keep your voice down!” the horse hissed. As for where I am, that’s not important. And This is a telepathic link I set up so we can communicate.”

“Okay then... now what?”

“Well, I’m somewhat... incapacitated right now. Can’t get out of my hidey hole until the policemen give up, and that could be a while.”

“So then what?”

“Well, I think it’s time for you to have some fun,” Cimmaron said. Xili could almost hear the grin in his voice.

“What? I’m, like, tiny! What am I going to do...”

“You can change your body size, remember? And your shape. And everything else about you. Your body knows all on how to defend itself. Just avoid their laser guns: they can fire an electromagnetic pulse that will deactivate the robotic parts of you. Be sneaky, be careful, but you can do this. I promise!” The line went dead.

“Cim? Cim!” Xili repeated several times, before she groaned. She looked back to the grate that lead to the main part of the resistance HQ. She furrowed her eyebrows, and approached the end of the vent, and looked out. There were half a dozen police officers there, but most of the resistance members had been carted off already. By now, the policemen that

were left were just looking through the files, computers and equipment to find evidence and further information. They were not looking around themselves that much.

Xili pondered for a minute, before she pushed a finger against an opening. Her hand, much reduced in size, easily slipped through the thin slits in the metal, but it stopped at her hand. But with another push, her palm and the rest of her hand began to compress and flatten, almost into a two dimensional version of herself, but then returning to normal on the other side. Xili shrugged, and pushed the rest of her body through the tiny grate, her body easily slipping through the hole.

When halfway through, and with her proportionally large boobs reflatting to their proper size, Xili suddenly realized another problem. She was at least 15 feet off the floor (and it seemed so much more at her much smaller height), and while heights never bothered her before, the fear of being caught by the policemen in their robotic suits really made her afraid of just jumping out.

The flexible robo-cheetah pondered again, trying to piece together a solution.

Well, she didn't have to remain a cheetah... she could turn into something else.

Something sneaky.

Something... slithery...

Xili could feel the half of her body still in the vent begin to grow longer and fuse together at the same time, her legs changing from robotic fur to metallic scales, as her lower half became much more serpentine. Naga? That was the term right?

The transforming Xilimyth looked up to see an exposed rafter just above herself. She bent up, her body having gained a lot of flexibility with her new snake like body, and she reached and grabbed hold of the rusty steel girder, and, with a silent grunt, pulled herself up onto it, and shimmied herself onto the top, into the darkened ceiling of the old grocery store, illuminated only by the light allowed up by the occasional missing roof tile.

The elongated tail of the tiny cheetah-naga hybrid that stretched her to a good foot or so long followed behind her, wrapping around the rafter to steady herself as she slithered forward. How she was moving, she really couldn't say... just moving like a snake, her legless-tail-appendage-thing wiggling enough to allow her to move forward.

She slithered into the shadows, sneaking peeks out of each hole in the roof to get an idea of what was going on below. The policemen were oblivious to her presence, as they were most likely still looking for a nine foot tall cheetah girl, not a foot long snake-cheetah thing.

Xili saw a hole in the roof at the far end of the roof. She just had to get herself over there, sliding as quickly as she could...

Creeeak... CRASH!

Several roof tiles fell out of their place as she went over them, the supports holding them giving way. She was still up in the ceiling, but clearly visible to five police men below her.

“Unidentified intruder! Detain them!” one of the robotically voiced policemen said.

“Shit shit shit shit shit!” Xili muttered as she tried to avoid the sudden blasts of laser blasts all around her, slithering from one support beam to another, bright lights of red and white flashing all around her with the smell of ash and smoke.

One laser bolt hit in front of her, startling the cheetah-snake-robot hybrid and making her lose her grip and fall...

Right on top of the policeman that shot at her.

The white armored clad officer began to freak out, trying to grab hold of Xili and throw her off, all while she was trying to hold on tight, slithering away from the flailing hands, trying to find a way to protect herself... if only she was a bit bigger...

Whomp.

Xili suddenly returned to normal size, crushing the policemen under the mountain of muscles and coils of thick, metal plated scales of her lower, naga half.

“It’s the target! Capture her!” the commander shouted.

Xili snarled, revealing nasty sharp fangs in her mouth, before she raced at the closest policemen, knocking over the nearest desk and bulldozing into him before the policeman could get a shot off.

The policeman went down the for the count, and Xili could feel the tingle of momentary heat as laser bolts impacted her body. But they barely caused a scratch.

Xili grinned, before coiling up the policeman in her long tail, adding at least another ten feet to her previous size, and with a simple flick, threw him at three of the policemen that were attacking her, knocking all of them down like bowling pins.

“Dammit! Set to EMP! Deactivate her!” The commander bellowed.

Xili frowned, and began to slither her way through the maze of desks as the commander and the handful of still upright policemen began to fire new blasts of energy at her.

Computers that had still been on shorted out and blacked out as the impacts hit them.

Xili grabbed a desk, which easily absorbed the weak, localized EMP blast from one policeman, and then threw the desk at him, crashing around him and knocking him out of the fight.

The commander and the three remaining policemen retreated toward the door, trying to escape, and, undoubtedly, get reinforcements.

Xilimyth couldn't allow that.

With a hissing roar, Xilimyth leapt into the air, aiming for the door before the policemen arrived...

And she glided in gracefully at the door moments before the policemen got there, on the large, powerful, black draconic wings that pushed out of her back. Not to mention that she almost doubled in size, her head, now with two large black horns, digging into the roof tiles and rafters above her, her tail towering over the desks and computers and weapons that filled the office.

The commander slid and crashed right into Xili's side, the other three men managing to stop right before.

"Well then," Xili said, her tail lengthening enough to coil around and grab the last four conscious policemen, squeezing them tight. "Looks like your target got a hold of you!"

The commander gave a bellow of rage and anger, before giving a little squeak as Xili flexed her snake tail around him, an almost comically adorable noise from a dog toy rather than anything a servant of the law would allow escape his lips.

"Hehe," Xili chuckled. "I wonder what other noises you all could make."

"Xilimyth!"

The cheetah-naga-dragon-robot perked her ears, and looked down to see Cimmaron standing there.

"Cim? What-"

"Look, you don't need to hurt them," the stallion said.

Xilimyth blinked, and then cocked her head to the side. Something seemed... off about the black suited horse...

Wait a minute...

Suddenly Xili felt her whole body shake and convulse, her arms and wings spasming out of control, her tail flailing all around, dropping the policemen and crashing into the desks, computers, walls, roof, floor and everything else all around her.

She looked down to see Cimmaron holding a tablet much like he did before, pushing buttons on it.

“Oh, did you forget that I still had control over your body?” Cimmaron said with a malicious grin.

Xili could only roar in pain as the electric shocks raced through her body, before she finally collapsed, her body involuntarily twitching, unable to control anything.

The black suited horse *clip-cloped* up to her. “Oh, you’ll be perfect for what I have in mind, Xilimyth. You are just like every other version of you I’ve seen through time and space. So addicted to power and growing... now I can fully harness it!” the stallion let out a evil laugh that echoed through the room and Xili’s ears as he tapped the tablet again, and everything went black.