

In an abandoned factory on the outskirts of a bustling metropolis, two canines clad in spandex uniforms wander through unused machinery and what are spacecraft chassis and parts strewn and hung about.

One of the canines, a black and teal furred Pug with pink eyes takes the lead. He wears a silver spandex suit with glowing blue and teal LEDs along the hems, chest and along his back. He holds an energy pistol with a flashlight, waving it around to illuminate a path between boxes and leftover equipment.

Another canine, a Dalmatian of androgynous build and almost translucent skin, wears a black spandex suit with similar glowing LEDs, though these were green and white. They follow along behind the other canine, back facing them as they make their way through.

"Come on, Pup!" The pug called out quietly. "Got a lot of ground to cover."

The Dalmatian grumbles. "You could not call me that, Stella." They look back at the other canine as they pass a power box. "Hey! Look at this," they point out, stopping at the box.

"But your name is Pump-Up-Pup. It...it just works!" He says, and stops to look at the box. "Oh, that's a good find. Wonder if this place even still has a working reactor," the darker canine says, and kneels down to work with connections.

Pump sighs. "You know I don't care for that title...it feels like no one takes me seriously," they say, and climb over one of the conveyor belts.

"Yeah, but you're good at what you do though. Besides, no one can tear down a building like you can," Stella says. "You're really good at flushing bad guys out. " The canine continues, and playfully sticks his tongue out, before returning to his work. There were flashes of sparks from a soldering iron. "Just a second. I think I've got this rewired."

Pump-up huffs, and tries hard to not smile. "I-I guess so."

"Besides," Stella says, tonguepeeking at the other canine. "You're really fun to work with!"

The Dalmatian huffs, blushes, and turns their head away so Stella couldn't see them.

There was a clunk from below, and a whirr of machinery comes to life. Lights flicker and pop back on, and conveyors roll back into place, while robotic arms deftly move parts in and out of place.

"Alright! Looks like we've got power! Guess it's been on standby all this time."

Pump-Up bumps into the conveyor behind them, and is promptly swept away by a robotic arm. Stella looks up toward the conveyor, to hear a yelp from his companion.

"Pump!" He calls out, and tries to cut the power again, before he's pushed back with a bit of force as a barrier locks him out.

The Dalmatian ducks and dives over oncoming machinery, before unfortunately becoming the recipient of a robotic arm that sweeps them off of their feet and into a chamber. Stella is too late to get to the machinery, and hears squeaks and yelps from Pump.

The canine is grabbed by the arms and legs, while kept oriented on their stomach. Another pair of arms reaches to jab them with needles, and are injected with a nanotech colony, which causes the rubbery hero to squirm. They don't have much time to fully take in what is happening, as they're greeted with a large mechanical skeleton; a rounded, sleek spaceship chassis would be put into the rubbery pup's mouth and into their body, with a set of arms stretching them out.

"Mmmph!" Pump-Up groans as their body is distended with this new chassis that distorts their body. Their hands are forced together and downward to form landing gear, and their head was now the top of the spaceship's cockpit. Meanwhile, the nanomachines mold and cave their body in to accompany this new form; their legs would be brought down and morphed out to form lower landing gear. A pair of wings and tailfins would be built around the rubberizing machine, and an engine would be mounted inside of Pump-Up-Pup's frame.

Stella keeps trying to find ways to stop the machinery, but he gets blocked out at every turn. At least he could hear his friend in there still squeaking and yelping as they get sent down the assembly line.

The nanotech that Pump has been given starts doing more to them. As they get their eyes covered in a thin, visor-like glass, they could see digital readings projected on their eyes and into their head. They were witnessing their assembly into their new body! He could feel a tank becoming built inside of their stomach, just a stretchy as their actual stomach was, and the nanites connect their entire body together...

...and then they could feel their rear end getting kneaded and morphed, with their rear entrance in particular getting puffier and rounder, like an innertube. Then there was the 'Fuel Only' printout along the inner tube...

Stella hears an embarrassed groan from the still muffled rubber machine canine.

"Pump? Hey, what the hell's going on?"

Pump would be freed of their conveyor belt prison, and is placed at the end of the line at a small hangar-bay with other abandoned ships. The power cuts out entirely once more, and leaves the two of them in a room only lit by sunlight as it peeks through the windows.

Stella places a hand on the spacecraft-dog, who wiggles his wings and looks at him.

"Uh...a little help..." Pump-Up whined. "Kinda stuck like this."

"Can we fly you out?" He asks, as he reaches for a button along the seam of the Dalmatian-ship's side, and their cockpit opened up with a hiss. Stella could see Pump's new consoles and controls, and notices that the Rubber spaceship's fuel tank was empty.

“Uh...looks like your tank’s empty. If you’re what I think you’re made of...I can’t move you without a truck.” Stella says, rubbing his head. “What kind of fuel do you use? Whatever did this to you probably at least gave you that info...I hope.”

Stella rubs the hybrid canine’s body, which soothes the Dalmatian a bit. Pump looks through their new cybernetic brain, and looks through their operator’s manual. They mutter through the manual as they read, until something stops them and their eyes go wide. The hybrid machine turns red in the face...or rather, red in the nosecone.

“Uh...well...there’s regular fuel...but there’s nothing h-here...and...” Pump stammers out.

“And?” Stella asks, while his ear flops over an eye as he cranes his head.

“There’s an alternative for biological fuel. Like uh...” A gloved hand extends out from a panel and places a hand on the canine’s crotch. Which, while under the spandex, outlined a large thick shaft that stretched out his crotch. Pump-up then points back toward their rear end. “My fuel port is back there. P-Please.”

Stella glances back toward the surprisingly bulbous rear end and tailfins, bites his lip, and nods, before darting off behind the ship. Pump-up-Pup shivers as he feels the rather horned up canine spreads synthmetal and rubber cheeks apart to see that massive fuel port entrance. Stella undresses as best he could, and the hybrid ship feels a hefty shaft against his fuel port. Pump attempts to say something, but is cut off with a sudden gasp from feeling their partner’s shaft entering his port. The dalmatian-ship’s engine clunks, and their body shudders.

Stella takes his time as he thrusts into the ships’s fuel port, his now bio-fuel filling the ship’s tank. The ship arches its frame upward and downward, and there’s a crinkling of metal upfront around Pump’s nosecone...almost like the ship was biting their lip.

Suspension creaks back and forth as the two of them go through their unorthodox refueling...the factory echoing with sounds of creaks, slaps, yips, moans and engine noises. Soon, the horny canine would release his ‘fuel’, his heavy package flooding the canine-ship’s fuel tank to the point his underside creaks with sloshing seed. The Dalmatian ship visibly sags, pleased. When they check their fuel gauge, they find that it’s glitching past max.

“This...was the only good part about this mission...” Pump huffs.

Stella chuckles. “Just glad...just glad you’re okay. Mostly. I’m sure you fly really well, though...you did before this...” He says, teasing Pump a little. He hugs into the

The spacecraft just huffs, blushing a bit.