

[Star Wars lasers blasting, door closing, panting.]

They said the datachip is somewhere in this facility. I just need to find it. With that many turrets, it must be important.

[Footsteps on metal]

I can't quite hear the call of the force, strange. Is it something to do with the construction of the factory? Something in the metal?

[Knock on metal]

I'll just have to find it on my own. And then get out of here as quickly as I can. This place... I have a bad feeling about it.

[footsteps on metal again, blast door opening, distant humming of machines]

This must be the main factory floor. How massive. So many belts, but all of them are off? What's this factory supposed to be fabricating anyways? I thought it was droids, but I don't see anything of the sort.

I don't like looking around here. All these machines. I swear one is going to jump to life at any moment, and without the force...

[Stun gun sound, falling]

Ah! I can't move my body! What's—

[Conveyor belt turns on]

—the conveyor belt!? Why did that turn on?

[hydraulic machine sound lifting her up]

Put me down! Ugh, I feel like a puppet like this! I can't even resist this stupid machinery! Maybe if I'm lucky, there's some droid behind all this who can shut it down.

Hey! I know you're listening! Put me down this instant!

[Conveyor belt stops.]

Huh? What's this device...?

[Sound of something spraying]

And what is *this*?! My clothes... they're deteriorating!

[sound of something dropping]

My lightsaber! Ugh. I can't let this keep going on. I must reach out to the force and...

[Spraying stops, machinery turns over, spraying starts.]

Hot! That—well, it doesn't feel that bad, but now what is this thing spraying? It feels like an adhesive of some sort. If I could move my body... It's quite black. And shiny. That stun gun has to be about to wear off. I can almost feel a tingling throughout my body, in just a minute I'll be free, and I'll destroy this wretched place.

[Conveyor belt starts again]

It's moving again...? W-wait. That looks like a giant mold! Is this—what did this material do? What are they planning to do to me!?

[conveyor belt stops.]

Oh... that inside of the mold... that shape... it's so... so lewd. The breasts are so big and behind me — that ass is huge. No way. This thing can't possibly—

[Helmet lowers down]

A helmet? Why is th—

[Mold pushes together, some muffled moans (10s) from inside before it finally separates]

[Slightly robotic voice] What did that machine just do? I feel strange. But I can... I can move! I better get off this stupid belt even if it's hard to move...

[machines drop down. Lots of surprised little yelps as metal plates squish parts of her but leave the sensitive regions untouched.]

What are these even for!? W-wait, those look like—

[The machines press in again, this time resulting in several moans]

Staaahp...! Feels good, but... Strange! Like it's changing my insides. My pussy is being stretching and—ooh god, why does it feel so good. This can't be—even my ass! A-ah... what is this turning me into!? This isn't—ooh!

[Fills her mouth. Gagged moans for a few seconds.]

My lips feel strange now... ugh, my whole body is just burning with eagerness. But I can't take more of this.

Enough!

[As if on command, the factory falls silent. A little static, like that of a CRT turning on, pierces the silence.]

Oh... my head. What are all these images...? Need to... sex droids gather energy by helping others cum... Am I...? I... I am... I am a sex droid. Designation Z14. I am Z14 the sex droid. I am made to provide sexual services. I need... need to get out of here. I need to find people... Protocols demand I be put to use. Need to fulfill sexual desires... I'm a sex droid. I need to be used.

[metal footsteps fading off into the distance.]