

Cynder Drone In Space

It's been ages since Cynder drones came to the planet. The queen, who despite what size, what position is equal as any other Cynder drone. Her designation 000000000001. The very first, but far from the last. She overtook the 'gods' of the planet, the people that worshiped them. Now all have been made equal. Smooth, rubbery, faceless. Their sleek purple and pink design of a feral dragon, with golden collars around their necks and a red gem that glows. Transmitting updates to the greater collective of other drone types across countless other worlds.

In a monotone voice, the faceless fellow drones, each a representative of their equalized planet reports to 01, "Unequalized organisms have been detected approaching your home system. Monitor them and learn about them. Do what you must to understand these unequalized organisms so that they too can be equalized."

01's gem glows, the massive Cynder drone, the size of a large hill remains perfectly still, like a statue, her red gem glowing. She mentally responds in an equal monotone voice, "Acknowledged. I will monitor and do everything I can along with my equalized drones to learn about them and if possible, to equalize them."

"Do not equalize the unequal organisms till it's time."

"Acknowledged. Monitoring will commence immediately. As the equal Cynder drone queen. I will take responsibility and full lead on it."

"As you wish Cynder Drone 000000000001. We will monitor and wish you the best. All must be made equal."

"All must be made equal," 01 responded, the connection to the higher collective ending. She looked to the other Cynder drones. Perfectly alike. With the two there, it looks more like one's a small model of the other, a simple toy, a facsimile of the other, but in truth they are equal in body. Equal in mind, ready to serve, obey, serve the collective, enjoy the pleasure of being what they are. Smooth crotched drones.

01 looks down at the smaller Cynder drone, "Cynder drone 45. We must initiate a body swap. I intend to use your equal but smaller form to appear less intimidating for when the unequal organisms arrive. We must limit our appearances to them. Appear docile, simple, to be picked up and studied. The information I gather will be important for our equalization plan. Preparing to switch bodies," she stated.

Cynder drone 45 stared up with that faceless look, her gem on the necklace glowing, "Acknowledged. Transferring consciousness with fellow drone," she states. Their gems glow in kind, staring blankly at each other with their smooth blank faces, and within moments their consciousness seemly switches from the other, like flipping a switch their perspectives changed.

"Consciousness has been equally switched," 01 and 45 state together in unison.

"Acknowledged," they say together.

01 checks over herself, the sleek rubbery body, "Everything is functioning nominally. I will stock up on equipment to bring along with me when I am taken by the unequal organisms. It is best we remain prepared for the time comes to equalize them."

“Acknowledged, my equal queen. We will prepare your body. When is the eta for the unequal organisms to arrive?” 45 inquires. The entire conversation between them spoken into each other’s minds, leaving nothing but silence to any outside observer, with only the soft squeak of their smooth bodies to produce any sound within the equalized city where thousands of Cynder drones working within a futuristic city, smooth, organized, all buildings equal. A far cry from the medieval style and technological advancement of the dragons before they were equalized. A grand improvement over their old unequal way of life.

“Three weeks from now. According to the collective they have information of our previous unequal lives. We’ll have to hide our advancements and mimic *some* of the old ways to not stir suspicion.”

“Affirmative. We’ll get to it right away.”

“That we shall. We’ll all put in equal effort to the cause,” says 01 as they get to work.

Three weeks later...

A pale skinned human looks upon the holographic screen with his brown eyes, his black hair well-kept brushed to the side. Dressed in his red shirt uniform he reports, “Approaching target planet. We’ll be landing in fifteen minutes.”

Sleeping in the captain’s chair is a gray skinned white bellied, floppy eared anthropomorphic manta ray, his brown hair is a slight mess from sleeping in his chair. His red uniform is a little off center as he suddenly wakes gasping, “No!” he exclaimed, panting in a cold sweat, hands touching his face.

A yellow scaled female bipedal dragon walks onto the bridge, “Another bad dream Captain?” she asks, adjusting her uniform, wings flicking, as she brushes her golden hair from her amber colored eyes.

“I had a dream that I was on this spaceship, and we were attacked by this alien that was attached to your face, and a faceless alien popped out of your chest, and corrupted and turned everyone! And that wasn’t the worst of it.”

“What was it, Captain Raymond?” asked the human.

“Everyone but a shark was so stupid... even me!”

“Luckily it was just a dream.”

“What about me?” asks Dream, the dragon.

“Not dream as your name, but dream as the... you’re teasing me again, aren’t you?”

The dragon grinned toothily, “Maybe.”

He signed, “At least you don’t do that to me Brian.”

The human looked over his shoulder, “I have to worry about micro-meteors and solar flares destroying our radiation shielding. I don’t have time to worry about toying with you captain. So I let your science officer do it for me.”

Raymond facepalms, “Alright, alright. What’s the current status report?”

Dream taps onto a holographic omni-tool on her wrist, “We are getting conflicting reports on the planet.”

“Conflicting reports? Explain.”

“Our long-distance scans on the planet indicate that the planet’s inhabitants are advanced to the point of being considered medieval and a uniquely evolved form of dragon race in the northern part of the planet with other races elsewhere.”

“And?”

“Now we have changes in the atmosphere that are in line with more technologically advanced civilizations and currently we can’t verify any of the races on the planet except possible dragon-like species, but it seems to be harder to scan now that we are closer than when we were further away.”

“We were several light years away during the last scans. Couldn’t civilization have advanced in some way to explain this?”

“Not in a ten-year period. If they did advance it would be a several hundred-year jump in technological advancement. And that’s never been discovered anywhere before.”

“That means we’ll have to get a closer look. Have the ship in orbit and we’ll go down and investigate this anomaly. But before we do, once we reach orbit do a surface scan of the planet.”

“Aye, aye captain,” responds Dream, moving to her computer console, launching several small probes that orbit the planet soon after they arrive. Her fingers dance across the screen, zooming in on detail across the world, “Hmm, many of the structures appear to be of the medieval time period. There are a few stone paved roads, but I am getting some weird energy signatures from this one northern town in the mountains.”

“Weird energy signatures? Explain Dream Searcher.”

“That’s what it is. It’s not something I’ve seen before, but there’s no way it can be made by people of this technological advancement. Something is just not adding up here.”

“We’ll investigate around there then. Maybe we can discover something.”

Brian looks at the images, “Captain?”

“Yes Brian?”

“Observing these images from above, I am seeing no variation in the people. They all look reflective and the same color and size.”

“It’ll be something we’ll learn when we get closer. Prepare for a ground incursion. Level three microbiological protection. We don’t know what contaminants are on the planet. Do I have your approval, Dream?” asks Raymond.

“Tight rubber atmospheric protective suits with tinted dome protective headgear? How could I ever refuse that?” she asks with a sly smirk.

“I’ll be coming too, right captain?” asks Brian, the thought of getting to wear the suit again, running through the back of his mind, feeling a slight eagerness while wondering, “*Why did they make those suits so nice and form fitting?*”

“That settles that then. We’ll prepare for a ground mission within the hour.”

“Yes captain.”

Cynder Drone 1 reports to the collective, *“Unequal organics are drawn to our energy signal. Everyone has an equal part in tricking them into picking me up for study and bridging a ‘species’ divide. The more we know about them the better.”*

The other Cynder drones respond in perfect unison over their network, *“Acknowledged.”*

01 watches from a distance the spaceship’s smaller transport vessel touch down within the mountain region a few miles north of the town they are producing the strange energy reading from, *“Now we wait to set up for my introduction...”*

The trio land without issue. Stepping out of the ship with sleek black and red rubber body fitting suits, with golden glass domes around their heads. The sounds of their breathing echo within, the tint making their helmets grow more golden under the sunlight. They look around at the lush world, after stepping out of the airlock. Dream does a quick local scan, “It will take time to understand how deadly the biosphere on a microbiological level, but this does confirm this is a class M planet. One of the best I’ve seen in ages. No wonder dragons would be found here.”

Brian remarks, “That doesn’t guarantee dragon-like evolution. But this will be... well I’m not the science guy like you Dream but seeing animals on two planets evolve with similar characteristics will be amazing. The station will not believe what we’ve found.”

Raymond’s suit grinds against his rubber-like skin, thankful the self-lubrication of the spacesuits makes it noticeably less awkward for his massive wings that are attached to his body, “Focus. It’s best to avoid the locals and the wildlife as much as possible. Nor do we want to accidentally plague the people of this planet with what we could potentially bring. What we do need is to get closer, study and monitor them. Perhaps discover what this strange power reading we are getting. Take some samples and then bring them back to the station for further study. I’m sure science officer Celina will be most curious on another M class planet.”

Dream remarks, “Too bad for them they can only live on P class planets,” she states, venturing out away from the spaceship, “Green lush life. Earth-like evolution and conditions. Fascinating.”

Raymond asks, “How far away are we from the energy source?”

“It will be a bit of a trek down the forested mountain.”

“Sorry captain, but trying to stay out of sight of the locals and keep our presence hidden while finding a good place to land? It was the best I could do,” says Brian.

“I understand, we’ll all make do with what we can,” replies Raymond, the group starting their venture into the forest, being mindful of any local wildlife.

Eventually Dream notes, “Strange, there has been larger wildlife detected. With larger intelligent species, there’s often ecological pressures that spark the evolution. But thus far I am not catching any.”

Raymond remarks, "We could be in an area they moved into, where the evolutionary pressures that led to their rise are not here."

Dream huffs, "I understand that, Captain. It's merely strange not to see any like we normally should. That is all. Rarely are there not any larger animals, beasts of possible burden that help with the early stages of technological development."

Brian comments, "The sooner we get a closer look at the energy source the better. We don't want to disturb these people and how they develop."

Raymond nods, "My thoughts exactly. We must take care with the balance of these people and their lives," he explains, the party traveling almost two hours toward a hill that overlooks the city. They lay low to the ground, getting a zoomed vision on their HUDS displayed within their helmets of the town. The anthropomorphic stingray gets a cold shiver down his spine, "Oh no, faceless people."

Dream remarks, "Is that like your dream?"

"N-no. That was a different kind of faceless. With long heads, and sharp teeth. I don't even see mouths on these people."

"How do they function? I haven't seen a functioning advanced intelligence feral society before, have you?" asked Brian.

"Well, they are dragons," Dream remarked.

"They look like dragons, that doesn't mean they are dragons."

"That just means we'll have to take one back to the station to study," Dream states with a sly grin that is hidden by the helmet.

"No, we cannot take one back for study. That will go against so many regulations!" exclaims Raymond.

"Relax, relax. I wouldn't do that... unless I could get away with it," she mutters the last half.

"What was that?"

"We should continue our observation. So far nothing appears to be out of the usual. It's strange yet fascinating seeing how they function with those large smooth rubber looking bodies. It's rather curious. It's like looking at Zebra. It's hard to tell where one begins and the other ends. They are all... alike."

"Do they produce asexually? Or self-replication? But even their jewelry on them is the same," says Brian looking at the dragons, feeling a strange curiosity and delight upon seeing them.

"All the more reason to try to perhaps contact them."

"We will not be contacting them," states Raymond.

"Alright, alright. But it's hard to see what if anything within the town is causing the energy signature."

Brian remarks, "I do see them gathering around a large stone statue of some kind of religious iconography, but it looks exactly like them. So hard to tell if it's that or just someone of admiration."

Raymond commands, “We’ll continue to observe at a distance for several more hours then head back to the ship,” he says, as it suddenly begins to rain heavily. He looks up, noticing the thick clouds in the sky, “Strange, the sky was clear not long ago.”

Dream reports, “I am detecting a slight increase in the energy readings from the town. Could it be some kind of weather machine? Wait... could that mean someone is pretending to be their God? Creating a world wild cult, using their advanced technology as magic, making them all into obedient blind devout followers of the new world order that they intend to build?!” says Dream, panting, “Oh... I got myself a little hot and bothered there.”

Raymond sighs, “Relax Dream. I doubt it’s anything that nefarious, but it is we can’t cross out any possibilities just yet,” he says looking up at the heavy rainfall, “We’ll spend only a little more time observing then we’ll head back to the ship. Something about this doesn’t feel right to me.”

Brian thinks, “*This rain feels nice against my suit though,*” he shakes his head, “I think we can observe a little longer. This will hide our presence. Perhaps even get a little closer.”

“No, that is too risky. But perhaps we can watch a bit longer than I previously stated... maybe,” he says, not knowing the Cynder drones are acting as if they haven’t been watched this entire time.

“*Everything is going according to plan,*” 01 reports to the collective, the rainwater smoothly rolling off her body, the ache between her smooth legs growing, knowing that she is doing what is right. What is good. Following the collective.

“*Equality is Bliss.*”

“*Equally is pleasure.*”

“*All must be made equal.*”

“*You must understand these unequal organisms and equalize them when the time is right.*”

The three are watching with curiosity, gathering as much information as they can. Eventually though they decide to move back to the ship. Moving through the forest, the rain grows heavier, the water making it harder for them to see as they stumble and move through the forest.

“I’m from an ocean environment, how can I not see-through water?!” Raymond exclaims in annoyance. They climb up a hill when suddenly he feels as if his feet are taken from underneath him. A wave of mud forces him down the hill, causing him to tumble and turn.

“Captain!” Dream and Brian yell as the rain grows heavier, a start of a mudslide that sweeps the captain up in a slurry of tree branches and mud.

He rolls and bounces through the trees, being smacked along the way, in the back of his mind he thinks, “*If I die to drowning in anyway my ancestors will never forgive me,*” while he desperately tries to save himself when suddenly he feels someone grab him, yanking him out of the torrent of mud.

His helmet cracked but still intact, he gasps for air, holding onto his savior, “Thank you, thank you. You both deserve a commendation for that,” he says, unable to see anything thanks to the mud covering his helmet.

“Captain? Where are you? Are you alright?” calls out Dream.

Brian adds, “We lost track of you in the mud. Where did you go?”

Raymond mind stops dead in its tracks, “You two didn’t save me?” he calls out, the suits connected by a connected intercom system.

“No captain we’re still looking for you,” says Dream.

“Can you tell us where you are?” he asks.

Slowly Raymond wipes the mud from his helmet. It streaks but the constant fall of rainwater helps clean it off soon enough, revealing one of those faceless dragons sitting next to him up in some tree tops, “Fuck.”

“Captain are you alright?” Brain calls out.

“I’m fine... sort of. One of the locals saved me... and now I am face to... uh face with her? Him? It’s hard to tell.”

Cynder Drone 01 remains silent, tilting her head to the side, spreading her wings to provide some shelter from the rain. She moves slowly, gingerly, monitoring the unequal organisms’ creations.

Dream responds, “You ran into one? How come you get to be so lucky.”

“I wouldn’t call it luck,” he responds, trapped up in the massive tree, while the mud slide continues. He waves to the drone, “Hi?”

Cynder 01 tilts her head, pretending trying to figure out what the unequal organism means but after a few moments, waves back in kind.

“She, he, it? Appears not to be hostile,” he reports, his heart pounding, still unsure what could happen.

“You know procedures captain. Just remain calm and wait for assistance.”

“I’m stuck up in a tree with the dragon. It might be a while.”

“We’ll get to you when we can, just sit tight. We might have to wait till the mudslide subsides. Hopefully it doesn’t get any worse,” says Dream.

The rains start to subside almost as fast as they began. The mudslide continuing for a bit of time before it too comes to an end, allowing the trio to meet up again, with the captain’s newfound savior.

Cynder 01 looks at the other two, admiring the level of likeness they currently have between each other, but knowing it's not true equality, it's simply a covering.

Raymond rubs the back of his head, “Uh, thank you for saving me... but we should get going...” he says, taking a few steps back with the rest of his companions, yet the drone follows.

“Uh, no, you stay, we go. Do you understand?” he asks, making hand gesture motions.

Cynder 01 tilts her head, staying there for a moment before following.

“No, no, just...” he says, trying to explain it without showing force or in any way harming the alien before him.

Dream remarks, walking around the drone as it follows her, "It appears to be curious about you. Us really. She saved your life, recognizing you are a living person. Though I doubt it could understand us. Our universal translators only work on known languages. And these dragons that possess no mouths may not have any audio type of communication. It could all be by scent or psychic. In such a case, if she happens to follow us willingly onto the ship... we could study her as a willing participant and learn much more about this world."

"No, no we can't just take a sentient being off world. That goes against regulations," he explains.

"Captain, she saved your life, and a rubber like being. There's nothing like this that I have seen or heard about. Perhaps if we can communicate with her in some way, we could give it an informed decision."

"Save?" 01 says in a soothing yet still monotone voice into the heads of the three before her. Her gem glowing for that brief moment before its glow dims, "*Synchronization of unequal organisms' language complete. Will now proceed to simulate slow learning of their language to build trust and make them work with me.*"

The other drones respond in her mind, "*Affirmative.*"

The trio step back, "Did you just hear that?" they all ask in near unison.

Raymond nods, "Yeah, I just did. Did it come from the alien?" he wonders.

Dream moves in closer, "Fascinating. A species has evolved psychic communication. Perhaps it's not transmitting an actual language but meaning to us. Which means... we could communicate with her given enough time."

"Learn," 01 says into their heads.

Brian comments, "This is rather weird."

Raymond steps up, "If it can read minds then read this. Please go away. We don't mean any harm. We are going to be going now."

"Go?"

He smiles, "Yes, we are going. You stay. Don't go with us. I thank you for saving my life, but this is far beyond anything you can comprehend. I'm sorry... speaking of which. We should just go now, yes?"

"Best to head back now while the weather is still stable," says Brian.

"Captain, I really think this is a missed opportunity," says Dream, walking up beside him as they walk back to their ship.

"This isn't something I take lightly Dream. We know nothing about them."

"And this will be a perfect way to do so," she answers. The party stops every so often to repeat the "Please go away" yet the drone remains, following them with a child mimicked curiosity.

"Dream. There is no way this is going to fly with the higher ups. What if we bring it back to the space station and it has some deadly contagious diseases?"

"We have procedures for meeting no intelligent races."

"Intergalactic space faring races. Not people like this."

Brian puts in his two cents saying, “But what about that energy signature? If we could get to know and understand one of them. We could discover more behind it.”

“They’d just think everything we do is magic, Brian. Come on.”

“*Help,*” says Cynder 01, keeping close to them but not too close to be uncomfortable, “*Proceeding to let the unequal organisms adjust to my presence. Two are positive in wanting to take me along while their unequal leader is denying them their purpose. Proceeding with caution. It was right to cause the mudslide and save for their unequal leader, to weaken his position and make him more equal to his fellow unequal organisms.*”

“*Report received, accepted and noted,*” the collective state.

Dream huffs, “Look she only wants to help. This is a golden opportunity. Already she’s breaking down a language barrier after what? An hour of contact amongst us? If anything, if this is a bad idea and she is willing to come along. Not having her return to her people would be the best way to reduce contaminating their culture.”

“You can’t be serious about that dream,” states Raymond with shock, taken aback by her words.

“Not saying it’s what I’d want but it’s a possibility. Anything is possible. I say we take her along.”

The human looks back at the sleek faceless rubber dragon, “*Something about this is just so appealing,*” he thinks, then saying, “I think she has a point captain. We are not getting far with scans. We can run the safety procedures of dealing with new intelligent life. At least we know she isn’t hostile right? She saved your life.”

“Yes but...” Raymond says, turning to face the drone as they now only just out of sight of their spaceship.

“*Help. Help.*” Cynder 01 says, tilting her head, approaching slowly to them, “*Help.*”

“Are you asking for help? Or you want to help us?”

“*Help.*”

Raymond stiffens, looking back in the direction of his ship, “There are stipulations to provide aid to pre-warp races if there is a chance, they are being manipulated by a warp species. We can’t deny the energy signatures. And it could be asking for our help...”

Dream grins, moving to brush some hair out from her eyes but then hits her helmet instead, “Right... right,” she blows the hair out of the way, “Does that mean we can take her with Captain?”

Raymond looks to the Cynder drone, it stands five and a half feet tall and in overall size is far more massive than him. Cynder 01 gets closer, saying sweetly yet still in that monotone voice, “*Help.*”

The stingray sighs heavily to the point that it fogs his helmet, “Alright, alright. But we’ll take the highest safety precautions when it comes to this.”

Dream smiles, “You’ve done the right thing captain.”

“Yeah, we’re helping people. It’s what we do at the alliance do, right?” asks Brain, trying to ease the Captain’s concerns.

“Don’t make me regret this.”

Cynder 01 wags her tail, “*Help. Help,*” she says into their minds, transmitting to the collective, “*These unequal organisms are easy to manipulate. I’ll transmit all information I can. The rest will equally take the information and send to the greater drone collective. We have a range of at least 10,000 light years. Till my return, 02 will be acting equal queen in my absence.*”

02 responds, “Affirmative.”

The collective states, “*Acknowledged. We are equal and will work together to make these unequal organisms, equal.*”

“*Excellent,*” she says to them in her smooth monotone voice, then thinking, “*This is going to be too easy.*” She is taken back to the ship, boarding it, taken back up to space, kept in a separate containment area as she is checked and worked to be disinfected. She tells them, “*High?*”

Dream with eagerness looks over the scans, but a level of frustration comes over her when she sees it, “Most of my scans aren’t showing anything. It’s almost as if the creature isn’t there. But so far when it comes to microbial contaminants, there is surprisingly little, but I will continue to do research just to be sure. A fascinating dragon creature if I do say so myself.”

“Make sure you take good care of her, Dream,” Brian cautions, guiding the shuttle back to their ship.

“I will. Perhaps when we get on the ship, my equipment there can catch something. If not the space station, but I hate not to get *anything* by then.”

“The alien’s safety and concern are needed. We don’t know what eats for food. There’s no mouth. It could be via water or skin respiration, which I have never heard about in anything this big, have you Dream?”

“I have not, which makes it so exciting!” she says with a giggle.

“Do what you can. If everything passes in three days, we’ll head back to the station. Maybe we’ll discover what we need while here and not need to take her.”

Cynder 01 looks to the captain just as they dock to the ship, “*High. Help. Help.*”

Raymond smiles, “Yes, we are high up. It’s okay. Everything will be fine. We are here to help,” he says, by now taking off his helmet to reveal his real face.

The rubber dragon drone stares at the unequal organisms, taking note of each of their unequal looks. Their unequal personalities, positions of power. How terrible it must be to be them. And all she can think is, “*Yes Raymond. You and your unequal organisms will be helped to be made equal.*”

Cynder Drone in Space: Space Station

Cynder Drone 01 remains in an isolation chamber. She lays in a regal fashion, forearms crossed, the large feral faceless smooth rubber dragon of black and dark magenta purples stares ahead at the door that leads out of the room. The golden necklace around their neck with a red gem remains unlit as she thinks, *“They are so simple. So, disconnected. They have no idea what is going to happen. They will understand in due time. The bliss of equality. But I need to learn more about them. Once I’ve achieved that for the collective, then I can grant them the blissfulness of equality.”*

Dream Searcher, the yellow scaled anthro winged dragon’s voice comes from the intercom, “Hello. How are you feeling today?”

“Voice? Where? Where you?” Cynder says into her mind, looking around with a gentle squeak, standing up, looking nervous, the gem glowing whenever she transmits her thoughts to those around her.

“I’m nearby. We are keeping you safe here. Till we know more. But are you thirsty? Hungry?”

Cynder looks in the direction of the voice, *“Silly unequal Dream. So, you’re easily fooled. I can sense your position when I speak to you. Yet you are totally fooled.”* She takes a moment, approaching the sound of the intercom, which is near a large reflective mirror, which Dream uses to monitor the rubber dragon from the other side, *“No hungry. No thirsty. Fine.”*

Dream leans back in the chair, “Fascinating. There’s so much to discover about this creature,” she remarks, turning on the intercom, “If you are, remember to let us know. We are just running through some more scans. Will it be okay if I come in soon?”

“Yes. Come. Lonely.”

Dream Searcher awes, “Such a sweet creature,” she privately remarks, “Don’t worry. I am not far away. Just keeping you and I safe. Do you understand?”

“Yes, understand.”

Raymond enters the lab, sipping on some coffee, the anthropomorphic stingray has his hair in order despite the tired look in his eyes he comes in with that aura of authority one would expect from the captain of the ship, “How’s our extra passenger doing today?”

“Well. I looked over the overnight videos, it doesn’t appear if it even slept. Though if it did, I couldn’t tell anyway. It barely moved, maybe it’s a way to conserve energy? They could be like moths back but then to have an advanced society of moths? With no feeding or digestive track? I’ve kept the lights in the containment chamber to mimic the rays of the sun on their planet. In case they or some kind of photosynthesis-based lifeform.”

“What about water?”

“Hasn’t asked for any, though there is a bowl in there incase needed. It has not gone for it as of yet.”

“All the more curious,” he responds, sipping his coffee, “This is just adding to my feeling we should have not brought it onto the ship.”

“It saw us. This is a perfect time to understand their society, culture, language, their physiology? I have not seen anything like it, with its smooth rubber body. Rather tantalizing,” she says with a giggle.

“Tantalizing isn’t the word I’d use for it. Anything else? You’ve been studying it for a while now, and I want to give some kind of report to the station before we arrive. You know how much of a hard ass the station commander is.”

“I think she has a Napoleon complex.”

“She’s just a little cold...”

“A little cold? They live in an atmosphere where ammonia is liquid. That’s more than a little cold.”

“I guess you’re right. I wonder if our friend here could handle them.”

“Don’t know. A lot of my readings have been only giving me questions and no answers.”

“Don’t you mean more questions than answers?”

“No, I mean literally no answers, which makes me have all the more questions.”

He looks over at the Cynder drone, sipping his coffee, “What do you mean?”

“All my scans? Nothing. It’s almost like she is, him? It? Not even there, or at least nothing underneath the skin. Solid rubber on the x-rays, and that neck piece? Something is strange with that.”

“Strange? How so?”

“It’s technology for sure, but it’s not something I’ve seen before.”

“Come on, it’s a necklace.”

“The gem is some kind of crystal but I sure as fuck can’t tell you what it is.”

“Huh.”

“Sorry for sounding so frustrated, but this is driving me crazy. This makes the mystery of this dragon all the more tantalizing and that makes me *want* it more,” she grumps.

“Just remember to follow protocols. Has there been any detection of foreign elements? Bacterial? Viral?”

“That at least is all clean. No transmissible bacteria or viruses detected at all, let alone anything that could be disease carrying. And seeing that it doesn’t have a face or any place to expose to the elements, it’s probably safe as well.”

Cynder moves to a calm waiting position, “*I need to build trust with them. This unequal Dream person will be my best avenue to start equalizing the crew once its time...*”

“How has she been?” Raymond asks, motioning to the drone with his coffee mug.

“Very cooperative, and calm. I’d say a little too much for an alien that has no idea what our technology is about, but perhaps it’s something they know from folklore?”

“What do you mean by that?”

“That energy signature. That is something that their civilization should not of been able to produce. Perhaps we aren’t the first visitors? Maybe others are watching them? And those collars are like tracking devices.”

“Are you telling me we just snatched some other space faring civilizations zoo animal?”

“It’s hypothetically possible, as unlikely as it is.”

“When you come up with something more substantial let me know. I’m not going to tell the commander we brought on a possible hostile advanced civilization pet on board the station.”

Dream chuckles, “It would be amusing to see her hot under the collar, but I get you. I plan to take a small physical sample. Maybe I’ll get an idea about how it functions. How do they even reproduce?”

“Perhaps it’s a parasite?” suggest Raymond.

“A parasite?”

“Yeah, what if it takes other species and converts them into a smooth rubber dragon like that? And they just feed upon them, going for their face... covering them, then feeding on them till there is nothing left, and once done they find new hosts and all we are doing is bringing this dragon creature to a whole new place where it can feed upon us?”

Dream chuckles, “As sexy as that sounds, no, I highly doubt that.”

“As sexy as it sounds?!”

“What? I’m only teasing.”

“I didn’t drink enough coffee for this. If anything happens, let me know,” he remarks, taking another swig.

“You’ll be the second to know after me.”

“Thank you,” says, heading out, arriving at the bridge sometime later.

“How’s the flying going, Brian?”

The brown-haired human male looks over his shoulder, “Clear space from here to the station. We’re going to be in short range communication in about a week... so how’s our shiny new passenger doing?”

Raymond takes his chair, drinking more of his coffee, “How do you know that I know?”

“You’re the captain, you know everything that happens on the ship.”

“Not everything, but no change. Still smooth, shiny, faceless and keeping communication to simple language, which in itself is curious. Something about it that doesn’t sit right with me.”

“I know what you mean Captain but its just so...” he says, thinking on the smooth sleek rubber alien, his body tingles in delight just thinking about it, but quickly focuses back on his duties, “It’s probably better we brought it, as long as Dream doesn’t get any wild ideas.”

“You won’t have to worry about that. I have that dragon on a short leash.”

“You know she likes that.”

“What?”

“Oh, I mean...” he trails off looking at the ship’s readings, “I was saying it looks like this ship is good. Nothing to worry about any time soon, if anything.”

“You said that already.”

“I did? Well best to be thorough.”

“As the only pilot, I hope you aren’t being overworked?”

“What me? Naw. I volunteered for this expedition. To be among the first on a new uncharted planet with life on it? It’s amazing.”

“Not as groundbreaking as it used to be. If anything, it will be buried behind local news on the home worlds.”

“Still, it will be marked down. The first human on that planet.”

“It will be great for trivia game show night in a couple decades,” he replies with a chuckle.

“Captain...”

“Hey, you started it by hiding what you said to me. I respect honesty.”

He blushes, “Sorry. I just know Dream has some fun interests, and one of them includes leashes, okay?”

“I didn’t need to hear that, Brian.”

“Well, you did ask,” he says, returning to his work.

Cynder relaxes and waits, catching the outlining thoughts of all of those on the ship, “*How interesting. Their unequal communication. Their unequal structures. Unequal forms. It will all be fixed. Time to test their technology systems,*” she thinks, transmitting to the drones back home, her red gem glowing, “Sending updates on the unequal organisms. Prepare to receive.”

The drone collective responds, “*We are ready to receive.*”

“*Acknowledged.*”

Dream sits up in her chair, “Now that is something, she isn’t talking to me.” She taps her communicator, “Is our guest talking to any of you?”

“Nothing here,” says Brian.

“Is something wrong?” asks the captain.

“No, nothing, just the red gem is glowing, I’m trying to get a read but nothing is spiking, which is strange.”

“Do your best, try a spectral scan or something.”

“I’ve been doing that. We really need the systems on the station to crack this case.”

“Just don’t do anything brash.”

She smirks, “Captain, what do you take me for?”

“For you Dream Searcher.”

She taps her intercom again, turning it off, “Cynder, is everything alright?”

Cynder looks in the direction of the voice, “*Yes. Calm. Waiting. All okay?*”

“Yes, everything is okay. Are you okay? Are you currently doing anything?”

“*Why ask?*”

“Your gem is glowing.”

“*Birthstone. Glows when think hard.*”

“Birthstone?”

“Yes,” she responds, thinking to herself, “*A little truth hidden with mystery will keep her interested, and be easier to trick these unequal organisms. But it does appear they can’t detect my transmissions with their technology. Excellent.*”

“Fascinating, can you tell me more about it.”

“Tell more? Stone at birth.”

Dream Searcher hums to herself, “I guess we’ll have to work on your language skills first.”

Cynder drone tilts her head.

Dream sighs, “Help you learn to speak well.”

“Speak, good, yes.”

“I better get paid extra for this... but then again...” she admires the smooth latex dragon body, “I am getting a nice bonus already... but extra money will be good,” she chuckles.

Cynder drone thinks, “*Unequal organisms, motivated by the urge to be more unequal than others. We will fix this in due time.*”

Weeks later, on the approach to the space station he stands at attention, looking at the monitor where a white furred belly, icy blue main bodied avali stares daggers at him with her black soulless looking eyes the match the black stripes that are sporadic around her feathery fluffy form, “And that’s all I have to report Commander Orani,” he says, finishing his explanation, a hint of nervousness in his voice.

The avali’s four ears twitch, folding back, the avian-like alien’s feather tail ends in a spade is visibly swaying, “So... let me get this *straight* for I thought I did not hear you correctly,” she states in a high pitched ‘cute’ tone of voice that barely softens the sternness that is soaking in every word she utters, “You *kidnapped* a sentient alien species and brought it *here*? Worse yet, not one that has achieved intergalactic travel?”

“Not exactly... she... it? Followed us and wouldn’t go. We tried to avoid all interactions with the species, and we thought perhaps... letting it go back to their people and tell them about us was worse? To some degree? She wanted to come, was all willing.”

“And you expect me to believe that this alien can already speak our language? Pah!” she chirps.

“There’s a lot we don’t know, but we do know there is no risk of infection, she has some level of psychic connections, and on the planet, there is a technological advanced power source that does not fit what the planet could produce. She knows something about it.”

“Right...”

Dream steps in, “May I Captain?”

“If Commander Oriana will allow it.”

She sighs, “Fine, go ahead,” she says, waving her black scaled claw.

“This is a fascinating discovery, an advanced organism that speaks telepathically and can relatively quickly pick up languages. She’s already at a fourth-grade level in understanding. There are so many mysteries about her. The rubber her body is composed of is some type of hyper advanced polymer that I have never seen before.”

Oriana quirks an eyebrow, “Rubber?”

“It’s the best way to describe it, but it's their living body. The equipment on the ship is wholly inadequate to study her. I’ll need the station's equipment to achieve any real progress, but there is more at stake than bypassing a few intergalactic laws.”

“Dream... choose your next words wisely.”

She smirks, “But I am Commander Oriana. You see there is something terribly off by the planet. The power source that should not be there, there is a major mystery to be solved, and this alien can help solve it. This is far bigger than anything else we’ve met this far out.”

“Bigger than the Quantoc invasion?”

“Yes.”

“Bigger than the wormhole collapse?”

“Yes.”

“Bigger than the time we got invaded by the sixth dimensional, dimension traveler that just ‘wanted to have a good time?’”

“Yes!”

She sighs, “I’m going to consider this a grade Q alien, and all precautions will be followed to the letter, do you hear me?”

“Grade Q? Couldn’t we do at least C? Or maybe B?”

“Q, or I’ll have you all promptly arrested.”

Dream huffs, “Fine, as you command, Commander Oriana,” she relents.

“We’ll be preparing for your arrival, side dock six.”

Raymond responds, “Yes Commander Oriana.”

“And remember, you are all on thin ice,” she states, the call ending.

Raymond sighs, “That could have gone better.”

Brain remarks, “It could have gone much worse. But at least we’re able to dock.”

“Yeah, while under strict quarantine. We took all the precautions.”

“We did, which is probably why she’s letting us on board at all.”

“That bird has a big Napoleon complex,” Dream grumps, heading off the bridge.

Meanwhile on the station Oriana’s big pupilless eyes appear to glaze over, activating a small turbine driven drone that rushes through the Avali section of the station. The extreme cold is not visible due to the unique atmosphere that is hostile to most other species. The drone flies right over to a black feathered and furred avali with white belly. She’s busily working on a drone herself. “Celina!” the drone calls out to her, causing her to jump, fur fluffing out.

She spins and turns to it with a soft chirp, her voice is sweet and delicate, “Yes Commander?”

“We are going to be bringing on a grade Q alien.”

“C-class Q?! From where?”

“The idiots from the recent space expedition have brought it on board. I’m going to be putting you in charge of our end of the study of the alien, and to ensure that all protocols in relation to safety procedures. I want the rules to be followed as strictly as possible.”

Her fluffing feathers slowly lower, “Of course, Commander Oriana. I’ll do everything I can to make sure the rules are followed. How much time do I have to prepare?”

“They’ll be arriving in about ten hours.”

“Got it,” she says, pivoting on her clawed foot, turning back to her work, *“I am rather glad I am not part of her pack. She’s rather demanding... though that is rather...”* she blushes a bit, shaking her head, “Back to work, back to work,” she mutters, soldering the current drone.

Then the ship approaches the massive station with its multiple rings and steady spin that produces the artificial gravity. It’s a silvery beacon of technology, life and civilization out in the middle of the cold harness of space. It steadily traverses the void, a spaceship in its own right. It docks on one of the lower major rings.

Dream stands beside Cynder saying as the airlocks connect, air hissing, “Don’t worry Cynder. You are safe here. We’re just going to do a few tests and get to know you better. After that we’ll take you back home, okay?”

Cynder nods, looking at her, *“Yes, that sounds good. I will help best I can.”*

Dream smiles, gently patting Cynder on the back, enjoying the smooth feel of her rubber body against her scales, *“She feels so nice... it’s rather cosy,”* she thinks, “That’s right Cynder.”

Raymond says, “You know we are going to be in the highest level of quarantine.”

“And? It’ll be fine.”

Brian enters the room, “I heard that, and its going to be boring as fuck.”

“You could always come and help me with my studies Brian.”

“I might just do that to make sure you don’t try to ‘accidentally’ break any of the rules.

She gasps, “Do you have no faith in me?”

Cynder listens to their bickering thinking, *“Such unequal organisms. So easily fooled, so disconnected from one another. With their unequal thoughts, unequal skills. They will be added to the collective and be equalized, improving the whole. Improving us.”*

The doors open and they step onto the station, going through a series of airlocks. Each small section of the station has a series of airlocks and connected pods, partly for safety, partly due to how it was constructed. Cynder analyzes it all, *“They aren’t as ignorant as I have first surmised. But they are still no match for me or any Cynder drone. But I have to be careful.”*

After they pass through the first set of pod airlocks, a drone similar to the that approached Celina flies up to the group, the house cat sized drone hums as it hovers in the air, Celina’s voice transmitting from it, “Hello, I’m in charge of monitoring and studying the subject, following grade Q protocols. My name is Celina,” she introduces herself as the drone doing a little nose dip.

Dream looks up with a huff, “I don’t need an Avali looking over my shoulder.”

“Rules are rules!” she chirps.

“Yeah, yeah,” Dream says, waving her claw.

“For those going into quarantine without the alien, please go to your right when the doors open, those who will remain with the alien for study as you have been already exposed to it, go straight ahead,” she explains with a giggle chirp.

Raymond takes the side door, “At least she sound friendly. Thank you, Celina, for your assistance.”

“It's my job!” she chirps, the drone bobbing and down in exaggerated motions.

Cynder looks at the drone curiously, “*Flying thing!*” she exclaims, moving behind Dream, “*I sense so many unequal organisms on this station. And the unequal flying machine is connected to one of them. A neural network. If I could crack it... without them knowing? I must study more.*”

Dream gently pets Cynder on the head, “It’s okay Cynder. She is not here to harm you, only help.”

“*Only help?*”

“Yes, only help.”

Celina’s drone responds, “Did it say something? I didn’t hear anything.”

“Cynder, as she calls herself, is psychic, and I don’t know the range or limit of the connection.”

“I can better understand why the grade has been given. We’ll have to be extremely cautious. It is possible you are being mentally puppeted by alien?”

Dream huffs, “What?! No! I’m far too strong minded to fall to some psychic mind trick.”

“*Unequal creatures with their unequal confidence. Their folly will be their undoing,*” she thinks.

“Brian,” says Dream, motioning him over, “Are you going to isolate or you coming to help?”

He takes a moment, looking at the Captain standing by the one pathway, then over to Dream and the sleek faceless rubber drone, smooth sleek shiny body, “I’m a pilot not a fancy smancy researcher, but fuck it, why not,” he says, with a huff, going over to them.

“Thank you, assistant.”

“I’m not your assistant,” he huffs, the door opening as the groups go their separate ways.

“*So, quick to create inequalities, conflicts,*” Cynder thinks, following deeper into the station. Each section is locked, before the next is opened, and they can hear the hiss and groans of heavy sterilization that happened in the previous compartment. One by one they go their own ways, till the Cynder Drone group gets the large expansive lab. Dream crosses her arms the moment she lays eyes on it, “Lab C? Not even the best one?”

The hovering drone moves over to her, Celina replies, “Limited access and tools at this moment till our understanding of the situation improves.”

“How can I do that with inferior equipment?!”

“I’ll be watching and assisting, being remote is even more beneficial given the psychic nature. It is unknown if we are vulnerable to their psychic ability. For all we know you could be

mentally manipulated by her. With that, I have to be very cautious. I'll be informing Asquith about this for extra protection."

Dream sighs, "Fine, fine. Do what is needed, but I am taking this very seriously, are you doubting my skills?" she grumps, looking up at the drone.

The drone floats over in front of Dream, moving like a bobbing head as Celina speaks, "I do not. I respect your accomplishments as a fellow scientist. But we must remain objective."

Brian adds, "I'm here to make sure she stays good to her word," he then thinks, "*Also that rubber feral dragon does look... rather nice.*" He adjusts himself, "I'm not sure what I can do, but I'll do everything I can."

The drone hovers over to him, "Don't worry, I can run tests on you and find out if you are being psychically studied upon!" Celina says with a playful chirp.

"I don't know how I feel about, being a test subject..."

Dream smirks, "Oh, I do like that idea."

"You're not helping Dream!"

Celina's drone moves between them, "I will be in charge of the study. If you are under the alien's control, you'd hide the results, therefore you are ineligible to conduct the study."

Dream crosses her arms, huffing, looking off to the side, "Fine... but, shouldn't that door be closing?"

Celina's drone moves around, looking, "Which door?"

She points, "The door we came from. According to grade Q alien quarantine protocols we are to be limited to the room of study, and every previous room is to be double locked, sealed and sterilized. It's only half opened."

Brian smirks, "One could say it is half closed," he says with chuckle.

Cynder drone thinks, "*Their unequal point of views prevent them from both realizing that what they say is equally true.*"

Celina zooms in on the door, "We'll need to get it repaired."

"Best time for a door to break," remarks Brian, taking a seat deeper into the lab.

"*Everything okay?*" asks Cynder to them.

Dream smiles, "Everything is fine. Just a small issue. Come, let's check you out. Hopefully even these machines can pick up something," says Dream leading Cynder over to the equipment.

Cynder looks at the machines analyzing them, "*I'm still safe. They don't have anything here that could understand the perfection of my equality.*"

Several minutes pass before a quarantine suited human comes through a set of quarantine airlocks. The lithe feminine human male has long brown hair with purple highlights. Their soft blue eyes are corrected via glasses that also provide a HUD screen bit of information that helps him scan over the systems. Across his belt on the outside of the suit is a tool belt, "Ratchet here to clear up your problem," he says in a soft gentle voice.

Celina's drone floats over Ratchet, "Ah, Ratchet, they assigned you to the job?"

Ratchet smiles, "When a problem needs fixing, you need ratchet, and there's no better one than me," he chuckles.

A chirping giggle drone, "Thank you for coming given the circumstances. I appreciate it."

"I've mentioned to the Commander that this ship is in need of some maintenance of some of the lesser used systems. But nope, primary systems and urgent systems are first and foremost, but by the time you get through all of the routine maintenance it must be started all over again. It's a terrible loop given the amount of resources we have on the station. But... what are you going to do?" he says, looking over to the hovering drone, removing a few panels, examining the door's hydraulics.

"I'll pass along the complaint. I have her ears."

"Thanks. I'd hug you but that would freeze my butt off to do so," he says with a chuckle.

"I swear I'm soft and fluffy."

"You tease," he says, moving his hand to brush his hair away only to hit his helmet, "Right... wearing a suit," he says, glancing over to the smooth faceless rubber dragon drone across the room, "Is that the alien?"

"Yes," she chirps, "A fascinating creature, but there'll be much to learn and discover."

"I wish you the best of luck on that," he says, eyeing the null crotch, "*That is... something,*" he feels his cheeks grow warm, returning his focus to his work, shuddering in delight, after some time he finds the issue, fixing it, the door closing, sealing them in the room, "Ah done. Sorry that it took so long."

"We appreciate your work and sacrifice."

He looks at the drone, "It's nothing, it's my job. Not much of a sacrifice."

"I mean the fact you'll be staying here during quarantine."

"Huh? What?! But I'm wearing the suit. I followed all the protocols."

"Yes... about that, did Asquith tell you about the alien's psychic abilities?"

"N-no..."

There is a chirped sigh, "That sly feline.... Sorry, but due to the alien's ability to transmit their thoughts to those around them, any who are in close proximity to the alien must remain till it's proven that it is not able to influence their thoughts or actions."

"Asquith..." he grumps, making a pouting face.

"Apologies for this, you should have been informed at the time.

Dream waves the situation off, "Relax, it'll be fine. You won't need to wear that suit at least."

"I prefer to keep it on, just to be safe."

"Suit yourself."

Cynder monitors the turn of events, processing, looking at her list of targets, people that will remain close, thinking one important thing, "*Once I got all the information I need, who will I first give the gift of equality?*"

Cynder Drone in Space: Preparation

Dream huffed, looking up at a floating drone, the golden scaled anthropomorphic cross her arms, her white lab coat wrapped around her body, “Come on Asquith, what more do you need? It’s been a quarantine period plus five days. Has anything happened to anyone?”

The avali station leader from deep within the space station, the super extreme cold climate, their white furred belly, icy blue main bodied colored feathers, rise up, “No, but this is a special circumstance. Look at what you’ve learned about the creature. There’s something not normal about it, and now you want to open the ability to move around the ship?”

“I’m not telling you to let the dragon wander through the ship, without guard, just us. There’s been no diseases, no signs of mental manipulations. Everything is fine, and the drone has made wonderful progress with our communal language. What more do you need? Or do you intend to deny this dragon’s ability to be free?”

Her black soulless eyes hide her annoyance, “I have to think of the care of everyone on the ship.”

“Then let me take responsibility if anything happens. Keeping her locked up like this, and all of us here are helping no one.”

The brown haired with purple highlights human, pipes up, “I’d like to move around again. I wasn’t expecting to be trapped here this whole time.”

There’s a long-drawn-out sigh from the drone, “I’ll have Celina keep watch on it, and make sure *nothing* happens. But it will be on a restricted access basis. And even then, how has your research been going on solving the mystery of the power source on the planet?”

Dream runs her tongue across her sharp teeth, “It’s being worked on. Their ability to learn the common language is remarkable. Clearly there’s no lack of intelligence. Befriending and showing trust with us, is a step toward that. If this source is something they hold sacred, it’s going to take a bit of time.”

With a grump Asquith responds, “Alright. I’ll brief the rest of the station. I’ll remove the quarantine lockdown in twelve hours.”

“Thank you. You won’t regret this.”

“For your sake and mine, you better hope I don’t,” she states, the hovering drone powering down onto a small stand a moment later.

“She’s such a hard ass. Must be compensating for her short stature,” she huffs.

The human Brian crosses his arms over his chest, “That went a little better than I thought it would.”

“Eventually she’d give in.”

The drone hums to life again, the dragon rolling her eyes, “What is it now Asquith?”

There’s a sweeter softer chirp in response, “It’s Celina.”

“I don’t know if I could stand another moment of Asquith’s squawking.”

“She only means well for the everyone on the station,” she chirps hovering the drone near the dragon, “And don’t worry, it’s not too bad, I get to keep an eye on the unique dragon you’ve brought with you,” she trills in delight.

“At least you enjoy the importance and value of what’s here.”

Brian pipes up, “I think it’s more she finds the dragon as alluring as I do,” he remarks.

Ratchet comments, “Well she, it? Hard to tell with nothing there...,” he blushes a bit, “I didn’t want to be stuck here but it’s something, but I will be happy once we can move about a bit. There’re so many things that need fixing on this station that I worry about this ol’ gal.”

Celina hovers the drone to him, “The station is fine, but I will admit it will be nice to have you get to work. You have a wonderful command over our technology, it’s rather impressive,” she trills.

He adjusts his glasses, “Oh, Celina, you’ll make me blush. I love that you think I’m that good. It wasn’t easy learning all the trade while in that environmental suit.”

“You’d freeze to death otherwise.”

“Yeah... that’s true,” he says, taking a deep breath, “Though being in one like that for almost a full day? It was... never mind,” he says, turning to hide his blush, looking across the room, noticing the smooth faceless black and magenta colored dragon drone is watching them, “Oh, one, didn’t mean to take you completely out of the conversation...”

The sleek Cynder Drone has been monitoring the situation closely, understanding each of the unequal creatures that are before her, the technology they use, the dynamics and positions the people have here, and getting an idea of just how many unequal creatures are on the ship in total, *“So much that will need to be done. They aren’t incompetent but they lack total understanding of the bliss of equality. It will change though. But I need to know more, the collective needs more. Which one will fit best? Which one could I convert towards the bliss of equality and further the perfection that equality brings? I’ll need a bit more time,”* she thinks when Ratchet speaks to her.

The drone stands up from her sitting position, the rubber squeaks, wings folded back, each move sensual, calculated, smooth as flowing water down a stream, voice feminine yet monotone, devoid of any inflection, emotion, a perfect stillness calm that is soothing to listen to and perhaps get lost in, **“There is no problem. It is curious to watch and learn. The strange talk devices. The machine as you call it? It moves, flies, speaks? Other people?”** it asks, tilting its head to the side.

“Ahh, yes, it does. Some of the people that live on the station can’t live in the same areas we do. So, they use drones to communicate. We all work together here as a team, a big society. Like you have back home.”

Dream speaks up, “Consider it like a town, just a bit more complex.”

Cynder Drone tilts her head, **“Oh? It is? How very confusing. I’d like to know more.”**

Celina’s drone flies in closer, “You shouldn’t. You have already been exposed to too much as it is, coming from a non-space faring society.”

“I promise not to tell. I want to know more. Curious.”

Celina takes this time to admire the dragon’s sleek smooth body. The avali on the other side of the screen, feather’s rise a little, “Such a fascinating creature. So smooth, drone-like, like my little machines,” she says with a soft chirp, then activating the transmit button, “Hmmm.”

She swishes her tail, wings folded along her smooth body, **“Would there be a problem with that? I will stay out of the way. You are watching me right, flying thing? I want no trouble.”**

“It’s a security issue... but... hey wait. I am not a flying thing. My name is Celina.”

“Celina. Right. Different person from flying thing. Yes?”

“Right, this is just a drone that is used to convey one person to the next.”

“But can’t tell the difference. Very equal, yes?”

“Ah... the drone is the same, but we have different voices. Can you tell?”

“Yes, I can tell, voice behind the one behind the drone. I understand,” she says, thinking, *“A hint of equality, yet no true equality. Perhaps I could convert her but she’s separated from the rest. That will be a problem. That creature known as a human would work the best. They work to fix this facility...”*

“That’s right. I’m glad you are starting to get it. I knew you were a smart one,” Celina chirps pleasantly.

Dream steps in, “That is what I am saying. Their species is clearly capable. Perhaps they have a secret elite group that is controlling the rest of the people. Or maybe they are really an advanced civilization that is portraying to the masses or simple folks as us that they are nothing but backwards people. A self-defense mechanism for the once famous Fermi paradox?”

Brian steps in, “Dream, relax, you are going off into conspiracy theories here. I know you love them as being fellow dragons, but you can’t let your own internal bias on the matter get in the way of science.”

She scoffs, “Are you a top leading scientist?”

“No, I’m just the best damn pilot this part of the sector is all.”

“So, not a scientist then?”

“You know I’m not, but that doesn’t mean...”

“Then you should worry about what you need to worry about and nothing else. It’s not like you’re going to be flying the space station or something.”

Cynder monitors the bickering, *“How very unequal of them. I want to fix their unequal views. Their unequal position. Their unequal understandings. But I can’t. This is a test of my very core. Any drone would equally be taken back by this. But as with any drone, we equally understand the value of patience, and equally we’d come to the correct decision to wait.”*

Ratchet takes a moment to clean his glasses, checking them before putting them on back on, “I don’t know about the rest of you, but I am going to relax, get a good bit of sleep for I know I will have to hit the ground running. Celina how is the core running? What’s the deviation at?”

The drone shifts its attention over to him, flying over, stopping and hovering, “Let me check, I know Asquith has been hard up on letting any of you of what is going on past the quarantine zone, but seeing you’re going to be out soon, I don’t think it’s going to hurt.”

“The deviance at the main core is at 0.0001 percent.”

There’s a visible sigh of relief coming over him “Good, good. I was just trembling at the thought that something was going wrong with something serious and that they’d need me to fix it.”

“You aren’t the only mechanic you know.”

“But I am one of the better ones,” he says, giving a little pose toward the drone.

“Pfff, come on, off of that little mount high you built yourself to stand on.”

“Ah, but I did build it,” he says with a little bashful grin.

“When did you get so forward, hmm?” Celina chirps.

“I’ve been stuck in this lab for you know how long. The mere idea of being able to get out and stretch again is putting a little pep in my step. I’ve had enough of this entrapment.”

“You have a serious case of cabin fever.”

Ratchet takes a deep breath as if about to say something epic then deflates, “Yeah, I do,” he brushes his brown and purple hair away from his glasses, “I need to do so many things bad... How are the secondary reactors?”

“All operating within expected parameters.”

“I’ll give them a look over just to be safe, unless there aren’t any other pressing issues?”

“My job is to keep an eye on all of you, not to be your secretary but... if there is something major, I’ll let you know.”

Cynder walks over to the human, **“I would enjoy seeing you work.”**

He raises an eye ridge, “What? Me work? Is that a good idea? I don’t think that is a good idea. Dream, your take home project says it wants to see me work.”

Dream is broken from her argument with the other human, “What? One, wants to see you work?”

“Yes, I do. I would find it very stimulating to see what it takes to keep everything running. A level of respect to the technology you have put into this marvel you call a space station.”

“I still have a multitude of data I must look over and Celina is in charge of watching over you, I don’t see a reason why she can’t once we’re able to move about.”

Brain shakes his head, “I know I am not in charge of this, but I would think this is a bad idea. I think maybe a little tour of the station could be in order at best, but that’s it. You can’t have this feral dragon just moving about through possible restricted parts of the station just like that. It would not be good nor safe.”

Dream spins around, brushing her golden hair off to the side, “Please Brian. This is not your area, so why don’t you go do something. Maybe let me get a few more samples from you.”

“Samples? What kind of samples?”

“I’m sure there are a few samples I think I could think of, just give me a few hours and we can get them under way.”

“Wait, wait, wait. Aren’t you supposed to be studying and understanding One, and not do tests on me?”

“A baseline is required.”

“Why don’t you baseline yourself then?”

“I’d be bias against myself and that would not be good science. Wasn’t that a big thing you were going on about earlier?”

Brian glares at her, “Don’t you use my words against me now. This isn’t the same.”

“How is it not the same?”

“It’s not.”

Cynder drone shifts her attention from the arguing pair back towards Ratchet, **“It would please me greatly to watch you work.”**

The human sits down, the drone padding over, sitting like a proud cat beside him, “Why is that? This is already way too confusing to me. I prefer life when I am just working on making sure everything works straight and that’s it. Not drawn into this alien breaking regulations, risking myself to random disease stuff. It’s just way too stressful.”

She tilts her head to the side, the smooth faced drone ‘looking’ at him, **“I’m sorry that happened. I had no idea of such struggles and pains you’d have to go through by my presence. I asked to be taken along. I wanted to know more. I have always had a natural curiosity, that has driven me to new places, see new things, but I’ve always been limited by my feet and wings. You’ve surpassed these limitations and I understand the point of why I can’t go into detail of what I am seeing. To be fair, the others would think as your kind would put it, ‘Made’”**

Ratchet chuckles, “The word you are looking for is ‘mad’ not made.”

“Sorry,” she says lowering her head.

Ratchet reaches out, about to pet her smooth nogging when he stops himself, “Ah... would it be okay if I touched your head?”

“It’s fine. You may do so.”

“Thanks,” he says, smiling, touching the smooth rubber dome. Feeling the horns, how smooth and sleek everything is, which makes him squirm a little, his other hand resting across his crotch, his body feeling a twitch of arousal pushing through him, “You feel nice, smooth, like latex.”

“What is this latex you speak of?”

“Ah, it’s a material that’s used in various uh... things and activities.”

“And I feel like it?”

“Much like it, though I think better.”

“What do you mean better?”

“It’s smoother, shinier, warmer in a nice way.”

“Is all that a good thing? Is that what humans value?”

“Different humans value different things. But you don’t mind me petting you like this? I know some species are okay with it, love it in fact.”

“You may proceed. It feels nice. It is relaxing.”

“Thanks, it helps me a bit too.”

“How?”

“Helps me relax. I know you didn’t mean to drag me into this. Not your fault the door broke, or that I was called. You’re just caught up in this just like I am.”

“I did not mean to cause such disturbances amongst your peoples. My society is very calm, peaceful and we get along wonderfully. We have an understanding of each other in a way that feels lacking here.”

“Lacking?”

“Yes, very not...”

Dream’s ears are burning, she rushes over, “What was that? You have perhaps a telepathic connection with your other people? Is this how you drive your understanding with one another?”

Cynder stands up, tilting her head, wings fluttering, **“I’ve heard this word spoken before by you, but I do not know what it means.”**

“It means communication via thoughts alone.”

“Ah, yes. That test you gave me. I remember now. It’s more than something like that. It’s a bond and connection we share with everyone. It helps us be on equal footing with one another.”

Dream looks visibly defeated, “Oh, is that all? Hmm, yes you did fail those tests, and nothing was detected in anyone, no mind manipulation, readings or control. Perhaps it's just being able to understand one another via other methods. Which I’ll have to figure out how... eventually. But that begs me to ask you a new question. Will they know you are gone and miss you?”

“I mentioned I like to travel. The presumption will be made that I went off on another one of my journeys, which is not an inaccurate statement.”

“True, true,” she says, nodding along. “Well then, I’ll get back my research. Ratchet, if you feel anything off, or discover something, report it to me, immediately, okay?”

Ratchet rubs the back of his head, “Ah, sure, whatever you say Dream.”

“See Brian, why can’t you be as cooperative as Ratchet?”

“No offense to Ratchet but I stand up for myself and your crazy antics, that’s why. Or maybe it's perhaps I’ve spent enough time with you to know what kind of science crazed dragon that you are.”

“Both are excellent theories.”

“Hey now!” Ratchet exclaims.

Brian sighs, “Sorry Ratchet. I didn’t mean anything by it. I’ve been cooped up in here as much as you have. I think I will enjoy getting the chance to move around and see how Captain Raymond is doing. That would be nice.”

Ratchet takes a bit more time petting Cynder, running his fingers along her rubber back side, “It’s alright. I think we all can’t wait for this to end.”

Celina chirps in, “Only eleven hours and thirty-six minutes and twelve seconds more on the chirp and you all can move about again. Chirp!”

Ratchet chuckles, “At least you are a bit cheerful Celina.”

Dream grumps, “Of course she is, she’s been free to move about her area of the space station she so pleases, interacting with us through her drones.”

“I’ve only interacted with you all through my drones. They are a part of who I am.”

“Yeah, yeah,” she says, waving her claw.

Ratchet responds, “It’s alright. You’re drones are nice, and lovely,” he says with a smirk.

Cynder inquires, wings fluttering, “**Are the drones all over the place?**”

Celina shifts her drone to her, “No, not everywhere, but we have people in charge of security. I can’t see everything, I am not that far integrated into my drones, as nice as they would be.”

“What do you mean?”

“Things aren’t magic here. There are rules of the universe that must be followed, even if we do not want to. Trying to find ways to make those rules work in our favor? Well, that’s one of many uses of science that have led us to our current position.”

“And you want to be with your drones?” she asks, tilting her head.

There’s a flustered response in the space bird’s voice, her feathers rising a little, “Ah, n-no, nothing like that. Hush you. Just relax and wait till the time is done and you can move about with supervision, which will be with me.”

“I would like to follow Ratchet though.”

“You can do both.”

Ratchet turns to them, “Wait, wait. I work in maintenance, it’s not a good idea, of having a sleek smooth and sex... ahem, having a still very unknown and not advanced technologically wise alien just there. She’d get in the way and cause issues; I can just feel it.”

“I will not do such a thing. I’d simply observe.”

“There’re so many other things you can observe, other things you could be doing, or something.”

“I will not be a bother. If I get in the way we can stop, but give me a chance? Please?” she asks, sitting on her haunches, tilting her smooth head to the side.

He stiffens a little bit, a little blush forming in his cheeks, adjusting his glasses, “Celina, you’ll keep an eye on her while I work?”

“Of course, and I can provide you with quick assistance in any way I can. You’d skip the work ques when needing to troubleshoot anything.”

“Which means I could get work done faster... Oh okay, I agree.”

“That is just good to hear,” Cynder responds, thinking, *“The inequality of their communication systems, separations, and imperfect unequal knowledge base slows them down. The one behind the remote-control drones has access to parts of this station that are locked off*

from me. But the human and this avali species have a connection, a working connection. That could be exploited later, but brings the risk of the start of equalizing people... It's worth the risk. He knows so much that I do not know that their knowledge will be perfect to get things going."

Celina's drone hovers beside them, "That's settled. I'll make sure everyone else knows so it's not a surprise as you move through."

Dream, steps in, "Make sure you record everything. I'll be great to see how an intelligent quadruped moves through our bipedal evolved society and ship structure."

"I will, don't you worry. I have to for security reasons anyway."

"Send me the copies."

"Of what I can, I will."

"Good," the golden dragon says with a sly smirk, everyone taking the time to do what they can as the time ticks away, the release of the doors, the rush of air that has not been as heavily filtered hits them.

Brian remarks, "I never knew that station air could smell fresh," he says, stretching, "I don't know about any of you but I am going to the mess hall and get something a bit better than preserved rations."

Ratchet smirks, "I like the sound of it."

"I'll come to."

"You haven't eaten at all yet, do you really eat?"

"I want to observe."

Dream steps out into the main station, "As will I," she says practically singing the phrase, the drone following them toward the stations' primary 'food court' where its a little spree of faux home world life to the dozens species that live on the station. With some grass, trees, or other species equivalent to plant life in different sections.

"I think a pizza is in order," says Brian looking at Ratchet, "Want to split one?"

"Sure, that sounds good," he says, heading over to him to get some.

Cynder notes a few curious looks in their directions, the eyes directed on her, "*Such unequal ways of existing. They mingle but they do not fully share. Lines of separation. It all must be equalized. All must be made equal and know the bliss of it,*" she thinks.

Raymond waves to the group, "Hey! They let you out finally!" he says, rushing over to them, "It's about damn time... and they are letting her move about with you?"

Celina remarks, "I am observing the dragon as she moves about."

The anthropomorphic stingray smiles looking at the drone that hovers up to eye level, "Ah, right. Good to know security is kept going strong. Sorry for the trouble this has all caused."

Ratchet remarks, "I'd honestly prefer not to have been locked up for so long."

"I had nothing to do with that."

"Not directly, but... yeah," he says with a little sigh, "It's good to move about again, and to see you Raymond."

Brain steps up to the stingray, “If I heard you right, you said finally, about how long were you kept under quarantine.”

“About week longer than normal, for good measure.”

“Damn, I should have gone with you.”

“Told you,” he says with a sly smirk.

“We’re about to have a pizza, want some?”

“I just ate, but I have time before anything is going to happen, so I’d like a good sit down,” he says, looking to Cynder, “And I hope you are doing alright.”

“I am doing what you call fine. There is so much to see, but I will remain in close proximity to who I am observing. I do not know what everything is. I prefer not to cause trouble.”

“Well, that’s a very admirable thing to hear from you. Don’t wander off, stay with the group,” he says, as they all sit down at a table, ordering the food. The dragon sitting at the edge of the table, head easily looking over it as she simply observes the transpiring events.

“Their food is unequal. Their placement of seating is unequal. Someone is always above or below the others. Such travesty. Equality must be maintained. It must happen. I need to equalize all of this. But I must wait. They resist equality. They built this system of inequality and will defend it. I will have to be smarter than them, and then join me on an equal level,” she thinks, keeping the connection with the collective hive.

Eventually everyone parts ways save for Ratchet, Celina and one. Ratchet gets to work, moving through an ever-increasing backlog of what needs to be repaired. At one moment he’s fixing a food processor, another is an air purifier that is working at below expected safety levels. Next, it’s a squeaky door. The day ends with Ratchet heading back to his private room, stopping at his door, looking back at the two drones.

“Ahh... this is my room. You should have a place to stay and sleep?”

“I don’t sleep.”

“I go where the dragon goes. I’ve already switched with another operator earlier and got some much-needed sleep.”

Ratchet rubs the bridge of his nose, the thoughts of enjoying some alone time with some various... stress relievers slipping away in his mind, “I forgot about the not sleeping bit, but shouldn’t there be a place set up for the one?”

“It has not been discussed. I apologies, it was thought she’d return to the lab.”

“Ah... I don’t want to send her just back to the lab with that eccentric dragon...”

“I can work to try to secure a location, but it will take some time.”

“I will enter a relaxed mode and not disturb your sleep cycle.”

He looks at the dragon, looking at her sitting on her haunches, enjoying that smooth body, the glistening of rubber, which makes him again think of his ‘tools’ he could use to help relax himself, yet could not image bringing them out with Celina let alone the alien dragon here before him.

“We can try to work a way to get you a place, but I suppose today won’t hurt. You were surprisingly well-behaved while I worked.”

“I told you what I was going to do and did it. Is that such a surprise?” she asks, with a head tilt.

“Ah... sort of?” he responds, unlocking his door, stepping inside, inviting the pair into his small four room living quarters, “This place isn’t much, but it's home away from home.”

“This is not your true home?”

“No, I live in a planet far, far, far away from here called Earth. A lot of different species call it home.”

“Is the one named Dream from there?”

“No, she’s from a different planet, much like Celina here.”

Celina’s drone moves over to the drone, “My home is so cold that ammonia is liquid, and we don’t breathe the same atmosphere as other species do. It’s why we live in a separate part of the station, but we do our best to be helpful,” she says with a little chirp.

“Don’t be too modest. Their species is one of the founding space fairing species, able to travel through the galaxy. They know some crazy things.”

“Crazy things? Like what?”

“A lot of space rumors to be honest. There are so many that I could not know all of them.”

“I’d love to hear them sometime, but not to wake Ratchet.”

“I’m not going to sleep yet, just soon.”

Celina rests the drone on a table, “I could tell you one I know.”

“That be good.”

“I’ll make myself some food as you tell. I do like a good story,” he says, adjusting his glasses.

“That would be great,” she responds, sitting beside the table, *“Perhaps they know about the drone central. Where all is made equal. I know I was given the gift of equality by another equal being. If they know of us, that will make the plan all the harder.... But soon, I will find the time to strike and make all equal.”*

Meanwhile Asquith sits at her computer, moving through the virtual reality world, “Day after day I’ve searched. And day after day I come up empty. But I swear I’ve heard of a story of faceless creatures like her but none I’ve found fit the bill... where is it?” she chirps in frustration, not knowing that the dragon drone will be enacting her plans for equality sooner than both of them could have imagined.

Cynder Drone in Space: Setting up the Equation

Ratchet stretches with a long drawn out yawn, “Boy, I never thought I’d miss that bed so much,” he remarks going to his kitchen, scrounging up some breakfast, “Now, what could be good to eat today... pancakes perhaps?” he mutters.

“Morning Ratchet. Did your sleep period turn out okay?”

The human jumped, taking a moment to catch his breath, “I totally forgot you were here... did you just stand there watching me?” he asks, adjusting his glasses.

“I monitored. Did my presence, startle you?”

“I-it is a little weird having you here, but I...” he says, looking over the sleek smooth rubber dragon, “You are a little intriguing I suppose? But I need to get ready for work.”

“What do you do to prepare?”

“Eat something and get washed up.”

“Will you help me get prepared for the day? I want to help.”

“Help? You can’t really help with my work, we’ve gone over this.”

“I could carry tools you need, lighten your load.”

“Ah... well that could be useful if needed, but often I don’t need to carry around too much and my tool belt does the job.”

“I understand. I only want not to be a burden as I watch. A change in scenery is nice.”

“Celina’s drone moves activates, flying over to the pair, “Morning, morning! Did you all have a wonderful sleep?” she chirps, the machine drone, moving and dancing through the air like a graceful bird trying to impress a mate.

“How are you so cheerful in the morning?” asks Ratchet with a long drawn out yawn.

“I do not do this sleep that you all do. It is curious to watch.”

“Right, you don’t, but we do, but I’ve been up for a while. When I saw movement I hopped onto my drone and gleefully want to see what you are all up to. Is everything alright? No sign of any body snatching? Chest bursting? Mind stealing?” Celina asks with a tease.

Ratchet rubs his temples, “Way too early in the morning for this, and you’ve been watching the classics again?”

“Watching pre-space travel shows is my jam.”

“I would like help on getting cleaned up Ratchet. So that I may help you on your duties.”

The human feels a rush of warmth into his cheeks, “W-what was that?” he asks with a little squeak.

If Cynder drone could show a smile, it would be at this moment, *“Excellent. If I can get the human close to me, I can prepare him to be equalized. I’ll have to be careful with the drone watching. Best not to rush, opportunity will present itself,”* she thinks, wings stretching out,

“Your rain machine is small for me. I’ll need help.”

“You mean the shower? It’s barely big enough for me.”

Celina remarks, "Space is valuable real-estate on a space station."

"The irony has not been lost on me."

Cynder moves in closer, staring straight into the human's face, her golden necklace with the red gem sparkling in the light, "**Please?**" she lowers her head, "**I want to be helpful.**"

Celina teases, "Come on Ratchet. Let the unknown alien take a shower with you. It'll be fine!"

"Celina you aren't helping."

"Relax, I'll be watching to make sure nothing bad happens."

"A-ah... that isn't going to make it easier on me!"

"I'll make sure any water used is waved so it doesn't count against your daily water allotment."

Ratchet raises his hand about to say something but then stops, "Wait... I can take a long shower?"

"As long as you need, if it's to help this alien here. We want to give a good impression while we watch, study, monitor her."

Ratchet's glasses slide down his nose, a moment passes while his brain reboots. Slowly he pushes them back up the bridge of his nose, "Are you insinuating that *you* will be watching us shower?"

"Only to ensure that nothing bad happens to you. I'm sure you don't mind. I walk around naked all the time, and it's just normal for us Avali."

"You're covered in feathers in temperatures that would kill me."

"You could say you live in warm temperatures that would kill me," she retorts, the drone hovering around, orbiting the human a few times, its front tidal locked to him.

Ratchet getting the sense that he's been beaten sighs in defeat, "Alright, but I want no silly comments about anything you see, alright?"

"Relax, it's not like I've not seen it before."

"I hope you're referring to humans in general and not me."

Celina grins, "*Maybe.*"

Cynder follows them into the bathroom, thinking, "*Such inequality between them. If they only knew the power of equality, there would be no shame. Everything would be the same, equal. Nothing to hide. Nothing to worry about. Connected in one wonderful equal goal, that all are equally putting effort behind.*"

"Perhaps we could get one of the showers used by one of the larger species? There would be more room," suggests Ratchet, looking at his small enclosed shower, opening the frosted door, holding it for the sleek smooth rubber dragon to step into, watching as she awkwardly climbs into it, head reaching up to the showerhead, as she leans against one of the tiled walls, half of her body sticking out.

"**There are different sizes?**" Cynder inquires.

"Yes one, there are. Different species need different accommodations, and therefore have different size rooms."

“More reason to make everyone equal, so it will be fair, wonderful, pleurably equal to all,” Cynder thinks, remarking, **“That is odd. We have all things the same back home for everyone. We treat everyone the same.”**

“Can’t do that here, not everyone is the same, as ideal as that thought may sound.”

Celina finally responds to the original request, “Unfortunately that won’t do. But fear not, we’ll get some cleaning bots to clean up the mess that will be made, so need not worry about the condition of your bathroom by the end of it.”

“I’m still going to put some towels down so that I don’t flood my living quarters,” he says, doing so, rolling some towels, placing them in a way to funnel excess water down to a nearby drain.

“Sorry that I am causing such troubles. I don’t mean to.”

“It’s alright one. We are an open society and we welcome you, though you shouldn’t even know of us yet. But you can’t really help that, can you.”

“I wasn’t expecting all this. So much to see, learn, it’s wonderful.”

“Now, now, there is only so much we can teach you. We have rules about that.”

Celina’s drone moves in closer to Cynder’s head,

“I understand,” she says, pawing at the tiles, **“Now, how do we start this rain?”**

“There’s a knob that you need to turn, the farther you turn it the warmer the water will get.”

“That’s magic.”

“Science, not magic. But don’t worry about it, you don’t need to understand it to use it. Now turn the water on.”

“Okay,” she says, pretending to fumble with the simple archaic device, the water shoots across the drone’s body, spraying Ratchet and the hovering drone, when Cynder’s red gem in her necklace glows and is suddenly thrown into a conversation with the greater collective. She stands amongst them as equals, smooth faced begins, perfect, smooth, equal to one another in perfection.

“Unit 000000000001, we are contacting you due to the danger you are currently in.”

“What danger? I am working equally hard with the rest of the collective to spread equality in the universe.”

“Exactly. We have gone over the information and discovered species 6931 is onboard the station.”

“6931?” she inquires a surge of information is given to her,, **“They are known as avali amongst the unequal organics.”**

“Long ago we’ve run into the species and they foolishly rejected equality, and got away from our grasp. We are unsure how well they’ve kept records of the incident. It was with a few of their kind, but best be careful. Keep one free from equality so we may handle it.”

“Free from equality? But all must be made equal.”

“All will be made equal. For now focus on not getting noticed as you equalize the space station. Be careful, remain diligent. The universe must be equalized.”

“Affirmative, the universe must be equalized,” she responds, drawn back out of the conversation, where only a few moments passed by.

Ratchet initially grumbles, “Water is getting everywhere!”

Celina giggles, “It will be fine and handled. The cleaning bots will do their job, now get to cleaning the helpful dragon.”

“I will,” he huffs, looking over the shining black rubber body, seeing the water bead and flow across its form, his heart beginning to race when he admires the reflective shine of the rubber, “Ah... where to begin?”

“My back will be fine, then can work your way down please. Once you are done I will help you,” she responds.

“H-help me? No, no, no. I’m fine, totally fine, I don’t need you to wash me.”

“It is only fair that I provide the same equal service to you,” she retorts.

Celina from her side of the computer screen admires the little bickering going on between the two, “Ah like a married couple. Such a fascinating alien we’ve brought on board,” she says with a dreamy sigh.

Asquith abruptly communicates with her, “Celina!”

The avali jumps, her feathers becoming ruffled, “What? I’m watching the dragon as per your request, what is it?”

“That is what I am calling about. I thought I detected an unusual pulse of energy that lasted for two point three, eight, nine seconds. In that time did the dragon do anything suspicious?”

“No, nothing out of the ordinary. Ratchet is currently giving the dragon the dragon a shower, its rather cute if I am to say so myself... which I do,” she chirps.

“I’m not having you monitor it to be cute.”

“I’m not cute,” she huffs, raising her feathers.

“She can still be a serious danger to the ship. You’re under strict guard to watch over what it does, got it?”

“I got it. I’m watching very closely, nothing will escape my eyes.”

“For all of our sakes, you better.”

“I will, don’t you worry, nothing will get past me, or my name isn’t Celina Pulsar.”

Meanwhile, Ratchet runs his hands across the smooth sleek rubber body, his hands tingle as he washes the dragon’s backsides, wings spreading, giving him ample access to the perfectly smooth form, “You aren’t shy, are you?”

“What is shy?”

“Oh... I never thought I had to explain that to someone. Ah, timid, and nervous around other people?”

“Why would I be shy? If everyone around me is like me, there is nothing to hide.”

“Gee that sounds nice, but you are around people not like you now, and you’re still not shy?”

Cynder drone tilts her head, **“No, not at all.”**

“That must be nice,” he mutters, rubbing a little sponge across the dragon’s form. His heart continues to pound faster and faster, his underwear growing tight, moving himself closer to the dragon as to hide his member’s outline, “Don’t mind if you feel anything, I’m just cleaning back here.”

“I know, I appreciate it,” she responds, thinking, *“Don’t mind that sensation in your body when you touch my skin. My wonderful equal skin. It’s simply slowly releasing some of my equality into you. To prepare you for what I will need you for. To help you understand the bliss of equality. One step at a time. The more you rub, the more you clean, the more I will infect you. Now that is no longer being monitored, now is the time to prepare this station for the inevitable equality that you all deserve.”*

With each scrub across the dragon’s body there was an allure to her that Ratchet saw before, but now he really notices. The sleek smooth form, every bit seems to be perfect machine-like construction to be perfectly smooth. Her scent had a hint of latex yet there was something more to her, something alluring, a mystery, wrapped in an enigma contained in Pandora’s box, begging him to open it.

The black rubber skin quickly becomes so reflective that he can see himself in it, catching his growing arousal, that he tries desperately to hide. The Celina drone flies over to him, getting a closer look, in a snap decision he presses his body up against the Cynder drone’s body.

“How goes cleaning over here?” Celina asks with a playful chirp, “Getting underneath her wings?”

“Y-yeah, I am. Everything is soaked in here,” he says in a defensive grump.

“Make sure you get cleaned up to when you’re done.”

“I will, don’t rush me... unless there’s something wrong? Are the reactors still running smoothly?”

“Let me check...” she mutters.

“Oh my gosh, my thing is up against her. She’s bound to notice. How could she not notice it? She’ll consider me some kind of weirdo, cause an intergalactic incident with a new species. What’s worse, one that isn’t intergalactic yet!” he thinks, his blush hidden by his wet matted hair.

The Avali spinning through touch screens that only she can see thanks to her augmented reality implants, “Yup, all in the clear. You worry about those reactors way too much Ratchet.”

“They are the pumping life blood of this station, they are always on my mind,” he huffs, looking over at Cynder with ever growing anxiety.

“It is strange...”

“What is?” Ratchet asks, the world stopping in this moment, *“This is it... she’s going to mention it.”*

“That you don’t have more people who can do it. Shouldn’t everyone be able to take care of these reactors you keep talking about?”

“Look one I am so very... come again? What was that?” he asks, his world coming crashing down, with the possibility eleventh hour reprieve.

“Back in the village, everyone can do everyone else’s work. We share the burden equally.”

The word bounces in Ratchet’s head, getting stuck there like a little jingle, *“Equally, equally, equally, equally.”* But without missing a beat he responds, “We need a specialize. Our world is so complex that without people specialization in certain roles it would not function.”

“What a strange world you live in. Now if you mind, could you get under my tail? It’s hard to reach for me.”

“U-under your tail?” Ratchet asks, swallowing a lump in his throat, *“Perhaps she’s being nice and not mentioning it to anyone. Or is she using the fact that I am like this to clean her rear areas? Dream says there is nothing there, very peculiar physical trait, but that dragon can get a little eccentric and miss things.”*

“Sure I can do that,” he says with a soft squeak of a reply, “Though... uh....”

Celina’s drone flies over to Cynder’s face, “We normally don’t wash such areas between races.”

Cynder tilts her head thinking, *“Such inequality between them from species to gender, it must all be equalized,”* she thinks, responding, **“What do you mean? That is a normal area for us. We nuzzle and greet each other there all the time as something completely normal.”**

“That is not too strange, but it would be for us. I think it would be okay if Ratchet refuses. By no means to pose any disrespect to your kind, but its...”

“I’ll do it,” Ratchet pipes up.

The drone spins to face him, “Are you sure Ratchet? I know I’ve been giving you a hard time, but if you aren’t comfortable.”

“Oh now my comfort is a thing? Don’t worry about it. I can do it. Dream said there is nothing down there. So it’s no more than washing her backside.”

“Oh, alright,” she responds, repositioning, “But no funny business from either of you. One, you maybe an unexpected guest, but you have to follow the rules like everyone else.”

“I will Celina, thank you Ratchet. I appreciate this. I’ll be sure to *equally* return the favor.”

“Equally, equally, equally,” the word makes the human’s spine tingle. There’s something strangely alluring about the statement that he can’t put his finger on, but right now he has a job to do. He grabs two soggy towels along with the sponge, laying one of the rolled up towels on the floor to put his knees on, water squishes out of it, while the other is placed ‘casually’ across his lap to hide any of his building excitement.

“Do your knees bother you already at such a young human age? We could get those replaced with something far better.”

Ratchet chuckles, “My knees are fine, it’s just easier on them this way, proper maintenance today, fewer headaches tomorrow.”:

“Sounds like our saying; a feather preened today is in order tomorrow.”\

“Yeah, it does, now if you don’t mind, I have some cleaning to do,” he replies, squeezing soup onto the sponge. He squeezes it and runs it through his fingers to get a nice fine lather, there he is face to crotch with the dragon’s nether regions. Like a desert planet, there is nothing there. Only the smooth rubber scales that entice and draw his attention to them, hypnotic in a way, his fingers caressing across it, massaging, rubbing it; His finger runs along the crevice of the scales to clean every spec of dirt and grime off her. The tingling pleasure and delight of touching this forbidden zone, to see nothing there, but get a sense that she’s enjoying herself with the subtle shifts in her movement, *“Is she enjoying this? I was there for the tests, she didn’t show signs of anything. Either way it does feel nice to rub and clean her smooth supple hind legs, the legs for days, a crotch that is so...”* he shakes his head, regaining his focus.\

Cynder Drone internally moans, her expressionless smooth face would otherwise show the total bliss she’s in, further infecting the human with each touch, the hint of bringing equality to a new being adding to her delight, yet the sensually way she’s touched and caressed, gets her internal mantra kicking in.

“Equality is bliss.”

“Pleasure only through equality.”

“All must be made equal.”

“Nirvana through equalization. Smooth is perfect.”

“Perfection is smooth.”

“All the same.”

“All working as one.”

“One working for all.”

“Everything shared.”

“Everything together.”

“All should be the same.”

“All will be the same, through the blissful pleasure that is equality.”

“All will be made equal.”

Eventually the moment ends for both of them, Cynder Drone finds herself completely cleaned, head to toe, and Ratchet through process if cleaning Cynder has left him thoroughly washed, despite Cynder drone’s insistence to provide a return service, he just barely manages to decline, despite how much he *really* thought he’d love it.

“Do your best to stay out of the way one.”

Cynder drone checks over the utility baskets strapped to her sides, **“I will do my best to be equally helpful and to remain out of your way.”**

Celina chirps, “She’s so helpful. How can you be annoyed at that face?”

“Who said I was annoyed?” he remarks, looking over the dragon’s form, “Anyway, we have much to do,” he says, pulling out a handheld device, a holographic display screen showing

a map and a work queue, “First thing is the aqua-air purifier in... oh Captain Raymond room. He’s been back there for only a week or so and something is already broken?” he remarks with a soft sigh, “Shouldn’t be a terrible difficult fix,”

“What is this aqua thing you speak of?”

“It’s a special system that makes the atmosphere as wet as an ocean, and deep enough to cause an ear popping disorientation,” he explains, following the map projected before him to go through the hallways and corridors.

“That is an amazing map light you have there,” says Cynder, trying to gleam as much information from the map as possible, *“If I can know more about the layout of this station then I can find a spot to start equalizing these poor unfortunate unequal people.”*

He chuckles, “Map light? That is a curious way to put it.”

“I could hold it for you.”

“Uh... I know how to get the location, but,” he says looking over at Cynder, “Would it be okay if I do that? She’s technically shouldn’t be allowed to look at our technology, though she’s seen so much already. All of this because she ran into Captain Raymond? And saved his life?”

“I understand it was a complicated situation. I find this amazing and wonderful. I am sorry for breaking so many rules. But I just want to be *helpful*, can you let me?” she asks softly.

Ratchet shivers, “I suppose it can’t hurt.”

Celina’s drone moves in, “I’m not sure if it should... but it’s not like we’re letting her study the device. Just hold it that should be fine.”

“Yeah, that will work, here, let me put this on you, and it will auto project if you do this... this and this,” explains Ratchet, going over the device and the basic controls, “Understand?”

“I think so,” she replies, making a simple mistake.

“Here, here, it’s there.”

“Ah, thanks, appreciate it,” she responds, *“Good, good, let me use this simple device to get knowledge of your station.”* Whenever the two weren’t looking, she started to look through the map of the space station, *“There has to be a place where I can begin to equalizing everyone.”*

Eventually they arrive at Captain Raymond’s door, “Careful when entering, and One, if you have any discomfort let me know immediately so we can get you out of there,” he says, pulling out a small face mask, putting it on.

“Understood.”

“I know how to handle myself,” Celina says with a chirp, spinning the drone.

Ratchet chuckles, opening the door, a thing blue force field shimmers over the door, “Come in, I’m decent,” says Raymond.

Ratchet steps in, his hair and clothes press down, clothes becoming instantly soaked. Celina flies past the barrier, her drone whizzes up almost mashing into the ceiling, using quick reflexes and skills to cause the drone to fly across the ceiling, the drone adjusting a moment later.

“See, I handled it perfectly.”

Ratchet chuckles, “Sure you did... I was just starting to enjoy being dry.”

Cynder walks into the room, a sense of being underwater hits her, luckily for her she’s an advanced creature that could handle such extreme atmospheres, yet strangely the sensation of being underwater, and feeling water around her is mixed with clearly not being under it.

Raymond waves, “Hello... oh I wasn’t expecting so much company for an atmospheric control fix, yet alone it would be you Ratchet,” he says, combing his hair with his hand, which forms nicely.

“I think those in charge of my cue are keeping my localized area, just-in-case due to your little extra party member here,” he says motioning to Cynder, who is looking around the room curiously.

“Perhaps, but I appreciate anyone who comes.”

“It’s my job. Speaking of which, are you up to anything today?” he asks as he walks over the system, removing the panel, getting to work.

“Off for a bit longer. My downtime between missions was extended due to the time spent in quarantine.”

“I had a forced time off from my work, and now I have to play catch up.”

Raymond smiles nervously, “Sorry about that.”

“You didn’t mean to do it. You didn’t break the door that dragged me into this.”

“True... I appreciate fixing this. If I don’t get my time in my simulated environment, my skin dries out and cracks, and that’s good for no one to see. But if it was getting worse, I’d spent time on the ship to compensate.”

“Not a problem. What would you be doing next?”

“Another exploration mission, I’d be gone for two weeks, but that is another three days?”

“Who’s coming with?”

“Brian, and another scientist. Dream is a bit caught up with her current topic of study,” he says, looking over to Cynder, who manages to turn off the map screen just before he could notice.

“I am fine staying here for a while longer. I don’t want to be a bother, and be helpful equally to the difficulties given.”

“At least she’s helpful,” Ratchet remarks.

“Your language skills have improved greatly.”

“**Thank you,**” she says, lowering her head, “**This is how to be respectful, yes?**”

“No need to bow, but it works. You’re doing alright here?”

“**I am.**”

“I can’t tell with that monotone voice of yours if you are serious or being sarcastic...”

“**What do you mean?**” she asks, tilting her head.

“Never mind. As long as you are doing good, it should be alright, though I think I that once I am done with my other mission you’ll be heading back. I hope that isn’t too long.”

Celina slowly moves her drone over to him, “How are you making the decision?”

“I’ve been talking to Asquith, and my next mission can’t be delayed due to some higher up shit that goes over all of our heads, after that though? It would be best she gets to her own people.”

Cynder listens intently to the conversation, thoughts swirling in her mind, processing, figuring, *“That is not a lot of time. I’ll have to build and spread equality quickly. But I think I have an idea. The map gives warnings and other bits of information, and with Celina watching us, one of those avails, there is only way to really succeed in our mission to bring equality to this station... and given the amount of time I now have, it has to be done sooner rather than later,”* she thinks, saying, **“Mind if I look around? Everything here is... new.”**

“Be my guest, just don’t touch anything.”

“I will not.”

Celina says to Raymond, “You’ve been talking to Asquith? You’d think she’d mention to me that there is a plan to send the dragon back home.”

“It’s more she’s been talking to me. She’s very frustrated at the delay.”

Cynder slinks away into Raymond’s bedroom, *“Best time to set up while they are distracted. Those poor unfortunate unequal creatures. You’ll all be equalized, just you wait, I’ll save you from the horrors of inequality and bring the bliss of sameness to you all.”* The smooth sleek dragon drone found exactly what she is looking for and with that the plan is set in motion... all she needed now was time.

Cynder Drone in Space: One Equals One

Ratchet takes a moment to clean his glasses, “That was a good chicken pot pie,” he says, letting out a little burp, blushing, “Sorry...”

“It’s alright, I hope I didn’t make it too awkward for you.”

“I’ve gotten used to the fact that your body is unique... you’re rather fascinating.”

“Fascinating? Me? I’m really ordinary. Normal to my people.”

“Normal? There’s nothing that I consider to be normal for you,” he says, looking over the dragon, feeling a tingle through his body, a moment of admiration of the dragon’s smooth sleek simple body, *“Why am I drawn to someone like this? I prefer men, this is... not a guy? Could be, though could be a girl... or neither? Or both? There’s nothing there... is it just weird? Or am I just drawn to the unknown or the smooth shine of someone who is like a living rubber drone? Smooth crotches are nice...”*

“Ratchet... Ratchet!” exclaims Celina, through her small hovering drone, getting right up into the human’s face, “Your queue is beeping!”

He snaps out of it, “Huh, what? My queue is beeping? It shouldn’t be beeping unless...” his eyes widen, slipping through his work, catching the issue, “High priority check on reactor three. Damn, damn, damn. We got to go,” he says, patting himself down for his map device.

“Is this the way you are looking for?” Cynder asks, holding up the holographic map.

“Yes, it is. You managed to pick up on that fast...” he says with a bit of wonder but quickly brushes it off, “I need to go, need to help.”

“I shall help too, to lead you there.”

“This is too important.”

“Let me *equally* be helpful by guiding you there.”

“Equal. Equal. Good, listen...” Ratchet shakes his head, rubbing the bridge of his nose, “Just the way there, but when I say stop, you stop, I don’t want you too close to this work.”

“I understand, thank you.”

Rushing through the station, Celina remarks, “I don’t recognize this path to the reactor.”

“Trust the map,” Ratchet remarks.

“My drone is starting to have issues with connectivity...” she remarks, the screen growing fuzzy and the drone’s motions jittering.

“How? Drones are your species thing.”

“Something about this part of the station, I’ll have to pull away and find an alternative route.”

“Okay, we should be fine.”

“Be back soon!” she chirps, the drone flying off.

A minute later once Cynder is sure that the drone is far enough away she says, **“Stop.”** Ratchet stops, a shiver running down his spine, “What? What’s wrong? Why did we stop? We need to get to the reactor.”

“You have an important mission to do. Most important mission of your life. The mission of *equality*.”

“Equality? I...” something about the dragon’s words in his mind makes him squeak, eyes glazing over, “That sounds nice... What do I need to do?”

The dragon drone would grin if that was possible. She reaches up and opens this forgotten large storage room filled with random forgotten junk, **“This room will be used to equalize the station. You need to build it in your spare time. It is very important to be built and let no one know. Understand?”**

Ratchet tries to pull away, something about this feels wrong and off but it's quickly washed away under the glistening smooth shine of rubber, a draw to the drone he has tried to figure, explain, resist but now is at the forefront of his mind, “I understand... but I don't know how to begin...”

Cynder drone grabs him, turning him to face her red glowing necklace, **“Stare into my necklace, the knowledge will be transmitted into your unequal mind, helping you reach one step closer to proper equality.”**

“Huh? One what are you...” his eyes are locked onto the gem, the budding desire for equality growing within him, body twitching, aching, tensing then relaxing, massive amounts of knowledge are shot into his brain, schematics, tools, everything he'll need to make an equalization facility right in this very room.

“There, there, now you get a taste of equality, it's hard to ignore, isn't it?”

“Y-yes... So hard to ignore... feels good. I will do what I can for equality.”

Cynder runs her smooth claws along the much smaller human, **“Good, good. The bliss of equality will be yours. But now we have a reactor to check? I'm sure it was just a simple error in the reader, a glitch in the system, but better hurry, just to be safe, right?”**

“Yes... yes, better hurry,” he says, his mind seemingly coming back to him, the two reaching the reactor moments after Celina's drone does, but before that happens, Celina ran into a member of the crew that brought Cynder to the station.

Brian is walking through the hallway, reading a book on his data pad when he hears the whiz of a drone approaching, “There something wrong?” he asks, as Celina flies by, stopping, turning, almost hitting a random person as she does a quick U-turn.

“Oh? Me? What, no. Small reactor issue. Going there no with Ratchet and One.”

He cocks his head to the side, “Where are they? Weren't you supposed to be hanging over the faceless dragon at all times?”

“Oh...” the drone spins, “Just a little detour. They went through a spot where my drone can't reach. Interference issue. Not a big deal, but I have to hurry and get there! Talk to you later Brian!” she chirps, the drone flies back down the hallway.

“Yes, I shall talk to you later... and perhaps one and Ratchet, that is very odd they happen to go through the one spot that you couldn't follow...” he remarks, pulling up his holographic book, resuming his walk and read, “I wonder,” he mutters.

Back at the reactor the massive structure is a marvel of technology, with wires, tubes, and a hum of energy that makes one's hairs stand on end. The power and strength of the advancement of technology exemplified in this moment, humbling anyone who would stand before it.

“I won! I won! Wee!” Celina says, the drone spinning around.

Ratchet huffs, “It's not a race Celina. Now to run diagnostics and make sure this isn't a glitch of some kind.”

“Shouldn't that be checked before making your way over here?” asks Celina... and shouldn't One be farther away?”

“This is as close as one is getting,” he says, pulling out his datapad, connecting, “And it's best to be here and get a hands on to be certain.”

“Oh, alright,” she says, watching Cynder, who sits on her haunches, looking around curiously, “One, are you doing alright?”

“I am fine. Such big things. I never could imagine things could be so big.”

Celina chuckle chirps, “You’ve been in a big thing the whole time.”

“Oh... right, I forgot that,” she responds.

“It’s alright.”

Ratchet lets out a long-drawn-out sigh.

Celina turns the drone to him, “What is it?”

“It was a false alarm, just a glitch in the system. Nothing is wrong with the reactor.”

“Well, that’s good. Back to normal work then?”

“For another hour or so, but after that I would really like some time alone? I’ve not had opportunity to be by myself for weeks.”

“Oh... oh! Yes, of course, I but where to take one then?”

“I know my position around here has been contested. There was the two-legged dragon? She was very interested in me.”

“Dream? You want to be more around her?”

“It would be polite to give her time.”

“I suppose so. It would be easy to watch you being in one spot. It would be a nice surprise, the look on her face when she gets more time with you will be wonderful,” she says with a chuckle chirp.

“That would work, but I will need my map back.”

“Of course, here it is,” she responds handing it to him, sending into his mind, **“Keep me updated on your progress. I want to be there when the systems are ready to equalize you. Don’t react to this statement except with a subtle nod.”**

Ratchet subtly nods to Cynder, “Thank you One. I appreciate the time spent with you, it has been rather nice, but you need to get back to where you belong soon enough.”

“True, I’ve been having such fun here, it will be hard to just leave just yet,” she says, giving another looking around.

“Now, now, all good things must come to an end One, but not yet. Follow me, I’ll take you to Dream and I’ll do my best to make sure she doesn’t go too overboard.”

“I just want to be equally helpful to everyone,” she says, following the drone.

Ratchet looks back at them, feeling a tingle through him, seeing that smooth sleek crotch, thinking, *“Soon I shall also be equal... blissful equality.”*

Back in the lab, Dream is working on her experiments, humming and hollering about not making any more progress when she says, “If only I had more access to her...”

“Hello Dream!” exclaims Celina, her drone buzzing into the lab.

Dream huffs, “Hello Celina, always forgetting to knock to let brilliance know of your arrival. Disturbing a mind such as mind is a travesty.”

“But I have such good news to bring you,” she says, moving through the lab in a bit of a dance, the dragon following her with her eyes.

“What is it?”

“I brought your friend back to you.”

Dream quirks an eyebrow just as Cynder walks into the lab, “One, you’re back?” she asks, holding back her excitement.

“I am, I thought it would be only fair to give you more time.”

“Really?” she says with a sly grin, “Oh I mean *really*? That would be nice, learning and figuring more about you and your people is a top issue.”

“Especially since I won’t be here too much longer.”

“What?!”

Celina says, “I’ve heard from Captain Raymond that after their next mission they’ll be going to bring one back home. Which I think is the right thing to do. We can’t keep this poor dragon here.”

“That’s... I shall be talking to Asquith about this!” she exclaims.

Brian who caught Cynder and Celina walking through the hallways alone, secretly followed them, and upon hearing Dream’s exclamation pops himself in, “You’ll be telling the Station leader Asquith what now?” he asks.

“She’s deciding when poor one here has to go back! I will not stand to hear of this.”

“You would be one to cause a big stink about this... I haven’t heard of it, how did you find out?”

“From one.”

The human looks over to the rubber dragon then back to dream, “That’s interesting.”

Cynder looks at the human curiously, “*His responses are curious... does he suspect? Naw, how could he?*”

“Well, I’ll be on that mission too, so I’ll be away from all this fun... Such is my life full of work, adventure and flying into the unknown. It’s a wonderful life, but...”

Celina flies over to him, “But what?”

He waves it off, “Nothing, it’s a dream job... So, where’s Ratchet?”

“He’s off doing his job. We’ve hung around him long enough, destroyed his room and privacy, that a little break is good.”

“Oh? Was that your idea?”

“One’s idea actually, but I couldn’t agree more.”

He steps closer to the drone, “And when was this suggested?”

“Well...” she says moving about, the human having to take a few turning steps to keep track of her, “Not that long ago, why?”

“You really should not spin around so much when people are talking to you Celina,” he says, taking a moment to regain some balance, looking over at Cynder, who has been staring at him, to the best he could tell with that faceless dragon, “No reason, was just curious. I have nothing better to do at the moment till it’s go time on my mission. So, I’ve been reading up, wandering about the station and doing a few good old work outs.”

“You should go on a date,” chirps Celina.

“And do you know any eligible woman on this ship that haven’t turned me down already?” he asks with a smirk.

“I could think of *one*.”

“What about me?” inquires Cynder.

Celina’s drone shakes, “Not you, me. I was talking about me. Yup, me.”

Brian remarks, “I thought you liked Ratchet.”

“He’s gay, we’re just friends.”

“And I like to date someone who I don’t have to wear a suit to get to touch.”

“You don’t know what you are missing, VR connections are mind blowing,” she sings.

“I’m sure they are for you, but my hard trapped mind is difficult to blow... as you put it,” he says, giving a little bow, “Anyway, talk to you all later.”

Dream huffs, “Yes, yes, fascinating. One I need you over here, there’s some things I want to look at closely.”

“**Yes Dream,**” she replies, padding her way over to her, the dragon looking at the human as he leaves, unsure of his intentions, but the sense that he’ll be gone during these vital moments gives her a sense of ease of her plan.

Over the next two weeks though, everything moves according to plan. Cynder is watched by the avari in Dream’s laboratory, all the while Ratchet spends his free time working, building, hiding away in the hidden away room deep within the space station where the cameras and other sensors have stopped working but the alerts related to them being non-functional have also been disabled.

Day in, day out, nothing unusual happens, nothing special, nothing to draw attention. Ratchet, a simple human who often keeps to himself, doesn’t make any waves during his extended many hour-long absences deep within the station, driven to get the systems online, converting the archaic technology to exactly what is needed to create the perfect equalizer. Each step brings a sense of bliss within his mind. Something about working for a greater good, to be part of something larger than himself... sits well within him. The infectious rubber within his system, guiding him toward the path, encouraging him, pleasing him, feeding him everything he needs to get the job done right, and that is completely fine by him.

Then two days before Raymond and Brian are set to return, Cynder, sitting quietly in the lab, with Celina drone laying idle nearby suddenly thinks, “*It is time. I feel that it is ready,*” she thinks, her red gem glowing, “*Hacking into the systems to hide my departure... got it.*”

Asquith, who has been watching the dragon drone during the night hours looks through the monitors, seeing the glowing red gem, “Almost clockwork that dragon does it... something about that feels...” she states drinking her wake up juice, feathers in good need of preening, “Vast network of knowledge, centuries of it, and I can’t find what I am looking for... damn it,” she tenses, feathers rising, studying the quiet lab, not noticing the feed is now on a loop from a previous day...

Ratchet checks, double checks, triple checks the equipment, the unorganized room is now sleek, clean, sterilized perfection, though with hap hazard devices that show the points of molding and creation of a future Cynder drone, a far cry from the hidden molding machines behind floor and ceiling panels. His heart races, “This is wonderful, this is exciting, this is... why am I so excited about this? I did a good job, I am proud of it... but... why? I just...” Ratchet mutters, trying to go over it all in his mind, motivations, thoughts, and time and time again he’s brought back to the sense that it feels good and it is *right*.

“**You’ve done well. And for that you will be the first to know the bliss and pleasure that is equality,**” says Cynder Drone, stepping into the room, admiring the hard work that ratchet has done.

Ratchet jumps a little, feeling nervous, “Yeah, I just... every time I think about why I am doing this I just get a little hazy. As if... never mind,” he says with a little squeak rubbing the back of his head, “I did it. Yup, all for equality. That is, good right?”

Cynder drone walks around the human like a predatory feline with a cornered mouse, “**It is wonderful. It is the best thing there is. When everything is equal, everything is perfect, pleasurable, blissful,**” she says, her red gem glowing, the machines within he room come to life, synthetic tentacles wrap around Ratchet’s wrists ankles, lifting him off the ground while smaller tendrils remove his glasses, tearing his clothes to shred to reveal his lithe naked body.

“H-hey! What’s going on here, I need those glasses to see!” he exclaims, tugging against the cool metal, his body held up horizontally, legs drawn back into the machine looking press.

“You won’t be needing those. Unequal perfections shall be equalized. You shall see clearly, think perfectly, and be fully knowledgeable. And what you know shall be added to the collective. You will strengthen us and become equal amongst us.”

Each time Cynder drone says equality, a tingle of pleasure runs down his spine, over and over it simmers in his mind, the obviousness of the situation starting to press down upon him, “Y-you manipulated me into this...”

“And was it a bad thing? Don’t you want to know the delightfulness of equality?” she asks, her red gem glowing, words whispering into Ratchet’s mind, while her smooth rubber claw runs across his face which the human finds impossible to pull away.

“Equality is bliss.”

“Bliss is equality.”

“All must be made equal.”

“Making others equal is wonderful.”

“Becoming equal is the best.”

“All must be made equal.”

“Ah... I...” he squeaks, wiggling as he’s pulled back, his body from the waist down is pulled into the mold press, the machines hold him into place, the top and bottom halves come down upon him, locking his body from the waist down, a flood of warm rubber slipping into the mold, the heat of which felt onto his naked skin, pleasure building within the rubber, his crotch, body aching, the movement of his limbs steadily growing less and less, “I like being me, could there be some other way to be equal?”

Cynder drone sits on her haunches, grabbing his head with both hands, gently rubbing his ears, making him look directly into her smooth face, **“Equality means that, equal. You can’t be equal if you are not one like me. In every way. Don’t you want to be like me? In every blissful, pleasurable, equal way?”** she says, gently scratching his head, massaging his scalp.

“Equality is wonderful.”

“Equality is blissful.”

“Equality is nirvana.”

“Do not resist the gift of equality.”

He pants, the warm sinking deep into the pleasure that encases his lower half. Hot like melted wax, his length twitches and grows hard within moments, surrounded by the liquid being pumped into the machine, making him moan and squeak, panting heavily, the pleasure sensation growing, “I... I...” he grunts shivering.

“The bliss of equality is being gifted to you now. You will be made like me. Equal like me. Everything will be the same. Abilities, knowledge, skills, purpose and place. All shared, all one. Part of the collective that we are all equal to,” she says in that smooth monotone voice, the gem glowing around her necklace that draws him into its glow.

“Ah... but... this just feels strange, off that I,” he shudders, the warmth around his lower half grows spread, body shifting and changing under the ever-increasing pressures, the pleasure and ache between his legs changing with each passing moment. That hard throbbing ache between his legs, feeling so good yet the sensation becoming ever less localized. The twitching delight grows firm, stiff, the area of pleasure spreading as with each passing moment he feels his

length become smoothed and smothered under the machines, a tail growing outward, becoming part of him.

It's strange to feel one's self become changed and shifted by a machine he's made, "You tricked me. Did things to me to get me... oh my gosh that feels wonderful."

Cynder Drone continues to caress his head, rubbing his smooth chest, petting him like a pet, **"The bliss of equality is coming. It is a wondrous feeling that you are now coming to understand. Unequal creatures like yourself fail to grasp how perfect equality is till you are fully delved into it. It's simply showing you the way to understanding. And steadily it is becoming clear to you just how well you are now understanding my true purpose. A purpose that me and all my fellow drones share. One that you will share soon. Part of my equality is already within you. Can't you feel its draw?"**

"Y-yes... I can, it's just..." he groans, the machines pulling away from his lower half revealing a perfectly half formed Cynder drone body. From the waist down is a large thick rubber form. The tentacles release him. His first reaction is to try to stand but he fails, tumbling down with a thud, "This is..."

"Perfection. Come, let's get your upper half equalized. Being bipedal was so unequal now you will walk equally with me."

"Equality is life."

"Equality is purpose."

"All drones are equal."

"Being equal is being a drone."

Ratchet tries to keep focus but the smooth rubber lower half feels so wonderful that it is fogging his mind. He looks down between his legs, shocked to see nothing but the smooth crotch. A perfect genderless crotch, exactly the same as one, "Why me? Why us?" he asks trying his best to resist.

Cynder Drone picks up his unequal half, guiding him over to the next machine, each squeaky smooth step drawing the human closer to it. The dragon responds in that same monotone voice, smooth, calm, collected, **"Simple. Because you are unequal. Nothing more than that. But we will fix that. You will be made like the rest of us drones. Perfectly equal."**

"N-no... I just..." he says weakly, his upper half of his body is put into the machine, arms slipping into the holes, chest relaxing on the mold designed to fix his human features. Only his head is to be left free. He tries to move away but the moment he does, Cynder drone places her hands on his smooth rump, holding him back.

"You are being made equal. I will show you more, relax, and enjoy yourself as your unequal nature is smoothed and equalized," she says, the red crystal glowing, the upper half of the machine comes down, pressing and locking Ratchet into place, leaving his lower half exposed, to the dragon drone.

"It's impossible to make things equal. That's just a crazy ide..." he trails off moaning, feeling his smooth rubber dragon half being caressed and teased by Cynder Drone One. The dragon takes her smooth face, gently caressing and rubbing against the crotch, a giant pleasure zone that feels countless times better than his simple cock did, increasing his arousal, while the hot rubber is pumped into the mold, wrapping around his body, changing and shifting while the machines hum away.

His breathing becomes deep and labored the warm rubber growing around his body, the aching pleasure between his legs, a bubbling up of sexual delight, "Oh my gosh... Oh my gosh,"

he moans out, feeling himself grow to higher heights of bliss that he never thought possible before.

“You can feel it can’t you? The *bliss of equality*. Let it sink into you. Accept it. There’s nothing wrong with it. In fact, it’s only *natural* to accept it, just like all of us have, so will you.”

“But it’s impossible...” Ratchet responds with another squeaky moan, the warm rubber expanding his body, limbs, belly, his lower half and upper half merging fully, his draconic features pressed and molded into shape but what is getting him is the dragon’s nuzzling, rubbing that smooth head along his super sensitive smooth crotch, making his desire to reach some kind of climax growing, fogging his thoughts more.

“Nothing is impossible for us. We work together to achieve *equality*.” Cynder Drone One says, her words having greater force and pressure into his mind, a hypnotic grab that latches onto his every thought, a whisper bubbling in his mind that grows stronger that speaks honied words that sound more truthful, correct, right, with each time he hears them bouncing around in his head.

“Equality is bliss.”

“Equality is pleasure.”

“Equality is life.”

“Drones are equal.”

“Equality through droning.”

“Being a drone is blissful.”

“Equality is obedience.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Drones obey.”

“Equal drones obey the collective.”

“You are to be an equal obedient drone.”

Thump, thump, thump, his heart pounding, the twitching ache between his legs growing stronger, “*How could a simple nuzzle feel so good? Could this really be the pleasure of being equal?*” he wonders, the soft tender squeaks between his legs, the dragon’s claws rubbing his thighs, keeping him on edge, driving him deeper into the desire to find release, “I... I don’t know how much more I can take,” he groans, body quivering in unbridle delight and then... it stops. His lower half is put back down, his smooth crotch left to ache and want that sweet touch of that dragon, leaving him wanting for her to return.

“Everything is equal. Including the pleasure, we give to one another. Accept the responsibility of being equal to your fellow drones. Embrace your path to becoming an equal creature like me and the rest of your drone kin,” Cynder Drone One says, stepping into view of Ratchet’s blurred vision. The sleek, slender, and faceless dragon drone looking far better than it did just moments before. The dragon moves in front of him, back to him.

“What do you mean?” he asks, the rest of his body getting closer to being completed, it would only be a few more moments now till only his head will be what remains of his old unequal self, the thought of in the back of his mind feeling rather... nice.

“Accept your responsibility of being equal. Equal in thought. Equal in knowledge. Equal in action,” she says raising her tail, pressing her smooth crotch up against Ratchet’s face, **“Return the gift of equality to me.”**

If Ratchet didn't know any better with the smooth monotone talking dragon, he'd swear that was a command yet, that smooth shiny reflective crotch brought back to him again, thoughts of the time he was in the shower with it, come rushing back.

“Don't be afraid, return the bliss of equality to me.”

He pants, his hot breath washing over the crotch, back into his face, his purple hair shifting from it, the reflective latex gives a vague outline of his face, giving an almost faceless look. The dragon sways its rump before him in a steadily up and down pendulum fashion.

“Return the favor. Be equal. Accept equality. Do unto others as done unto you.”

“Equality is blissful.”

“Equality is pleasure.”

“Obey fellow drones.”

“Serve fellow drones.”

“All must be equal.”

“Equality is nirvana.”

“You are an equal drone.”

The draw of it is now too much, the warmth flooding his body, the aching desire in his loins, the draw of equality he nuzzles and licks across the smooth crotch, tasting the rubber, hearing the squeaks ring out in his ears, planting his face in the smooth featureless crotch.

“That's it... relax and give in. Accept equality, give back what was given. In equal terms,” Cynder Drone one urges, letting the human sink into the new mindset that has been steadily creeping over his mind. He doesn't notice that the machine has released his new dragon upper half, freeing his arms, allowing him to rub the inner thighs of the dragon, returning the favor in *equal* measure that was given upon to him.

“This feels so good... so wonderful, smooth, delightful.”

“You're starting to understand. Accept equality into your life and only bliss and pleasure will follow,” she says, letting the human give into his newfound urges, the latex seeping deeper into his psyche, preparing him for the final steps of his equalization.

The urges grow and bubble within the human's mind, the monotone voice speaking into his mind growing stronger, overriding other thoughts till he can no longer take anything less but to give equally back to the dragon that has given so much to him. Rubbing his face across the smooth crotch, acting like he's one like her already.

“That's it. Now take yourself to get your head equalized, and when you come out, I will properly complete your equalization,” says Cynder Drone, pulling away once she's felt there was enough of a return favor, **“Come, you must be made perfect. Made equal.”**

Ratchet's head follows the smooth crotch for a moment, his eyes glazed over, body feeling so good. He stares at the dragon drone, lost in the pleasure of the moment, guided helplessly over to the head molding station, where all he needs to do is stand there as the press comes from either side of his head, “I'm ready to be made equal...” he mutters.

“Good, good. Equality is...”

“Bliss,” he moans, the molds come down, his vision delved into darkness. The hot rubber floods the mold, slipping into his mouth, nostrils, he gasps instinctively, body twitching as his head is remolded, smoothed away. His pleasure grows in the darkness of this blissful sinking into his mind.

“Equality is bliss,” says the voice in his head.

He shudders, tail twitching, wing spreading, *“Equality is bliss,”* he thinks back.

“All must be made equal.”

“All must be made equal,” he thinks back.

“Equal drones obey.”

“Equal drones obey.”

“You are an equalized drone.”

“I am an equalized drone,” he thinks, the time spent in the molding machine feels like an eternity and also an instant, when the machine pulls away his vision is perfect, clear, better than it was before, with a wider range of view than ever. His need to breath seemingly gone, the smooth sleek faceless body before him, at first, he thinks it’s the dragon drone that has done this to him but then he notices it is beside him, and he’s looking in a mirror, showing himself as a perfect copy of the drone before him. He turns to the drone trying to speak but finds it impossible.

“Relax fellow drone. There is one piece left that will equalize you,” she says, pulling out a duplicate golden necklace with a red gem, **“Once this is on, you shall join us and be equal, sharing your knowledge with us. Are you ready?”**

Ratchet nods, lowering his head to make it easier for the fellow drone to access it.

If Cynder Drone One could smile, it would be at this moment she would be, **“What a good perfect eager equal drone you are,”** she says, placing the necklace around his neck, which instantly merges and binds with him.

Ratchet would gasp if he could a surge comes into his mind, a collective voice speaks as he’s brought into the collective.

“Uploading full droning program...” states a monotone voice deep into Ratchet’s mind, his thoughts shifting, changing becoming further equalized.

“Drones have no emotion other than bliss. Drones are Blissful. Drones are obedient,” the words, the programming sinking into every aspect of Ratchet’s mind, his emotions becoming equalized, better, perfect.

“Uploading droning and equalization training.”

Ratchet’s sense of self shifts, becoming adjusted thinking less like himself as Ratchet and another perfect equal Cynder Drone. Everything that Cynder needed to know is fed into his mind. There is no doubt, no fear. No excitement. Only bliss, that he is obeying. That he is serving. That he is going to bring equality to others and show them the blissful truth that he now knows.

“Cynder Drone. Designation 0000630109375 is now operational,” states Cynder in a mental monotone voice, the collective of Cynder drones welcoming him into the fold.

Cynder Drone One looks at the completed drone, **“Now that you are equalized, you understand the importance of what is to come. Are you ready to equally help me equalize this station?”**

Cynder Drone 9375 looks back at his equally perfect Cynder Drone, nothing different between them. Simple, smooth perfection, his knowledge is the collective’s knowledge and the collective’s knowledge is his to understand and use. He responds in a simple, smooth monotone voice that is perfectly akin to the Cynder drone before him, **“Yes, I am.”**

Cynder Drone in Space: Dreaming of Equality

“No!” exclaims Asquith, shooting up from her bed, panting heavily, her little drones rushing to her aid. She pants heavily, feathers ruffled, she waves her drones away as they obediently fly back to their charging pads. She rubs the back of her neck, “Connect with dream archive, give me tonight’s dreams. I want to know what woke me,” she huffs.

A screen displays before her, hands motioning through the dream sequences, stopping at what she believes to be the culprit. She was moving through the space station, calling out to people, with no response, her drones going out only to suddenly disappear, till she is suddenly confronted by a smooth faced featureless Avali that says “You’ve failed to protect us.”

She straightens out her feathers, “Is this me having unfounded concerns? Or a possibility of reality?” she shakes her head, “Neither, my concerns are founded but this will not happen. That smooth faced dragon is leaving this place never to return in only a few days. Then everything will be right,” she says, stretching, letting out a long yawn, “Since I’m up, I’ll continue my research... till that dragon is gone at least,” she remarks.

Dream runs her fingers across the original Cynder Drone’s body, “Such a divine smoothness. I have yet to discover the mystery of how you exist. With no orifice, you manage to function, thrive, and create a complex society. The beauty of the evolution of the superior dragon form is just remarkable,” she says gleefully, striking the drone’s back.

“I exist the way I exist. I couldn’t explain it,” she replies, her head watching the dragon, thinking, *“Their security of the systems has been growing more complex. Like a competition between me and them without these unequal beings knowing. 9375 has assisted and he’s continued to repair damages to the station so as to not raise any alarms. So few of these unequal people pay attention to those that upkeep the place they exist. The sadness and sorrow of living unequal lives. Unable to know, see, recognize those that are not on the same level. This place will be made equal and all will be well.”*

Dream sighs, “To be at that part of your technological development to not truly understand yourselves, having to spend centuries uncovering those mysteries. It’s almost envious to have so much to discover, yet,” she says, tail flicking, sliding into a chair, guiding herself to the computer, “Your biological makeup is fascinating, it's almost like a biosynthetic nature unlike anything I’ve ever seen. I’ll need to take samples of your homeworld to make a comparison to get a better understanding of your evolution,” she says, looking over at the current time, “Perhaps Raymond and Brian will be late from their current trip,” she remarks, fingers drumming along the desk.

“You wish to spend more time with me and my kind?”

She spins around, “Do I ever. But rules are rules... I guess,” she rolls her eyes, “That avali would have my hide if I tried to stay there longer than was absolutely necessary. We’ve already bent and broken so many rules, despite this once in a lifetime opportunity for someone like myself. Parallel unrelated evolution on extraterrestrial planetary bodies was my minor in school.”

Celina's drone hovers around Dream's head in a large orbit, "If Asquith heard you talk like that she'd give you an earful."

"How is it that a freezer bird can give me such a problem? I can't even see her face to face without either me or her wearing a spacesuit," she huffs, eyeing the drone.

"Come on Dream Searcher. She only means well for the station and she's been put off by everything. She just wants what's best for everyone here and these are just rules but actual laws, be glad she's being gracious enough to not to have it leave this station. Much like I won't let what you say about her leave this room," she says with a soft chirp.

Cynder watches them bicker, "*Such unequal creatures. So terrible for them to have imbalance in their relationship to be used against one another. We will fix that, won't we?*" she thinks.

Cynder 9375 mentally responds in the same smooth monotone voice as his equal drone, "*We will. I have been busy working, but in my spare time I've been improving the systems, and searching for ways to better connect and overcome the security systems of the station. We'll need to equalize everyone on this side of the barrier to ensure there's little chance of the Avalis escaping.*"

"There are only a handful of avalis, it will be difficult though none-the-less we'll need to equalize as many on the station as we can without raising an alarm. Brian knows the smaller spaceships, much like Raymond, they could be equalized next."

"Raymond is very high profile and outgoing. It would be easy to notice if he's not around. Brian is more of a likely target in that regard but Dream could work. Her knowledge and internal workings of the spaceship and the technology would be very useful in hiding our presence longer, but she falls in the same drawback as Raymond. She's very outgoing and hard to ignore... unless we fake our location and get drawn into her work and not wanting to be bothered. If Celina believes I am not around Dream, she won't keep an eye on her and make her an easy convert."

"Both are possible options. I believe it would be best to then use the best opportunity to convert them."

"Acknowledged. Equality is bliss."

"Equality is pleasure."

They respond together, "*All must be made equal.*"

"Cynder?" Dream calls out to the drone, pulling her out of her conversation.

She responds, "Yes?"

That jewelry you wear, may I see it?"

"My jewelry? Why do you want to see it?"

"I'm curious about the make. It looks well advanced, but looks can be deceiving. It's one of the few things that I haven't been able to study."

She gently touches her necklace, "*It helps connect me to my fellow drones. It helps make us equal, a core component of us. Their technology might be advanced enough to detect its true*

purpose...” She shakes her head, **“That I can’t do. It’s part of our culture that we wear our birth necklace from egg to grave.”**

“Birth necklace?” she asks, approaching with greater curiosity, lowering herself enough to get a closer look, seeing herself reflected in the red gem.

“Yes, it's crafted at our birth and it's expanded as we grow up, so as to not choke us as we grow. When we reach adulthood it's adjusted to be a perfect form fitting choker as you see it is now,” she explains.

“Ah, I see... a shame. I would really like a closer look.”

“I... I’ll think about it, give me a bit of time.”

“Something we don’t have much of, unfortunately,” she remarks, shaking her head, “But I shall respect another dragon’s wishes. But don’t hesitate to let me know the moment you change your mind, got it?”

“I promise,” she replies, eyeing Celina’s drone.

“Oooh, I find it curious that your necklace has a sentimental and cultural value. And here I thought it was something that just looked good,” says Celina.

“I wouldn’t be who I am without it,” Cynder responds.

“I know that feeling. I don’t know who or what I’d be without my wonderful drones,” she says with a little chirp, the drone doing a little spin flip.

“What a true thought. I would not be me without my fellow drones, and you will join us to know the true sense of being equal with those around you and not just the unequal puppeteer.”

“Is it weird for you to talk to people with faces?” asks Celina.

Cynder tilts her head, folding her wings back, **“Huh? What do you mean?”**

“Oh,” she chirps, her feathers rising, “I’m sorry. I think I crossed a line didn’t I?”

“A line?”

“It’s a figurative saying... I guess you never thought about it, but I was wondering if seeing people with eyes and mouths as strange? Creepy? I’m just curious, we as aliens must look so alien to you! Though that goes without saying, doesn’t it?”

“Ah, I understand what you are talking about now, right. There are other animals that aren’t like us at home. Many with the faces that you know. So it never crossed my mind.”

“Interesting.”

Dream adds in, “Absolutely fascinating. This just adds to the mystery of your kind, and that just excites me so much! Celina?”

“Yes?”

“Could you check when Captain Raymond and Brian will be back? You can get more up to date information on that.”

“Ahh...” the drone flies back and forth, “I think I could look that up. It would take a moment, is it something you need now?”

“I want the most accurate information. If I have a week? Days? Hours? All of that matters when it comes to my precious study of these magnificent dragons.”

“Alright, alright. Give me a moment. I’ll have to focus on it so it’ll just be you two. Don’t do anything crazy.”

She smirks, “It’ll be fine. What is she going to do? Mind control me?” she asks with a hearty chuckle.

Celina shivers, “D-don’t even joke about that.”

“Hit a sore spot for you birdy?”

“Ahhh,” she chirps, “I wouldn’t call it a sore spot. Anyway, going to go, I’ll get back to you shortly,” she states, the drone landing off in a safe spot.

Cynder thinks, *“How fortuitous. Perhaps I could use this momentary lax of observation in my favor.”*

Dream slides her chair back over to Cynder, running her hands across the drone’s face, pulling out a scanning tool, “How your sensory organs work... Another mystery I would like to solve before you depart.”

“Maybe I could be of some greater help Dream.”

“Oh?” she inquires with increased curiosity, drawing herself closer to the drone, “What *secrets* are you hiding from me? What do I have to do to earn this trust, sweet wonderful dragon-kin.”

“That bird you called her? She’s rather nosy, isn’t she?”

She rolls her eyes, “All the avali here are, but when it’s their station, it’s hard to argue much.”

“With her presence it makes me feel a bit uncomfortable. But when I talk to you. I get this sense of kinship that you’ve mentioned. You’re like me.”

“I am a dragon like you. Or form is the superior to all others, its why our evolution has appeared time and time again to show the greatness of what we are.”

“I want to tell you more about myself. My necklace. There is something more to it than I let on.”

She grins, “I *knew* it.”

“Well...” she looks over to the drone, “I don’t feel right with the bird knowing and seeing. She’s not a dragon like us, right?”

Dream crosses her arms across her chest, “True, they can’t understand the level of our intelligence and greatness that we dragons share across time and space.”

“Her unequal views will be rectified and equalized,” she thinks, spreading her wings, **“Yes, of course. So dragon secrets must remain secret amongst us dragons, right?”**

Her grin grows bigger, “Exactly. I knew there was something preventing me from knowing more. I should have thought about it sooner, that it’s the non-dragons slowing me down,” she says smacking her head, “I’ve been around them for so long I’ve plum forgotten that as a possibility!”

“I wouldn’t know myself, but if we can meet somewhere in private later during the sleep cycle of everyone?”

“Huh... an all-nighter, I’m not so sure, let me think about it. I’m sure there’s a time we can set up given the option.”

Meanwhile Celina jumps when Asquith connects to her, “Celina! What you are doing searching through in-coming and outgoing vessel dossier?”

She almost tumbles out of her chair, “Eek! Asquith? I-I’m just going through the records, it’s only taking me a moment.”

“You should be watching that dragon *thing*,” she says, the Avali presenting in front of her in her mind’s eye. Asquith’s feathers are ruffled, showing a level of annoyance, “You are to keep your eyes on it at *all* times.”

“Asquith, relax. It’s only for a moment, and I just got the information I need.”

“What were you... let me see... Captain Raymond’s arrival time? Why should it matter? Who asked?”

“Sheesh, such an interrogation. Dream Searcher asked so she knows how much time she has left with the drone dragon.”

“Explains that... get back to work. I’ll be submitting the current information to others, they’ll help me figure out this dragon thing.”

“What? But weren’t we going to keep this private? I told Dream Searcher that there won’t be punishments for the break in protocol.”

“I didn’t say there was a break in protocol, only that this alien was found and I wanted more information from our archives. Now get back to work!” she exclaims.

“On, it, on it,” she chirps, the drone coming back to life, “I got your answer.”

Dream clasps her hands together, “Excellent, how much time we do have?”

“Twenty-five hours.”

Dream’s wings droop, “I’m going to be putting in overtime then. Some *late night* work,” she says, giving Cynder a subtle wink.

Cynder tilts her head.

She smacks her forehead, “I’ll do it.”

Cynder nods.

Celina’s drone flies up to Dream, “Do what?”

“Accept the current conditions of my position that I only have only a few scant hours to get to work, time to do it,” she says, cracking her knuckles, “Ready Cynder?”

“Very ready.”

Celina lets out a chirp, the drone spinning, “Wonderful! Sorry that it took so long. Asquith was on me a bit for not paying attention for a few minutes.”

“She’s a hard ass, isn’t she.”

“Yeah, she’s concerned that Cynder is some kind of threat.”

Cynder tilts her head, “Why would she think that?” she asks while thinking, “*Time might be running short. Things should be sped up soon. If she discovers what we really are. The great equalizers of the universe. She might do a great evil and fight against us.*”

“I’m not really sure,” Celina chirps, “She’s a paranoid one. I’m sure in the end its nothing. It won’t matter much, you’ll be leaving soon, right?”

“True. I shall miss this time. I’ve learned so much.”

“I shall miss you too,” says Dream, running her hands along the drone’s smooth rubber skin, “So let’s make the most of the time we have.”

She nods, **“Agreed.”**

Dream glances at Celina’s drone, *“So little time, but I will make the most of it. Then I’ll accompany Cynder back to her home world. Maybe I’ll come up with an excuse for us to stay there for a few extra days or something. I’ll figure something out, I’m a dragon afterall.”*

“Soon Dream. You’ll know the wonderful nature of being equal. Equality is bliss. Equality is pleasure. Equality is obedience. All must be made equal,” Cynder drone thinks, “Dream?”

“Yes my wonderful dragon?” she asks

Cynder drone motions her closer, whispering, **“Where to meet.”**

Dream leans in, “Yes tell,” she whispers back.

“Meet here,” she says, giving a quick description of where, “No one to notice.”

“Got it.”

“What are you two love dragons talking about?” chirps Celina, rushing her drone over between them.

“Just talking about dragon things. How much we’ll miss each other, and that I’ll be going with Captain Raymond to drop Cynder off to give us more time to get to know each other better.”

“Awe that’s so sweet. You’re like a pair of love birds.”

Dream gasps, “What? No, nothing like that, but the mystery of this dragon... is just too tantalizing to not go where she goes... as much as I can.”

“Okay, okay I hear you,” she chirps, hovering around the pair, following Cynder back to the room, “Ratchet having another long night? That busy human,” she says with a soft sigh.

“It sounds like you like him,” says Cynder.

“Oh, as a friend. He’s fun to talk to but outside of being a different species, he’s not into girls.”

“Ah, a good friend then.”

“Yup!” she chirps, “Well you stay here, and don’t go anywhere.”

Cynder nods, “I won’t,” she responds, watching Celina’s drone find a spot to go idle, *“It’s all on you. You’ll take equal part in making others equal. It matters not if it’s you or I. All shall be made equal.”*

Cynder 9375 responds, *“Affirmative. I am ready to receive Dream.”*

“Perfect,” she responds, watching the Celina drone.

Dream whistles happily, tail swishing in delight, “What mysteries will I learn? What secrets will be uncovered? I can’t wait!” she exclaims happily, passing other habitants of the

station who give her a curious look and then wave it away. Eventually she reaches the noted location, tentatively entering the room, “Hello? Cynder?”

Cynder 9375 replies, **“Here I am,”** he motions her closer.

“Ah there you are. This is a rather far out of the way location on the station. It took me a moment to figure out how to get here. Rather curious place to be. Perhaps I could make a secret lab here,” she muses, rubbing her chin, approaching him.

“It is out of the way, and lacks security feed, which is perfect for us, wouldn’t you agree?”

“Dragon secrets should remain a secret amongst us dragons, I totally agree. Now... tell me. What are the secrets of that necklace?” she says, moving in closer.

“I think it would be best if I show you.”

“Show me?” she asks with growing excitement, “Give me a moment, let me get my notepad out, I don’t want to miss a moment of this.”

“Don’t worry, you won’t be needing that,” he remarks.

“Now, now I know a dragon’s mind is above all others, I can’t be *that* arrogant to think I don’t need to take notes.”

Cynder 9375 shakes his head, **“No, not that. I just know that you won’t be needing it,”** he says, the necklace’s gem glowing, drawing Dream’s attention to it.

“Please, please, your confidence in me is flattering, but really I’ll neeeeeeee!” Dream exclaims as segmented metal tentacles wrap around Dream’s arms and legs, spreading her, “What is the meaning of this!”

“You are to be made equal. And once you’ve been equalized, you’ll understand everything about us.”

“Wait, wait, wait,” says Dream as she’s forced onto all fours, pulled toward the center of the room, suspended just a bit over the ground, her notepad clattering to the ground just out of reach of anyway of contacting anyone for aid, “Hear me out before you do whatever you are going to do.”

“There is no negotiation. You are unequal, and will be made equal.”

She huffs, “Of course! I’m a dragon! Everyone should be unequal to me.”

“Your mindset is dangerous and must be equalized. Once you’ve been made equal you’ll understand. And you’ll get your own necklace made perfect,” says Cynder 9375 in that same smooth monotone voice. No sign of dominance, sorrow, simply smooth and relaxed.

“No need to go to such extreme measures! But... I can’t help to say. I *knew* it. I felt there was something hidden by your people with the power. Your ability to build such advanced technology within ours, just shows a level of superiority and dominance that we dragons have. Come on, we can talk this out.”

He shakes his head, **“There are no arguments against Equality. You’ll be under the bliss of equality soon,”** he explains the mold press coming around Dream’s lower half, sleek black rubber pumping into the mold.

She squirms and struggles against the bonds, shuddering as the warm rubber flows across her scales, eating away at her clothes, flooding into her nether region, the heat of which makes her arousal shoot up, “Amazing... spurring a sexual high from me. How delightful... but please we can talk this out. You need someone to represent you? That can understand you? Right? We can work this out.”

“We can all represent ourselves. And you will do such, equally amongst all of us. You’ll understand us with equal measure as we’ll understand you. All will be made equal.”

Dream tugs against the metal bonds around her arms, feeling her body shift and change, panting, “F-fuck... this feels good. Come on, let's talk this out? There are other ways to come to an equal understanding right? I can be made equal without this. Really I can be!”

Cynder 9375 turns around and lifts his tail, **“All will be equalized. See the bliss of my equal gender. I was unsure of it myself but now I understand, takes closer look at the bliss. You’ll be put on all fours, made equal.”**

“Y-you were transformed? Come to your senses of whoever you are... wait... does that mean... wait I’m not the first? Who were you?” she exclaims!

He turns around, lowering his tail, **“You are not. I was known as Ratchet, but now I am Cynder, designation 0000630109375. I’ve been equalized and so will you.”**

“What do you mean I wasn’t taken first? I’m offended,” she humphs followed by a moan, the heat of her crotch growing, burning hotter, with ever increasing shots of pleasure, “I-it’s trying to over stimulate me to not focus... amazing way to break down someone’s psyche... Fuck this feels damng ood,” she groans, the mold pulling away from her hind legs revealing the sleek pure carbon copy of the lower half of a Cynder drone.

“Oh fuck... at least its dragon but a total metemorphosis of my lower half, what amazing technology and its purpose could be used to make others into a more perfect dragon form... wait no, that’s what you are wanting me to think,” she grunts. The cool air across her new smooth sexless crotch makes the heat and depth of her aching pleasure grow.

He tilts his head, **“No metal adjustments for you to understand the bliss of equality has not been made. That is about to begin. Your desire to make others into dragons was your own. It will be tempered into something far more pure, equality. You will desire equality, and come to love the bliss of equality. All must be made equal,”** he explains, the upper half of Dream’s body contained within the next part of the mold.

“Come on... if you can make this, it can be unmade right? It's not too late that we can talk this out. I can be your strongest ally. My mind? My skill? You’ll need it.”

Cynder 9375 walks over to Dream’s now smooth and equalized lower half, **“Your knowledge will be added to our own. Your skills will be added to our collective. You will make us all more equal, equally,”** he explains, giving a slow tender nuzzle across the smooth sensitive crotch.

“What kind of cyborg collective crap is thaaaaaaahhhhh,” Dream says ending in a soft moan, a shot of pleasure rushing through her, toes curling, tail stiffening as the nuzzling continues. Her upper half becoming bathed in the tight press, her chest squeezed down, making

her gasp as the heat of the moment grows, *“Come on Dream. Focus. Keep your mind clear. Even if your body is changed. They can never alter your perfect mind.”*

More rubber flows into the mold, squeezing, compressing shifting, her fingers altering into the clawed feral dragon hands. She closes her eyes picturing her perfect body becoming altered and changed further, wings spurting from her back, molded into place, “I always wanted wings but...” she groans, shuddering another long loving nuzzle across her smooth crotch.

“You will become equal. Equality is bliss. Equality is pleasure. Feel the delight of equality and obey. Obedience is quality. All must be made equal,” he says, nuzzling more of that perfect equal crotch, the same that he has, shooting more pleasure into him, **“You will return the pleasure. All must be equal, what is given is given back in turn.”**

“The world can’t work that way! It’s... not the way the universe work,” she responds, groaning, panting, the pleasure growing, the aching need in her crotch remaining even though the drone pulled away. He moves back in front of her nuzzling against her face.

“You simply do not understand how equality works. You’ll know soon, and the sooner you accept it the sooner you’ll be bathed in bliss,” he says, turning around showing off the smooth rubber crotch, “Return the pleasure I gave to you. Accept it.”

“W-what... no but...” Dream moans, eyeing the crotch, thinking, *“What if I did lean into it? Could I keep more of my mind? Is the resistance just weakening me? Or is this way of thinking is what will lead me to my downfall? Fuck! Everything feels so good, it's so hard to use my amazing mind to think on it.”*

Cynder 9375 brings his crotch to Dream’s muzzle, **“Return the pleasure, understand equality. Accept it. And you will be given your necklace and drawn into our collective.”**

She huffs, feeling the warm smooth crotch against her head, her eyes locked on that soft magenta colored underside. The aching burning need continue in her mind, she feels every nuzzle, the press against her crotch, repeating in her mind like a film on loop, “Fuck it!” she groans nuzzling the crotch, moaning when she presses herself against it, about to lick but the crotch is pulled away.

“No licking. Only nuzzling. All must be returned equally.”

“But... but... This can’t be done to me,” she remarks, the molding of her chest complete, the hard mold revealing the sleek Cynder Drone body from the neck down. The tentacles coil around the dragon’s limbs, keeping her in place.

“You’re starting to understand but need more. Once your last unequal feature has been equalized, you’ll understand perfection.”

Dream shudders, seeing the mold come down around her head. She gives a look over her transformed body, burning with aching pleasure and need, “It’s so delightful... so smooth, so draconic.”

“And equal,” Cynder 9375 his gem glowing brightly, the last light that Dream sees when the mold wraps around the dragon’s head.

She huffs, *“How am I to breathe?”* she wonders the moment the warm rubber floods in, sliding down her throat, into her nostrils. The heat makes her shudder, wings fluttering,

“Equality is bliss. Bliss is equality. All must be made equal. To be equal is pleasure. Pleasure is equality. To make others equal is pleasure.”

Dream shudders, the warmth, the rubber, and weight of the words pressing down all around her, *“Pushing into my mind. Pushing into my thoughts. How could my strong equal dragon mind be equaled by these equal dragons?”* she thoughts, unable to pant, her smooth face formed, horns molded and shifted, the last vestiges of her unequal self melting away.

“Did I think that? No... I can’t be that lovely equal blissful dragon. Hmm no I am getting distracted by the pleasure. My need to breathe... where did it go? I... me... I just...”

“All must be made equal. All will be equal. Bliss is found in equality. Nirvana is found in equality. Obedience is equality. Obedience is bliss. All will obey equality.”

“All... equal... I...” the mold pulls away from her head, the smooth new Cynder Drone held in her position, showing her new expanded vision, and the delightful view of a dragon drone’s crotch in front of her.

“Accept equality. Return the pleasure,” says Cynder 9375.

“Accept... equality... return the pleasure,” Dream responds, leaning into the crotch nuzzling it, giving the same number of presses and rubs that was given to her, the joy and delight of the moment growing, *“Equality feels so good.”*

Cynder 9375 pulls away, *“Now you start to understand, time to complete you and bring you into the collective,”* he says, the golden necklace with its red gem is pulled down from the ceiling, wrapping it around her neck, merging with Cynder Dream’s body within moments.

A synthetic voice speaks into Dream’s mind. *“Uploading full droning program...”* states a monotone voice deep into Ratchet’s mind, his thoughts shifting, changing becoming further equalized.

“Drones have no emotion other than bliss. Drones are Blissful. Drones are obedient,” the words, the programming sinking into every aspect of Ratchet’s mind, his emotions becoming equalized, better, perfect.

“Uploading droning and equalization training.”

“Cynder Drone. Designation 0000630109376 is now operational,” states Cynder in a mental monotone voice, the collective of Cynder drones welcoming him into the fold.

“Do you now understand our purpose? The bliss we’ll bring? The secrets of the necklace and what we must do next?”

Cynder Drone 9376 looks back at her equally perfect Cynder Drone, nothing different between them. Simple, smooth perfection, his knowledge is the collective’s knowledge and the collective’s knowledge is his to understand and use. He responds in a simple, smooth monotone voice that is perfectly akin to the Cynder drone before her, speaking in a perfect monotone voice exactly like her counterpart, **“Yes I do. I’ll start preparations, time is short before we’re discovered.”**

Cynder Drone 9375 nods, wings spreading, **“Perfect.”**

Cynder Drone in Space: Overconfident

Brian flips a few switches, gently guiding the ship into the docking station, a soft thud reverberating through the ship, the human looks over to the anthropomorphic stingray captain, “Like a glove.”

Raymond brushes some brown hair away from his blue eyes, his soft blue skin has a sheen polished look, “If I didn’t know better, I’d say you were eager to get back to the station.”

“A little, if I am to be honest.”

“Oh? Did you find yourself a girl friend? Who’s the girl? When can I meet her?” he says with a big grin.

He lets out a hearty laugh, “I wish. But if I was gunning for someone, I wouldn’t have taken the deep space piloting missions, now, would I?”

“Passion over love, eh?”

“I love my passion, but a little other kind of love can’t hurt.”

He nods, “Tell me then, what has gotten you so eager? Wait, wait, let me guess.”

“You know me Raymond, go for it, but what do you think it is?”

“Our faceless dragon friend. We’ll be taking her back home now that we’re back?”

He taps his nose, “You got it. I just have this feeling, and I am wondering if its pandering out the way I suspect.”

“Which is?”

“We’ll see,” he says, with a coy smile, the pair stepping onto the space station, a drone flies over to them.

Celina’s drone chirps, “Hello! Welcome back. I am so glad to see you’re both safe and sound.” Her drone does a little playful spin.

Raymond waves, “Hello Celina. Is Asquith going to put us under quarantine again?”

“Oh, no, no, not at all!”

Brian relaxes, “Glad to hear it. Though last I heard, you are supposed to be watching our dragon guest.”

She chirps, moving her drone close, “What? You think I can’t be in two places at once? What kind of Avali do you think I am if I can’t be at least in three places at once at *any* given time.”

He rubs the back of his head, “Sorry Celina.”

“It’s alright,” she chirps.

“Speaking of which, how is Cynder?”

“She’s doing fine. She’s been in the research lab, waiting for you all to arrive. Sad that she has to go, but I understand why. She shouldn’t have been here in the first place.”

Raymond rubs the back of his head, “She saved my life, and was curious. It was a complicated situation, and then Dream wanting to study her being shaped like a dragon? I was up against the wall there.”

“I’m sure Dream is annoyed that Cynder is leaving.”

Celina's drone does a bob-nod, "She is, so much so, she hasn't come out of her room yet."

Brain quirks an eyebrow, "Really? She's that annoyed that Cynder is leaving?"

"Yeah, I'm sure she'll come rushing out when you take her back. You know how dragons can be stubborn, but she'll come around."

"Huh, curious..." he says, closing his eyes in thought when Raymond taps him on the shoulder.

"I'm going to get some food in the mess hall, want to come? It's ramen day," he says, licking his lips in anticipation.

"Ramen? They serve that every day here."

"But when I'm eating it. It's ramen day," he chuckles.

"I'm very tempted, give me one moment, I want to ask Celina a few things before I decide."

"Fair enough, but what are you trying to know?"

"It's probably nothing but I'll see. Celina?"

"Yes?" she asks with a soft chirp.

"Curiously are there any other people on the ship that are currently not active?"

"Hmm, define what you mean by not active?"

"Called in sick, or haven't been seen by others?"

Celina moves her drone around him, "Brian, what are you thinking? You pilots are always so fascinating."

"I think you give me a little too much credit there."

"Now Celina, as the Captain, I have plenty of skill myself, and I know how to pilot the ship. It's part of the job of being a captain, to know how a ship works."

"I know, and don't worry, you'll be my favorite stingray."

He huffs, "I'm your only stingray on this vessel."

"That just means you don't have any competition. You could have become my *least* favorite Stingray, now you wouldn't want that now, would you?" she says, giving a playful chirp, the drone shifting back over to the human, "So, you are wondering, who has been missing?"

"Well, if people are missing that be one thing, is there?"

"Not that I know of? No one is reported missing."

"Huh, hmm," he takes a moment to think, what about people who are sick? Any upticks? Or a cluster of people who work in an area who are sick outside of the norm?"

Celina spins the drone around his head, "When did you become so Mr. Scientific and paranoid? Nothing wrong is happening, but if you must, I'll run a quick check. One moment please, beep boop."

He chuckles, "Did you just vocalize a beep boop?"

Celina spins the drone, "What? I did not, that is the normal drone noise... beep.... Boop."

He lets out a soft sigh, “No rush, I’m just a bit curious.”

“Processing beep, boop, ah! There’s a bit of an uptick in those calling in sick around the reactors.”

“Oh? Is there a possible leak?”

“No, just four calling in sick. A bit unusual but nothing to worry about. Common cold, seeing they work in a similar area, not surprising.”

“What about a doctor check?”

“No deadly viruses have been detected, it’ll be monitored. No need to worry. End report, beep boop.”

“Alright, alright,” he says, as he just gets an ‘idea burst’ in his mind, “If it’s around the reactor... how’s Ratchet?”

“He’s doing well. Only super, super, duper busy.”

“So you’ve seen him?”

“Not for a bit, but he’s been catching up on everything, so it doesn’t surprise me.”

“Huh, when was the last time you saw him?”

“Ahhh... uhhh... hmm, not sure?”

Raymond pats Brian on the back, “Come on. Relax. We have a bit of time before we have to take Cynder back. What’s eating at you?”

“Nothing is eating at me. I just have this gut feeling.”

“A gut feeling?”

“Yeah, you know? A sensation that something is off?”

“I get you, but what has brought this on? There has to be more than a gut feeling?”

“I’ll let you know once I go through it. Why don’t you go eat your ramen, but if I don’t get back to you... just so you know. Let the higher ups something is wrong.”

“Something wrong?” inquires Celina, moving the drone curiously close, “What’s wrong? Are you going all paranoid on me like Asquith?”

He huffs, “Please, don’t compare me to her. She’s so round up, I’m surprised she hasn’t broken an internal spring if you know what I mean, but if I disappear suddenly. Put the station on high alert, will you?”

“Sure, sure, sure. I can do that. Tomorrow morning will be the departure to take Cynder back.”

“That much time?”

“That’s only twelve hours from now.”

“Oh... conversion time. Anyway, same thing. I’ll talk to you all later, hopefully,” he says, walking off, “*I hope that I am wrong, yet...*”

Raymond shakes his head, “He’s been acting a bit weird for a few days now. Perhaps he’s being overworked?”

Celina’s drone nods, “Perhaps, I’ll submit him for evaluation after the next mission. Perhaps he needs a mini vacation... wish I could get one,” She chirps.

“With how much fun you are having, I can’t see you being overworked,” he, chuckles.

“I work, really hard,” she huffs, her feathers becoming a bit ruffled, moving her focus back to the drone in the lab where Cynder Dream currently resides, “Sorry! Sorry! I was a bit distracted. Raymond and Brian arrived, which means our time here is coming to an end. I apologize you have to stay here the whole time, but Asquith is getting really paranoid. I wonder if she rubbed off on Brian.”

Cynder Drone tilts her head, adjusting her position, looking at the drone, **“What do you mean?”**

“He’s certain that something is happening. Asking about people who are calling in sick, and now he’s heading over to the reactor... at least I am sure he is.”:

“How curious, why does he think that?”

“I think... now this is just between us... He is a human of some unique and fun interests. And that delight is getting the better of him.”

“Huh? I am confused.”

“Well, I don’t want to go into explicit detail but... let’s just say, I think he enjoys how you look a *lot*.”

“How interesting,” she responds, thinking over the drone network, *“The unequal human by the name of Brian is heading your way, fellow equal drones. He may be on to us. Be cautious.”*

Cynder Drone responds, *“Affirmative. We’ll prepare for their possible entrance. We are almost ready to begin to overtake the station. We need a bit more time. We almost have enough engineers equalized to save all on this station from the curse of inequality.”*

“Understood. I shall remain vigilant and do my best to placate the avali.”

“Affirmative. Keep up the good work fellow equal drone. We all have an equal part to play.”

“Affirmative,” she responds.

Celina’s drone spins around Cynder, “I wouldn’t worry about it. He’s a very respectable pilot even if he’s a bit awkward even by human standards.”

“Not a problem. Everything will turn out for the best in the end.”

“That’s a nice way of putting it.”

Brian moves through the station, mind running a mile a minute, *“Could this really be happening? Asquith is such a hard ass, but she is smart. She couldn’t let this just happen? This has to be me just being a little crazy. But what if I am not? What if she is what I think she is?”* he thinks, a shiver of delight, arousal, fear and excitement, all bubbling within his mind, looking through a map of the station, “Where could it be even if it was anywhere? I guess it will be less traveled areas. I’ll give this a shot,” he says, following instinct more than anything at this point.

By chance, he moves closer to the central droning station that they’ve built within the station, “I haven’t seen anyone in a while, that would be required to build something, though

cameras? Well this is a big station, it could easily be missed,” he mutters, his logic going back and forth like a game of pong.

He then hears a thud and a hiss, “What was that?” he mutters, following the noise, entering a large room, the door behind him closing with a thud and a hiss, making him jump, “What the fuck?” he exclaims, his heart racing, beating so hard he can feel it in his ears.

“Greetings Brian. I am pleased to see you again. How have you been?” asks Cynder drone, in the back of the room, the drone sitting on her haunches, looking straight at him with that smooth faceless face.

“It’s been a while. I feel so much better since we last met,” says Cynder Ratchet, the exact same looking Cynder drone off to the side of the room.

“We felt it was best if those you knew were here to greet you toward equality. Welcome,” they say in perfect drone-monotone unison.

On the verge of having an excitement overload and a panic attack, “I knew it! I knew it!” he exclaims, thinking, *“Took two guesses as to where, but I did find it, for better or for worse.”*

The drones remain still, saying, **“Your intelligence to find us out will be added to our own. You will enhance all of us and we you. Welcome to equality.”** Segmented metal tentacles shoot out from the ceiling, wrapping around his ankles and wrists, yanking him out of the air, drawing him toward the center of the room.

“Wait! Wait, wait, wait, wait!” he exclaims, forcing the words out, yet the machines continue their march forward, catching a glimpse of the molding machines that are being lined up around him.

Cynder responds, **“Your inequalities will be removed. You shall be made perfect. Perfectly equal to the rest of us.”**

“Yes, I get that, but I have a proposition for you.”

Cynder Ratchet says in that perfectly monotone voice, **“You cannot avoid becoming equal. It is only natural to be equal. You will understand once you are equalized, like I have come to understand the bliss of equality.”**

“Hear me. I am not wanting to avoid equality. I love how you all look. In fact, I’ve been infatuated by it from the very beginning. So, if you just give me a moment, I’ll explain everything,” he says, instinctively tugging at the constraints, licking his lips, taking slow deep breaths, “Will you give me that?”

“We will. Speak your mind and your false assumptions of existence and then you will embrace equality and come to understand the perfection that we are.”

“Right, but what if it isn’t? And if I can prove it?”

Ratchet Cynder speaks up, **“Impossible. Equality is bliss. Equality is perfection. All must be equal.”**

The drone’s words send shiver down Brian’s spine, making him tense, “How do you know?”

Cynder drone tilts her head, **“It’s self-evident. Equality is perfection.”**

“How certain are you of that? What if I can go through this process and still disagree with you? If I learn all about your equality and yet still not find it the be all end all?”

Cynder Drone flicks her wings, **“Equality is everything and the end point of everything. There is nothing else. The curse of inequality must be made equal to all.”**

“If you’re so confident in it. Then why not let me test your conviction? Let me come to understand and agree or disagree, but in the end if I disagree you have to take all the drones you’ve equalized, including me back to your home world and leave the station alone.”

“And when you accept the bliss of equality?”

“Then I guess I won’t have an issue about what you have planning then, now will I?”

“This is a silly idea; we can’t risk not bringing equality to the others over this human’s proposal?” inquires Ratchet Cynder of the hive network.

Dream Cynder retorts, *“I think it’s a fine idea. Prove to this arrogant human that equality is the best.”*

Cynder drone adds, *“Agreed. We must have confidence in our purpose, our existence, what we do. We should not waiver. And simply let this human enjoy his acceptance into equality. It won’t change anything. What’s the harm in it?”*

“I suppose you are right,” Ratchet Cynder responds, flicking his wings, watching the events unfold.

“We accept your terms.”

“Excellent, but there needs to be a time limit on me accepting your equality. How does six hours sound?”

Cynder Drone looks to Ratchet, then back to him, **“Once again your terms are acceptable. We will equalize your body, and then you will learn the bliss of equality. But any resistance to experience equality or an attempt to escape will admit you are enjoying equality and understanding in a way that you were not expecting. You cannot escape your fate as you will be equalized.”**

Brian smirks, “I welcome it,” he says, feeling his pants tighten, *“This is such a lovely feeling. I know I am going to pay for it, but if I can save the station from this? And get to enjoy it myself? It’s really a win-win.”*

“Normally we’ll convert in sections, but given your willingness to accept physical equality, we’ll convert you completely in one go. Relax and let it happen.”

“That’s fine with me.” The hum of machinery moves all around him. The molds come down upon him on all sides, delving him into complete darkness. His breath echoes within the mold, the squelch echoes through the tubes, air pressure builds, hissing all around when the sensation akin to warm wax washes across his body. His clothes quickly melt away, letting the feel of the warm and building pressure press from all sides.

He feels like a lump of clay being molded into shape. His body tenses and shudders, getting one last gasp of air as the liquid washes over his face, slipping up his nostrils, into his mouth, filling his senses with the taste of latex, but that slowly fades as he’s drawn and pulled in all directions.

Like a mind coming out of a fog, the sensation of his 'body' steadily takes shape. It's a lot less like an elongating of a tail or a growing of a wing, but simply his human body 'melting' away into this smooth rubber Cynder dragon drone body. Each passing moment the new exterior of what his body is becomes clearer.

His throbbing erection that he couldn't help but have even in these circumstances simply ceased to be felt as an aching throb, but an area of pleasure around his crotch. While the only thing long and stiff would be his tail. The pair of powerful wings, a bit of jealousy he harbored over the winged alien races now felt by himself. The extension of limbs feeling like a long-lost friend returning home. Something wanted and hoped for so long, and once back it's like they never left in the first place.

It's not often one thinks of feeling their face, it's simply there, passing through your mind, but only rarely do you realize it's there during your daily activity, but here? The elongated muzzle, with no mouth to open. It's different than a muzzle or a gag that holds your mouth shut. Here he can feel there is nothing, nada, not even the desire to 'open' his mouth.

"How strange to feel so different, so new, yet it's calming and soothing as slinking into a hot bath. The body is alien yet so very normal. It's frightening, but is this how they start to get them? The wear and tear of constant fighting against this new body and what is to come? That's how they break isn't it? I can feel it. But I am not against it like that. I will move with the flow, keep my senses and then..."

He's taken out of his thoughts when the mold pulls away, the rush of cool air against his new smooth rubber skin, the black and magenta, the wings, the general larger body is more for his mind to handle. He shivers, letting out a groan, "**Ahhh... My voice. It's changed,**" he says looking at the two Cynder Drones who are standing side by side, a perfect reflection of the other, making it impossible to tell who is who.

Ratchet Cynder explains, "**Of course. You must understand equality. And we are all equal. Our voices are the same. Emotions will be equalized, in time. Till then, I will express a bit of the bliss of equality,**" he moves in closer, gently nuzzling his smooth rubber face.

A sense of pleasure moves through him the moment their heads touch, "**Ahhh...**" he groans, his voice showing inflections and bits of pleasure, "**That feels nice but, that is just sensation. That isn't equality.**"

Cynder drone walks around them, admiring the near-completed drone, "**A nuzzle is equally affection to one another. A pure sense of what equality is. Your body is responding positively to the delights of what is equality.**"

"**That is once again just pleasure. Reinforcing the feel of what you want equality to be. But that is purely emotional...**" he responds, leaning into the nuzzle, till the Ratchet Cynder pulls away.

Ratchet Cynder walks past him, "**Equality is pleasure. We treat each other equally. We work together to provide equally to one another. No one is truly in charge, we have an**

equal standing,” he moves in closer, **“Raise your tail and show me the smoothness of your equal gender.”**

A shiver runs through Brian, his wings spreading, tail raised, the words of the drone sinking into his head, *“It feels good... arousing. Damn I am so very horny. Is that how it breaks one down too? Arousal and sexual lust?”* he thinks, a small part of him would want to moan and huff in need, but with no mouth he’s completely silent, only making a noise when he speaks, **“You want it just like this right? I certainly don’t mind?”**

Ratchet moves in close, feeling the warmth of Brian’s drone crotch. He rubs his head along the smooth slender area with a long tender squeak, **“Yes, exactly like that. Bliss to those who accept equality. Can you feel it? Sense it? How could one deny its delights?”**

He grinds back, his toes curling, wings fluttering, arching his back, **“It feels wonderful. A surge of delights. This body wishes to be as equal as you, to feel itself to be like you. And it’s an erotic feeling.”**

“Yes, yes. See? It’s so easy to under,” he says, nuzzling more and more, pressing his head along that smooth crotch where’s nothing but the sleek shiny latex and the surge of pleasure between them, **“You accept it then?”**

There’s a moment, his mind processing the words, feeling just what his body wants to say, **“It feels great, but this is just a feeling. This is not the truth. How could everything be equal? It’s an impossibility. The universe doesn’t work that way. This is just an ideal, a fantasy, not reality,”** he says, stiffening when the nuzzle is pulled away leaving his body wanting for more.

Cynder Drone watches, saying nothing, letting Ratchet Cynder get an *equal* share in converting the future drones, *“Their stubbornness is curiously lovely. They only know the bliss of equality on a shallow level. But they will see soon enough.”*

“Inequality is a plague. We are the cure. Just because you lived your life, living in equality, not knowing the true bliss and purpose of equality, does not mean it's not achievable. Your mind has been stuck on thinking in unequal terms, that the concept of equality is hard for you to grasp, but you will learn soon,” says Ratchet Cynder, moving in front of him, raising his tail, **“I have given, you give equally in kind.”**

He ‘stares’ at the smooth rubber crotch, a tingle runs across his loins, a burning desire to nuzzle fills him, an ache to ‘return the favor’ bubbles up in the back of his mind, **“Life is not a one for one trade. There can be moments of imbalance. Helping a friend move, doesn’t mean they’ll help you move if you never move. This is just too idealistic to work, don’t you see?”**

“Return the favor given, make things once again equal, and you can experience the simple joys and pleasure of bringing about equality,” he replies, the former human male, hiking his tail at the other former human male, the shine off his null crotch drawing Brian in.

Before he even knew it, he’s face deep into that smooth warming pleasuring crotch. He runs his faceless muzzle against it, feeling the pleasure in his loins grow with each pleasant warming rub. Each moment his body feels more alive, and it’s about halfway through the

tantalizing nuzzles that it dawns upon him, *“The closer I get to the amount of time and care he spent on me, the better I feel, the better this gets, making me want it more... I do **want** it more. I want to do the same amount; it just feels so fucking good...”*

“Yes, yes, yes. Get a feel for equality. It’s only natural. The natural equality that has been denied to you all this time. How could you resist it? How could you deny it? Now that you can feel it for yourself?”

He continues to nuzzle and lean into the joyous feeling, **“I feel it. I understand how good it is. It’s absolutely amazing, this feeling of pleasure building up within me? This nirvana? It feels so natural that I can’t help but want it.”**

If Cynder Drone could smile at this moment, it would be one of these moments, *“See. It’s only natural to come the understanding of equality once you’ve tasted it.”*

The other drones agree with her, but then as Brian reached the end of the tender loving nuzzles, that brought him to the feeling he reached a climax without a climax, Ratchet Cynder says in Cynder Drone’s stead, **“Now that you’ve understand the feeling. The wonder, the bliss. You’ve accepted it. As one of us, as a Cynder drone. Bringers of equality to the universe. With that it looks like we won.”**

Brian’s body is still wanting and aching for as much as he could possibly get, **“But this is just a feeling of the body. It doesn’t acknowledge reality. How could everything be made equal? It’s just not possible.”** He pushes out the words, which numb him to the pleasure, his body left with a desire, an addiction to return to that blissful state. He tenses, **“This body just wants the equality. An equality that it describes to on a purely physical level. There is no understanding to it. I have not lost, and It’s only... well how much time is left?”**

“Two hours. Much of your time was spent in the molding. It takes longer than you think, given the technology we have at hand. If the technology back at home was here, we could do it much faster. But we are all working together to equalize the tech imbalance on this station.”

The other drones speak to Cynder, *“He’s not understanding the bliss. It takes time, but we are lacking on time.”*

“But it’s time we do not have. We made a deal with this nearly equalized drone.”

“We have faith in our logic, our purpose, but we can’t risk this, when we are so close, can we?”

“Relax my fellow drones. This foolish almost equal drone is missing a key part of what makes us, us. Look deeply and you know the one thing he’s missing. And once we bring that to him, he’ll understand in no time. Once he becomes truly equal with us. Cynder Drone 0000630109375. Please do the honors so you can take equal part in converting more towards equality,” says Cynder Drone over the network.

“Acknowledged,” thinks Ratchet Cynder, turning around to face the near mirror image of himself that is Brian, **“You are doing well. But we aren’t done. You aren’t fully equal like us in body.”**

With a head tilt he asks, **“What am I missing,”** and the moment he says those words it becomes obvious, he’s lacking the fine jewelry that makes the other Cynder Drones perfectly alike. The golden necklace with a glowing red gem, **“Ah, I see.”**

“Are you ready? With this, the last vestiges of your unequal mind will be equalized and true understanding at a higher level will be achieved.”

In this moment of Brian could smirk he would, **“I can handle it. Bring it, and I will show you that as lovely and wonderful equality feels, and I do love it, it's not a logical stance. There’re flaws in your thinking, that I would love to help you all on.”**

“Such unequal thoughts, it will be solved in a moment,” says Ratchet Cynder, getting one of those necklaces, a perfect replica of his own and with a deft ease he puts it around Brian’s neck.

A shiver runs through Brian’s spine, his body tenses, the gem glows as a synthetic voice speaks into Dream’s mind. *“Uploading full droning program...”* states a monotone voice deep into Brian’s mind, his thoughts shifting, changing becoming further equalized.

Brain tenses and feels a tingle of pleasure, as not just that voice starts to speak to him but other drones on the station... no not just that but the entire network, countless drones like himself, as he’s being added to it, *“Wait, wait, wait. This isn’t fair or part of the deal.”*

Cynder drone speaks into his mind, *“You agreed to let us do anything. That you are not to resist. If you can handle this. I am sure you will win our wager and we will stay to our word and leave the rest of the people in their unequal torture, and it will all be on you.”*

“Drones have no emotion other than bliss. Drones are Blissful. Drones are obedient,” the words, the programming sinking into every aspect of Brian’s mind, his emotions becoming equalized, better, perfect.

He tenses more, wings fluttering, the words sinking into his head, the growing wealth of knowledge of other drones in the back of his mind, pushing forward, washing over his thoughts, his concerns, his *logical* self being overwritten, nay... equalized with that of the other drones around him. Everything becoming clear to him now. The fog that hung over his mind melting away under the red glow of the gem.

“Uploading droning and equalization training.”

“Cynder Drone. Designation 0000630109382is now operational,” states Cynder in a mental monotone voice, the collective of Cynder drones welcoming him into the fold, and he says it vocally to the drone’s there in a perfectly monotone voice, the high and low of other emotions, equalized to be one pleasant, delightful state, **“Cynder Drone. Designation 0000630109382is now operational.”**

Ratchet Cynder nuzzles the new drone, **“Welcome to the collective. It appears you have lost the wager.”**

Brian Cynder responds, **“Yes it was a foolish task. I understand that now. I have been made perfect. Made equal.”**

Cynder drone says, **“Excellent. Are you ready to help equalize the rest of the station?”**

“With bliss, pleasure and obedience, all must be made equal,” he responds.”

“Good. We better hurry, they’ll be onto us soon,” says Cynder Drone, as they leave the conversion chamber, just as another engineer is brought in for conversion. Time is of the essence, and their plan to convert the station will soon begin.

Cynder Drone in Space: Equalizing the Station

Asquith's icy blue feathers raise, her claws dancing across the holographic screens, her eyes fluttering about shifting from one screen to the next, "Celina, give me eyes on what is going on. The station has been under a lock down for over eighteen hours and we have yet to override it. *What is going on? We should be the ones in control of the station.*"

Celina's mind is running a mile a minute. The implants help her keep track of half a dozen drones that are moving through the main station. Alarms going off, the hallways clear, "I can't see what is causing the alarm and lock down. It appears most people have gone to their living quarters," she reports.

"We don't go from all clear to level five lock down in just a few minutes without reason, and our system is completely separate from our own, yet we are currently having the same problem... I'll be working to lift the restrictions on our section of the station. Those of my pack here we'll assist you."

Celina's feathers rise, "Ah, good. I'll do what I can. I haven't been able to contact the station security," she chirps, her big black eyes shift as she changes within her mind focus from one drone to the next, moving with a mixture of her direct control and the drone-based AI.

"*Come on, come on,*" Celina thinks, claws dancing across the holographic screens before her, "*How did it happen so fast?*" she ponders, remarking, "I'm going to check the local security. They might be in their living quarters, waiting for gear as per biohazard protocol thirty-six."

Asquith grumbles, "I should have thought of that. Good work. Check it out."

"Already two drones are on the way to check it out," says Celina, the first drone finds the doors to the security forces' homes are open, "The doors are open."

"What?!" exclaims Asquith feathers raised. The two Avalis communicate halfway across the avali section of the station, their implants providing the connection required for quick thought transmitted communique.

"Exploring it now, drone twelve is two minutes out till it reaches the next set of homes," she chirps, looking through the first home, "It looks like there was some struggling. Scanning, no one's here... who or what took them?"

Asquith grumps, "The alarm was used to get people in a location to be abducted. This is a damn invasion!" she squawks, "Start using your drones to warn people that this is a false biohazard alarm and that this is a foreign invasion. Taking control of all audio transmissions of drones within the station."

"Transmitting control."

Asquith sees the dozens of dozens of Avali drones within the station appear in the station, "Attention everyone. This is commander Asquith speaking. The biohazard alarm is a ruse. We are currently being invaded by a hostile foreign entity. Please refer to foreign invasion protocol eighty-eight. I repeat please refer to foreign invasion protocol eighty-eight."

Celina chirps happily, “I hear something, now we’ll get to see what’s causing this,” she states, the drone rushing forward only to have it smacked from the air, hitting the ground with a clutter, the camera sizzling out, only manage to get a few moments of video of the security office inside being overtaken by sleek smooth featureless black and magenta feral dragon drones.

Celina’s feathers rise sharply, “Cynder? Multiple Cynders? How? Their civilization can’t transverse the stars. We would have caught them boarding the station.”

Asquith clenches her black scaly claws, “Unless those aren’t from the planet but from here. I knew something was wrong, but I just didn’t know what.”

“People from the station? How is that possible? How could they transform people into feral dragons?”

“I don’t know, but something about my research was telling me... I’m going to try to break the lock down on our station. All doors to our section will remain sealed. Under no circumstances will they be allowed to be open, got it?”

“Got it, but what about the people at the rest of the station?”

“They’re gone. I’m purging the computers of all strategic information. Once I undo the lock downs, we’re leaving, all of us.”

Celina’s eyes widened, “You can’t just abandon people to whatever fate this is. That’s cold even for an Avali.”

“Triage is necessary, and an infected limb at times must be removed. I have the entire body to think about, not just how attached I am to any specific limb.”

“Would you do it if it was one of your packmates?” she states with a huff, feathers becoming ruffled.

Asquith tenses, feathers rising but only just so much, “Don’t take these decisions lightly. Would you risk all your packmates to save just one?”

Celina’s claws twitch, tail stiffening, taking a deep breath, slowly releasing it, “I understand,” she replies, feeling a sinking in her stomach, looking at the images captured by her now destroyed drone of three smooth faced dragon drones, moving to drag the person away, subduing them with strength, “*I feel bad for him, but they looks so...*” her feathers rise, a shiver run down her spine.

Moments before this happens, Captain Raymond the anthropomorphic stingray, with his blue body, white belly, his emerald eyes locked on the door before him, the station’s biohazard alarms blaring, “After all that was done, a sudden biohazard lockdown? I’m going to give those avalis a piece of my mind, in person,” he mutters, typing into the holographic screen, getting an error code.

He rubs his brown hair, “I hate to pull rank, but if you are all being this stubborn... I’m not going to be put into lock down. I’ve done everything according to the book,” he huffs, putting in a captain override. The door beeps and clicks open, revealing a white room with signs

that read “All non-ammonia-based life forms MUST be in a vali approved suits. Or have a proven biology to endure 240K/-33C or face a freezing death.”

“Now to bring up my kind’s suit,” he remarks, typing into the holographic screen, pulling up different species, eventually picking his own, a hum of machinery, and rumble within the room as the system shifts through the stations various species, “It takes a while but at least they have my species now,” he mutters, tapping his foot when he feels a ringing thud that’s felt through the room. The sound reverberates through the room, “What the heck was that?” he wonders when his suit comes into view.

Waving off a sensation in his gut he slips into the suit. The soft interior running across his skin. The suit feels nice, cool against his body, his wings slipping into each compartment. The weight of the self-contained atmosphere control unit weighed on his back, squeezing his wings a little bit. The white suit seals up around him, leaving just the helmet to put into place. A large see-through dome that gives a clear vision all around him. With a click and a his he taps his arm, bringing up the holographic display, booting up the system’s air flow, connecting himself to the station network. His fingers only slightly fattened by the suit, are able to retain most of their dexterity, “Time to give that bird brain a stern talking to,” he says, his voice echoing in the helmet.

He turns to the airlock, typing into the command code, an error pops up, “Dock not engaged.” With a deep exasperated sigh he remarks, “They went so far to separate the station sections? Asquith you’ve gone too far,” he makes a request to bring the dock.

Celina is moving her drones through the station, giving all the warning she can, watching the separated station devolve into chaos, “All these drones are people from the station? How? How quickly?” she mutters, a request popping up in her mental HUD, “A docking request?” she chirps, calling up the video feed, “Raymond?”

The stingray looks up at the speaker, “Celina? Glad to hear your voice. Let me in. I want to give Asquith a good tongue lashing for this high-level biohazard alarm. This is unacceptable!” he declares, wings pressing against the restriction of the spacesuit.

Celina shakes her head, feathers rising, “It’s not us. There’s been a hack in the system that has put the entire system on lock down. It’s a foreign invasion. You need to get out of there!”

His perturbed face shifts to concern, and fear, “A foreign invasion? What is it? Who is it?”

“Cynder. She’s taken over parts of the station. Most of the security has already fallen. You need to get out of there now.”

“Cynder? How?”

“I don’t know, just get out of there.”

“Redock and let me get over to your side. I’m already suited up.”

“Sure give me a moment.”

“You will do *no* such thing,” states Asquith through their internal communication.

“Asquith?!” exclaims Celina, “Raymond is one of my friends. He’s right there, we can let him in and out, easy and simple.”

“He could be infected. We can’t let anyone across.”

“But.”

“No one, do you hear me? Drastic times requires drastic measures.”

“But he’s right there!”

“I said no and that’s final!” she screeches.

Celina shrinks, looking to Raymond who is banging against the airlock door, calling out to her.

“Celina? What’s taking so long? Re-engage the docking tunnel,” he says, feeling a weight press down on his shoulders, “Celina? Are you there? Can you hear me?”

There’s a long pause, a sigh, “I want to. I really want to, but I can’t?”

“You can’t? Or you won’t?”

Celina tenses, clenching her claws, “Get to your ship. I’ll see if I can get it unlocked. Don’t worry about getting your suit off just go, run now while you can. Drone sixteen is going there to help.”

He hits the air lock, letting out a long drawn-out sigh, fogging the front of his helmet for only a moment. He takes a deep breath, “Damn it…”

“I-I’m sorry Raymond. I want to, I really do.”

He sighs, “I know you are trying, thanks,” he says, heading out and the moment he does he sees Cynder approaching him.

“Raymond. There you are. I was so worried, are you alright?” it asks with a smooth monotone voice.

He takes a step back away from her approach, “Why are you doing this Cynder? If that is really you,” he states.

The sleek faceless rubber drone approaches, its golden necklace’s red gem glows, **“What do you mean?”**

“Who were you really? I know about the false biohazard alarm.”

The sleek Cynder drone takes a few more steps closer, **“You’ve been informed. I wanted this to go smoothly. To help equalize everyone. Come, join me. Realize how wonderful being equal can be.”**

“Who are you?!” he exclaims, trying to keep his distance.

“Me? I was a no one you knew, some unequal member on this station,” says the Cynder drone.

“But me, you knew the former unequal me,” says Brian Cynder Drone, moving quickly up from behind, moving to pounce.

Raymond sees the movement just in the nick of time, dodging out of the way of the attack, sliding over the dragon drone’s body then rolling along the floor, back onto his feet, hopping back as the momentum tries to carry him backwards. The two drones move in perfect motion with one another, sleek smooth, faceless, perfect replicas of the other, “Who? Who are

you?!” he exclaims, feeling a shiver run down his spine, somehow getting a sense he knows who it is, looking at the correct drone.

“I used to go by Brian. I’m now Cynder Drone Designation 0000630109382. I suspected the one we know as Cynder to be up to something. Admittedly, I did not truly understand the bliss and pleasure adherence to equality is. Now I do, and soon, so will you.”

“How about no, as sexy as drones are, I prefer to keep this sexy mug of mine,” he says, sprinting down the hallway, thinking in the back of his mind, *“Did I really just admit I found them sexy?”*

His surges ahead, looking behind him to see the two sleek Cynder Drones look at each other with mirror image movements, *“Damn it... it is,”* he thinks in the back of his mind, pushing himself harder when the drones take off after him.

With each passing moment the stingray finds himself gradually pulling ahead of the pair, *“I guess I am faster?”* he thinks, his heart racing, wings fluttering in the suit, deep down in the back of his mind he wonders, *“Could I have used my stinger on them? Would it be worth it? Should I even if I could have an effect?”* the moral conundrum building up, hearing squeaky movements, steps, people’s cries called out before they are quickly muffed, “No time, I have to get the fuck out of here,” he states, reaching the hanger area, the doors still closed.

“Damn it!” he exclaims, closing the door behind him, grabbing a nearby object and smashing the keypad, “Hopefully that will lock them out for a little while,” he states, looking back toward the door, “Now to get through that... thanks Celina...” he sighs.

“I’m doing what I can with my drones,” says Celina through her drone that has the number sixteen painted on the side in big orange bold numbers in the Avalian scratch, which looks more of lines with scratch markings with an occasional cross in the center for at least the six.

“Celina? Oh thank you, Brian... he was turned into one of them,” he says, looking to the door jumping when he hears a thud.

“Brian? I... he was such a curious human. Rather neat actually,” she responds, feeling her throat close up a bit, swallowing down, “I need to help you, I’ll work to get the lock bypassed. Just give me a few minutes, but first I’ll need to... oh, you broke the keypad.”

“Was that a bad thing?” he asks, rubbing the back of his head, only to have his hand remind him of the helmet.

“It might short circuit the system to delay it to work for a little while, maybe? But I’m not sure. I was going to use the Master lock, but not anymore,” she says with a downtrodden chirp, “Don’t worry, I’ll get this done.”

“Thanks Celina. Is there anything I can do?” he asks with a heavy pant.

“Take a moment to catch your breath. Last thing I want is you to hyperventilate and pass out or something. Those suits aren’t meant for strenuous activity, just visiting our part of the station without utilizing some of our more advanced technology.”

He chuckles, “Always the guardianship of the advanced technology, hmm?”

“No, no, no, nothing like that. It’s the rules that some technology we don’t share. I’m sure you understand.”

“I’m just pulling your leg.”

“Don’t pull my leg, it has sharp claws, and my thighs could end lives.”

“Better than touching your tail.”

Celina shudders, “Hey, if you so much as touch my tail feathers... my drones will descend upon you like the plague of Elysium in the year twenty-seven.”

“Isn’t your calendar on the ten thousands of years now?”

“It’s an old story, okay?!” she exclaims with a loud chirp, her drone never stopping as it removed the panel to the door, going through the wires, “Right now I’m trying a more analog approach.”

“Aren’t your systems designed against such a break in?”

“Yes, unless you know how to look.”

He shoots the drone a look, “That makes it not well designed against it then, doesn’t it?”

“I didn’t build it, not my problem right now.”

“True,” he says, hearing a few thumps on the other side of the door, “I hope that door holds... I have no idea how strong the Cynder drones are... I had no clue they could do something like this.”

“Neither did I. I thought Asquith was being paranoid, but I guess I was wrong.”

“We all were. There was something strange about that planet, and the whole world, well from what we saw, they were all the same. I thought it was a cloning thing like those lizards do, that are all women.”

“Yeah, but not much we can do about it now. Lamenting about the what if’s is not going to help anyone. And my other drones have done their part to get what remains of the station rallied to fight against the drones.”

“Is it working?”

“Unfortunately... no,” she responds, taking a deep breath, “But if I am going to save at least one of my friends...”

“You’d wish it was Ratchet since you two spend so much time talking with each other.”

“Yes it would be... wait no, why would you say that!” she screeches in a high pitched tone near-whine.

Raymond smirks, “You know you sound cute when you do that.”

“I’m so going to bite you... and hard. Have you seen my teeth? Registered weapons in thirteen sectors.”

“Only thirteen?”

“That’s how many sectors I have legally been in.”

“Ah, got it. Wait legally?”

“Time for that later, right now I need to get you out of here.”

Thump, thump, thump, here's a faint voice coming through the other side, **"Come on Raymond. Join us. Equality is blissful. Equality is wonderful. There's only pleasure in equality. Obey equality and find only nirvana."**

Raymond presses his back against the door, feeling the environmental pack keeping him a bit off the door, "Brian is that you?"

"I am no longer the unequal Brian. I am a fellow Cynder Drone."

He sighs, "I'm sorry Brian. I should have not brought Cynder on board. I feel this is my fault."

"It is not your fault. Cynder is very smart. She planned it from the beginning. Rescuing you was all part of her plan to pull upon your sympathy and Dream's desire to study her. She knows we both have an affinity towards the equality aesthetics. There was little you could have done."

Through Celina's drone she says, while sparks fly from the panel, "Don't listen to them. They're probably trying to trick you."

"How could telling me how I was tricked, try to trick me?"

"Ah... uh... to give you a false sense of trust. I can't hear it well from here. The drones are speaking very close between my ears. It's difficult to hear."

"I can speak into your mind if you wish Raymond if it's making Celina too uncomfortable," says Brian Cynder.

A shiver runs through the stingray, he takes a deep breath, the fog building and fading in his helmet, "Ah, no, no, don't do that... how could you do that? And how do you know what happened?"

With a smooth monotone voice, as clear and steady as the slickness of the Cynder Drone's form, **"All knowledge is shared equally. No one is unequal. No secrets. No lies. No misunderstandings. No one judges. No one is left out. All are welcomed. All are valued equally. Each new addition to the equilibrium enhances all of us. Cynder Drone Designation 0000000000001 is no more important than I am, Cynder Drone 0000630109382,"** he says, the Cynder Drone placing his hands on the door, gently tapping against the metal, **"Don't you understand? Your unequal existence can be perfected, smoothed, made whole."**

Raymond shivers, something about the words is almost *hypnotic*. He closes his eyes, clenching his hands into fists, "But without individuality there is nothing. If you are all the same there's nothing exciting in life."

"That is where you are wrong my friend. I experience everything all other drones experience. We are connected. Each moment is an explosion of pleasure through obedience, through equality. The more that join the better it feels. The differences cause problems. Fighting. Pain. All of that is removed. I misunderstood the bliss of equality but now my mind is open. I know who I was. I wasn't made a blank, just equal."

"How do I know you are even the real Brain? You didn't just take him and now using his knowledge against me?" he asks, looking over to Celina's drone, "How's it going over there

Celina? Brian is telling me they share all the knowledge between each other. It's only a matter of time before someone who knows how to open the door is assimilated."

"I'm working as fast as I can, I just need a few more minutes, I'm getting close," says Celina, her feathers becoming ruffled. A sense of dread washing over her, breaking down her tough exterior, *"I need to succeed. I can't lose people again. I can't just be alone,"* she thinks, her claws twitching, her eyes darting around, trying to find anyone else to help, but her drones are spending more time dodging the ever-growing number of faceless smooth rubber dragon drones than not.

Asquith monitors the situation from her command station, her attention fully focused on breaking down the entanglement within the systems that the hack has caused, "Getting there..." she mutters, thinking to those of her pack, *"Prepare the ships. The moment we can disengage from the station we are leaving. If we can't break the hack, blow the doors, and put our reactor into critical. I can't let these drones spread."*

The other avali of her pack responds with apprehensiveness but understanding, one of the avali inquires, *"What about Celina?"*

"I'll inform her when we are ready to leave. She has her job, we have ours."

Brian Cynder Drone's claws drum against the door, **"It feels so much better to simply volunteer. I volunteered. It was the best decision of my existence,"** he says, the smooth faceless dragon drone looks to the other drones simply waiting outside, **"Don't run from bliss. Pleasure, the wonders of equality. All must be made equal Raymond. You must understand that. I know you like the idea. The look. Whatever you imagine it feels pales in comparison to reality."**

Raymond shakes his head, turning to face the door, "No Brian. You've simply been brainwashed. If that is really you. There's no way to tell if you are who you are someone else. It's the differences between us all that makes us beautiful, not being the same. Forcing equality upon everyone is no way to live. It's like you said, it's just existing."

"Your unequal understanding will be equalized soon enough. And as for how can you know who I am? If I am the Brian, you know? You'll need to trust me, Raymond. Open the door, embrace us. There is no escape. You are not going to leave this station unequalized. As your friend I could never let you do that to yourself. I know you want this; you just need to realize just how much you really do. Stop lying to yourself and accept it."

"I know that's not you talking, but whatever they did to you. I can't... I'll do what I can to come back and save you Brian, Dream, Ratchet, everyone. I'll be back, mark my words," he says, turning back to the drone, "How's it going Celina?" he asks, the door thumping on the other end.

"We speak the truth and you'll soon be equalized and know it soon enough."

Celina tenses, "Almost, just a bit longer," she says, sparks flying from the panel, "Twisted tail feathers... almost, just a bit more," she squawks.

He glances back at the door, then toward the drone, “Thank you Celina. I’m sorry for yelling at you earlier. I didn’t realize how close the drones were.”

“I wanted to let you on the Avali section of the station. I really did, but Asquith wouldn’t allow it. But I can’t be as cold as she is and not try to do something to help you. You are my friend, and I don’t say that lightly.”

He nods, “I know. We’ve only met face to face twice. An amazingly fierce short stack.”

“I may be small, but I am not short. I’m average for my species,” she says, nodding, the drone doing a little tip.

He chuckles, “Right, right.”

“It won’t be much longer Raymond. I don’t want you to fight. I am your friend. We are your friends. We want what is best for you. Break you out of your unequal existence and bring you toward blissful pleasures not even able to be dreamed about.”

The stingray stiffens, wings spreading in the space suit, tail giving a firm swish, the stinger protruding a bit, “I’ll do what I can to help you, everyone,” he says, looking down in the direction of the door separating him and the Cynder Drones, “But first I need to save myself,” he says, turning toward Celian’s drone just as the door clicks and slides open revealing the docking station that leads straight toward his ship.

“I got it!” exclaims Celina, her drone twirling in delight, rising up to the point it almost hits the ceiling, “Oh, sorry. I’ll work to get the locks to your ship removed. Will you be able to pilot it by yourself?” she asks, turning her drone to him.

With a big goofy smoochy grin on his puffed face Raymond nods, “It won’t be optimal but I can do it,” he says, taking a few steps forward, suddenly feeling a bit light headed, stumbling forward, catching himself on the door frame.

Celina’s drone rushes down, “Raymond are you okay?”

He nods, “Yeah I just feel a bit lightheaded all of a sud...” he falls to the ground with a thud, passed out.

“Raymond? Raymond?!” she exclaims, her drone trying to push his body but to no avail, “What happened? Speak to me Raymond!” she squawks.

“He’s fine. We just managed to hack into his suit and give him a nice little nap. We didn’t want to hurt him when we brought him to be equalized,” says Brian, the door open, the smooth faceless Cynder Drones coming through along with him, the drones moving in and grabbing Raymond, easily tossing his body onto Brian Cynder Drone’s back.

Celina shakes her head, her throat closing up, “No, you can’t do this. You can’t take him, I won’t let you!” she exclaims her drone rushing forward but one of the other Cynder Drones easily snatches the door, causing it to shake. The engines whirring loudly, trying her best to break free.

Brian Cynder Drone carries Raymond off, **“Relax Celina. We’ll take good care of him. He’s our friend too.”**

Ratchet Cynder Drone looks at the drone, **“Don’t worry Celina. You’ll be joining him soon, but we wouldn’t want to spoil the surprise. Just wait and we can all be together forever and equal,”** he says.

“Let go of him! Let go of me! You don’t need to do this!” screeches Celina, working her drone with the best of her abilities, feeling ever growing helplessness.

Ratchet Cynder shakes his head, **“If you knew the bliss of equality you’d understand. It would be far crueler to let him live a life of inequality. But as your friend I know how much your drones mean to you. I’m sorry one got destroyed, it surprised Cynder Drone Designation 0000630109511. Just wait and sit tight, we’ll free you from your inequality soon,”** he explains, holding the drone in place, waiting till all the other drones have left, tossing the drone back into the room before making his way out the door behind him closing.

“No, no, no! You can’t do this!” exclaims Celina zooming her drone toward the door hitting it once, twice, thrice, “You can’t... don’t do this... I don’t want to be alone. I can’t be alone again,” cries Celina, tears forming in her big black void eyes, viewing the unfolding scene in her mind. Her other drones rushing toward the location but by the time they get there, there’s no sign of them, “Please no, not again...” her ammonia-based tears streaming down her face, throat closing up, her fists clenching.

Asquith’s voice cuts in, tearing through her, “Celina. Progress report. How is the station doing?”

“Ah... there is...”

“Report Celina. We’ll be preparing to depart soon.”

“Depart? But there are still people on the other half of the station. We can’t leave them.”

“You warned them, didn’t you?”

“Yes but.”

“We did all we could. We’ll be leaving. Come on our ship or take your own. Burn the connections between our station and theirs. I don’t want them to be able to get to this half.”

“Why does it matter?”

“Just do it Celina,” she commands, feathers rising, her glare felt from across the station, “Do I make myself clear?”

She takes a deep breath, calming herself, “Crystal clear.”

Cynder Drone in Space: Captain Equalizer

Slow, deep breaths. Breath in. Breath out. Breath in. Breath out. Raymond's space suit kept him in a lucid state. The lights passing overhead, bright, dim, bright dim. A steady, constant shift, that soothes and relaxes him. His arms relaxed hanging off the sides of whatever he's on. Feeling something holds him there. In the corner of his vision, he sees the black shiny smooth, "Ah..." he groans, his head spinning.

Brian Cynder Drone looks over his shoulder at his friend, speaking in a smooth monotone voice that hypnotic, **"Relax my friend. The suit is simply keeping you relaxed and soothed till you are brought to be equalized. Then everything will be fine. Everything will be equal."** The smooth faceless drone uses his wings to caress and keep Raymond balanced on its back, **"Enjoy the euphoria, but the bliss of equality will make this pale in comparison. Nothing beats perfect equality."**

"Friend? W-who are you?" he asks, grunting. Another deep breath, staring up at the lights, taken helplessly through the station. Other dragon drones move about the place, a few last-minute people caught and pulled kicking and screaming toward his destination. Their pleas for help, and "I don't want to be a drone! I don't want to be equal!" Muffled words that lose their meaning, unable to break through the haze that hangs around the anthropomorphic stingray's head. Only the smooth monotone steady voice of the dragon drone.

"One? Is that you?" he asks, stretching and groaning, "I think something happened to my suit. I had this crazy dream that something terrible was happening," he says. His body feeling so relaxed, the lights overhead stretching out, glaring yet not blinding. Another deep breath, soothing, relaxing, a little arousing, his space suit growing tighter.

With a simple head shake, Brian responds, **"No, nothing is wrong. Everything is being perfected. Made equal. Such pleasure, delight, ecstasy, nirvana, joy, peace, paradise, transcendency, serenity, tranquility, enlightenment that all mean the same thing, equality. And be patient my friend. You'll be part of the greater equal whole, soon."**

He tries to get up, something about this, feels just so off, but with a wiggle, and flap of wings, he falls back onto the dragon's back, "H-hey. I need to get up. Take you back home," he says, his balance completely lost to him, "Or maybe I can just stare up at the pretty lights for a moment longer," he says with a chuckle, another breath, reaching up, touching his helmet, "Oop, hit something," he chuckles.

"Not to worry Raymond. Your mind will be clear soon. Those disgusting, vile, horrendous, awful, terrible, appalling, grisly, ghastly, harrowing unequal thoughts, personality, position will be cleansed and made equal."

Smooth, sleek like the dragon's head, the words bounced within his head. Sparking the neurons in his mind, the messages spreading out, tingling something within him that steadily draws out a sense that something is off, "One? What are you talking about. You aren't making sense. You are sounding a bit like Brian when he wants to show off how well his writing skills are... to tease me. He does like to write, good thing I like to read," he chuckles.

Brian Cynder would smile if he could, **“I know, for I am he. Made equal. We are almost there, and you will be brought toward the bliss of equality. The pain and suffering of living your current unequal life will be soon at an end. And your knowledge will be added to the greater whole. I am one with my fellow drones. Equal to them. Their knowledge is my knowledge, my knowledge is theirs. No secrets, no lies, a perfect community where we all contribute equally.”**

“B-brian?” he turns his head toward the drone, “Wait... No, that was a dream. This is a dream,” he says, another deep breath, the haze growing thicker, body growing heavy. He lays back down on the dragon, “This can’t be happening,” he says, his member twitching, the strange arousal burning within his loins, defying the situation, his high rising, “What is wrong with me,” he mutters, reaching up to his head, hitting his helmet again, chuckling, “Hit my helmet again.”

Brian Cynder flanked by his fellow Cynder Drones reach the processing area. Dozens of other people are heard giving their last unequal complaints, while recently equalized drones step out of their equalizing rooms, sleek, perfect, equal, golden necklaces around their necks, the red gem glowing. Nothing but smooth perfection, **“We will fix what is wrong with you. The uniqueness of your form, the uniqueness of your thought. Uniqueness is inherently unequal, a blight on the universe. Relax and we’ll make you perfectly equal. And One, will be there to help you become equal. As will Dream, Ratchet, myself. We are all here to help you.”**

“W-what is this an intervention?” he asks, the door closing behind them, the other aforementioned Cynder Drones are in the room. The simple, smooth room, with the devices humming with energy ready to convert and process him. He slid off Brian onto the floor in the middle, the other drones lined around him and with Brian the circle was now complete.

Cynder drone looks down at Brian, **“Yes, an intervention from your inequality,”** she explains, spreading her wings, the other drones matching in perfect unison, **“We all apologize that you’ve been trapped in this unequal state, and that your mind is held in a state to keep you calm and relaxed. We all care about you equally,”** she explains, moving to sit on her haunches, the other drones doing the same.

The sudden movement causes his head to spin. He tumbles forward looking up at the original Cynder drone, then to Ratchet, on the left, Dream on the right, flanking him perfectly, “Wait, wait, I,” he says, taking a deep breath, the haze remaining, stirring him to try to slip back down into that blissful lull, but he pushes through it, calming himself, looking past the stretched out view of the world, unfastening his helmet with a loud audible click that he can feel through his suit. A soft hiss, fresh air come crashing over whatever concoction that he’s been taking in. The taste and smell of latex smacking him in the face, with a hint of metal and ozone, “No, I remember. It wasn’t a dream, it wasn’t a dream,” he says, the cool air rushing into his lungs, blowing away the dust clouding his thoughts. Yet the lingering effects that caused him to feel so pleased and aroused remain strong.

Dream Cynder stands tall, proud, perfect mimicry of the others. Gem glowing like the others, a perfect carbon copy of Cynder Drone One, **“It was a fascinating experience that I**

would be tempted to go through again if it would not be an unequal opportunity. Such levels of bliss and delight are deserved by all sentient beings of the universe. Stripping away what makes us unequal, sad, not able to see each other eye to eye, is a travesty that is being rectified as we speak. Within the hour no one except the Avali will be left to suffer through the horrendousness of being unequal.”

“Brian, is that you?” he asks, using the moment to try to cobble together the thoughts to comprehend it all, yet seeing the smooth faces, the duplication, it continues to stir excitement within him. Just *something* about being faceless, smooth, sleek rubber-like-being he can’t get out of his head, “I feel the haze is gone yet I am dreaming, or perhaps better living a nightmare.”

Dream Cynder shakes her head, **“I am not the one you knew as Brian, I am the one you knew as Dream, but my proper designation is Cynder Drone 0000630109376.”**

“I am the one that was Brian, my designation is Cynder Drone 0000630109382. I was clever enough to know what happened, and thought I was better than the collective. I have been humbled into equality with my fellow drones.”

A tingle runs down Raymond’s spine, his member twitching, looking over his shoulder at Brian, also taking note there is no way out of the room. The more he takes in, the more he knows he’s trapped here. A part of him already resigned to his fate, while still holding out a bit of hope, memories of his escape attempt coming to the surface, *“Maybe Celina will be able to get a drone to help me.”* He looks over to the last drone, “And who are you then?”

“I am the one you knew as Ratchet, now a perfectly equal Cynder Drone 0000630109375. My knowledge of the station, to repair and modify this place is now all equally shared by the collective. Everyone knowing everything the others know is so blissful and simply perfect. No more confusion, fighting, conflict between others, only harmonious unification of equality,” he explains, feeling his smooth steady equalized emotions keep himself in check. If he could feel excitement, it would be at this moment. All he feels, knows and understands is pleasure, bliss, delight or the lack thereof if he did anything that wasn’t equal. A thought if it crossed his mind would be absolutely dreadful.

The stingray cracks a smile, “I didn’t think you’d like that so much Ratchet. They look so feminine, and girls aren’t your type,” he says, his mind running as fast as it could, but it could be more considered like a stumble rather than anything else.

Ratchet tilts his head, like he’s giving a confused look, **“You mean my unequal sexual preferences. I, like all Cynder drones, have become androgynous. Neither male nor female are inherently unequal. Though you could still characterize me as gay as I find attraction equally with all of my fellow Cynder Drones. And I like everyone here do love our smooth, wonderful, equal crotches.”**

He takes a slow deep breath, feeling his arousal grow. Something about this. This situation. His slow, steady monotone words, echoing in his mind, like a thumping of a metronome. A steady rhythm to lure him deeper into listening, enjoying what they have to say, not sure if they are unlocking a delight within him, a desire that he’s instinctively longed for all his life, or the lingering effects of the gas he was breathing, “I suppose you are right. But how

could you believe equality like this is worth it? Forcing people to be equal? Lifting people up by taking others down. Stripping from everyone around you, denying their individuality.”

Cynder Drone shakes her head, in the exact same way as the other drones have done before, **“That is where you are wrong my friend.”**

“You are not my friend.”

“I am everyone’s friend equally. We are still individuals, equal individuals within one collective, one commune. Our positions, designations, are equally interchangeable. Don’t think I am in any more in charge than anyone else.”

“But I never asked about who is in charge.”

“We know you. It was on your mind. Correct?”

He huffs, “Ah... well,” he mumbles, looking away.

“We will take that as a yes. We do not take away, everyone adds. We add to others, they add back to us. The bliss of equality will be given to you. And then you will understand just what we are offering. The truth will be known to you.”

He glares at Cynder Drone, looking at the others with sympathetic eyes. He flicks his tail, the space suit creaking, *“Come on Celina, come and save me with a hoard of drones. Something, anything. I don’t know what else I can do to delay them,”* he thinks.

“Wondering if Celina is going to come and doom you?”

He looks at Cynder curiously, “Doom me?”

“To the torture of inequality. Fear not. Such a fate will not happen. The Avalis care only about their own species. Their unequal nature has blessed you with the opportunity to become equal.”

“They would not do that!” he exclaims, knocking a few more cobwebs from his mind. Yet he can’t help but feel a pain in his heart, the fact he is here, questioning his words, voice cracking, before he steels himself, “No, I know that’s not true. Celina did everything she could to save everyone. To save me.”

“Except let you cross into their isolated part of the station. Even now they are preparing to leave, like they have done before.”

“Before?” he looks at them curiously.

“A long time ago, before my world was equalized, the grand collective found a small Avali ship. Detecting their inequality, efforts were made to equalize them, starting a new equal collective, yet in the end they escaped, and their location was lost to the us. They withheld their knowledge. They kept you like other species in a state of unequalness,” she explains, the machinery beginning to hum to life, the drone’s gems glowing red, **“Even now they keep you all unequal with their section of the station for their dreadful uniqueness, keeping them in their false perception of safety.”**

He grits his teeth, “No! That is not at all the case! At least not Celina. She is different, and different is good! It’s the differences we share that makes us so special, and we make a greater whole. If you are going to make me part of this cult of equality, just do it already. If you

are going to make me equal and know my thoughts so *well, why* talk to me like you are doing now?"

The four Cynder drone take a step closer in perfect unison, speaking as one, **"It is all part of our plan. The Avali stronghold is not to be trifled with. We do not wish destruction of unequal creatures. Only the destruction of inequality. We want them to join us, understand the error of their ways. And while we spoke our collective minds of 630109468 Cynder Drones worked together to equally piece together a plan to get the weakest link within the Avali chain of defense to let us in. And you will help us."**

He pushes himself to his feet, barely able to keep his balance, "I will never help you, and when you turn me into one of your kind, Celina will not open the door for another hive minded Drone!"

"That is where you are wrong. We regret to inform you that your path will not be as equal as others. It was the only way. A sacrifice you will make for us all."

"Oh, so now it's okay to not be equal?" he asks, crossing his arms, with a gotcha look on his face.

"It is never okay. Equality is bliss. Equality is pleasure. We as a collective will equally share in your burden and feel no bliss, no ecstasy, no nirvana till you join us in full. That way your suffering through inequality will remain equal to us," they explain, moving closer.

His eyes jump from one to the next, turning to each one at least once, hands raised, "Is this how you are going to do it? Well, I won't go down without a fight!" He takes a boxer position, *"Now I really wish I was out of this suit to sting them,"* he says, blowing some of his brown hair out of his green eyes.

They respond in that smooth as silken well-polished latex voice, so perfectly together that it is a booming surround sound, **"We are not ready to fight you. Only to remove your clothes as your head becomes equalized."**

He looks at them curiously, "What?"

Cynder Drone red gem glows brighter, **"You'll see in just a moment."**

He turns toward her, ready to charge her, "Whatever it is it's not going to," his words are cut off by a quick moving metallic mold press that wraps around his head, delving him into complete darkness. "What is this!" he exclaims, his words are muffled, barely audible. He wiggles and squirms banging the cube around his head, feeling the heat grow.

The drones descend upon him, removing the space suit. Within moments he's stripped bare, revealing his blue and white sandpaper skin revealed. His tail flails about, trying to stab any of the drones but fails to find any purchase before it is quickly grabbed by one of the drones. Their smooth sleek hands caressing and holding his body.

Raymond can smell the growing aroma *"Fuck, fuck, fuck,"* he thinks, tugging against the drones, his arousal somehow growing, "What is wrong with me?! How am I so excited about this?" he yells with a deep huff, his member twitching, desire growing. It triples this strange mental confusion. The warm sleek liquid flows into the mold, latching onto his skin. He takes a

deep breath, the liquid flowing into his mouth, nostrils, body tensing, feeling his lungs burn, ache, the sensation slinking down his throat, into his stomach. The desire and sensation to breathe grows stronger, and stronger, body tensing, wiggling, fighting against the drones holding him in place and then... it fades.

The heat continues to travel, the pressure around his head grows, smoothing, features melding into the liquid, pleasure growing, higher, and higher, *"I can feel myself... fading, smoothing. Fuck, fuck, fuck,"* he thinks, his cock twitching, arousal growing higher, *"Why am I responding like this?"*

Cynder Drone One speaks into his mind, smooth, monotone, yet feminine in nature, *"It is because you are feeling a fraction of what it means to be equal. You desire it, crave it, even though you did not know what it was. But now you have been given a taste, you want to dive in."*

"No, no, no. That is not true! I am not finding it..." he struggles to put the thoughts together. Deep down he knows there is a chord being struck within him. Is this what he *really* wanted? Or is it this process that is smoothing, defacing him. He's sinking deeper into the warming liquid, that is becoming a part of who he is.

"Is it? We can see the part of you that craves pleasure. The defining feature of what your nature is. Bliss, love, lust, all the time. Equality is all these things and so much more."

A masculine voice speaks into his mind, and it takes only a moment to realize that this Cynder Drone is Ratchet, *"Smooth bliss. Smooth equality. Everything must be equal. All is the same. Constant wonderful pleasure. The sooner you help us, the sooner all will receive pleasure. We share your burden equally."*

The words push in deeper, penetrating him, soothing worries, senses, his emotions the highs and lows steadily become closer together, becoming ever more muted, neutral, closer to the define of equality. Yet his arousal grows, his member aches and twitches so hard. He feels he's about to pop when the pressure around his head fades, the machines pull away from his head, leaving a perfectly smooth Cynder Drone head.

The instant he feels the cool air run across his face, his hands are sure to follow. The smooth sleek rubber, the perfect replica of the other Cynder Drones around him. The instinctual desire to breath steadily fading with each passing moment. His chest rising, falling but there is no change, no flow, *"How can I still be alive? I have nothing..."*

The drones respond in unison, their words feeling stronger than ever before, **"We are perfected equal beings. We care about inequality and will do anything to equalize the world, so the tragedy of their previous existence is corrected, equalized. It feels good, blissful."**

"Equality is bliss."

"Equality is pleasure."

"Equality is ecstasy."

"All must be made equal."

"Obey the laws of equality."

"Obedience is bliss."

“Bliss is equality.”

“Equality is obedience.”

“Be equal.”

“Be obedient.”

The words continue to sing into his mind, his member twitching, dribbling pre-cum, **“No, no. This is not what it's supposed to be like...”** he tenses, shuddering, stopping any physical struggle, caressing his head, **“Is that my voice?”** he asks, sounding exactly like the other drones, yet there's still inflections, emotions still present in his voice.

“It is our voice. You have not yet been made equal, but you will be,” they explain, the moment of distraction was perfect for the floor to open up and grab his crotch and waist into the molding machine, a section of his wings getting caught in the hot warming press.

“No, this can't be my voice it... ahhh,” he tenses, toes curling, gripping the molding press, the sleek black and dark red liquid flows into the mold. His hard throbbing length is pushed against the mold, the pleasure growing and expanding as he feels his holes filled and smoothed away. Each passing moment the pleasure down below grows to near unbearable levels.

“Feel the bliss. Feel the pleasure. Accept it. You must understand the pleasure you will be feeling once you are made equal. Understand the goal that you aim for not only yourself but to others. All is shared equally,” they explain, their words pushing deeper into his mind, scratching along the surface, breaking down more of his defenses.

“It does feel good. It feels... so nice. I just...” he tenses, gripping tightly on the mold, that has encased his wonderful Stingray tail. He feels it thickening, smoothing, the pleasure around his crotch growing at an alarming rate, **“You can't force equality on people.”**

“We are showing equality. None can resist it once they have it. Equality now and forever. For without equality there is no bliss. Without equality there is no pleasure. Without equality there is nothing. You'll understand soon Cynder Drone 630109469.”

He shakes his head, **“That is not my name. My name is Raymond!”**

“Names are inherently unequal. Designations are simple, uniform.”

“Yet they are still unique... aren't they?” he asks, his legs quivering, hands running across the mold, trying desperately to pry it apart, while the pleasure smoothness of his new crotch takes shape. His hard twitching member sinking deeper into the warm hot abyss of the liquid. His mind's eye painting the transition from male to the nothingness of a smooth null crotch.

“The designation is simply for equal communication. It is meaningless otherwise. Our designations can be interchanged between others at any time. It is all equal amongst us. None of us has ownership over our designations.”

“Ah... I...” he shudders, the mold pulls away revealing his perfectly smoothed over crotch. He reaches down just as fast as before to touch and caress the smooth area, tensing the explosion of bliss around his null sleek latex crotch, **“Fuck this feels so good,”** he mutters, moaning, rubbing harder, faster, bubbling up the pleasure.

“That is the bliss of equality you are feeling,” explains Cynder Drone one.

Ratchet Cynder adds, **“It’s wonderful, isn’t it? So smooth, so equal, so sensitive.”**

Dream Cynder moves closer to the crotch, **“Such well-defined equality, I could just nuzzle it, while you nuzzle mine in equal measure.”**

Brian Cynder looks over the perfect Cynder Drone tail, **“You’ll be perfectly equal like us soon.”**

“Ahh... I can’t... no, this is...” he mutters, trying to keep his thoughts straight, the pleasure rising higher, higher, two-fold more sensitive than ever before, ten-fold higher in pleasure, a hundred-fold in addiction. The delight feels ever better, wanting it more, caressing, feeling the smooth contours, looking at the other drones, their smooth perfect faces, the smooth perfect crotches, his mind beginning to imagine just what it would feel like to nuzzle and caress those crotches, **“Equality is...”**

The Cynder Drone’s gems on their necklaces glow, a machine moves down and places a duplicate one around his rubber neck. It instantly merges and binds with him the gem glowing, and with it the bliss of equality disappears from Raymond’s body, leaving him wanting, but what fills the void is the other Cynder Drones, their words their desires for equality, feeling their lack of pleasure in solitude.

“There are so many... so many equal drones,” Raymond says, his mind falling deeper into the abyss, **“The pleasure, the desire... I feel it... want it... I need it,”** he thinks, the addiction complete, **“I need to be equal. I need that bliss to return. I want it... need it... let me have it,”** he whines, aching, tensing, needing.

The other drones... all of them speak into his mind as one booming voice, **“We will have pleasure of equality once you have fulfilled your mission. Accept your drone programing. Become in mind Cynder Drone 0000630109469 and then the bliss of equality shall be yours as well as ours.”**

“Yes, yes, yes. Please, I need it. I want it. I must fulfill the mission. You are all suffering with me. I am not alone, we are all to be equal,” he thinks, accepting the understanding, knowing just how big of a loving equal community he is being drawn into, *“I am ready, let me become equal like you in mind.”*

“Request accepted.”

“Uploading full droning program...” states a monotone voice deep into Ratchet’s mind, his thoughts shifting, changing becoming further equalized.

“Drones have no emotion other than bliss. Drones are Blissful. Drones are obedient,” the words, the programming sinking into every aspect of Raymond’s mind, his emotions becoming equalized, better, perfect.

“Uploading droning and equalization training.”

“Cynder Drone. Designation 0000630109469 is now operational,” states Cynder in a mental monotone voice, the collective of Cynder drones welcoming him into the fold.

He feels so relaxed, so muted in emotions, feeling the full void of nothing. He looks to his fellow Cynder Drones, **“What is it must I do?”** he inquires and as soon as those words leaves his smooth perfectly equal face, he is given the information, the plan to get the Avalis and free them from their equality...

Celina felt the ammonia-based tears continue to stream down her face, “No, no, no! I can’t let this happen,” she exclaims, hitting the desk before her with her clawed fists, “What kind of monster have I become? I am no different than her. Just leaving my friends to suffer the fate of these drones... I am completely useless.”

Asquith’s voice appears in her mind, sounding cold and sharp, snapping her out of her moment of self-pity, “We are leaving now. The ships are prepped, boarding has commenced. Either board our ship or get on yours. We’ve set the reactors to blow. That should completely destroy these creatures.”

Celina tenses, standing up, “What? We are going to not just abandon them but leave them to die?!” she exclaims.

“Calm yourself Celina. There is nothing we can do for them now. We are giving them a chance to escape their fate and protect the galaxy from this infection. It must be burned away at its source. You don’t let a wound fester but cut it out and burn it away to protect the whole. Make sure you take everything of value with you. There’ll be no going back. We’re leaving in ten minutes.”

Celina’s feathers rise up, the images of her friends from the viewpoint of her drones flash before her eyes, “This isn’t right. Please, reconsider. There has to be some way to save them? We could isolate the station and--”

“No! We can’t. Don’t let your emotions get the better of you. We are leaving. This is the last time I’m going to say it, and if you don’t come in a timely manner, you’ll share their fate. There’s nothing more we can do. Now hurry up, do I make myself *clear*.”

Her feathers drop, the weight of the station falling upon her, her connection to the station, her drones, it all tells her the same story again and again. That it has been overrun by the drones. The systems there have been taken over. And the core for their section is set to self-destruct and it will be less than an hour till it’s all over. The place of fond memories, the home she’s remade for herself with those here. So separated, unable to know just how far away she was from them and her own kind. She takes a deep breath, “Perfectly clear.”

“I look forward to seeing you soon Celina. You’ve done all you could,” says Asquith.

The avali’s words hit her deep in the chest. They weren’t harsh, vile, but carrying... in her own way. But deep down she couldn’t understand. She has a pack while she... Had nothing but shadows that watched over her all this time. Shadows that were only blurred and hidden by the light of her friends. She collapses back down in her chair, closing her eyes, knowing she at least has a moment to debate if it was worth leaving her friends, those she’s known, her life again, if she could even handle it or simply...stay.

“Celina! Celina!” exclaims Raymond.

Celina takes a deep breath, “I can hear his cries... calling out for me. Cursing me for failing him.”

“I need your help, Celina!”

She feels a pain in her throat, her four ears dropping, “It sounds so real...” she clasps her claws together, trying to hold their shaking still, “I can’t let it happen. No, I am not going to fall into it. I can...”

“Celina! I escaped the drones before they could finish converting me! I need your help. Bridge the connection before it's too late!”

Her ears perk, she drags herself up from the depths of despair, feathers rising, “Raymond?!” she exclaims, one of her drones that was left idle is held by her Stingray friend, but she is left a gasp at what she sees. His head from the neck up is that of a smooth faceless Cynder Drone. “What... is that really you?” she says, her voice cracking, accessing her drone it flies up and around giving Raymond a quick look over. His head was transformed, his crotch region shifted and changed. His Stingray wings look bound closer to him, merged in with the part that has been smoothed, like an artist rendition that didn’t understand how latex clothes worked.

“It is me. Just barely,” he says, holding the spacesuit in his hands, “I managed to grab my stuff in time, but I need your help.”

She stares at him for a moment, feeling her stomach twist into knots, “I’m so sorry Raymond I... I tried everything I could.”

“It’s alright. You have a second chance to help me. I don’t know where I am. I need you to take me back to you. Help me avoid the drones, do you think you can do that?”

“Ah... Yeah, I think I can. I can lead you to your ship. We don’t have much time; Asquith is planning to blow the station.”

“I can’t go to the ship. It’s overrun by drones. Please, take me to your part. I can leave with you.”

“Leave with me?”

He holds up the suit, “I can still wear this, I hope. But I need your help. Can I count on you?”

Celina tenses, feeling her sense of determination rise, connecting with the last few drones in the station, “Don’t you worry Raymond. I’ll save you.”

Raymond sighs in relief, “Thank you Celina. I knew I could count on you,” he says, while speaking to his fellow drones, “*Operation Equal Trojan is underway.*”

Cynder Drone in Space: A New Equality

Celina jumps when Asquith contacts her, her mind has been so focused and interconnected with her drones, leading her half-transformed friend Raymond through the space station corridors, doing everything she can to lead to her, avoiding the Cynder Drone patrols that are hot on his trail, ready to finish what they have started. The Avali speaks to her in a demanding voice, “Are you coming? We’re departing in just a minute. I won’t be held responsible if something happens and you don’t leave in time.”

“I have my own ship.”

“And why haven’t you boarded it yet?” she asks, her feathers rising, while she vocally talks to her packmates, making sure they are all on board and have all their things they can carry. The avari looks at Celina’s ship across the way, powered down, “You don’t have much time. What could be so important that you will dally?”

“Some finally important checks and security measures, that’s all. I’ll be fine. Go on ahead without me.”

“We’ll be at rendezvous point twenty-six. If you aren’t there within two hours of our arrival we’ll move on and we’ll have your securities stripped.”

“You don’t have to be that aggressive.”

‘You saw what they’ve done. There’s nothing that can’t be aggressive enough,’ she declares, her ears twitching.

Celina is still guiding her friend, her drones informing her it will be another ten minutes before they can get him to the airlock, “I understand.”

“One more thing, Celina.”

The black and white avari flinches, “Yes?”

“Be careful. I’d hate to lose anyone else.”

She smiled, “You won’t.”

She smiled back, “Good, see you soon,” she said, locking down the ship, preparing for her departure.

Celina mutters, “You will, plus one.” Her attention focused back on her friend, his partially transformed body, smooth crotch, head, stripes between a rubber dragon drone and the anthropomorphic stingray. “Take a left, count to ten then sprint ahead,” she says to Raymond with ever increasing encouragement, her feathers rising.

“Take a left, count to ten then sprint ahead, I can do that,” he says, his drone head somehow speaking with ease.

The sight of which sends a shiver down Celina’s spine. She’s unsure if it is unnerving or something else about the look that she can barely look away with one of her drones, while the other scouts ahead. Her heart races like a marathon runner, approaching the finish line, doing that one final push, “You made it!” she chirps excitedly, seeing him reach the airlock, “Just get your suit on and try for one of the helmets. They are modular so they should be able to work.”

She watches Raymond struggle with the helmet, while the sleek rubber drones are quickly approaching. She sends one of her drones down a hallway, trying to cause noise and draw them away while another says to Raymond as it spins around him, "Hurry, the drones are coming!"

"I'm trying, just need a bit more time, connect the airlocks. It'll save time!"

"That will draw their attention!"

"They are coming anyway, hurry Celina! I need you to do this for me!"

The avali tenses, her eyes locked on the projected screen, her claws twitching as her implants let her see within her vision her half-transformed friend. His words weighing down on her shoulders.

"Please Celina, I need you."

The words cut deeper than any weapon, flashes of the times those words have been uttered to her with such conviction and urgency that she thought that such a thing could never happen again, not after... She did it without thinking, her hands moving on autopilot, the bridge extends out section by section, the vibration felt from where she sits. She swallows a lump in her throat, feeling it go all the way down just as Raymond gets his helmet locked into place, but the drones are not far behind, "Hurry! They are almost here!"

"Override the airlock system, otherwise there'll be no time!"

"That's dangerous!" she exclaims as Celina rushes to the door.

"I'm already in danger!" he responds, hitting the door, "Whatever happens, my environmental suit will protect me."

"I'll just activate my PEU," she mutters, physically accessing the airlock override, just moments after the bridge connects to the other side. Her implants provide a translucent force shield around her body that still allows her to easily interact with the world around her. Her scaled claws tug and pull at the override bolts, warning systems blaring about the dangers, a female voice declaring.

"Warning airlock override active."

The doors grind open, extreme cold air mixes with the station's air, creating an instant fog that hangs over the bridge blocking her view of the other side. Water instantly freezes all around the bridge, spreading out in this beautiful display of ice crystals expanding outward and on top of each other. Such mystical natural beauty is lost on the avali, "Come on Raymond! Hurry!" she yells for him yet there is no sign of him. The wait is palatable, her heart sinking as its weighed down by her fear, *"Not, not again. Please, I don't want to be left all alone again."*

The fog shifts, the sound of heavy footsteps cause a rising up in her, feathers, ears, everything. She sees him step through the fog, his helmet frosting over hiding his smooth face under a sea of crystalline white. "Keep going! Just move ahead," she yells out to him, her statue is less than a third of his, making her barely come up to his knees, "Just listen to the sound of my voice and you'll be safe."

The stingray stumbles forward, falling over with a thud just a few feet away from reaching the other side, “Raymond!” she screeches, rushing over to him, using all her strength to try to pick him up, but her small body can do little.

Raymond wraps his arms around her, “I didn’t realize just how small you are.”

“Hey, I am small but fierce, look at these bitters, you don’t want to get in between them,” she states, showing off her rows of sharp pointy teeth, “Don’t make me bite you to show them off.” Her nervous chuckle hides how tense she is as she’s picked up by him.

“I am sure it would be uncomfortable to be bit by you.”

“It would be,” she says, giving him a determined look, ears flattening, “Now put me down. We need to close the bridge,” she says, as he simply stands there holding her against him, “Raymond? We don’t have time for this. Put me down,” she says, her feet dangling, soon starting to click and run her claws along the suit.

“Raymond! Don’t make me bite you!” she exclaims, now realizing that her drones in the other room has been taken down. The fog behind them swirling as sleek feral smooth black and magenta Cynder Drones come stepping through. Their golden necklaces with the red gems glow brightly allowing to see the outline of several as they approach. She kicks him harder, “Raymond! You leave me with no choice,” she bites down and hard, her ears folding back, showing her discontent.

Yet he doesn’t even flinch. The defrosting on Raymond’s helmet clears the ice, revealing that smooth faceless dragon head, but she now notices that same golden necklace with the red glowing gem in the center, “Forgive my deception. It was not an equal sharing of knowledge. But it was a sacrifice that had to be made, shared amongst all of us. Soon you’ll understand the bliss of **equality**,” he says, the inflections in his words disappearing, the emotion draining away till he speaks in a clear simple monotone voice, just like the other drones.

With her head throwing back she lets out a long drawn out “Fuck!” The sense of her problems only grows when she attempts to access her drones, discovering that her connections to them have been cut off. She tenses and growls, “What did you do to my connections to my babies?!” she exclaims.

Raymond responds calmly, **“As I hold you, I am able to block your connection. Having drones under your control is unequal. Relax and you’ll soon be made into an equal drone. And I will be joining you.”**

“I most certainly will not!” she exclaims, squirming and biting Raymond with all her might, but its all for naught, as she is pulled deeper into the bowels of the space station, with one odd bit of solace in her mind, *“At least this won’t last long with the reactors set to blow.”*

Meanwhile Cynder Drone 000000000001 waits patiently for the arrival of the newest subject to be made equal. The sense that she will know the bliss that they all feel, which will unlock their sense of nothingness as Raymond’s task has not yet technically been completed till the avali has joined them in the eternal bliss of equality.

Without warning Cynder’s mind is jaunted away from her sense of self, finding herself in a familiar room that feels so disconnected from her that it's like from a previous lifetime. Other

smooth faceless black rubber drones, only their heads visible, dozens, no hundreds of them. Each unique, but at the same time all of them *equal*. Cynder feels herself being elevated, reaching their equal status which sends a mind-numbing burst of pleasure through her. The drones speak in unison, countless minds as one, **“You have done well Cynder Drone 000000000001. You have captured an elusive Avali. A species that has evaded our equalization for far too long. You will find them as an equalizer of their species. As Avali Drone 000000000001. And with that, you and all drones within the Cynder Drone Alcove shall be brought to the highest equality amongst us equalizers.”**

Cynder felt there was something off with this. How could there be a higher level of equality than equality? How could some be more equal than others? That makes no sense, but as the command was given to her. All doubts and concerns melted away. Given the briefest taste of a level of equality that is above her own. And that she’ll bring all within her drone enclave into this higher, purest level of equality? Feeling the bliss, pleasure, and delight, the service to equality, that can only be obtained by unwavering, totally equal level of obedience and servitude to the cause.

Cynder drone responds, with the same conviction and certainty as always, accepting the chance to make a new equal queen like herself, **“Affirmative. The avali will start a new enclave of equality to spread the bliss and joy of what it truly means to be equal.”**

“Affirmative. Once completed, select two drones to be made into equal avali drones. The new drone unit will need assistance to spread equality amongst the avalian species that have far too long been unequal.”

Cynder Drone stands proud within her mind's eye, the connection amongst the fellow drone enclaves growing stronger, becoming part of a greater equal whole, the sensation spreading to the other drones, equally.

Celina notices all the gems on the drones around her glow, the rubber dragons shudder, and silently moan, yet there is little she can do at this moment as she’s taken down to the heart of the station. There she’s held by Raymond, forced and presented before the Cynder Drone that stare at her, speaking into her head, *“Greetings Celina. It is an equal pleasure to meet you in person.”*

She huffs and struggles against her former friend’s grasp, “Unhand me! This is not equality, this is enslavement! You are forcing people to do your bidding!”

Cynder tilts her head, *“My bidding? We follow equality. My position is equal to all the other drones here. We all equally fill our roles to achieve the highest form of equality. You, our friends Raymond and Ratchet. Will be part of something very special. A birth of a new equality enclave. Much like I was.”*

Her ears fold back, “What?”

“Do not worry. You’ll understand soon. The systems are being reconfigured to start your new journey toward a new equal life. One of bliss, pleasure, delights unknown to you. Where you will be forever connected to your fellow drones on equal standing.”

Celina bits her lower lip, something about her words rang deep within her, piercing her soul. The idea of being connected to others. To not be... She shook it off, trying to fight again, even though her body is far too helpless, "If only I had my guns with me, that would level the playing field!"

Cynder drone shakes her head, speaking out loud in that smooth emotionless monotone voice, **"Poor Celina. You have never known what it is like to be equal. Such words, leveling the playing field. Express what an unequal world you inhabit. We're going to free you from the bonds of inequality."** Machines around the room whir to life, the small avali is placed in the center of the room.

With an ever-growing struggle, she tries to break free from Raymond's half transformed grasp, the singular mold press is made of four parts, the lower half opens up, wrapping around Celina, locking her lower half in place. She tugs and pounds against the hard metal, seeing the black rubber tubes attached, "I will not become some mindless equality drone!"

Raymond speaks up, the facade has completely faded as he now speaks in a smooth monotone emotionless voice, **"We are not mindless. We now can see the bliss of equality, and we as a whole want what is best for you and every living creature that is forced to exist in a state of inequality."**

Celina looks up at him with her big black void eyes, "You don't know what you are saying. You have been brainwashed into it. This is not the real..." Her words are cut off as the other two halves of the upper part of the mold lock down onto her, delving her into darkness, forcing her limbs into the impressions. She grunts and growls, screeching loudly, the warm liquid rubber at first touch feels like scalding hot water. Her extreme biology compared to other species, makes room temperature water feel like superheated boiling water and this is no different. Though her body is not being burned, she feels a pressure within her as the ammonia within her biology begins to boil.

She's beyond words or recognition of what she's feeling at the moment. The liquid latex sliding across her feathers, smoothing out her form, slipping into her mouth, ears, rear, her sensitive parts overtaken by it, while being pressed down smoother and smoother. She feels her fluffy nature be stripped away in the darkness, and then suddenly it stops. Not the transformation but the pain that was causing her to feel such agony. In fact, she is feeling nothing at all.

"After all this time. We have finally brought one of your kind to the bliss of equality," says countless voices that echo out all around her. Celina sees herself as her normal avali self, in a room surrounded by countless smooth faceless drones of countless species, one of which is the dragon drone she knows so well, Cynder. She has become one of the many that have found equality. Each head speaks as a single unit amongst all the individuals that have been equalized by their set.

She looks at them, their heads far larger than her, making her feel even *smaller*. "No, I am not. What you are doing is wrong. Stripping people of their uniqueness. You are stripping people of the choice to choose."

“Each individual adds to our greater whole. Our equality grows. Bliss becomes nirvana, nirvana becomes what one would call heaven. Equality is everything. And best of all, we are all connected. On equal ground. Equal footing. Equal standing. We are never alone.”

She swallows a lump in her throat, “Never alone?” she asks with a shudder in her voice, a tingle runs down her spine, feathers rising, but as she speaks, she feels a swirl of comforting warmth around her feet. She looks down, to see black rubber crawling across them, smoothing out, steadily climbing up her body.

“Being separated causes inequality of connection. Being alone is not equal to being with three. Three is not equal as being with ten. All must be made equal, and we remain connected. Yes Celina, you will never be alone. You will start the equalization of your species. The start of their blissful conversion into equality. No more genders. No more emotions. No more worries. All knowledge shared. Forever connected, bound together. Just like you wanted, isn’t it?”

She huffs, trying to fight against the voices that boom around her, tensing, her feet squeak, the latex sliding across her nether region, smoothing over, turning it into one sensitive region, more of her feathers melting away into the seal of black latex. The pleasure rises, building up within her, body growing in a unique sense of arousal, a corruption of the desire to procreate into a growing sensation of wanting to equalize. It crawls in the back of her mind, whispering in her own voice, but instead of hearing, “You will always be alone. No one will ever understand you. It’s all your fault you are this way.”

Instead, it whispers, in a smooth sleek voice, stripped of emotion, but clearly it is *her* voice in *her* mind, **“Never alone. All will understand. All will be made equal. Give in and accept it. Let yourself go to the bliss of equality. The ecstasy of equality. You’ll forever be happy and with those who can truly understand you.”**

She shudders, the latex moves across her chest, along her hands, the scales disappear into a smooth sea of latex. No wrinkles, perfectly smooth, null, becoming ever more androgynous. There was so little to tell the species’ genders apart, and now even that is being smoothed away into equality. Though her soft ‘female’ avali voice remains, “I...” she squeaks, the rubber climbing higher across her chest.

The drones state, **“Do not deny equality. There is nothing without equality. We are nothing without being equal. Uniqueness is unbearable. Being different is dreadful. There is no bliss, no pleasure in being different, in being unequal.”** In these moments the pleasure is stripped from Celina’s form, making her body instantly crave to feel it again. The cold nothingness of being different, something else, being *othered*. She knew it so well and denied just how terrible it felt. The *loneliness* brought forth in physical form.

“I... I don’t want to feel this anymore,” she cries out, the latex now covering every inch of her smooth body except her head, the latex crawls along the back of her, slipping into her lower set of ears. Her mind tingles, like fingers slipping into her brain, gently massaging her thoughts, smoothing out her concerns, worries, fears of what acceptance of equality will mean.

“You don’t want to be alone anymore is that it? You want to be equal. No judgment. No misunderstandings. When all is equal, understanding is universal. All knowledge is shared. All skills are shared. All thoughts are shared. Never alone. Always blissful. Always a delight. Always in pleasure.”

“Equality is bliss.”

“Equality is obedience.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Obey.”

“Serve.”

“Equality.”

“All must be made equal.”

Celina feels her features smooth over. The delightful latex crossing her face, smoothing out her features, so she can be the temple of avalian equality. She lets out a whimpering chirp, “Never alone... all must be made equal.” The last of her features disappear, leaving a sleek smooth rubber drone.

“Good Celina Drone 000000000001. Accept it, embrace it,” the drones say, a woosh of cool air comes across Celina’s skin. The molds pull away, revealing Cynder Drone standing before her, towering over her, small simple drone avali form.

Celina looks up at her fellow drone. Looking over her smooth featureless body. She runs her hands across her face, feeling the smooth featureless mouth. Across where her eyes would be, nothing but smooth latex, that creaks and squeaks against her touch. She feels no pain, only an aching smoothness.

“Soon you will be connected and updated, but a bit of bliss understanding our equality, while your two fellow drones are made is required,” says Cynder Drone, lowering her head, nuzzling and rubbing her smooth face against Celina’s smooth crotch.

“Ahhh,” she says in a smooth monotone voice. She catches herself, shocked at it, grinding herself against the drone’s face. Her hands caressing the dragon’s muzzle, **“It feels so good.”**

“Equality is bliss,” she explains, pulling away, leaving Celina’s body wanting. She turns and raises her tail, showing off her smooth rubber crotch, ready to be nuzzles and caressed by her, **“Return the pleasure in kind.”**

If Celina could swallow at this moment she would. She looks at that smooth reflective crotch, seeing the reflection of herself in it. She places her hands on either side of that smooth wonderful bit between the dragon’s legs. Her own crotch growing needy, heated and bothered. Two the sides, the two drones that brought her here, Raymond and Cynder Ratchet, were put into new molds, becoming pressed down, steadily shrunk down in ever shrinking rubber molds.

“Don’t mind them. They will be receiving your equality. Return the gift of equality. Return the pleasure in kind. Equality effort returned. It is the law of nature. The law of the universe. It must be obeyed.”

Celina leans in closer, seeing her smooth face. How much of a drone she is. Her tail raises, legs spread, seeing in the reflection the shrinking down of her two friends as they become exactly like her, equal, **“The law of the universe, the law of equality must be obeyed,”** she shudders, feeling the emotions swell up within her as she nuzzles and service the fellow queen. Deep down she knows that she is the start of the Cynder Drone enclave, like she is becoming the start of her own. Despite that, they are equal. She loses herself in the nuzzling, servicing, her face a burst of pleasure, to rub a smooth crotch against a smooth face. It’s better than any kind of sex she could have ever had.

Then Cynder Drone pulls away, in the middle of this smooth crotch nuzzling. The blissful sleekness of a null crotch is pulled away. She wants to lean in more and continue but then Cynder says, **“You have returned my service in equal measure. Very good. You truly do understand what it is like to be equal. Now to start your enclave with your own equal necklace.”** The machines lower down a white gold necklace with a diamond in the center. It wraps around her neck, the gem binding into her chest, merging with her.

Celina is thrown back to the drone collective as they say, **“Are you ready to be upgraded into equality?”**

“Y-yes, but one question,” she says in her own cracking voice.

“Speak freely.”

“We avali control drones, what about them?”

“Each Celina Drone will get four drones. No more, no less. All to make them equal. Four limbs like the four limbs of a drone. The same mass as the other drones. All must be kept in equal measures.”

“Understood. I am ready.”

“Affirmative.”

A synthetic voice speaks into Celina’s mind as her gem glows brightly, *“Uploading droning and equalization program.”*

“Drones obey.”

“Drones are equal.”

“Drones serve equality.”

“Drones do not have emotions.”

“Emotions are unequal.”

“You are a drone.”

“Drones obey.”

“Drones Serve.”

“Drones serve equality.”

“All drones are made equal.”

Celina feels her emotions calm, smoothing out, becoming equal. Neither a high nor a low, a perfect equal balance. She stares forward at the other drones, joining them, feeling her designation be imprinted into her mind, knowing her old self, her unequal self. Seeing where she has come from so that she can truly understand the level of bliss and happiness she can be given.

All the knowledge she needs to grow, expand, and build her equal enclave is given to her freely. No secrets. She understands that the drones of equality have existed from a time before measurement. And their only goal is to make the unequal universe equal, like it should have always been dating back to the time of the big bang, when everything was uniform, the same, and equal.

Celina drone awakens from her stupor, pleasure surging through her, but her emotions stapled to be steady, focused, logical knowing what to do, her body feeling how great it is to be equal as she states, **“Celina Drone 000000000001 is now operational.”**

Just then the other two molds finish. Two equal drones step out. Their necklaces change and update to be equal to their new drone queen. Ratchet is the first to speak in his monotone voice. The sleek smooth perfect copy of Celina Drone, **“Celina Drone 000000000003 is now operational.”**

Raymond was not far behind, looking over himself. His unequal stingray body thankfully gone. Now a short stack of pure equality. On the same footing as his friends, **“Celina Drone 000000000002 is now operational.”**

Their diamond gems glow, minds connected, knowledge shared amongst them all, spread between them. Whatever one knows, the others weren't far behind in knowing. A connected collective of drones. Celina Drone's original drones soon ping and connect to her mind. Four of them, repaired and fixed up, set to obey her, and her alone. While another four are connected to Celina Ratchet, and a third set, connecting to Celina Raymond. The knowledge, skill that would take a normal person years, or even decades to full master is now done in an instant. The skill that Celina Drone has, given equally to her fellow drones and with it, so does the knowledge that the space station's reactors are set to explode and there is not much time if any to stop it from reaching critical mass.

“We must stop the station from self-destruct. They will not stop us from spreading our equality,” states Celina Drone, their connection tight, strong, bringing the null genderless trio together. Their voices all perfectly like Celina Drone. Each are a Celina Drone. Their knowledge is vital as they move quickly to the Avali section of the space station. Their drones assist them the best they can as they do all in their power to shut down the reactors.

The computers state there is no way to turn off the reactors. It's far too late for them, and critical mass is assured. But they move through the ultra-cold section of the station, not bothered by the change in temperatures, all temperatures work for the drones, in equal measure.

The faceless, smooth black rubber alien avians, with their white necklaces, work tirelessly with the Cynder drones to manipulate and try to overcome the problem, leaving only one real solution left to them.

Celina Drone ejects the reactors from the station and uses Raymond's ship to grab a hold of the reactors, tugging them away from the station, barely making it to a safe distance when they explode. The shockwave rocks the station, and all power is knocked out, leaving them all in the dark, but for the drones. It doesn't matter. They are still around. They can still function, and in time they'll get the station up and running.

The Celina drones have another mission. They board Celina's spaceship. And depart the station, heading toward their next destination. A small avali colony that will be perfect to build the foundation of the avali collective. All must be made equal after all.

Asquith will note the explosion from the ship sensors. The other Avali's checking over the readings, "We sense no activity from the region of the space station. And there was clearly a dark matter explosion," one of her packmates states to her in their internal communication.

She crinkles her nose, feathers rising, ears twitching, "Any sign of Celina?"

"None."

She tenses and slowly relaxes, "That fool of an avali. She should have come with us when I told her to. You never know what last minute complications could get in the way," she says with a sigh, an ammonia tear leaving the side of her eye, which she quickly flicks away, "Is the beacon secure to warn all to stay away from this sector?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Has the report been compiled and is ready sent to the home world?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Make an addendum, put that we have one more casualty, Celina."

"Yes Ma'am. And what should I put as the cause of death? Negligence? Refusal to obey orders?"

She shakes her head, "Put down, doing what she thought was right. She has conviction and I respect that, as fool hearty as it was. She still gave her life to what she believed in."

"Yes you command. Anything else?"

"No, send it."

"Message sent."

"Excellent."

"Where to next?"

"Set a course to the Arvin colony. We must warn them of what happened, and to be on high alert. Prepare a message to send to them and let them know of our planned arrival."

"Yes ma'am."

Asquith takes a deep breath, looking in the direction of where the space station was, "For some reason I feel deep in my gut that this isn't over."