

## 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.”**