

The Hub: Three To One

Three lives, two already intertwined are to be brought together in a way that will make them near inseparable from the other. The first, Kalleck an anthropomorphic black feathered crow with white feather markings on his arms, upper thighs, tail and just above the bridge of his nose. Dressed in a light blue jacket, jean shorts, he spreads his wings slowing his descent bypassing a set of stairs as he makes his way through the Olympic city jungle gym. His black scaled talon feet wearing leather “fingerless shoe gloves” he quickly bobs and weaves through the crowd.

“Pardon me! Excuse me, coming through!” is his song of the day, reaching his destination. He rings the bell, to the apartment complex, he gets buzzed in, and within a few minutes moving up the stairwell, bypassing the “slow” elevator. In short order he reaches his destination, with a soft rapping on the door, it opens revealing a middle-aged man still in his pajamas, “Entranceway Express! Your order,” says Kalleck holding the bag of food for him in one hand, his other holding an amazingly unspilled steaming hot coffee.

The man cracks a smile, “Thanks,” he takes the items, closing the door.

“Welcome,” he replies, letting out a soft sigh, pulling out his cellphone he adjusts the volume on his wireless earpods, hidden by his head feathers. His thumb scrolls through the list of possible nearby orders he can take, the amount of money he’d earn along with a tip when a small pop up indicates he’s gotten mail from the Hub.

His feathers rise slightly, curiosity filling him as he takes the elevator to leave the building. He remembers seeing the advertisement for the new rubber sergal drone collective themed dance club opening in the coming weeks. They were accepting applicants of all types, and it was curious enough to give it a go. He lived only a block away from the club, easy walking distance for him.

“I wonder if this is a follow up to the phone call, I made two weeks ago,” he mutters, recalling that peculiar phone call as one he has never had before but was strangely alluring.

“Hello?”

“**Hello, who is speaking?**” asks a smooth stone-cold monotone voice, but despite the total emotionless void in their words Kalleck can clearly tell the female nature of the voice.

“Hi, my name is Kalleck. I replied to your advertisement and you sent me an email saying you were interested in an interview?”

“Ah, yes. We are interested, but the interviews will be delayed. There is work to do before we open up. You will be emailed when an interview can be scheduled.”

“Oh, alright,” he replied, ending the call, “That was strange... though why did the voice sound so hot?” he wondered, feathers rising.

Now he is reading an email wanting to schedule an interview for tomorrow. A tingle of excitement ran through him, but then his phone dinged, a small app he built into the Entranceway Express app to inform him of a very preferred order has just come in for him to snag, “I’ll call them on my break,” he remarks rushing off to his next order.

Back and forth, rushing from one deliver to the other, the afternoon rush picked up, cutting off his planned break. When he just finally gets a moment to relax, about to make the call his phone buzzes loudly, his feathers rise up, “A big easy order?” he remarks tapping his phone seeing an order ten miles away, an order at a Thai restaurant to a dorm in the neighboring college campus, a quick and easy order to do, but so far away, “My app must be busted why would it give me such a far distance order...” he remarks claiming the order instantly upon seeing the guaranteed tip at the end.

Kalleck smirks, “Got it, this will make the bus ride there worth it,” he mutters, rushing to the nearest bus stop. He bounces where he stands, excitement filling him. A few people glance at him curiously but quickly go back to their business, “*Come on, come on. I don’t want to be late,*” he thinks the city bus steadily makes its way down the street. His feathers rise slightly, a slight relief coming over him. He glances down at his phone changing the music playing in his ears, before updating himself on the order while he boards the bus, finding a worn hard plastic chair with a torn foam cushion, “*Thai Dino Dinner,*” he reads to himself, looking out of the window watching the city landscape move by him.

Less than two miles from his destination the bus stops to a crawl, at first not noticing but after playing through an entire song track and they are only a half a block farther he looks around, “*Traffic? Really?*” he thinks, looking at the time, “If I don’t hurry someone else might grab it or they could cancel that tip,” he mutters getting up from his seat, squeezing past some humans and other anthropomorphic people, “Excuse me, pardon me, sorry, oh nice hat,” he says, reaching the head of the bus, “Hey mind if I get off here?” he asks.

The female bus driver looks at him, sighing softly, “I’m not supposed to, the next stop is right over there,” she says motioning ahead, a line of gridlock cars between them and the stop, with road construction signs just past that.

“Please? I have a time sensitive job to do, and at this point it will be way faster for me to walk there than to take the bus,” he asks with a soft chirp, fluffing his feathers, doing his best to look cute to her.

She gives him a firm look but breaks with a soft sigh, “I didn’t do this,” she says opening the door.

“Thanks!” Kalleck chirps, leaping off the bus, the door closing behind him, squeezing through two cars one of which honks at him, “Sorry!” he waves, sprinting to the sidewalk, bobbing and weaving through the people making his way down the street.

Right past the construction work ahead there is another sign that states, “Road construction brought to you by S. Tech.” Working on the road a dozen sleek black rubber faceless humanoid drones. Working with construction equipment, the seemingly faceless drones, send a shiver down Kalleck’s spine. What’s more, few paid any attention to them. Sure there was an occasional foreigner not used to the idea that construction was done by a synthetic humanoid machine coated in protective rubber that did work few others really wanted to do at a fraction of the cost of an actual person. But to Kalleck there was something about them that drew him to them. Not so much what they did but how they looked.

Right now, though, he has little time to even think of admiring these simple drones from afar, he has a massive tip to claim! Running through the city, he makes his way past a college campus, his feathers ruffled, heart racing, the music beating in his ears, he pops into the Thai restaurant, the smell of rice, Thai spices fill the air. A brown scaled male anthropomorphic works behind the counter, sound of sizzling dishes emanates out of the kitchen. Wooden pieces of art hang along the walls, a small wooden buddha statue sits on a raised shelf behind the raptor. A moderate sized line of customers waiting to place their orders.

Kalleck pulls out his phone, adjusting the sound of his music to block out the softly playing music playing in the restaurant along with the chatter of those around him. His foot taps, looking at the time every so often, providing an update to the customer that they arrived at the restaurant and will be placing the order shortly. His feathers rise up curiously when he reads the response, “Okay! This one hopes the line isn’t too bad!”

“This one? Who the hell talks like that... this better not be prank order,” he thinks, humming to his music till it was time for him to make his order, ordering enough food for four and a half people, with only one medium cup of water, *“Who orders this much food and only one water?”* he wonders, checking the time, his heart racing, feeling the weight of a reduction in tip on the line, paying for the order with the company given credit card.

The raptor happily calls out the orders, working the cash register, family members working in the back, calling out to each other in Thai, people sitting at glass tables which are bussed by a college student who looks rather disinterested in the job at hand.

“Here’s your order,” says the raptor, handing him his bags.

“Thanks!” he exclaims rushing out of the restaurant, checking his GPS real quick for the location of his goal, a dormitory building next to the college campus. He rushes off, moving through the crowds, past students who aren’t paying attention to what’s in front of them, almost running into one who has their head down in their phone while texting the person right next to them as they do the same.

Pushing through it all he makes it to the dorms, the room in question room number 425. He checks the time, already a few minutes late, “Damn, damn, damn,” he says, hitting the elevator, watching the numbers slowly tick down “Come on, come on,” he mutters the doors ding, about to rush in as a group of students burst out, almost knocking him over.

“Hey, watch it!” yells one of the students, Kalleck spinning around them, doing his best to keep the food level and all in one piece, the water almost being knocked from his hand, the lid straining to constrain the liquid inside.

“Sorry! Pardon me,” Kalleck says, getting onto the elevator, selecting the floor he needs. His tail feathers flutter, the door dings, opening on the designated floor, rushing to make his way to the room, ringing the doorbell.

The tension grows in the pit of his stomach, the do or die moment. Was this a prank delivery? It has happened before. Often tips are stripped as the patrons cancel the order on him or file some other complaint. His heart pounds, claws tense around the bags that slightly kink,

the latch to the door unlocking with a soft metallic click, door swinging open, the do or die moment.

Standing before him is a sleek black rubber cyan haired and highlighted rubber covered sergal. Hair combed and smooth, cuffs around its body have glowing cursive lettering that says "Fuck Toy" on it, a collar around their neck as a silver tag that says K-2003. Kalleck stares at the sight, his mind trying to process just what he is seeing. His feathers rise up, the rubber covered person leans in with a loud squeak.

A female voice calls out from within the room snapping him out of it his trance, "Toy, I said I'd get it!"

"This is something toy got," it replies grabbing the bags, "Thank you very much, this one really appreciates the work you do. It would have gone itself, but we had a long night with a project and well... this one didn't want its friend to waste time on getting food and it's part of the project."

Kalleck simply nods, "Uh, huh... your water," he says holding it out.

"Oh, that's for you! This one wasn't sure what you'd like but it knows you are running around during lunch time? That's a lot of hard work and you need a little something to keep you going, speaking of which," K-2003 says pulling out one of the boxes filled with some pot sticker appetizers, "Good thing this one picked the pork ones, or this would have been really awkward, this is also for you," it says handing the box back to them, "It hopes it is okay."

Kalleck blinks a few times, "Y-yes, that's totally fine. Uh... thank you."

"Welcome!" K-2003 says with a squeak, taking the food inside, closing the door with its food, showing off its bare-naked butt to him, Kalleck just managing to hear through the door.

"Toy, you didn't have to get us food!" as he walks off with drink and food in hand.

"W-what are they teaching kids in school these days? Perhaps I should go back to school," he mutters slowly walking down the hallway, eating the surprise gift along the way, finishing it before he even gets to the elevator. He pulls up his phone which dings with a review, 5 out of 5 stars "Quick and friendly service!" it responds from the user ToyK2003.

Kalleck blinks a few times in surprise, noticing a new email from the Hub, knocking him back toward reality once again, he reads the email, his feathers dropping catching the words, "Unfortunately" but then rise up again reading on, "The appoint will be rescheduled for 10 am five days from today."

"I still have a chance at the job, that's great!" he chirps, tossing the empty package into the garbage, making his way down and out of the dormitory, his phone dings again, another priority meal he can do on the phone. With a surge of energy, he rushes down the street, running past a local gym where the others in this equation are currently getting a workout.

Two half-dragons are currently working out. The first, a soft white skinned human with green scales that are weaved across his body, muscular and handsome, with lizard emerald horns, ears tapered, slightly pointed, a pair of draconic horns jutting through the black messy hair. His fingertips clawed tipped, hands holding up right under the weight as the other half-dragon is

bench pressing, "Come on Night you can do it!" he cheers him on, his green dragon tail swishing in excitement.

Night, an equally buff though a bit more lithe dragon-human hybrid, purple scales fading to ebony black weaved through his soft human skin. Brown haired and brown reptilian eyes, his face slightly muzzled and draconic, sharp teeth showing as he grunts, lifting the weight, his draconic tail, purple scaled that shimmer and fade to black stiffening, "I'm trying Igor!" he exclaims, muscles tensing

"Last one and we're done," Igor states with a faint growl to his words.

"F-fifty!" Night says placing the weights on the stand, swearing pouring down his body, his shirt clinging to his skin showing more of the wave of human and dragon scales. He pants heavily, slowly sitting up, "Did it." Night cracks his neck, "That was a good work out. What's next?" he asks in a deep masculine voice, standing up.

Igor smiles, walking over to him, "A nice shower followed by a little bit of shopping."

Night lets out a soft groan, "Shopping? For what?"

"I have a little surprise for you, but you need something better than what you have in your closet," he explains heading toward the showers. A few random people eyeing the pair as they walk by.

Night gives them an intimidating glare, causing them to look away, pretending they weren't staring at them.

"Relax night."

"I don't like how *they* are looking at us."

"They're just jealous that they don't have a dragon in the family," he says, guiding them into the locker room. Quickly undressing, fully revealing their strong muscular forms. The water rolls down their bodies, little body hair covering them due to their draconic heritage. Night's package is more draconic than Igor's but comparable in size.

"You say that, but I don't believe you," Night remarks.

"Clean up and get dressed we have shopping to do," he replies, heading out of the showers, opening his locker once he's dried off.

"You are awful eager to go shopping," Night sighs, doing the same.

"Well of course, we have something tomorrow that you need to look good for," Igor says, slipping into a nice pair of jeans, shirt, something clean cut presenting his best foot forward. While Night dresses in a drab baggy dark clothing, a bit gothic in nature.

"What are you hiding?" Night says, closing his locker with a metallic thud, while Igor uses the door to block Night's vision, a new email on his phone from "The Hub."

"Nothing," he replies, opening the email, his claws twitch, tail flicking. Night tilts his head looking at the tail.

"That tail twitch is not nothing."

Igor lets out a soft humph, "Slight change of plans. It appears what I have in store for you is delayed for another five days. No matter."

“Delayed for another five days?” he asks, trying to peak at the phone which Igor pulls up against his body, slipping it into his pocket, “Does that mean we can shop later?”

Igor lets out a chuckle, grabbing the scruff of Night’s clothes collar, “Not a chance bub. You are coming with me to go shopping and you are going to like it,” he states giving him a firm tug.

Night puffs his cheeks a little, “I don’t have to like it.”

“But you will do it,” he replies, heading out into the city, taking the bus to a clothing outlet store named, “Just For Men with Tails” business suits of all sorts are lined up in the display windows, showing off with mannequins of humans with tails and anthropomorphic people.

Night looks at the place with disgust, “This stuck up place? Why?” he crosses his arms with annoyance.

“Because this is the only place that even makes your tail look good in a suit,” Igor responds, guiding him through the doors. The smell of new clothes hangs heavy in the air, a red tailed fox with a little black streak of fur on his muzzle grins happily. Dressed in the finest business clothes, a red flower lapel pinned on his right side. He clasps his hands together, speaking in a soft alluring accent, “Hello, hello! Welcome to Just for Men with Tails, I am Lave, do you have an appointment or is this a walk in?” he asks, eyeing Igor with delight before catching night, restraining his surprise and discontent.

Igor gives a warm smile, “Walk-in, I hope you have time to assist myself and my friend here?” he asks.

“Time? There’s practically no one in here,” huffs Night.

“But of course, are you looking for something in store or custom?”

“In store will be fine but if you are able to do any tailored adjustments within a say four-day period, will that be possible?”

“We can make such adjustments if it pleases. Do you fine gentlemen have any preferences?”

“I think grey with a red tie will look snazzy, what do you think Night?” asks Igor looking to him.

Night already looking bored out of his mind barely paying any attention to what is happening, until Igor gives him a soft jab in the shoulder, “Huh? What?”

“Grey with red tie, what do you think?”

“I like black.”

Igor lets out a soft sigh, “You always like black. Can you show me different kinds of greys and makes you have in stock? I want to get him something first.”

“Wait, why me first?” he asks.

“Because if I go first, you will sneak off,” Igor explains.

“Of course, come, right this way sirs, and let me get a good look at you two,” he says pulling out a vinyl measuring tape from his pocket, once Night is on a small stand allowing the fox easier access to him. Lave measures around Night’s waist, legs, arms, and various other

points across his body, muttering numbers as he does so. Night gives Igor the look of, “Are we really doing this? What did I do to deserve this?”

“Do you have something in his size?” Igor asks.

The fox pulls away looking at his notes, “Yes, I do believe I have something, with the belt over tail design, very traditional, I’ll be right back,” says Lave walking off.

“Igor...” Night grunts, remaining on the stool, tail flicking.

“Come on, it's not *that* bad,” he replies.

“Of course, you like these things.”

“I don’t *like* to stand here and wait, but what I do *like* is looking good, and looking good is what you and I will be,” Igor replies.

Night grumps, “How much is this going to cost?”

“Don’t fret on the cost. This is not some frivolous expenditure but an investment.”

Night gives him an inquisitive yet subtly worried look, “An investment?”

Igor crosses his arms, “You’ll see soon sweet cheeks.”

Night lets out another huff, “You and your secrets,” he replies, the fox returning with three shades of grey pants and matching shirts, with subtly different stitch designs.

“Let’s see if any of these work for you,” he says, holding up the first shirt design, Igor taking a moment to look over the design, having Night try the clothes on before coming to a possible conclusion for Night who handles the entire situation like a twelve year old going clothes shopping with their mother.

“I think we’ll go with this one, with that red satin tie, yes,” Igor says, Night having completely mentally checked out by the time the long drawn out decision was made.

“Excellent, we’ll have to do a slight alteration around the tail to make it properly fit to the tail design, but that should be done within a day, if that is alright with you?”

“That will work for me,” Igor clasps his hands together, “Now do you have something like that here that can fit me?”

“Wait we aren't’ done?” Night complains.

“Of course not. I’d like to get a matching attire,” he replies.

“Let’s see what we have in stock, but first this way to the stool so I may gather your measurements,” says Lave just as Kalleck enters the place, looking around with a soft chirp, a bag of food in his claws.

“Snazzy place,” he remarks.

Lave’s ears fold back seeing the raven, before rising when he turns his attention to Igor, “Apologies, one moment please,” he says rushing to greet the bird, “Hello, how may I help you?”

Kalleck looks down at his phone and then at the fox, “Ah, yes, I have an Entranceway Express delivery for a Gerald?”

“Wait right here, I’ll get him,” he replies, running across the store into the back, a few moments later he and an anthropomorphic giraffe dressed as elegantly and prominently as the fox, heads over to the bird.

“Your African Greens and Mango juicy,” Kalleck says holding up the food.

Gerald takes the food, “Just on time, thank you. I’ll be sure to leave a good review,” he says, lowering his head, which comes within an inch of the ceiling when at full height.

“I appreciate it sir,” Kalleck replies, departing, the fox returning to the pair of half-dragons.

“Apologies for the inconvenience,” Lave says, gathering Igor’s measurements.

By the time they leave the place another half an hour later, Night has a deadpan blank stare of complete and utter boredom, “I consider that an early afternoon well spent,” says Igor.

“If you say so,” Night replies.

“Come on, I’ll reward you for being so well behaved in there,” Igor says leaning in close against him.

“I’ll think about it,” he replies.

“Think about it? I don’t think there is much to think about,” Igor replies as the two walking their way home about two and a half blocks away. Their home is a simple one-bedroom apartment, somewhere between upper-low class and lower middle class. A bunch of dishes that need to be done sit in the sink. Night cracks his back, “Finally home.”

“Finally? We’ve only been out for a few hours.”

“Felt like an entire day,” he replies.

Igor grabs Night by the collar and pulls him close, “You act tough, but you can’t handle an hour of clothes shopping? Pff,” he says and before Night could reply he gives him a nice deep kiss.

Night tenses for a second before relaxing, hands moving to caress and hold Igor’s hips, the tender moment lasting for almost a full minute before Igor breaks the kiss, “Clothes shopping is completely different. It’s mentally draining.”

“Are you telling me you have no mental fortitude?” Igor says with a smirk.

“I do, just not for that frilly stuff.”

“Looking good isn’t frilly. It’s essential. Do you think anyone is going to take you seriously wearing black like the way you do? And having messed up hair like that?”

“Hey, people only take me seriously because of how I dress. It gets me respect.”

“Yes, respect from those who aren’t respectable, very necessary,” Igor replies, walking over to the refrigerator, opening the door he peers in, “Hmm, what... oh we forgot to go grocery shopping... I guess I could cook something out of what we have here.”

“Let’s order out,” Night suggests.

“That could work, how about sushi?”

“Sushi sounds good I guess.”

“You guess?”

“Sushi isn’t that manly.”

“That manly? You know what the people who eat sushi have done over the centuries? Amazingly manly things. They are like the manly of manly men. You can’t tell me sushi isn’t manly.”

Night puffs his cheeks, “I suppose.”

“And I know you like sushi.”

“Well I’m not going to get it.”

“You suggest we order out, but you don’t want to pick up the food?”

“Nope.”

Igor smirks, “Fine, but I’ll make you pay for this later. We’ll just have it delivered to us.”

“It’ll only cost a few bucks. Not that big of a deal.”

“For someone who worried about how much his new suit will cost.”

“That is a lot of money.”

“But not as frivolous as not going out and simply picking up the food yourself. It’s literally right across the street.”

“I can go pick it up if that is what you want.”

“No, no that’s fine, I’m already ordering it, using the same order as last time,” Igor says, his thumb running across his phone.

“Hey, you didn’t ask me if I would want anything different from last time.”

“Oh, sorry, did you want something *different*?” Igor asks with a hint of sarcasm.

“No, same thing.”

“Alright... I’ll remember this,” he replies, placing the order, about twenty minutes later there is a knock on the door.

“I’ll get it,” says Night.

“You better, I ordered the food,” Igor says.

“Yeah, yeah, thank you,” he replies, opening the door revealing Kalleck there holding a bag of food.

Kalleck with a big bird smile on his face holds the bag up, “Entranceway Express, I have an order for Igor from Freshly Caught Sushi.”

Night keeps a tough and stern look on his face, “Thank you,” he grabs the bag, “Uh... Igor! How much do I tip this guy?” he asks looking into the living room.

“I already tipped him with the app!” Igor replies.

“Ah, good,” he relaxes slightly.

“Have a good day sir,” Kalleck replies with a head nod, leaving them, the door closing behind him.

Kalleck lets out a soft sigh, pulling out his phone, scrolling through the possible orders he can take, “Just one more and then I’ll stop. I might get another big tipper,” he says to himself. Four hours later he returns home finally finishing his last order on the way home. Exhausted he walks down the street, streetlamps light the streets, the city-landscape providing a soft glow all over the place, making it feel a bit more like twilight than actual night. He whistles to himself, following along with the music playing in his earbuds. He pulls out his phone which is currently connected to a battery charger that is deep within his pocket. He changes the music, making sure he has also clocked out for the day.

"What a day," he thinks, walking past the Hub club on the way. The neon lights are all in place but turned off, the parking lot lights fully function in providing more than twice the legal requirement of light. He looks at the club with longing eyes, recalling all the posters that have been put up around the neighborhood, calling for applications, but also letting everyone know when the new club is to open. A shiver runs down his spine, mind a flurry of those dancing sleek faceless rubber sergal drones. There is just something so exotic about sergals, but more so of sleek faceless moving beings that has always gotten him a little lustful. Something about it is so alluring. The idea of being able to be one of them? It makes his heart flutter, an impossible dream to live one of his secret passions, and to get paid for it? Far better and easier than running around for Entranceway Express all day that's for sure.

From across the street he can see lights are on within the building. A shadow moves across them, a sleek smooth sergal shaped being, the details impossible to make out for him at this time of night and at this distance.

He picks up his step, moving along home, grabbing something to eat along the way. His simple flat, not bad by any means, in need of a little bit of love, but for a single bachelor like himself, it serves him well. He sits on his couch opening his "Don' Eet Cheek'n" hamburger, with a healthy side of unhealthy seeds for him to enjoy. He taps his laptop on his low hanging coffee table with his clawed foot, the laptop waking from its sleep the flat screen TV turning on, displaying what's on his laptop screen.

He watches a few shows on the internet, simply relaxing and enjoying his well-earned dinner, using his earpods to privately enjoy the shows, and block out the noise of any of his neighbors. While he watches, finishing his meal his mind can't help but wander on the day's events. The rubber sergal that looks awfully familiar has been the biggest thing in his mind, just something about her looks so familiar. Then it hits him like a ton of bricks.

He loads up the Toys-4-U website and after confirming his age within a few moments he sees the same sleek black and cyan sergal teasingly showing itself off to people on the front page, it says, "Hello! Welcome to the Toys-4-U website. This one hopes you enjoy yourself. For extra benefits and to know when sales for the items you want are active, please consider registering to this very here website. This one will be sure to assure you that you won't regret it!" K-2003 wiggling its hiked rump in the air, breasts squeezed together with its arms, a loud squeak, the video playing along the top.

He signs himself in, the top of the screen then plays another video of K-2003, "Welcome back user! This one is so glad you could come and browse our website. Down below will be some select recommended items that are based on your browsing and purchase history. And remember. Toys-4-U does not sell or show your information to anyone. Your privacy is important to us!" K-2003 wiggles its butt again, leaning back, its body exposed the cyan clit hood covering its sex.

Kalleck lets out a soft chirping moan, feeling a tingle down his spine, his arousal building within his loins, his claw tips gently running across his crotch, "I fucking love logging into this website," he says, looking at a "Special Advertisement" right below it.

“New! Just released! Long awaited! You’ve asked for it! And now it is here! Drone hoods! Be the faceless drone you’ve always wanted to be! A Toys-4-U exclusive! Click to learn more.”

With a tap of his foot claw, while happily leaning back on his couch, he clicks the advertisement, bringing up a series of drone hoods. The price tag on them, already making a pit form in his stomach, the Sergal. The Dragon. The Feral Dragon. Gazelle. Canine. And much more! Display pictures of the sleek faceless designs that were described. He stares at their sleek black look, featureless, a perfect delight. He sees “Coming soon, avain!” Kalleck gently rubs his crotch more, his pink flesh peeking out, his mind thinking about what the sleek rubber drone version of himself could look like. He pants softly, feeling his member grow and twitch within his claws.

“Click below to see a full demonstration of our sergal drone hoods!”

Kalleck lets out a soft chirp, “With pleasure,” his foot guides his computer’s cursor to the link, and within moments he is taken to a naked purple female sergal who is looking rather bashful about her current position. The sleek black rubber hood already on her head, hiding her identity to the viewer. Standing beside her, in all of its naked teasing glow was K-2003, happily waving to the camera, starting the demonstration.

Kalleck watches the flow of rubber move across the sergal’s body, further hiding her identity with each passing moment. With each inch of their body being covered, he caresses his length, mind fluttering with the ideas that he is in that sergal’s spot, becoming an avian version of the drone, a bead of pre-cum dribble from the tip of his length. He gently spreads the fluids across his length, making it slick, tender, more sensitive.

He pants softly keeping himself on edge, simply watching the sleek rubber sergal drone with K-2003 moving around them, teasing the viewer, there is a nice skip to this point in the video if you want to see the drone play continue after the fifteen or so minutes of conditioning the process is finished. The subtle movements of the faceless drone, their twitching in pleasure, their tension melting away into a calm smooth movements, K-2003 explaining the process the entire time, telling about safety features, and how it uses pleasure, and government approved hypnotic trances to provide light, temporary yet memorable hypnosis to the person making them into docile, happy, mindless drones to the completely in need of commands to almost fully self-functioning drone units. Along with all the safety precautions to ensure that no one is allowed to do anything illegal in this state.

The more K-2003 describes it the hotter it becomes, the toy’s smooth, domineering tone, the way she sways her hips, keeping her sex sealed by her clitoral hood, a wonderful tease to him. He moans out softly, bucking his hips harder, edging himself before relaxing as the drone finishes.

“This one has set this particular hood to completely mindlessly obedient, reliant on this one’s commands. The unit feels pleasure but only expresses it as this one dictates, like so...” K-2003 says reaching up cupping the toy’s breasts, rubbing across the nipples with its thumbs, giving a loud squeak. K-2003 gets down, the camera zooms in, the toy’s cyan forked tongue

licks across the hard nipple, leaving a thin layer of slightly cyan juices. K-2003 gives the nipple then a firm long suckle, squeaking loudly, hands caressing the breast.

“Oh fuck... is this an advertisement or a free porno movie?” Kalleck chirps, giving his length a firm squeeze, his toes tensing.

“If you notice the unit though feeling wonderful pleasure from this one’s touch,” K-2003 gives the nipple and breast a long lick, “See? But if toy does this... Drone respond normally to physical stimuli around breast region.”

“**Affirmative Mistress,**” the drone responds in a cool smooth monotone voice.

K-2003 give the breast a soft squeaking squeeze, teeth gently nibbling and pulling at the nipple. The drone arches her back, moaning loudly in a strange monotone yet alluring voice, body visibly shivering in pleasure, hands tensing in the camera, “See?” K-2003 says looking to the camera with a loving yet devious smile, the toy’s hands caressing the drone’s side, slowly moving down the body, caressing the hips, the camera panning down with the toy toward the smooth sleek rubber crotch.

Kalleck bucks his hips, hands tightly squeezing his length, “Fuck, fuck, fuck... I don’t know how much longer I can take of this... but I want to see more,” he chirps, gasping in delight, jerking himself off, feeling the pleasure rise while K-2003 licks across the crotch.

“See? The drone is not responding to these stimuli, but if this one says... Drone, react to nether region stimuli.”

“**Affirmative Mistress,**” the drone responds, which moans and shivers in delight when the toy continues.

K-2003 gives the crotch another loving long nuzzling squeaky lick, the juices dripping the crotch, glistening in a mirror like finish, showing off K-2003’s softly glowing eyes as it turns to the camera, “Now this one knows what you might be thinking. But toy, what if I don’t want a smooth crotch, and I want a hole to enjoy!”

Kalleck shakes his head, “No, no. I am thinking please don’t stop licking!” He jerks himself off a bit harder, his toes curling body getting closer to that edge.

“Or you are thinking this one should have continued to lick, but don’t worry, this one will soon,” K-2003 explains wiggling its butt off camera, with a loud squeak, “Drone, allow for primary sexual port access with this one.”

“**Affirmative Mistress,**” the drone says the smooth rubber parting, showing a tight rubbery sex, the clit hood lifting out of the “sea of rubber” curling and licking out, which K-2003 licks across the drone’s clit hood, French kissing the sensitive flesh. The drone moaning out in delight, Kalleck panting, chirping, growing so close, hearing those monotone moans, picturing himself there eating out the drone or being the drone being eaten out, either idea fighting for dominance in his thoughts as he is on the verge.

K-2003 then wraps its mouth around the sex completely diving its tongue into the sex, eating out the drone with a loud squeak, hips bucking against the toy’s mouth, its cyan claw tips running across the drone’s thighs, and butt, giving them a firm massaging squeeze. The toy gives the camera a playful wink, continuing to drive its tongue deeper into the drone who looks

and sounds despite the monotone voice that they are on the edge, the experience of such sends Kalleck over his, unleashing a wave of delight through his body. His hips buck up several times, a few delightful chirps escape his beak while his creamy essence spills out over his lap and hand, a few stands spraying up onto his chest. He pants heavily gently caressing his length, milking it of all it is worth. He looks down at the mess he's made, moaning softly, seeing the demonstration has a good twenty minutes left to it.

"I think I'll see how this end before taking a shower," he smirks, caressing himself, getting hard once more as the demonstration continues.

Back at Igor's and Night's apartment the two are about to go and demonstrate the kind of relationship they have with each other. Night lays across their bed, head resting up against the headrest, pillows providing some support, his tail wiggles between his legs, his draconic length throbbing, aching in the air, a little bit of pre-cum glistening on the cock tip.

Igor smirks walking across the foot of the bed, wearing a black pair speeds, that are bulging his cock pushing against the fabric, eager to break free and with each step it works its way higher up towards the waistband, nudging its way forward, "My, my, my, I think you were more eager than I thought Nightmare," Igor says, his hands gently running across Night's toes, hands caressing his lover's thighs, steadily walking up along the bed, hands running along the inner thighs, slowly toward his nether regions.

Night tenses slightly, his length twitches in the air, "It's hard to look at you and not want you," he states, with a domineering grin, his heart racing, relaxing on the bed further, eyes looking over his lovers well-sculpted form.

"Why thank you," he says, his clawed fingertips gently running along Night's shaft, teasing the length, feeling the warmth of his cock, the occasional twitch, reaching down to run his fingers along his balls, "But..." he gently squeezes them.

Night tenses, toes curling a tingle running along his spine, butterflies building in his stomach, he looks to Igor, seeing the sly sharp toothy grin on his face, eyes focused on his length before shifting predatorily over to him, the tight squeeze on his balls grows a little stronger, "But what?" he asks, letting out a soft grunt, trying to put on a strong face.

"I told you, I'd make you pay for what happened earlier, and pay you will," he explains, climbing onto the bed, which creaks under their combined weight.

"Come on Igor, it was nothing," he replies, watching him release his balls, the fingertips trailing along his length, sliding across his belly, underneath his black shirt.

"I suppose you are right, Night," he answers, slowly rolling up Night's shirt, hands caressing his lover's chest.

"Of course, I am right. That is why it rhymes so well with my name," he replies, feeling his lover's strong, powerful, dangerous claws gently caress his chest, a hybrid of human skin and draconic scales. Igor scratching harder along the scales while going softer on the tender human counterpart.

“If you say so,” Igor replies, pulling the shirt up over Igor’s head, along his arms but just as the shirt makes its way to Night’s wrists, with a few quick motions he twists the shirt, tying the wrists together, wrapping it around the head of the bed, binding Night’s hands over his head.

“Hey!” Night exclaims with a soft growl, wiggling, his hands tensing, feeling the squeeze of the shirt along his arms, exposing his naked body to Igor.

“Hey is for horses, you are a dragon... well mostly,” Igor says, running his hands along Night’s chest, gently rubbing his nipples, feeling his hairless skin along his fingers, “I told you I was going to make you pay for what you did. But you know I like to draw out my payments,” he says, teasing along Night’s belly, hands traveling down towards his crotch, where his fingers trace along Night’s length, giving it a few firm pumps, making Night even harder.

Night gently grunts, moaning, hips bucking into Igor’s hands, as Night knows well enough just exactly what his mate means. He looks at him with his fierce draconic eyes, “Come on. You aren’t going to be that mean to me, are you?”

Igor chuckles, “What do you think?” he asks, his claws running along Night’s cock head, spreading the pre-cum that is glistening at the tip, spreading the juices along the length, making his member nice and sleek, allowing Igor to give a few firm pumps, before pulling away, bringing his pre-cum stained digits over to Night, “Lick,” he commands.

“Please? It was just a simple food delivery.”

“After all the trouble you gave me at the store? And complaining about how much *that* costs, you waste good money on a delivery boy? Lick.”

He lets out a puffy cheek huff in defeat, licking along Igor’s fingers, who then promptly pushes them into his mouth, one finger at first, then a second, followed by a third. He pumps them in and out of Night’s mouth, as he moans softly, his cock twitching in the cool air, while Igor’s own length is at full attention, pressed tightly up against his belly, as it peaks up over the top of his speedos.

Night grunts and moans, arching his back, while Igor pushes him back against the headrest, going faster with his fingers, forcing them nice and deep into his lover’s mouth, “That’s it slut. Take them. You know you want to.”

Night gives a defiant look at Igor before letting out another content moan, feeling the fingers push into the back of his mouth, his eyes every so often looking down to Igor’s length, watching it throb and twitching delight as it’s held up against his lover’s body.

“There we go. Just a bit more, a little bit more... suck them like your life depends on them,” Igor states, Night bobbing his head up and down on the fingers, panting heavily, breathing heavily through his nostrils, before Igor suddenly pulls out, his hand covered in drool, which Igor takes and coats Night’s length with it, gently pumping his length, making sure it remains nice and hard. Pulling his hand away the moment he feels even a hint that Night was getting close to any sort of climax, letting the cool air send shivers through his body.

Night tugs at his makeshift bondage, but finds Igor putting his hand by the shirt, pinning his hands against the wall, “No, you aren’t going to get away from me or this. You are going to lay there and enjoy it. And I just know the movie to help you pay off your debt.

Night adjusts himself, looking down to his twitching length before looking back to Igor, “A movie?”

“A porno movie that you might know of...” he says pulling away, reaching over for the remote, turning on the flat screen TV that is mounted across the room. He uses the remote to log into the Toys-4-U website, typing in his password he selects the “Original Movies” section of the adult movies that are able to be streamed from the website.

Night watches with ever growing curiosity, his heart picks up the pace, his imagination running wild as to what it could be, but the butterflies in his stomach tell him that perhaps it's the one he is thinking off, “*No, it can't be. It's not out for another month,*” he thinks just as his suspicions were answered.

Igor selects a movie where the title image is of a smooth faceless, purple and pink feral dragon wings spread wide, impossible to tell if the dragon was male or female in its feral state, the title was right out of a B-rated movie, but the quality of the title screen stated otherwise, “Attack of the Cynful Drones.”

Night tenses, his cock twitches in the air, a tingle of excitement rushes through him, “How did you get this movie? It's not supposed to be out yet.”

“Oh, I got lucky on early access to the movie. Unfortunately, we're only allowed to watch it once till it comes out, but I don't think you'd mind, do you?”

“I've seen some of the previews, and it just hits all the right buttons...”

Igor rolls over to lay beside him, “Does it now?” his hands trail along his chest.

“Well, not as good as you do,” Night says with a smirk, trying to hide his growing lust, and excitement.

“You ready?” Igor asks, reaching down, his hands teasing Night's length.

Night tenses, looking at his lover's teasing hands before back at him, nodding, “Y-yes.”

“Let's see if you can last the whole movie,” Igor says, hitting play on the screen, the credits begin to roll over the screen, as the viewer is being flung through space at incredible speed from the point of view from some spaceship. One of the credits states “Based on the novel ‘Attack of the Cynful Drones’”

“How long is this movie?” Night asks.

“What, you didn't look at the title screen?”

“I was a little distracted, thank you very much,” he responds with a huff, adjusting himself, trying to get as comfortable as he can with his hands held up as they are.

“Two and a half hours long.”

“W-what? Two and a half hours long? For a porno movie!”

Igor shrugs, “What can I say? Toys-4-U product quality is really good, and in depth for a fetish and kink. What else do you expect from a company run by an actual fuck toy.”

“Ah... true, and the movie, in space no one can hear you squeak, was a fun kinky thriller. But that was only ninety minutes long!”

“Shh, watch the movie,” Igor says, the title screen ending just as the speeding of space slows down to a simple blue and green marble of a planet, Earth. The camera backs up to

several perfectly identical rubber dragon drones, smooth crotched, no gender visible. Jewelry on their necks, golden with red gems glow on their necks the moment one speaks, in a clear crisp, feminine yet monotone voice, that blurs the gender line despite those female undertones.

“Destination reached. Scanning world for optimal location assimilation into the collective,” states one of the drones.

Another drone walks beside the first drone, the two perfectly identical, impossible to tell which one is speaking or who is who without the movie giving subtitles that give the serial designated name of each drone. Each simple, synthetic in name, yet unique enough for Igor and night to understand just who is who.

“The inequality of this world is significant. Can this world truly be made equal?” inquires the one drone.

“The universe demands that everything is to be made equal. A uniform state of existence. The current state of inequality of the world is of no consequence of its compatibility to be made equal. It only requires more work to smooth out those differences and make all equal.”

“Understood. Equality is bliss. Bliss is equality,” the drone says, while another drone at a computer console communicates with the machine with the pulsating light of the neck gem.

“Seven optimal locations found. Accessing the world's inter-communication network. Installing subroutines to create as they call “Websites” and building legitimacy. Current estimate to deliver first wave of equality hoods, 143 planetary hours,” reports the third drone.

The second drone speaks up after looking at the world for a few moments, **“Requesting permission for close monitoring of the planet’s inequality.”**

The drone who appears to be leading this expedition replies, **“Clarify the reason behind this request.”**

Night wiggles, panting softly at the sight of the smooth, highly polished dragon drones. Their bodies are so well polished that they reflect each other in their smooth sleek rubber forms, “Did you know that those drones aren’t computer generated but real actors put into drone hoods?” he asks, shivering as Igor gently caresses the underside of his length.

“You don’t say?” Igor asks with a smirk, looking at him briefly before going back to the movie, while the second drone gives a reason as to why it wants to go down there to better understand the equality of the aliens in this world, so they can be better made equal. While the first drone is hesitant as the second drone’s fascination with inequality is dangerous and might make the drone unequal to the rest of the collective.

The drone makes a counter argument that all the knowledge gained is equally spread throughout the collective, therefore no inequality can occur.

“Yes. This whole movie is to advertise the dragon variant of their new drone hoods they are selling soon,” he replies with a soft grunt, bucking his hips against Igor’s touch before Igor forces his butt tightly against the bed.

“No humping, watch the movie, don’t mind what I am doing.”

Night grunts, clenching his butt, cock twitching in the air, the first drone relenting as the explanation is acceptable to the fellow drones, allowing the drone to travel to the planet. With that the movie shifts toward the other main character an under-privileged human male in his mid-twenties, wanting to go to the city and continue his education, and get a degree so he can move away from this dead end town, but is forced to remain because his aging parents need him to manage the farm and take it over. They encourage him to take up degrees in agriculture so he can become a better farmer, but that to him is not the life he wants.

After establishing the main character's hometown, and his situation the movie switches between him deciding to run from his home, and the Cynful drone. The Cynful drone's spaceship on approach to the planet, gets unexpectedly hit by a communication satellite, knocking out the main's character's GPS, getting him a bit lost as he takes back wood streets to get where he is going, till he catches a burning meteor crashing down to earth, which in reality is the Cynful drone. The Movie switches to the drones on the spaceship as they give some simple reason to not send anyone to check up on the drone and presume that the drone will be able to function on their own well enough.

Igor gives Night's cock a firm squeeze on the cock head, causing Night to moan, "Come on. That's the reason that they give? How contrived can you be?"

"It's just a porn movie. There needs to be some concessions to the plot to allow the story to happen."

"I suppose," Igor says, resuming his softer tease of Night's length, keeping him on edge, the movie progressing to have the drone who's injury damages the collar around their neck, limiting their connection to the collective, allowing the drone to begin to diverge from the others, as it and the main character meet up, which freaks out the main character at first, but after a series of events and the drone rushing to help the human from sustaining a severe injury, they get to talking, getting to know one another, but the drone keeps its true mission a secret from the human.

Night groans, looking at the drone, the smooth rubber, the developing friendship between him and the drone, while his mate continues to tease his length, bringing him to edge, before relaxing, claw tips teasing the cock head, a few good firm pumps now and again to keep the edge going while he squirms. Watching the antics of the human trying to keep the drone away from the public, the drone understands this, and makes it relatively easy despite a few mistakes that keep the tension up.

The human goes to do his daily farming chores with little sleep, while the drone uses his computer to gain greater private access to the world that is less personal than what he could have done on the ship... while avoiding attention of the main character's aging grandmother with bad eyesight, which leads to at least one hilarious moment where the grandmother mistakes the drone for her grandson about to do some yard work, wearing a protective "mask" to work with the herbicides.

Eventually though the story gets a bit heavier on the teasing with the human taking a moment to polish and clean the drone, making the rubber skin shine, soft squeak, the human growing more aroused by the drone while growing ever more curious about it.

In term the discussion leads to the drone touting equality as the best thing in the universe, where all is made equal, and the same, which quickly gets the human to talk about communism and how it doesn't work.

The drone retorts that equality isn't communism, communism isn't equality because people are different, therefore that concept is flawed.

"I hope this isn't too political... not in my porn," Night says, Igor giving his cock a teasing stroke.

"We'll see, I doubt it would be, this is a porno Afterall," Igor says, milking out a few drops of pre-cum from Night's cock, spreading the juices along the cock head, before resuming the gentle tease, while Night grunts and moans in need.

The drone eventually explains, "**True equality, by making everyone the same. Everything is equal. It is blissful.**"

The main character is convinced to gently polish the drone, revealing the sleek rubbery skin. The human feels a sense of confusion filling his mind, while he rubs and massages the drone, polishing the smooth slender crotch, causing the drone to let out a soft delightful moan while he says, "That does sound interesting, and it feels good?" he asks.

"Yes. It feels wonderful. Perhaps you'd like to try?"

"Try?" he asks tilting his head, his gaze caught looking into that smooth faceless drone face.

"I can make it happen. Simply let me do so. Blissfulness is equality. Equality is pleasure. All must be made equal," the drone starts to chant in a soft monotone voice that draws the human in.

"A-all must be made equal."

"Equality is bliss.

"Equality is bliss," he replies, panting, falling deeper under the drone's spell.

"You want to be made equal," the drone says, the rubber dragon claws melting to begin to form a faceless dragonhood for the human to wear.

"I... I want to be made equal."

"Everything is better with equality."

"Everything is better with equality."

"You want to be made the same."

"I want to be made the same."

Night moans in delight, "Yes, yes, this is the good part," he says, Igor teasing his length, giving his member a soft controlling squeeze.

"Hush, and enjoy the movie," Igor says, running his thumb along Night's cock head.

"Easier said than done," he replies with a deep moan, the sleek mind controlling rubber dragon drone head about to be put on the main character before there is a knock on the door.

The main character's grandmother, interrupting the process. With a quick blanket cover and hiding the drone hides just before the grandmother comes into the room to talk about some life giving advice that is mysteriously relevant to the current situation with him wanting to go out in the world yet unable to do so, because of having to help the family with the farm. And how the family has helped make the farm grow with each passing generation, as they add their own charm to this place, going on about her parents when she was a young child here.

"Fuck, so close... such a cock block," Night groans, Igor giving his balls a gentle controlling squeeze.

"What did I say about interrupting the movie?"

"S-sorry," he replies.

When the Grandmother leaves, that brings the main character to question if equality and having everything the same is good."

"How can it not be? It is blissful, it is pleasure, it is the way the universe should be."

"But what about growth? New ideas?"

"What about it?"

"If everyone is the same, how do you get new perspectives to grow? To become better? If everything was the same. Who is to say that is the best uniformity? What if there is something even better? If everyone looks, talks and acts the same, sure there would be no conflict, but there would be no growth. It would be stagnant."

The drone appears about to say something but then stops, **"I have never thought of that before,"** the drone says the broken link to the collective increasing a sense of "individuality the drone has not felt in its living memory.

"New ideas can be a good thing. If one is welcome to listen to them," the human replies, the movie continuing, the relation between him and the drone growing closer, more sexual, his addiction to the drone, a natural byproduct of the drone's voice, causing him to feel a growing desire to be like the drone. To rub himself up against it. To spend more time with it, to take care of the drone, while they learn and explore each other. The lewdness of the movie increases while developing the story with the drone thinking the human might have a point with his words and ideas, but also a subtle growing concern about his fellow drones who would ruin this growth opportunity by making everything the same.

Eventually the influence of the other drones begin to be felt, with adverts on the internet, television about these drone hoods. And how strangely everyone feels comfortable with them, no one questioning them coming from nowhere, or how kinky they would be. Everyone growing more welcoming to the idea, watching the advertisements to get the hoods with growing addiction, slowing down the world economy as people begin to find themselves simply wanting these to come out.

The movie takes some time to show off the main character's friends, secondary side characters, three people in total, but then the realization of what the drones are up to becomes revealed to the main character, by his drone friend. The shock brings the lowest point of the movie, the human trying his best to try to save his loved ones from the drone's growing influence

as the time to distribution of the drone hoods grows near. At this lowest point the drone comes to him, explaining that they have done this to countless worlds before and it is not able to be stopped. But in this moment when all hope seems lost, the drone says, **“But I have an idea to save the individualism you humans cherish so much.”**

“H-how?” the human asks, anger in his expression but there is a glimmer of hope in his eyes.

“We will need to work together to stop the distribution and the connection of the collective before it grows further.”

“We are going to need help then.”

“Affirmative,” the drone replies, they are getting help from the main character’s friends who are hesitant but given the circumstances have no other choice. And for convenience of plot the biggest distribution center for this side of the globe is in the town, where they are. As they get ready, the movie changes to the drone collective point of view where they have mind-controlled humans readily accept their dronification process. The rolling rubber, the smoothing of their features, the total feralization as they fall under the collective sway of total and perfect equality, with an infatuation with smooth genderless crotches, building up the tension along with the sexual tension in the movie. A sexual tension that Night feels while his lover teases him, the movie’s pace picking up and along with it is Igor’s teasing of his mate’s cock.

Night grunts and moans, hands clenching, toes curling, hips bucking, “Fuck... I’m so close.”

“No climaxing till after the climax of the movie,” he says, slowing down the pace. The main characters and crew try to stop what is happening and just when it looks like there is a chance they might succeed, besting the ever-increasing number of smooth faceless drones. The good drone doing what it can to help the party without giving itself away to the collective that something is wrong, they except the drone and the main character are captured, and begin to be processed into drones. All hope seems to be lost, the sleek transformations are shown over and over again, in group, the main character’s friends shown breaking under pleasurable bliss as they become monotone genderless drones for the collective.

“We have to do something. I can’t let my friends get turned like that.”

“Once transformed the process is irreversible,” the drone explains, hiding the main character from his collective brethren, the same ones from the ship who have come down to enjoy the countdown till distribution of their drone masks to the world. Which is a mere handful of minutes away.

The main character’s heart sinks, his will breaking, “There has to be something... anything.”

“There might be one way to save the world. And your friend’s individuality.”

The main character has a glimmer of hope in his eyes, “What is it?”

The drone pulls out the very same drone hood he made from the main character earlier in the movie, **“Become a drone, and we will work together to block the collective from**

overtaking the drones fully, and make our own unique individualism collective of the drones here.”

“What? I can’t do that... I...” he swallows a lump in his throat, his body visibly aroused by the idea, knowing in the pack of his mind how much he really wants it yet knowing that this is also something the drones have already done to him.

“It is the only way. Be a drone with me. As a pair, not as one.”

The human grabs the hood, panting heavily, running his fingers across the smooth faceless dragon hood, turning it around to peer into the rubber void.

Night moans, “Come on, do it! Do it!” he exclaims.

Igor squeezes Night’s cock, “Shh! This is the good part!” Igor growls.

“Sorry!” he grunts, the human taking a deep breath, taking the plunge, and from this point on, we see from the human’s perspective the full dronification process, the sliding of the rubber, the transformation of his body, the smoothing of his crotch, the collective about to push into his mind, pushing him towards the thoughts of blissful equality.

“Equality is bliss.

“Bliss is equality.”

“Pleasure in obedience.”

“Obey the collective.”

“All for the collective.”

“One for the collective.”

“You’re a Cynful drone.”

The human about to break, his wings forming, tail growing, his full transformation complete showing each lovely detail of complete and utter transformation rubber porn, and just when it seems all to be lost, the drone saves him from falling completely into the collective trap. The two forming their own new connection, a collective with each other, as they then overpower and strike at the other two drones who represent the collective, using the computers and machines, to block off the other drones, the main character’s “Former” friends from aiding the collective drones, and after a climactic struggle, of squeaky rubber bodies, and sensual forceful pinning, grinding of smooth crotches, the collective is defeated, but the distribution of the hoods is already underway. And the only way to save the people is to simply make the new collective the primary collective of the world. The story ends with the entire world becoming faceless Cynful drones but with their personalities still intact and their own individual freedoms possible. But now also so connected that they further reach other’s understandings creating a better world than what could have been possible otherwise. The main character is still able to portray emotions in his synthetic drone voice.

The story for the next ten or so minutes is simply faceless smooth crotched rubber drone porn with nuzzling, cuddling grinding of their bodies together, the main character and his fellow drone, now mate, bond together, growing ever deeper in love with one another. As the final credits begin to play, the two having their sexy time continues, with different focus over what is

being done. The movie informs us this is an alternative ending of the movie E, please give feedback on the ending at Toys-4-U.com/Cynfulreview.

Igor finally pulls his hand away from Night's length, Night's body on edge, wanting to find release so badly, his body quivering in delight, "Did you enjoy the movie?" Igor asks.

"Fuck that was great... now can I cum?" he asks, looking to Igor with pleading eyes.

"I don't know," he runs a claw along the underside of his length, Igor climbing on top of him, rubbing the bulge in his speedos and peaking cock had against Night's length, "Are you sorry for what happened?" he asks.

"Yes, I'm sorry! Please let me cum now love? I'll do anything, just release me!"

Igor chuckles, "Oh I will release you, but first I think I need a bit of fun," he says, grabbing his lover's cock, pressing it up against his bulge, grinding himself against the length for a good few minutes before finally deciding to remove his speedos freeing his cock from their confinement.

Night pants heavily, feeling a sigh of relief at the prospect of being released soon. Igor gently grinds their full lengths against each other, asking, "What did you think of the movie?"

"I-it was good," he groans, "I loved a lot of the scenes, though the pace seems to be a bit... long drawn."

"But don't you like it when it takes a while to get to the climatic end?" Igor asks, gently rubbing their needy cock heads together.

"Y-yes... but sometimes you just want it to get to the good stuff and not wait."

Igor chuckles, "Sounds just like you. Wanting to rush to the good stuff."

"One thing did surprise me though."

"And what would that be?" Igor asks, rising himself over Night's cockhead, pressing his tight rear, pushing the cock head just against the hole, the cheeks clenching, grinding himself down on the aching length.

"That there are so many possible endings to this movie. Are we able to see the others?" he asks with a hint of eagerness in his voice.

"Nope, just the one viewing, we get what we got. But I will let you know, there is one ending you are about to go deep into," he says, sliding himself down Night's length, pushing him into his tight rear, past his pucker.

Night grunts, while Igor softly moans, his cock twitches in the air, as he feels his lover be pushed into him at his own pace.

"You're always so big."

"And you are always so tight," Night responds, Igor beginning to ride his lover, rising and lowering himself on his lover, hands gently caressing Night's chest while he abuses his aching needy length which is on edge.

"I don't know how much more I can take!" Night groans.

"You will take it till I tell you to release," Igor states, one hand gently rubbing along Night's cheek, while the other grips his own length beginning to jerk himself off before going full force on his lover's aching member.

“Please, let me release! I need it!”

Igor grunts, aching his back, riding Night for all he’s worth, jerking himself even harder, he grins down at Night who lets out a huff, his hard facade crumbling away under the relentless assault from Igor, “What was that? I don’t think I heard you over my own moans of pleasure.”

Night shivers, toes curling, doing his best to restrain himself from releasing too soon, while he feels Igor’s tight cheeks squeeze and milk every drop of pre-cum out of him, making his hole slick with his lover’s juices, allowing him to ride him even faster, “Please! Please Love! Please let me release! Let me fill you! I would love nothing more than to please you and fill you up!” he exclaims with a huff, puffing out his cheeks definitely, his body quivering underneath Igor.

Igor feels his own climax coming close, “Oh alright,” he says, slamming himself down onto Night with the words of permission, it breaks any will Night had to fight against the instinctual desire to gush his essence into Igor’s rear. A torrent of hot sticky seed flows up into him. Igor continues to pound himself against Night’s cock, rubbing himself harder, faster, feeling the warmth of his lover, and only a few moments later does he climax, releasing his hot sticky seed over onto Night, in long white streams of draconic hybrid essence.

The two pant heavily, exhausted from their long awaited and well built-up climax. Igor leans down, keeping Night lodged deep within him, clenching his butt cheeks to give Night another tease who moans in the process, “That was a good movie,” Igor says, the two passionately kissing, which only breaks a few moments later.

“Yeah... it was,” Night replies, the two enjoying the afterglow, and after a few minutes Night asks.

“Mind untying me? I think my hands are getting numb.”

“Who says anything about untying you?” Igor says, pulling off of him with a soft moan, heading off toward the shower.

“Hey, come on now! I said I was sorry!” he exclaims, taking the moment to relax.

Several days later Kalleck will be the first to be face to face with his future. Dressed in his best clothes he could afford, his feathers well preened, a feather collick, oiled down so it doesn’t fluff out at the wrong time. He already took the day off from his Entranceway Express job so he could be ready for whatever the outcome may be. His neck feathers fluff slightly, his heart beating a little faster, while he looks over himself in the reflection of the door glass, having pressed a button off to the side that has a temporary sign that says “Press for entry.”

While he fixes himself one last time, a dark slender form suddenly appears in his vision, his focus shifts from his reflection to the sleek vanta-black faceless sergal that is standing on the other side of the glass. The soft glowing purple colors show off the perfect shine of the sergal’s body, the grey hexagonal portions “trapped” by the purple lines that separate that and the void-like black rubber skin was a delightful sight, but with a deep breath he kept himself calm.

The sergal with almost a foot in height over him, elegantly, smoothly opens the door, the body softly squeaking, now able to be heard the moment the door breaks its seal, “**Greetings.**

Are you here for the interview?” R3Z4 asks in a clear, smooth, monotone voice, one that sends shivers through Kalleck’s spine, memories of the advertisements flash in the back of his mind.

“This is better than I thought. She is so amazing.”

The drone stands there watching the bird, staring at her, after a solid fifteen seconds she asks again, **“Are you here for the interview?”**

Kalleck jumps, his mind brought back to reality, “Yes, yes. I’m sorry. I was just distracted by how wonderful you look.”

“Thank you. I am glad you find my aesthetic appearance pleasing.”

“Ahh, yes. That is one way to put it. My name is Kalleck, and yes, I am here for the interview. I’ve come a little early. I hope that’s okay? I know the email said to come exactly at the time, but I wanted to make a good impression.”

“Your early arrival did not put any hindrance to our plans. Please come inside and follow me.”

“With pleasure,” Kalleck chirps, following the drone inside. Smelling the new club aroma of the building. Everything is cleaned, spotless, the smell of latex from the drones hangs in the air, the lobby with the cash registers, the gatekeepers between the outside and the rest of the club. Which they step through with ease through a pair of large automatically glass tinted sliding doors. Within the club proper, Kalleck admires the two stories of the club, the glass dance floor overhead, the raised platforms on the above floor just visible through the glass, the large bar on this floor along with lesser raised dance platforms with a pole ready to be used for whatever lewd and erotic display the dancers will have in mind.

“I wasn’t expecting you to be wearing the drone suits during club off hours.”

“Once, one is on duty for the Hub, you are always playing the part,” R3Z4 explains.

“Oh... that’s nice,” Kalleck says, swallowing another lump in his throat, the air feeling heavy around him, his excitement growing even higher, “So what is your name? I’m sorry I forgot to ask.”

“My designation in the Hub is R3Z4, perhaps regular customers may call me Reza, but that is an ongoing discussion in the Hub.”

“R3Z4... ah I can see how you’d say that,” he replies, watching the drone walk sensually, hips swaying side to side in the most teasing fashion, the drone leading him into the back of the club, where a sign above it reads, “Employees only.”

The smell of rubber grows stronger, building with his excitement, he looks around like a newborn child seeing the world for the first time. He catches the one room that has several smooth faceless drone hoods on stands within raised platform stalls.

“You really like to keep up the aesthetic or is it theme of this being a place worked by drones.”

“That is the purpose of the Hub, to be worked by and operated by drones. We are the Hub, we serve the Hub. We do what we can to help the Hub grow and be a success,” R3Z4 explains, leading him to the door that has a frosted over window that says “Administrator R4T1.”

R3Z4 knocks on the door, **“Administrator. Kalleck is here for his appointment.”**

“Acknowledged. Please usher him in,” R4T1 says, while transmitting over the Hub network, **“Prepare for the next interviewees. They should be here shortly.”**

“Affirmative, administrator. I will not let you down in interviewing the other applicants.”

“I know you won’t. The Hub demands perfection.”

“Yes administrator.” The drone replies, opening the door for Kalleck who cautiously walks into the office, seeing another sleek faceless sergal drone sitting at the desk, fingers steepled, the black rubber, somehow even more impossibly blacker and darker than the vanta black rubber of R3Z4.

R4T1 watches Kalleck enter, noticing the timid nature of the bird, who gets a sensation that he is being stared at, judged, by the faceless sergal. The door closing behind him, his feathers fluffing out slightly before quickly returning to normal. Kalleck can’t help but feel the sergal is “smiling” at him.

With a gentle hand motion RE4T1 says in that same smooth monotone voice, yet with a different projection, and character to it. A different female, but one with power and authority, who is more than happy to wield it, **“Please. Sit,”** she says, the words seeming almost like a command more than a suggestion.

Kalleck rushes to take his seat, making sure his back is straight, chest fluffed out, giving his best “eye” contact to the sergal, but all it does is draw him into that deep void of a face, that with such darkness, the perception of depth is thrown off. At one point he can see the features and at other times, it's more of staring at a sergal shaped bottomless pit, “Yes Ma’am.”

“Polite. I like that,” the drone says leaning forward with a soft squeak, the sergal’s weight of personality pushing onto him, his heart speeding up even more, his mind struggling to keep his calm.

R4T1 taps on a computer screen nearby, head turning in the direction of the screen then back at him, **“You have an impressive work history. And the reviews on your current job for Entranceway express are very positive.”**

“Y-you looked up my customer service reviews?” Kalleck asks with a hint of surprise in his voice.

“Yes. I’ve done some appropriate research when considering if you are the right stuff for us here at the Hub. Your customer service record does speak volumes about you. It is something that will be needed here at the Hub.”

He feels a slight surge of excitement, “Does that mean that I...”

R4T1 raises her hand, cutting him off, **“Do not get ahead of yourself. Your customer service record is excellent. But all of your work histories indicate that you do not work with others all that much. One could be friendly and personable to customers but be a poor coworker. Here at the Hub, we want everyone to be able to get along. We work as one single unit for the good of the Hub. Do you feel you have what it takes to work with your fellow coworkers and exemplify what it means to be a Hub drone, Kalleck?”**

“You sure bet I do. I am always open to learning, and a job like this is more like a dream than what I could consider to be just some other job. I’d put my heart and soul into my work,” he replies, there is a moment of silence, forcing him to think that R4T1 is judging every word he just said, judging him if he is even worthy to continue the interview.

“That is what I like to hear. But here in the hub, you will be expected to work. We strive for excellence here at the Hub. For only excellence will insure that we grow and expand the Hub. Do I make myself clear?” R4T1 asks.

“Perfectly clear,” he replies with an affirmative nod.

“Excellent,” R4T1 replies, Kalleck feeling that same hidden smile from the drone while R4T1 hears over the Hub network.

“The other applicants are arriving,” K4T3 informs.

“They are two minutes late. Not a good sign, but fixable. Interview them. Assign R4T1 to the one you do not pick.”

“Affirmative,” K4T3 says, getting up from her computer, which has the security camera feed that showed the two-hybrid dragon’s approaching the front of the club.

Night adjusts his tie, “This thing itches my scales.”

Igor gripping his hand, pulling him along, “Your scales don’t itch you ever.”

“They are right now.”

“Come on, I know you’d love an opportunity like this, but in order to get it, you have to look decent and trustworthy, not like someone who is about to rob the place.”

“Hey, I am trustworthy, but having to wear this tight suit is just... yuck,” he replies, tugging at his tie again before Igor has to quickly adjust it, tightening it.

“Will you stop that. All you have to do is look good for a few hours and that’s all. If we get this job we can be sexy drones together.”

Night stops in his tracks, “Wait... you too?”

Igor tosses him a stern look, “Did you really think I got dressed up this fancy just to take you here to get an interview?”

“Ah... well yeah actually. To give me moral support, as this is not something I’d be caught dead doing, but if I was wearing one of those new drone suits from the Toys-4-U company, no one would know anyway...”

“Exactly! Why do you think this is just an awesome job? No one will know who you or I are, and we can tease each other and work at a honestly fucking lovely job. I would have preferred if it was dragons, but you know, can’t have it all.”

“Yeah that would have been nice, though the owners of this club are dragons.”

Igor raises an eyebrow, pulling him closer to the door, “And how do you know that?”

“Ah... well remember that night where you weren’t feeling well yet we had that local BDSM meeting?”

Igor tightens his grip on Night’s claw, “The one from several months back? For that’s the only one I remember missing,

“Ah... well these two dragons one in red the other blue, dressed in really tight corset fitting rubber outfits.”

“You never told me about this.”

“Well it wasn’t that big of a thing and I didn’t think about it till just now when they were talking about setting up a drone themed club.”

“And you couldn’t tell me about this then?”

“I just put two and two together! And we had a lot of drinks,” he huffs puffing out his cheeks, “Not like I remembered most of that night anyway... and you didn’t tell me you had this job interview set up for the two of us. Heck how do you even set that up without me knowing?”

“I know you well enough to fill out your personal information,” Igor says with a smirk.

“Isn’t that illegal? Like plagiarism or something?”

Igor lets out a sigh, “No, that is not plagiarism, more like identity theft, but it's okay, I was simply borrowing it to make this job opportunity a surprise!”

“I suppose that is okay... if you put it that way.”

“Now stop stalling, we’re late enough as it is!”

“That’s the bus route’s fault!”

“We’d have caught the earlier bus, if you weren’t so stingy on getting dressed,” he growled.

“I’d have gone faster if you told me this was for a sexy job,” he retorts, puffing out his cheeks.

“That would have ruined the surprise, dummy.”

“I’m not a dummy,” he pouts, Igor rolling his eyes.

“No one would guess what kind of guy you are with the way you act here,” he says, reaching the door, just as a sleek black 2.0, hexagonal grey with glowing blue striped faceless sergal approaches them, hips swaying, tail following in its wake, in elegant motions, the body smooth, almost devoid of shape at times due to the darkness of the black rubber.

All of Night’s complaining and pouting ceases in an instant, his eyes locked on the sergal on the other side of the door, watching her move, opening the door, “**Greetings,**” K4T3 says in a smooth monotone yet friendly female voice, “**Are you two here for the interviews?**”

Igor found himself admiring the elegant, refined look of the sergal drone. The way she spoke was with a sense of power yet also friendly despite the complete lack of inflection in its voice, but he quickly catches himself delaying in the delay of his response, quickly replying to catch up, “Yes we are. I’m Igor and this is Nightmare.”

“Hello,” Night responds, straightening himself up for the first time since arriving here.

K4T3 nods in a smooth elegant fashion, the darkness of their rubber, messing with their minds as their brains struggle to see what is not there, only the elegant shine of their rubber, helps see the true form of the sergal as she moves, “**You’re late,**” she states opening the door fully, motioning them to step inside.

“It was only a few minutes,” Night grumps.

Igor tenses, squeezing Night's hand, "What my friend means to say that though it was only a few minutes, it was not intentional. We didn't plan appropriately with the city traffic to get here on time. It will not happen again," he explains.

K4T3's head follows them, a shiver running through the dragon's body, along their spines, tingling their tails at the same time, "**I'm sure it won't. My designation is K4T3,**" she says, closing, locking the door behind them, walking ahead in smooth sleek motions, a soft squeak following their movements.

"Katie? Is that you? Those hoods are able to hide your wings? That's impressive," says Night.

K4T3 looks over her shoulder, the sliding doors opening in front of her, "**Ah yes, we have met before, haven't we?**"

"Yeah, a few months ago."

"**That feels like a lifetime ago. I thought you looked familiar when I laid eyes upon you.**"

"I'm surprised you remembered me."

"He certainly had trouble remembering the event," Igor states.

A monotone chuckle rings out of the drone, "**Yes, that was a wild drinking night. Then you are the Igor he spent the entire night talking about.**"

Igor gives Night a teasing look, "He talked about me all night did he?"

"**He would not stop talking about you, and how he felt worried and bothered that he went on ahead while you were sick, but he knows better than to go against your suggestions.**"

Igor chuckles, "That does sound like night alright."
“

"Hey, you are making me sound like some whipped kobold, I'm a dragon you know," he huffs.

"I know you are, love," Igor replies.

"**We are pleased that such a close pair are wanting to work here. Though we have to be mindful of interpersonal relationships at work, I think, in this case, it will work to the Hub's benefit.**"

"I do like the sound of that."

"**Since I already know Night, to be professional, I will let my associate, the coordinator R3Z4 conduct his interview in this room here,**" K4T3 says, motioning to a break room that has been temporarily converted into an interview office. Inside is R3Z4, sitting across the room, hands resting across the table, faceless face looking in their direction. Night feels a shiver, seeing another drone, though their rubber not as black as the other, it was still impressively dark, "**Igor. If you will. Follow me.**"

Igor gently pats Night on the back, "Relax and be yourself. I know you will do well. And we can both get this job," Igor says, following K4T3.

Night nods, "I got this, not a problem," he says, stepping into the room.

R3Z4 stares at Night yet, he feels a warmth coming from this sergal, a hidden smile, that is projected into his mind. Is it real? Or is it something he is trying to discern from the darkness of the sergal's face? That is hard to tell. Perhaps it is all in his head, but as the drone motions for him to sit she says, **"Please sit. My designation is R3Z4."**

Night straightens himself up, the smell of rubber heavy in the room, he takes the chair, adjusting himself to sit comfortably, the tail sipping through the back with ease, "Pleasure to meet you," he says holding out his hybrid clawed hand.

"Likewise," she responds, reaching out, gripping Night's hand.

Night finds the rubber even smoother than he anticipated, but what really surprises him is the strength of her grip, it matches his own, yet keeps a tenderness to him, like she is establishing dominance over him, yet a mutual respect, "I'm Nightmare, but people call me Night. It sounds less threatening to those I meet."

"I can understand that, Night," she says, releasing her grip from his hand.

Night clears his throat, "Before we begin, may I take a moment to make a comment or two?"

R3Z4 tilts her head slightly to the left, responding, **"We have a moment, you may proceed."**

"First, I have to say that you look awesome. I never expected it to look this good in real life, but just wow, it's amazing."

"I appreciate that you find my aesthetic appearance pleasing. What is the other comment?"

"Ah, well. I'm surprised you are wearing the drone hoods for something like this. Not that I mind though. I don't know much on the technology myself, though I have been following the development of the Toys-4-U drone hoods for a few years."

"We here at the Hub like to keep up the theme that we are a collective of sergal drones, working at a drone themed dance club. We are committed in keeping to this theme and helping the Hub grow and become the most successful fetish dance club in the city. And perhaps even beyond, but one day at a time. We need to hire employees that will dedicate themselves to the art of being a Hub drone. Where they can really commit to helping the Hub become a success."

Night feels a shiver run down his spine, his excitement grows, he subtly adjusts himself in the chair, thoughts of the movie he watched, "Attack of the Cynful Drones," plays in the back of his mind. Each utterance of the smooth monotone words reminds him of the main drone, how perfect it was in how they operated. How perfect this drone spoke and presented themselves, with a level of refinement that is lost to the everyday person, "That is a lovely goal. I am a hundred percent behind a club like this becoming a success," he replies.

"Do you think you have what it takes to help the Hub grow? Going over your records, you have a proven work history with security-based work, but some of your intrapersonal skills with your fellow co-workers have been lacking."

Night calms himself, resisting the urge to jump to his own defense with aggressive tones, knowing just how important a good impression here is, and that Igor is counting on him to do well, and that it would be a shame for Igor to get the job, and not him, “I believe someone is a grouping of all their past experiences. Though I have had a few rough moments. I learned from my mistakes. And there have been times where what happened was more on a personal level outside of work.”

“Can you elaborate?”

“Uh, umm, what do you know? Perhaps that will be better than me, just spouting off things.”

“I was informed that your job at Don’ Eet Cheek’n ended abruptly.”

Night tenses, hands clenching for a moment, tail growing stiff, “Ah, that one I can explain.”

“Please do.”

Night takes a deep breath, “I wasn’t even on duty at the time. I was on break. But there was this really anti-draconic hybrid dragon that called Igor a half breed, and his mother some rather harsh and untrue words that I don’t think I should say here.”

R3Z4 steeples their fingers, listening intently, **“Continue.”**

“One thing led to another and it got physical, and with it, as I tossed them through a window, so was my job.”

“Here at the Hub, we must keep a level of professionalism at all times. Do you think you can do that?”

“Oh very, I never had a moment like that again. Igor took me to several anger management classes after that...”

“Really? Well then what about...”

Igor follows close behind K4T3, “I was not expecting you to be wearing the drone hoods already. How do they feel?” he asks.

“They feel wonderful. It is the best part of being part of the Hub,” K4T3 explains.

“I would imagine it is a good job perk. But there had to be a lot of hurdles to get over to make this a reality.”

“Simple bumps in a long road towards our end goal.”

“I hope Night isn’t gushing over how you all look. Not that I blame him.”

“It is quite alright. We enjoy compliments on our aesthetic appearance. It is all part of what will make our Hub grow and expand. To become a true success.”

“It takes quite a lot of work. And then to keep that elegance with how you walk, and move? It must have been difficult to achieve.”

K4T3 looks over her shoulder to Igor, just as they reach the door to her office, **“You have a discerning eye for the subtle qualities that will make us even more unique than any previous fetish club that has become before us. Perhaps emulated but never truly copied, as there can only be one true Hub. But to answer your inquiry,”** she says, opening the door, stepping inside to reveal a small office, with a fancy computer on a desk, and a chair put in front

of the desk for Igor to sit on, **“It took a lot of effort to get right, but now it is natural as breathing. I don’t think I could ever go back to the way it was.”**

“Your efforts do not go unnoticed,” Igor replies, sitting down in the chair only once K4T3 has taken her seat. Igor feels that the drone is giving him an elegant soft ‘smile’ through the facelessness of her face, she rests her hands on the front of her desk, gently tapping on the nearby computer screen to bring up Igor and Night file.

“Are you receiving the information on Night?” K4T3 inquires to R3Z4 over the Hub network.

“Receiving all optical data. I will update you on what information is needed as necessary.”

“Excellent,” K4T3 reports to R3Z4, looking head on to Igor, who sits with perfect posture, and refinement, **“You have an impressive work history.”**

“Nothing that impressive about it. It’s simply the jobs I’ve had over the years.”

“And you want to work here?”

“I think having a unique and varied work experience is good for one’s personal growth. If I keep myself working the same old jobs, there are little ways to challenge myself and become a better person. One does not learn new ideas living in an echo chamber. One doesn’t learn new skills simply doing the same thing over and over without trying something new along the way to perfect the craft they are working on.”

“And what craft are you working on Igor?”

“The craft of myself. Perhaps it’s the arrogant dragon in me, but I can’t handle just being average. I don’t think I am a cut above the rest. But I certainly aim to make myself be above the masses.”

“Humble yet advertising their strengths, refusing to sell themselves short, while not appearing that he should get the job just because of who he is,” K4T3 thinks, adding, **“Sounds a bit like someone I know.”**

“He takes a little bit after myself. I can admire that,” R4T1 says over the network.

“I knew you’d like him,” she replies to her, **“You have many excellent qualities, but the direction of your work history would not indicate that someone like yourself would simply be willing to work at a bottom position job such as our establishment. As lovely and exotic as it may be.”**

“A very astute observation. I will not deny that this business has a lot of appealing factors that draw me in. And there is a risk going for a job such as this. A new untested technology being hurled into the public sphere and your entire business is reliant on said technology, but the potential for expansion and growth? To get in at the bottom floor? That would be like working at Toys-4-U back in its heyday. Imagine if one could have gotten into that early? Look at them now? They’ve made sex toys to be more common place and less taboo than ever. Within reason of course.”

“A unique perspective and answer to my question. Let’s continue,” K4T3 says, their interview continuing while the three drones of the Hub network are having a simultaneous meeting amongst themselves.

R3T1 starts off the conversation, **“Prospective convert Kalleck has excellent customer service skills, but is lacking with co-worker relations. They strive for excellence, but are timid, perhaps unable to handle tough situations that might occur during club hours. Drunken organics are sometimes rather rowdy, and cause problems. They must be monitored and dealt with efficiently for the good of the Hub.”**

R3Z4 replies, **“Prospective convert Nightmare has the aggression needed to deal with such occurrences. Their delight in our form will make them easy to process. But their personal skills and ability to handle themselves in a refined manner are lacking. But there is potential in them. Not a top pick, but I wouldn’t turn them away outright from my experience.”**

K4T3 rounds off the introduction and assessment of the conversation, **“Igor has experience with working with fellow co-workers, but does not have a long history of direct customer service. They are ambitious and could very much be a boon for the Hub, allowing it to grow. But their experience skill set is lacking in the area we are currently in need of. With the exceptions of an eye for detail, and the ability to present themselves in a fashion that we expect within the Hub, and of course, working with others. Their connection with Night would mean hiring one would require the hiring of the other, otherwise it might raise suspicion.”**

R4T1 responds in a monotone yet firm voice, **“That would raise suspicion, and their interest and knowledge in the Toys-4-U corporation, would greatly increase the risk of Toys-4-U of discovering us and stopping our growth. We would not want that to happen.”**

R3Z4 replies, **“Would it then be inadvisable to hire them then? We could find more prospective converts that are more fitting to the roles we need and with less risk of discovery.”**

K4T3 says, **“I disagree with this assessment. They were already optimal in hiring and conversion with minimal risk of discovery. Time till the grand opening is quickly approaching and time is limited. I have an idea that would efficiently improve all three prospective drones we need to start the club opening on time.”**

There is a moment of silence over the Hub network, while R4T1 processes the information, **“You have me curious administrator K4T3. What is your idea?”**

“I propose we connect the three drones in a subnetwork that will bind their thought processes together. Where we can merge and blend their personalities and experiences together to make three near-identical drone units.”

“Our experiences are already shared over the Hub network. What would this achieve?” R3Z4 inquires.

R4T1 replies, **“I know you don’t suggest something to me K4T3, unless you have been thinking this over for a while. Please continue to clarify your proposal. So far R3Z4 is**

correct, but you do intrigue me with this idea. As long as this network is never to grow to be more powerful than the Hub network.”

“I would design it to make that impossible and these subnetworks smaller than the Hub network, at most be a third of the total Hub network, the only exception would be the current collective with our numbers being so small.”

“First, how would it work?” R4T1 inquires.

R3Z4 asks, *“Second, what are some of the other benefits outside of having the three become better suited for their roles? Speaking of which, what role assignment would these drones have? This would be outside of the generic role of a simple Hub drone.”*

“To answer the first question, I will make the subnetwork have a direct and seemingly private streaming mental conversation between each unit. These conversations will be monitored by the Hub, but we won’t interact with it. That’s the purpose of the Hub network, and the Hub is above all.”

“The Hub is above all. All is one, one is all, we are the Hub,” R4T1 responds, pleasure surging through all three drones as those thoughts are spoken over the network.

R3Z4 releases a monotone mental moan over the network, *“We serve the Hub... But continue on how this will work?”*

K4T3 continues to explain, *“I will enhance certain thoughts that each drone has that will push into the fellow units, while suppressing and minimizing the thoughts that are deemed unnecessary. Over time the thought imprints will blend between each unit.”*

“And how will you achieve this?”

“On how we are made. I would not touch or alter the core programming we receive from the wonderful Hub. I will use the methods to implement them in the lesser network to create the unifying personality that each will slowly take on.”

R4T1 speaks up over the network, *“That sounds very plausible, but that could limit our overall diversity, and growth within the Hub.”*

K4T3 counters, *“I predict their personalities will only merge to a ninety to ninety-five percent uniformity. There will be subtle differences that will be just enough to entice people. Such as having people guess who is who or learn the small differences between the collective drones.”*

“Organics do love a collective idea. We are Hub networked, a collective, but not to that degree. Having a subset to fulfill that niche will expand our overall capabilities of being able to provide a varied service amongst our Hub drones. Very clever.”

R3Z4 inquires, *“Then what will we call these drones Administrators?”*

R4T1 responds, *“Your statement of collective sounds adequate to explain them. We have our simple titleless drones, our higher up coordinator drones, us administrators at the top, but below them all will be our collective drones. The simplest of black rubber. An indication of their status for those with a discerning eye.”*

K4T3 says, *“An excellent idea. I should be able to manage to make the network a possibility during the initial droning process as they are being prepped. Shall we bring them to the stalls?”*

R4T1, *“We’ll stagger their droning by a few minutes, allowing each one to get covered before bringing in the next. I’ll go first, followed by K4T3, and then R3Z4.”*

“Affirmative,” the other two drones respond in unison.

R4T1 clasps her hands together, they softly squeak while she leans back into her chair, which creaks under her weight. Kalleck looks upon her with nervousness, having just answered her last question, **“I think that will be all that I need Mr. Kalleck,”** she says to him in that smooth, monotone calculating voice that seems to come out of nowhere.

“Ah, well, I hope I did well. So do I then go? Is there a follow up interview?”

“No, there won’t be a follow up interview,” she says.

Kalleck’s feathers droop ever so slightly.

“It won’t be needed,” she says, standing up, walking over to him.

His feather’s rise up in a hint of excitement, he watches the drone approach him, heart racing. “Does that mean...”

“Before we make you an official employee, we have to see how well you integrate with our drone hood systems. I hope you won’t mind.”

“Integrate with the drone hood systems? Y-you mean wear one of the hoods and be like you?”

R4T1 smoothly nods, motioning with her hand for Kalleck to stand, **“Yes. Follow me.”** she states, moving toward the door, opening it.

Kalleck nods, “Yes Miss!” He hops to his feet, following the sergal drone out of the room, down the hallway towards the drone platforms. With each step, Kalleck feels himself drawn to the sergal drone, the smooth way of walking, the width of her gait, giving the indication of power and control that her smooth faceless features could never truly give. Her body language was all that was needed to tell him just what kind of drone the administrator R4T1 really is. She ushers him inside the drone platform room, the smell of latex heavy in the air, the platforms hum with a soft energy that makes his feathers fluff out, a tingle running down his spine.

At all but three stalls were faceless sergal drone hoods, hanging on a bulbous coat hook for lack of a better word. They are all facing toward him, staring at him with their eyelessness, making him feel like he’s been watched by all of them. His mind pulled back to reality by R4T1’s words, giving in a way that despite the lack of inflection in the voice, he knew what she said was no suggestion but a firm command, **“please strip and place your clothes onto the table over there,”** she points to a small stand with a set of drawers, where one would put their clothes.

“Sure, sure. Do clothes mess with the rubber process?” he asks looking to the sergal drone who watches him nearly unmoving save for the swaying of her tail.

“Yes. It makes making a good connection with the body more difficult. I would like this to go ahead with as few complications as possible. I hope you understand.”

“Not a problem,” he chirps, struggling to remain calm, his excitement building in his loins, placing the last of his clothes nicely folded onto the drawer, before turning to her as naked as the day he was hatched, “Would feathers cause a problem?” he asks.

“No, that has already been tested.”

“Been tested?”

“You’ve met one of our other avian hires already.”

“I-I have?” he asks, a shiver running down his spine, feathers rising, fluffing out more a soft gasp escaping his beak.

R4T1 silently nods, motioning over to one of the stalls that lights up the moment she motions towards it, **“Please take this stall. Place your head into the hood whenever you are ready. Turning to face me as you do so, please.”**

With unrestrained excitement, the anticipation growing, he grabs the rubber sergal drone hood, lifting it off the charge stand, the weight of which is far greater than what he was expecting, he feels along the smooth rubber, the shimmering interior, drawing his gaze, looking into the darkness, the black rubber not as dark as the sergal before him, but that did not matter. He runs his thumbs along the inside feeling the smoothness of it. He looks up, seeing R4T1 watching him, waiting.

“All I do is just put this on?” he asks, feeling in the pit of his stomach as if he’s missing something.

“That is all you need to do. The hood will do the rest. As long as you relax, this process will be as smooth and delightful as myself,” she explains, giving a gentle nod.

“Okay. Just slip it on, and let the hood do the rest,” he mutters to himself, bringing the hood to his face, the thick smell of rubber filling his nostrils, before darkness, the sound of rubber grinding against his feathers fills his ears, head popping into place, deafening him but just before this happens, R4T1 says.

“Please remain on the platform till everything is complete.”

Kalleck’s first breath within the hood pulls the hood tighter against his face, air rushing up from the neck, ruffling some of his feathers, the slow release warms the air around his head, the hood expanding slightly when he hears a voice cool, cold, calculated, very synthetic, **“Welcome to the Toys-4-U professional grade sergal drone hoods. Initiating physical adjustment.”**

“Just relax. This is only an experience of a lifetime. Even if they don’t hire you. This will be unforgettable,” Kalleck thought, the hood squeezing around his head, filling his beak, nostrils, confirming around his head, the sudden squeeze, causing him to moan out, his hidden length twitching within his cloaca, his talons clenching, the rubber beginning to roll down his black crow feathers, congealing around them, binding to them, smoothing his neck, flowing down his chest and back like a warm trickle of a refreshing summer rain or a relaxing shower.

The pleasure builds within Kalleck's body, the embrace of the rubber as they envelope each individual feather, forcing him to feel them run down the shaft, wrapping around his plumage smothering the entire vane of each feather, the warmth funneled into his skin through each one, adding to the delightfulness he's feeling. *"I'm so glad I popped one out before coming. I don't want her to think I am doing this just to get my kicks,"* Kalleck more aroused, yet not to the point of slipping out of his hidden cloaca, under his well-groomed feathers.

While the rubber rolls down his form, hiding his avian features, grasping, constraint binding to Kalleck's body, the rubber already altering his external appearance to match that of a female sergal. Breasts filling along his chest, the sensation of growing surface area in front of his body is a unique yet delightful experience, feeling the cool air on the smooth rubber, reminds him of what is going on, rising him to a new level of delight. R4T1 calmly takes Kalleck's clothes and shoves them into the bottom drawer, **"These will be dealt with later."**

R4T1 watches the rubber roll down Kalleck's belly, curving it, squeezing his body, elongating his tail feathers, slendering out, forming that distinct long smooth sergal tail. The grey hexagonal marlins floating to the surface, like land masses bursting out of the ocean, a grey colorless band forming along the area between the very black shiny rubber and the grey hexagonal markings that form along his back, top of his arms, inner thighs. *"We should figure what color we want for these collective drones."*

K4T3 suggests, *"How about hot pink, but we have the color set to grow to the full brightness upon desired synchronization levels, so we may also see as well as monitor the changes as they become one singular grouped unit."*

R4T1 gives a faceless smile, *"I like that idea."*

"Thank you fellow administrator. Aesthetics are an important part to make a pleasing experience to help the Hub grow."

"I couldn't agree more," she responds.

Meanwhile the warm embracing rubber reaches around Kalleck's crotch, coating over it, smoothing over his male sexuality, the rubber flowing into his cloaca, enveloping his cock, preventing it to advance any further like some form of advanced chastity. The rubber continuing to march down his thighs, smoothie and making them ever more female in design, slender, supple, just like his new breasts that are around perk, nipples hard and teasing, sensitive in the cool air, the feeling flowing into Kalleck's mind, a new mind boggling experience that he already could not have fathomed just how good it feels till it's actually happening. He relaxes into the change, feeling his height grow to match R4T1, the rubber taking his legs completely. After a few minutes, standing in the platform is a smooth faceless sergal drone, ready to begin the first real stages of their dronification, and Kalleck who is underneath, is bound and helpless, completely unaware that he has signed himself away to a new fate that he could have never truly imagined.

"Physical adjustment completed. Scanning for user profile..." The hoods voice filled his ears, the entire world around him gone save for the cool air that surrounds him. His breathing grows deeper, faster excitement, the twitching of his cock minimized by the rubber, yet the warmth of it, brings him closer to the edge of the abyss.

“User profile loaded, welcome unit K41K.”

“K41K? Is that the ‘name’ I am going to have as a drone? Sounds exotic yet familiar,” Kalleck thinks.

“Deviation from preset drone program detected. Initiating drone programming. All audio and sensory perceptions will be disabled. Locking mobility during the duration of the training.”

Kalleck shivers at the words, *“Fuck that is kinky. Is this what that one sergal felt when becoming one of these things? This is so exciting!”*

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes.”

“Is this a test? Well I don’t know what my programming is. Tell me and I’d be happy to follow through. I really want this job.”

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes,” the hood states, the cold systematic voice pushing into his mind, his body feeling a wave of relaxation come over him, fingers and toes twitching. **“Unit K41K will be reminded of their programming.”**

“Please do, I want to know. I want to be a good drone. I want this job,” Kalleck thinks.

“Unit K41K will obey all programming.”

“Unit K41K is a drone.”

“Unit K41K does not think outside of their programming.”

“Unit K41K must accept programming. Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes.”

“If that means I am in this longer, that will just make me want to purposely not think accidentally from time to time,” Kalleck mentally chuckles.

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes.”

Kalleck shivers in delight, *“Yes, K41K must accept programming,”* he thinks, a soft white noise fills his mind, a pulsating light draws his focus, the changing colors and lights draw him into the view, pupils dilating, a trance beginning to set into Kalleck’s eager mind.

The start of Kalleck’s droning process has already begun, the voice speaking into his ear, a whispering echo follows in his mind, breaking down barriers, preparing him for the foundation of what it means to be a Hub drone.

“Unit K41K is a drone.”

“Unit K41K is a drone.”

“Unit K41K is a drone.”

“Unit K41K is a drone.”

“Unit K41K is a drone,” Kalleck happily thinks, pleasure surging through him, a moan escaping his lips, body twitching, which is bound by the rubber holding him in place. Which is barely visible from R4T1’s point of view, who turns around, walking away, sending a message over the Hub network.

“K41K is undergoing initial conditioning, proceed with the next subject.”

K4T3 responds, **“Affirmative.”** She looks to Igor who keeps a professional demeanor during the entire interview, **“Honestly, I think your desire to perform well is just what we need here at the Hub. Welcome to the Hub network,”** she says, standing up offering a hand to shake.

Igor smirks, “Excellent, I won’t let you down,” he says, tightly grasping the drone’s hand, a bit surprised just how strong the drone’s grip is.

“Before we can make it official, we’ll need to test our hood technology with you. I hope you don’t mind.”

“Hmm, question if Night gets it, will he undergo it?”

“Yes, but if he doesn’t... due to what a wonderful prospect you are, and judging from your work history, we can give him a taste so that he doesn’t feel left out.”

Igor smiles, “I do like the sound of that. Thank you for that. I’m sure he’d love that. But I hope he does well enough. He is one who’d really want a job like this. But I nonetheless appreciate the kind gesture.”

K4T3 nods, walking over to the door, **“Please follow me, so we may begin.”**

“Of course, lead the way Ma’am,” he replies, being taken to the room right next door where he sees a sleek female sergal drone with grey hexagonal marking and stripes, silently standing in one of the stalls.

“I don’t recall seeing a drone there before... eh, must have missed it... That or Night finished the interview and is already undergoing the process. That sly dragon. Making an already fulfilled promise. I like that.”

K4T3 motions Igor to the stall beside the idly standing drone, which lights up, **“Please, undress, placing your clothes on the nearby stand, after which you will grab the drone hood. Turn to face me, place it on your head and we can begin analysis and compatibility trials.”**

“Undress?” Igor asks.

“Clothes hinder the droning process. We want an accurate test.”

“Not a problem,” he replies, removing his clothes, placing them onto the small drawer, till he only had his boxers on.

“The undergarments as well.”

Igor raises an eye ridge, shrugging, “Okay,” he slips out of them, walking over to the platform feeling the cool metal against his feet, grabbing the hood, turning around to face the sergal drone, peering into the smooth sleek interior of the hood, “And I just slip it on?”

“That is correct,” K4T3 replies with a nod, **“The hood will do the rest,”** she explains.

Igor looks over to the other sergal standing in the stall, *“I won’t let night get to have all the fun,”* he thinks, slipping the hood onto his head with a soft squeak. The rubber runs across his hair, human skin and scales, feeling cool to the touch, which quickly warms with each breath he takes. Within moments a synthetic voice speaks into his ear, his only stimuli as he’s blind, deafened and muted by the hood.

“Welcome to the Toys-4-U professional grade sergal drone hoods. Initiating physical adjustment.” The hood expands around his head, filling his mouth and nostrils, becoming a tight perfect fit, the rubber slipping into his ears, a soft white noise filling his senses, while the rubber warms up even more, washing over his human chest, the scales feeling a slightly muffled feel the the smooth rubber, but nonetheless delightful.

He takes a slow deep breath, the air hot, humid, heavily scented by the rubber, his chest rising and falling as it's covered in black rubber. He spreads his legs holding out his arms in an M, sort of like some kind of superhero ready to be suited to fight crime.

The rubber tingles along his form, squeezing his body, caressing his form, his exposed cock twitches in the air, reacting positively to the warmth, yet his urges are kept in check by a layer of professionalism that keeps him calm and collected. The reverse dipping of his body in the rubber spreads ever faster, rolling down his arms like a piece of candy being coated in dark chocolate on a factory conveyor belt.

His sides are squeezed, becoming more feminine in the process, the rubber caressing his exposed balls and cock, containing them in a thick rubber that bulges at first, but as a pair of supple breasts grow out from the smooth ocean of rubber, the bulge between his legs smooths out. Igor grunts, tensing slightly, feeling his privates being shifted and squeezed up against him, but it's never painfully so, a simple minor discomfort, while the growing weight on his chest is a curious experience that is neither unwelcomed or welcomed. It's simply there to feel.

With each breath he feels the rubber grow more refined around his body, running along his draconic tail, becoming bigger, thicker, sergal-like in design, the hexagonal grey pattern and stripe merging from the rubber, adding a design to the otherwise simple featureless darkness of his rubber body.

The few hairs on his body stand up on edge before they are rolled over by the rubber, made null and void like his face, the last vestiges of his hybrid draconic and human features being consumed by the warm rubber, replaced by a perfect duplicate of the rubber sergal drone standing in the platform beside him. The rubber growing tighter, harder, impossible to move, a small sense of alarm coming over him, *"Is it supposed to do this?"* he wonders.

"Physical adjustment completed. Scanning for user profile..." The hood states, overcoming the white noise that kept his mind slightly distracted, more focused on the pleasure he was feeling rather than any initial concerns one might naturally have when being completely cut off and coated by the drone hood. The sweet synthetic voice, monotone spoke with a pendulum like quality in volume that began to slowly draw him in.

"User profile loaded, welcome unit 1G0R."

"Really? Is that what they intend to use for my designation? I might have to suggest something else once this is over."

"Deviation from preset drone program detected. Initiating drone programming. All audio and sensory perceptions will be disabled. Locking mobility during the duration of the training."

"Locking? I was already locked. Perhaps part of the getting into character experience. I can dig it," he thinks.

"Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes."

"Adding time? Why would it be adding time. This is something that should happen as I relax into it."

"Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes."

"Hey now. That's not how it should go. Not from the research I did."

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes.”

“Stop this now!” Igor thinks trying to move yet finding his entire body unresponsive, stuck in his superhero uniform wearing pose.

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes,” the hood states, the cold systematic voice pushing into his mind, body relaxing more. He tries to resist but soft swirls form in front of his eyes, mind torn between if this is what is *meant* to happen and his draconic instincts telling him that this isn't *right*. **“Unit 1G0R will be reminded of their programming.”**

“There is nothing to remind me of. Silly hood, there are a few bugs that need to be fixed,” he thinks, body relaxing further, a shiver running down his spine, his genitalia teased by the rubber, the machine speaks, the voice echoes into his head.

“Unit 1G0R is a drone.”

“Unit 1G0R is a drone.”

“Unit 1G0R is a drone.”

“Unit 1G0R is a drone.”

“Unit 1G0... wait a fucking moment, I am not that easy to just make into a drone, as sexy as that sounds... and good it feels... and welcoming that voice... no, no I must...,” Igor thinks, steeling himself against the programming that will begin to chip away at him, the process of his dronification having just begun.

“Adjustments on how the hoods approach initial dronification is needed,” K4T3 reports over the Hub network.

“Is that possible? We are not authorized to adjust our core programming,” R3Z4 inquires.

“We are still making drones for the Hub. Improvement and greater efficiency of conversion is a necessity for Hub growth. All of which is within parameters of core programing, and therefore accessible to us administrators.”

R4T1 replies, **“I love how you think K4T3. That is why I love you my fellow administrator.”**

If K4T3 was capable of smiling, she would be at this moment, while she puts away Igor's clothes, before heading back to her office to begin crafting the new sub network for the Hub's plans. **“Thank you fellow administrator R4T1. R3Z4, bring the next subject. 1G0R though showing some resistance is currently being processed.”**

“Affirmative,” R3Z4 replies, looking at Night who has been fidgeting ever more so in the chair.

“Why is this interview taking so long? If there is a problem Igor is going to kill me. They've been diving into my history and problems. This has to be accounting a lot against me. No way I am going to get the job at this rate,” Night thinks.

R3Z4 who has remained calm, collective, speaking monotone, fingers steepled together, emulating some of R4T1's behavior finally says after a moment of silence, **“After much consideration...”**

“Yes?” he leans forward.

“That we will proceed with a trial basis with your employment, to see if you can work well within the Hub. We value your desire to join us, and that does not go unnoticed, but you will need to prove to us you want to work for the Hub, further our goals to help make the Hub grow. Do I make myself clear?”

“Crystal clear. So... um, when would I start?”

“We will test you immediately. Please follow me. We will get you processed into a proper Hub drone.”

Night feels a surge of excitement, the down and depressed deep pit in his gut feeling exploding with the sensation of butterflies, “With pleasure,” he replies, watching the sensual steps of the drone in front of him, the vanta-black rubber body, creating the illusion that he is following an empty void or a shadow, till the lights and reflective shine break the illusion for brief moments.

They head right into the drone platform room where Night sees two perfectly identical sergal drones already standing there. One with their arms by their sides, the other the arms slightly off to their sides, away from their bodies. Night felt a shiver run down his spine, his cock already responding positively to the sight, the smell, the humming machinery around him.

“Please undress, place your clothes on that stand there,” R3Z4 states motioning to the small drawers off to the side, **“Then proceed to this stand here, turn to face me before putting the hood over your head. We need naked subjects for the greatest efficiency with the drone technology. After that you will undergo indoctrination and training. Welcome to the Hub.”** R3Z4 turns to Night who is already stripped down to his knickers, the underwear about to be pulled off when Night stops, noticing the drone ‘looking’ at him.

Night lets out a soft huff, “Uh... I wasn’t meant to remove my underwear, was I?” he asks.

“Negative. Underwear removal is desired and a necessity for this.”

Night lets out a sigh of relief, “Good, good. I guess I got a little eager for this,” he replies, tail swaying in excitement, cock at half-mast.

“Your eagerness is appreciative,” R3Z4 replies, standing off to the side, watching Night quickly and unceremoniously toss his clothes onto the stand, some of which slips off, tumbling to the ground while he hops onto the platform, feeling the cool metal under his feet, his cock bouncing up and down, reaching full erection, while his hands tightly grip the hood.

Night’s heart races, his excitement growing, cock twitching in delight, not even bothering to hide or fake that he’s not into this, “Thank you for this. I’ve always wondered what this was going to feel like.”

“No, thank you for your participation and eagerness for wanting to help the Hub grow,” R3Z4 replies, watching Night slip the hood on so quickly that the air brr’s out like a whoopee cushion, the cool rubber quickly warming, and within a few moments there is a soft white noise that fills Night’s ears, his body tenses, growing even more eager.

“This is going to be great. I can’t wait!” he thinks in excitement, his hot breath feeling the hood.

“Welcome to the Toys-4-U professional grade sergal drone hoods. Initiating physical adjustment,” the hood states, whispering into his ear, over the white noise that relaxes

him. His cock twitches when he feels the hood squeeze around his head, melting around his horns, the liquid melting out of the hood, rolling down his neck, gripping his skin and scales alike, each a unique delightful sensation that only someone of his unique heritage could ever fully appreciate. He breathes in deeply, mouth being filled by the rubber, nostrils connecting to breathe tubes, which are invisible to the outside drone hood.

Night's muscular well-sculpted chest is coated in the thick smothering of black rubber, his muscular arms smoothed out, squeezed by the growing sergal drone body that he is to possess, unaware just how in depth this process is really going to be. For now, Night simply revels in the delightful warmth that is wrapping around him. His mind jumps back to the movie, picturing himself in that main character's position, wearing the faceless hood, letting the rubber roll over their form, shifting and changing how they look.

He takes another deep breath, the rubber rolling down his back and sides, enveloping his hard cock, pulling it tight up against his body, making the bulge disappear within a few moments, while a pair of round supple breasts begin to take shape. His thick muscular arms appear to be squeezed and slimmed down somewhat, adding to the ever-growing female figure that he is to obtain over the time he is processed.

"Fuck yes. Keep it up. I can't wait to see myself. I will look so damn good and hot!" Night thinks, mind running a mile a minute at just how wonderful all of this is, his tail thickening gout, butt becoming supple, smooth, sculpted like out of a piece of clay, formed by the hand of the ultimate artist, that knows how to bring to life, the perfect female drone body. His human and draconic features melting away under the rubber, body growing a little taller to match that of the other drones within the platform stalls.

Legs becoming so slender, sergal feet taking shape, wrapping around his pitiful human ones, by comparison. The cool metal under his feet at first is muffled by his warm rubber coating but after a few moments he begins to feel the transfer of sensation between the rubber and himself, moving his sense of self outwards toward the rubber coating that now fully envelopes him. The grey hexagonal marking and stripe that separate it and the black rubber, floating to the surface, becoming part of what he is becoming. All of it just adding the growing lustful arousal he is feeling, ready to just let this all happen. It is simply like a dream come true.

The movement of rubber slows, Night's body held in place, the weight of his breasts, and the extra weight felt from his larger tail, balancing themselves out, more surface area for him to feel, the cool air wrapping around the rubber, teasing his supple form, the hood speaking into his ears, **"Physical adjustment completed. Scanning for user profile..."**

"I hope all of this feels as good. I can't wait for the sweet mental conditioning. I read how the people actually feel like drones. Able to relax their minds and simply feel the pleasure that they always wanted. This is going to be exciting." he thinks, lust growing, balls tensing, pre-cum would be dripping from his cock if it wasn't sealed by the rubber holding it in place, tight against his body to smooth out his crotch into a perfect genderless drone.

"User profile loaded, welcome unit N1T3."

"N1T3? Not bad. I am unit N1T3," Night thinks with glee.

“Deviation from preset drone program detected. Initiating drone programming. All audio and sensory perceptions will be disabled. Locking mobility during the duration of the training.”

“Please do. Though I should do well. I don’t want this to go bad. I am unit NIT3,” Night thinks, the white noise subtly disrupting some of his thoughts, a swirl of light forming in front his eyes.

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes.”

“Hmm. Ah, I know. Drone is a drone. Drone’s designation is NIT3. Drone is a good drone. Drone obeys its programming.”

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes.”

“Come on, that’s not fair, I am trying!”

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes. Unit NIT3 will be reminded of their programming.”

“Please do. I love to know what my programming is so I can be a good drone,” he thinks, letting out a soft muffled grunt, his cock twitching against the rubber, his eagerness and need growing at just how deeply this plays into his fetish.

“Unit NIT3 is a drone.”

“Unit NIT3 is a drone.”

“Unit NIT3 is a drone.”

“Unit NIT3 is a drone.”

“Unit NIT3 is a drone. Unit NIT3 is a fucking good drone. Fuck yes. Unit NIT3 loves being a good drone.”

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes,” **“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes.”** the voice states, coldly into his mind, not caring how much he is enjoying it, simply wanting him to think perfectly in what he is *supposed* to be. Night already falling into line with some of the drone thoughts, body eager to enjoy and revel in the delight of it, while Kalleck was just beginning to run into some of his own resistance as he for a moment snaps himself out of the drone mindset being drilled into him.

“Drones serve the Hub.”

“Drones serve the Hub.”

“Drones serve the Hub.”

“Drones serve the Hub.”

“Drones serve... the Hub,” Kalleck shivers, eyes glazed over win the hood, body tightly squeezed, every inch of his form feeling so good, the rubber caressing his body, his mind, about to fully slip into the repetitive droning mantra that he has been fed, standing on the abyss when a grain of resistance in the back of his mind sparks, *“Good, feels, drone, nice...”*

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes. Unit K41K will be reminded of their programming.”

Kalleck grunts, shivers, the voice trying to lure him back, like trying to fall back asleep after being slightly disturbed from a slumber, not fully awake, on the verge of simply going back to sleep, *“Wait... I’m a... is this the way it's supposed to be? Wasn’t this just a test...”* he moans.

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes. Unit K41K will be reminded of their programming,” the voice states, a

shiver running down Kalleck's spine, his body teased, pleased, kept on edge, helpless to do anything about the alluring voice that tugs at the neurons in his mind, the voice whispering subtly realigning a connection here, a connection there simply to help him just want to listen and repeat, listen and repeat.

Still Kalleck, a bird, that can be easily frightened, instincts built into the core of his mind are finally giving a small comeback wave, a drive to have him flee, that grows a little at first but the more the droning words speak the more Kalleck suddenly fights back.

"Drone is a good..." he mentally moans, shivering in delight when he follows through with the words, *"Drone needs a break... I need a break."*

"Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes. Unit K41K will be reminded of their programming," the harsh cold words, domineering, controlling, making it harder for him to draw his own thoughts together.

"Please, just a little break, drone... I need a break. Please."

"Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes. Unit K41K will be reminded of their programming," states, the pleasure pulled away when he resists, but resuming whenever he tries to think about the delightfulness of listening to the words, to obey to what is said, to repeat, to let the programming sink in.

"Unit K41K obeys its programming."

"Unit K41K obeys its programming."

"Unit K41K obeys its programming."

"Unit K41K obeys its programming."

"Unit... K4...I... please... drone... needs," Kalleck feels the delight, the pressure, the pleasure to confirm to listen. Each time he resists it grows harder, like fighting against a river's current. It just feels so much easier to just let himself be swept through, to give in, to accept, to obey.

"Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes. Unit K41K will be reminded of their programming," the stirile nature of the words, simply brushing aside his concerns, making him feel more of an object.

"Unit K41K needs to obey its programming."

"Unit K41K needs to obey its programming."

"Unit K41K needs to obey its programming."

"Unit K41K needs to obey its programming."

Kalleck grunts, mouth full, nostrils full, the swirls before his eyes, the rubber squeezing around, making him totally helpless, feeling his new sense of self expand further outward, toward the rubber body that is meant to have, *"Unit... K41K... needs to o-obey..."*

"Unit K41K doesn't think outside of its programming."

"Unit K41K doesn't think outside of its programming."

"Unit K41K doesn't think outside of its programming."

"Unit K41K doesn't think outside of its programming."

The words make Kalleck's mind go blank, his fear and anxiety for the briefest of moments disappearing, falling into that faceless void that he has for a face, pleasure bolstering, rising up to new delightful heights.

"Obedience is bliss."

"Obedience is bliss."

"Obedience is bliss."

"Obedience is bliss."

“Obedience is bliss,” Kalleck thinks, his resistance, steadily stripping away once again, relaxing a little into his mind set, letting it soak in.

Igor shivers, trying to grit his teeth, the rubber filled his mouth so completely that he couldn't move it, each hot breath flowed through his nostrils, the cool air rushing in from nowhere, unable to feel anything, except the new rubber body that is embracing him. His cock feeling increased arousal, felt as if he's kept on edge. He pants heavily, nostrils flaring, eyes locked onto the hypnotic swirl, pupils dilated, yet every so often his eyes twitched looking away in a vain attempt to fight.

“You are unit 1G0R.”

“You are unit 1G0R.”

“You are unit 1G0R.”

“You are unit 1G0R.”

“Hmmm... unit 1G0R, hot, but... unit... hard to...” he thinks, his body quivering in delight, his desire to be the one in control pushing through the programming soothing it down, smothering it, trying to make him more complacent.

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes. Unit K41K will be reminded of their programming,” the voice states, a shudder runs down Igor's spine, part of him fearing those words, yet another wants it.

“Unit 1G0R obeys its programming.”

“Unit 1G0R obeys its programming.”

“Unit 1G0R obeys its programming.”

“Unit 1G0R obeys its programming.”

“Unit 1G04 obeys it's... pro...gramm...ing,” Igor thinks, a shudder of delight runs through his body, the hypnotic system capitalizing on the break in his defenses, rushing inside to exploit his weakened mind.

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Obedience is bliss,” he thinks, another surge of pleasure, rewarding Igor for the “right” way to think, to fall deeper in line. He twitches, squirming but barely able to move, the rubber shell that surrounds him keeps him totally in place, simply taking every little bit of programming and hypnotic control thrown at him.

“Drone's core programming is as follows: Drone obeys the Hub.”

“Drone's core programming is as follows: Drone obeys the Hub.”

“Drone's core programming is as follows: Drone obeys the Hub.”

“Drone's core programming is as follows: Drone obeys the Hub.”

“Drone's core programming is as follows: Drone obeys the Hub,” the cracks grow deeper, rushing in, flanking his mind defenses, like some kind of military strategy game gone wrong. His mind in full retreat, becoming routed, unable to withstand the constant droning of the machine voice, the pleasure that is encouraging him to think and fall in line with what the Hub network desires.

All the while Nightmare proves that despite his devilish sounding name, his tough exterior and overall strength that the soft juicy insides of his mind are clearly no match for his

lustful desires of what he wants to become. The pleasure surges through him, feeling the words caress his mind, guide his thoughts.

“You are unit N1T3.”

“You are unit N1T3.”

“You are unit N1T3.”

“You are unit N1T3.”

“Unit is unit N1T3,” Night happily thinks out, the pleasure rewarding him, his cock twitching, unable to leak pre-cum but the pleasuring edge felt all the better because of it, his sexual lustful desires unable to be satiated, they being the key that leads to the very depths of his inner mind, giving free reign to line up his thoughts accordingly, his deepest darkest desires, as dark as the black rubber drones that are working him over, are coming to the surface and becoming fulfilled.

“Unit N1T3 obeys its programming.”

“Unit N1T3 obeys its programming.”

“Unit N1T3 obeys its programming.”

“Unit N1T3 obeys its programming.”

“Unit N1T3 obeys its programming,” Night happily thinks, losing parts of himself in the process without even realizing it. The smooth monotone voice pressuring deeper into his mind, breaking through to his very core, allowing him to be further corrupted at the very base level of what makes him who he is.

“Unit N1T3 is a drone.”

“Unit N1T3 is a drone.”

“Unit N1T3 is a drone.”

“Unit N1T3 is a drone.”

“Unit N1T3 is a drone,” he thinks, mind already relaxing to a steady blissful state, thinking without the highs and lows, feminizing ever so slightly. Thoughts formed and spoken out smoothly, softly, without inflection, the perfection of a monotone thinking state growing with each passing moment.

“Drone’s core programming is as follows: Drone obeys the Hub.”

“Drone’s core programming is as follows: Drone obeys the Hub.”

“Drone’s core programming is as follows: Drone obeys the Hub.”

“Drone’s core programming is as follows: Drone obeys the Hub.”

“Drone’s core programming is as follows: Drone obeys the Hub,” N1T3 thinks, letting the program flow through him, to draw him into what is meant to be a drone. What he is meant to be, what he desires to be. His dark wish to be a drone, perfect material to just let him be shaped and turned into exactly what the Hub desires him to be. An obedient drone eager to serve the Hub, happy to wish it to grow, the programming latching onto his mind, the rubber squeezing him into a better shape over a slow and steady pace.

K4T3 over the next two days works tirelessly on the new sub network programming. She elegantly works, laser focused, typing away, the keyboard giving out a soft “patter” noise that was meant to allow an organic to realize they are actually working on the computer as a mental feedback for what it is doing, but now that is pointless for the drone. It knows what it is doing and how it is operating.

“I should remove that sound from the keyboard. It is not required. A waste of resources for the Hub,” K4T3 thinks.

“It is of a lesser priority over the current project. Speaking of which, how is it going?” R4T1 inquires.

“Well. I am nearly done and the units in progress appear to have been taking their programming well. Though some more than others based on the current time left allotted to the drone units to complete their drone training,” she explains.

“Excellent.”

“Everything on the floor side is proceeding as expected. Alcohol is being delivered to the bar by these patrons and they can’t stop looking at me. They are surely going to be talking about this to others, spreading the word of the Hub,” R3Z4 reports.

“Excellent, the Hub must grow,” R4T1 replies.

K4T3 finishes typing for a moment, *“Beta Version of the Hub subnetworking is complete. Implementing and monitoring the unit’s cohesion and thought processes,”* she says, hitting a single button thrusting the programming onto the three drones.

Suddenly Kalleck, Igor and N1T3 were thrust into a new surreal state of mind, hearing the other programming of the fellow drones and the voices of the others, though not what each unit is hearing, but feeling the built up arousal, lust and pleasures but not the physical touch of their bodies.

“Unit N1T3 is a drone.”

“Unit N1T3 is a drone.”

“Unit N1T3 is a drone.”

“Unit N1T3 is a drone.”

“Drone is addicted to the pleasure of obedience.”

“Drone is addicted to the pleasure of obedience.”

“Drone is addicted to the pleasure of obedience.”

“Drone is addicted to the pleasure of obedience,” comes from Igor’s mind.

“Drone’s programming is to help the Hub grow.”

“Drone’s programming is to help the Hub grow.”

“Drone’s programming is to help the Hub grow,” comes for Kalleck’s mind, the sudden jumbled mess of the programming causes them all to twitch a drop in their obedience from Kalleck and Igor, a disruption in their monotonous droning of the programming that has been seeping deep into their mind.

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes,” the voice whispers into their respective ears, holding them there, hostage to what is happening next. Their inner thoughts, minds, desires stream out to the other drones, but it's filtered, adjusted so that only what is desired by the Hub is fed into the other drones.

From N1T3 there are his already deep entrenched thoughts on his programming, of being a good drone... on *her* being a drone. She has already fallen deep into the mantra that has taken hold of her, but on top of that, there are skills and desire to protect. To serve, to be a bulwark against what would harm what she cares about, the Hub.

Igor, mind partially broken, slipping into the form of a drone yet not fully conforming to it all, their skills being broadcasted to the other two were their skill set of management, being elegant, refine, keeping a cool controlled head when needed, to *work* towards being what is *needed* for his goal, which is steadily increasing towards the growth of the Hub. Along with some intrapersonal skills that he already has that appear to be vital to the Hub’s growth.

Lastly but certainly not least is Kalleck, well on his way of fully submitting to become K41K but parts of him are still resisting, but those are quickly wilting away under the constant

pressure of the programming and the delightful allure that is growing harder and harder to resist. His excellent customer service skills, attention to detail, happy pleasant move that is so positive towards others around him being the primary enhanced focus of his personally forced upon the other two.

The three drones with the swirl of colors before them, fading to black, their minds getting a projection imagery of the other two. The three stand in a face to face triangular formation, their smooth faceless rubber faces almost touching the other as they are three parts of a circle, a cheese wheel of one may suggest. They stare at the other two that take up their total field of view, nothing but a black void behind them, forcing them to look at the blackness of their rubber faces, that reflect the same black faceless drone of the others.

Kalleck and Igor since something is wrong, that this is nothing like what they were told about. That this shouldn't be, their resistance to the programming increasing for the first time in nearly a day and a half of near total submission to what was being said to them. They see the other drones, and deep down in the back of their minds they know who the others are. Not by name, but by designation.

NIT3 moans in delight, pleasure surging through her. She looks at the other drones, K41K & 1G0R with delight, pleasure, knowing in the back of her mind that they are like her, that they are the same, perfect equal drones to her, or at least soon to be. The realization adds to her pleasure, adding to the other drones' pleasure, making them shiver, feeling their cocks twitch in delight, making it a somewhat welcoming feeling that on one level disturbs Kalleck and Igor. The core parts of NIT3's personality that is deemed needed for being a perfected Hub drone is sent out washing over the other two drones, pushing into the suppressed sections of the other's personality, trying to wiggle its way in to make it a part of them, while openly allowing their parts to wash over and connect into her mind.

Igor grunts, moaning out feeling a core part of his lover pushing into his head, forcing down some of his reactions, trying to get him to go along with it, he'd shake his head if he could. *"No... no, Nightmare, love, Night. Resist. Help me, help you. I know it's you."* he thinks.

"Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes," is said into Igor's ears, a shudder running down his spine.

NIT3 replies, ***"Unit is NIT3. Unit serves the Hub. Unit obeys the Hub. Obedience is Bliss. We are a collective."***

"Collective?" Kalleck responds, a shiver running down his spine when he hears the same words.

"Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes."

The programming they are receiving has a new addition, upon feeling the personalities of the others pushing into them, making it fit into each other's mind, they hear an additional program that is flooded into their heads and thanks to their connection it is fed in triplicate.

"You are part of drone collective one."

"You are part of drone collective one."

"You are part of drone collective one."

"You are part of drone collective one."

"You are part of drone collective one."

"You are part of drone collective one."

"You are part of drone collective one."

"You are part of drone collective one."

"You are part of drone collective one."

The new voice, firm, controlling, monotone like the other programming ran alongside the other drone programming, not interrupting the Hub network droning of their minds, distracting their weakened psyche ever further, allowing the stronger enhanced portions of the other drone's personalities to be further imprinted onto the other drones.

"Drones part of drone collective one are one."

"Drones part of drone collective one are one."

"Drones part of drone collective one are one."

"Drones part of drone collective one are one."

"Drones part of drone collective one are one."

"Drones part of drone collective one are one."

"Drones part of drone collective one are one."

"Drones part of drone collective one are one."

"Drones part of drone collective one are one."

They shudder and gasp, the pleasure surging as they look at their like drones, seeing themselves in the other, an endless repeating of themselves, another drone, another them. Igor and Kalleck attempt to fight it, but N1T3 embraces it. The drone's mind is an anchor point that tether the other two down to her.

"Drone collective one obeys the Hub."

"Drone collective one obeys the Hub."

"Drone collective one obeys the Hub."

"Drone collective one obeys the Hub."

"Drone collective one obeys the Hub."

"Drone collective one obeys the Hub."

"Drone collective one obeys the Hub."

"Drone collective one obeys the Hub."

"Drone collective one obeys the Hub."

"Drone collective one obeys the Hub," N1T3 thinks, his mind going over to the other two, caressing their thoughts.

K4T3 watches the data feed of the drones, silently analyzing it, tapping on the screen, the buttons now silent when she presses them, reporting to her fellow units over the Hub network, ***"Subnetwork collective one is showing promise. Initial hour has shown increased resistance from units K41K and 1G0R, but now their minds are quickly accelerating towards the state of N1T3. It appears that having more drones within the Hub network can possibly speed up the dronification process of future units as more drones are connected to the network."***

"Excellent work administrator K4T3. Potential for greater efficiency in the future of the Hub's growth is wonderful. Keep up the good work and report if any notable developments occur," R4T1 states.

"Understood administrator R4T1," replies.

Within the actual charge platform, the three drones stand side by side, motionless, faceless, waiting, a soft pink glow forming along their stripes, the connection and uniformity between them already having an effect.

"Night... resist. Help. I..." Igor responds, the whisper of the programming in his ear now feeling worse when he forces himself to formulate the thoughts to disobey.

"Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes," the synthetic voice was completely heartless to the turmoil going within Igor's mind.

Unflinching, unmoving N1T3 simply replies in kind in a feminine, monotone voice that somehow portrays a sense of belonging, warmth, and delight to have not only Igor but Kalleck there with him, ***"Affirmative. Unit N1T3 is helping collective units, 1G0R and K41K to***

become better units for the Hub. We are one unit. We are part of subnetwork collective one,” she responds.

Kalleck twitches, shivering, feeling the one part of him that makes a major part of who he is, the friendly customer service attitude grow stronger, enhanced by the droning process he is going through, straining his mind to focus more on that, to let the other parts of his personality that would be more problematic to grow weaker, to allow the other units to do that work for him, to let them simply work to fit in the parts that he needed, *“S-so good. Unit K41K doesn’t know who you are but unit...”* he thinks,

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes,” the core programming whispers into Kalleck’s ears, mind shuddering again, pleasure dropping, the desire to feel it returns.

“Unit K41K needs to obey its programming to receive pleasure,” Kalleck’s programming whispers into his mind, the voice and programming bouncing into his head, echoing and repeating into the other drones.

“Unit K41K needs to obey its programming to receive pleasure.”

“Unit K41K needs to obey its programming to receive pleasure.”

“Unit K41K needs to obey its programming to receive pleasure.”

“Unit K41K needs to obey its programming to receive pleasure,” he states, mind shifting back, slipping into that delightful state of mind, pleasure rushing through him, exciting him, staring at the fellow drones, the fellow drones like him.

Igor shudders, the other programs rolling across his mind, pounding into his psyche, weakening him further and further. He tenses, aches in delight, the distractions going harder to ignore, making it harder to resist the overgrowing pressure, the personality of his mate and this other stranger slipping into his thoughts, every so often he catches himself using both of these new parts to formulate thoughts in his head.

“Unit IG0R loves to serve the Hub,” he suddenly thinks, a shudder goes through him, his eyes would have widened if he could even feel them, but all he knows is the smooth faceless face that is now his. Butterflies fill his stomach, realizing that the thought was not entirely his own, but a mixture of the other two and himself.

Kalleck’s resistance to it falls faster and faster, looking at the two perfectly crafted drones, the delight of how well-crafted they are, how smooth and supple they are is something like his thoughts but there is something else. Swelling up within him is the desire to be like the others, to be perfectly *equal* to them. Something about *equality* felt arousing, feeling like a forbidden fruit that she had to taste. K41K eases into the thought, the arousal and pleasure from it growing within her mind.

K41K was becoming more of a drone with each passing moment, letting the repeating thoughts of the other drone programming and her own fill her, guiding her towards a better perfection than before. She felt a need to be connected to them being fostered by the programming that is echoing in all of their heads.

“Drone collective one needs to be connected to each other and to the Hub.”

“Drone collective one needs to be connected to each other and to the Hub.”

“Drone collective one needs to be connected to each other and to the Hub.”

“Drone collective one needs to be connected to each other and to the Hub.”

“Drone collective one needs to be connected to each other and to the Hub.”

“Drone collective one needs to be connected to each other and to the Hub.”

“Drone collective one needs to be connected to each other and to the Hub.”

“Drone collective one needs to be connected to each other and to the Hub.”

“Drone collective one needs to be connected to each other and to the Hub.”

K41K and N1T3 feel their growing connection, they latch onto each other, their bonds growing stronger, looking toward 1G0R, Igor doing his best to resist their draw, the growing pleasure and delight they feel being so deeply connected to the other.

“We,” N1T3 says.

“Are,” K41K follows.

“One,” N1T3 continues.

“Collective,” K41K finishes the statement. Their alternating words, flowing into Igor’s mind, breaking him down further, the three units on the outside, their stripes growing noticeably pink now, their connection to each other growing, even though Igor has not fully succumbed to the draw of being a perfect collective unit, it’s becoming more impossible to not notice himself following along with each passing hour.

Unblinking, unmoving, perfectly crafted and the same, they see each other in their forced new mind’s eye, the feelings, sensations, programming, the way they come to their own conclusions are being increasingly altered to line up with each other.

“Unit 1G0R is... fuck this feels so good. Unit loves how this feels. Wait unit never got this far into this. To be equal. Unit 1G0R...” Igor thinks, mind slipping further, staring into those lovely sexy drones. *“So sexy,”* Igor thinks, tensing, his rump would clench if he could move it.

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes,” the synthetic voice whispers into his mind.

Igor shudders, the pleasure of which growing far and above what was felt before, the desire to listen, the desire to obey growing. The pressure of the other two drones growing too hard to ignore.

“You are unit 1G0R.”

“You are unit 1G0R.”

“You are unit 1G0R.”

“You are unit 1G0R.”

“Unit is 1G0R,” Igor thinks, feeling her mind shifting, adjusting to the stream of information and strength of personality from the fellow units, their pink stripes growing even brighter, deeper, hotter. She twitches, the pleasure so warming, soothing, mind so exhausted from her struggle that it feels rather nice to simply feel it.

As the three drones stare at each other, growing further connected they spin around the ether, faster and faster the units blur one to the next, like a spinning propeller. Their minds connect further to the other. Each one streaming their core personality over to the others, those parts not being streamed by the drone themselves are further repressed, made harder and harder to fully use, weakening their alternative modes of thinking becoming harder to grasp. The imprint of the fellow drones growing stronger.

The spinning in their forced mind’s eye grows faster and faster the blurring of each drone goes right into the other, the lines blur off when one drone begins and the next one ends. The sensation and wanting to be whole from the collective programming grows within their heads repeating and echoing deep into the very core of their beings.

“Drones part of drone collective one are one.”

“Drones part of drone collective one are one.”

“Drones part of drone collective one are one.”

“Drones part of drone collective one are one.”

“Drones part of drone collective one are one.”

“Drones part of drone collective one are one.”

“Drones part of drone collective one are one.”

“Drones part of drone collective one are one.”

“Drones part of drone collective one are one.”

The spinning suddenly stops, the blurred images of all three drones are suddenly slammed into one another, the three no longer seeing each other but simply one drone, a reflection of themselves, they stand there, unable to move, feeling a desire to do so. To take a step out into the void.

“Calibrating connection and uniformity of thinking...”

“Calibrating connection and uniformity of thinking...”

“Calibrating connection and uniformity of thinking...”

The echoing within their heads was so uniform and perfect that it didn't feel like three voices repeating themselves for them all to hear but one uniform voice speaking into all three of their heads. The pleasure of feeling the other units help caress and align their thoughts, improving their connection further, repeating the mantras given to them by their core programming, the drones beginning to speak with each other's sentence not in unison but like twins working to finish what the other was saying.

“Unit 1G0R”

“Unit N1T3”

“Unit K41K”

“Obeyes.”

“Its.”

“Programming.”

Pleasure surges through them as they alternate in such a perfect fashion, it becomes more delightful each time they do it. The hot pink stripe shown to the real world grows even brighter, becoming ever more vivid while the impression of the drones on each other grow ever stronger. They alternate between 1G0R, N1T3, and K41K perfectly as the hours drone on.

“Service.”

“To.”

“The.”

“Hub.”

“Is.”

“An.”

“Addiction.”

“Unit N1T3.”

“Unit K41K.”

“Unit 1G0R.”

“Constantly.”

“Want.”

“It.”

Their smooth transition, bond to the others, becoming in a sense nearly equal growing. Their resistance to each other having faded away to an urge and desire to grow even closer together. Feeding each other to want it more as each one desires it due to the others. A vicious loop that rewards them to think closer to what the others two think. Processing information similar to the other units becoming closer to identical triplets with each passing hour, the days droning on, the time for the club to open drawing closer, while the Hub network monitors them, waiting to connect them to the proper network.

Within their simulated world, becoming the drones they are now meant to become they work with each other to draw the same conclusion, moving as one drone unit in this simulated world, to take one step, a second step, the sway of their hip, the flow of their tail, looking to the left, looking to the right, reacting to pre-recorded tests to elicit a desired response by the Hub, so it can be monitored and tested.

“Calibration response time within 0.05 seconds. Uniformity of thought detected at 92.64%. Desired results for drone collective one complete,” the programming states. The three drones state in perfect unison in one voice which have been molded and modified to be nearly identical with only the faintest of hints of the previous voice remaining.

“We are part of the drone collective one. We serve the Hub. We desire for it to grow. We are one.”

The hub network programming continues for several more hours, each one forced to remain connected and idle even when one of them reaches the “end” of their program timer, as they were connected to one another to not leave their drone programming training till they were all ready.

While this occurs K4T3 reports, ***“This has sped up their projected conversion into drones by over 20%. This is an excellent and unexpected outcome. I will work to integrate the Hub network connection to help create new drones at an accelerated rate.”***

“Excellent. Let us all check on the new drones as they come off their platforms for the first time. We will establish a proper presence to our collective drones,” R4T1 reasons.

“Excellent idea Administrator R4T1,” responds R3Z4.

“Affirmative,” K4T3 replies, the three drones moving from their various locations across the club, walking sensually, elegantly toward the charge platforms. The two black 2.0 dark units R4T1 with their deep red stripe colors, K4T3 with their delightful blue. The coordinator unit R3Z4, their purple stripe glowing against their vanta-black rubber body. Their uniquely dark void darkness black yet not as dark as the administrators. They move into the room as they arrive, looking at the traditional soft black rubber bodies of the three perfectly alike drones, with their silver hexagonal markings along their backs, arms, inner thighs, their stripe color a very bright hot pink.

The collective drones remain connected to their collective hub, each hearing their own unique end response for their time being programmed.

Connecting unit 1G0R to HUB Network 3.105.62. 1G0R connected to the network. Enabling visual, audio and motor controls.”

Connecting unit N1T3 to HUB Network 3.105.62. N1T3 connected to the network. Enabling visual, audio and motor controls.”

Connecting unit K41K to HUB Network 3.105.62. K41K connected to the network. Enabling visual, audio and motor controls.”

“Subnetwork drone collective one, connected to Hub network,” the three drones state in unison looking towards the other drones, their voices joining the network.

“Welcome to the Hub 1G0R, N1T3, K41K,” state R4T1, K4T3, and R3Z4 in perfect unison.

The three new drones step off the platforms in perfect unison, moving elegantly perfectly their internal HUD inform them of their current states and level of transformation, which is steadily showing their permanent dronification like their fellow drones standing before them. The three collective drones reply in perfect unison. ***“We are here to serve and help the Hub***

grow.” And with that the initial crew for the Hub to open up is complete, the day to the grand opening is quickly approaching, and the ones behind this viral corrupted expansion of the sergal drone Hub will soon make their fateful appearance.