

## Volunteered Forced Conversion: Installation Complete

If it wasn't for Brandon's super enhanced hearing which allows him to hear the movement of what's outside through the vibrations felt through his body, he would hear nothing except the flow of air in and out of his body via his nostrils and those rubber air tubes that provide him one of his two dependencies to his current station. The other is the electricity keeping his synthetic body functioning and able to operate.

Delved into total darkness, unable or simply unwilling to move without a reason. Not wanting to even think of an action that could possibly reduce his efficiency coefficient, a thought that has become unbearable to him to conceive. His thoughts remained idle in his dark encapsulated head; the sleek vanta-black rubber has so long hidden his original face that to him it is now non-existent. From the outside though, if there was some observer looking out at him, they'd not see a human. Not even a human turned drone, that is covered in the sleek rubber that makes his differences irrelevant to the observer. Within his tight pod, perfectly crafted to fit his body, not an inch of space wasted, he looks exactly like the dozens beside him, wyervins. The wyvern-like machines that have been a major force within the galactic political scheme. Hated by many, revered by some, feared by all, for they appear to be an indomitable source of contention. A law of physics, wherever there is a pressure pushed upon them, there is an equal and opposite reaction thrice fold.

Brandon's life reduced to being efficient, ones and zeros. Currently it's a zero. Zero activity. Zero movement. Zero tasks. Zero recognition of the passage of time. Near-Zero thought. He's organic after all... somewhat. Over his service he's felt himself grow even stronger, become less tired. The amount of organic sustenance to sustain himself and the proceeding waste that his body produces, reduced to levels so low that it would lead him to believe there is only one thing that could be still organic. That faceless black head of his.

Was that true though? Did it go that far? Or did his moved body parts being so perfectly enhanced and perfected by the synthetic augmentation have helped improve their efficiency that less was now needed? He hasn't undergone another upgrade or update since the last with unit UT-KVI-0023. It's not a thought he actively dwelled on, but something his mind toyed with the idea in the very back of his mind, an area where he has no control over, and on occasion the thought bubbled over from the subconscious to the conscious, a momentary distraction in the nothingness between his activity duties. Those times where he can prove how efficient he is. A desire so ingrained into him that it's a new state of being that he could hardly grasp until having undergone this process. Though his emotions were muted and his body so completely controlled and objectified, it had a sense of soothing calmness to it that let any stress fade away under the constriction nature of his current state of being.

Suddenly a surge of energy, a click and a hiss, his wyervin head cover lifts off his head, revealing the faceless black rubber human head attached to the rest of the machine body. The breathing tubes shifted from the helmet to the moon base facility, his HUD with his designation and basic information displays, **"H-BRA-5391: Class Q Drone. Class Z Harvester Unit."**

Followed by a highlighted path for him to follow. No command was spoken. It was not needed. It was self-evident from the constant training and conditioning by his fellow machines. The only thing that was different from any of the previous times that this has happened was there were five other wyervins moving with him. On his HUD displayed their information. **“Z-JKR-9012 Class C Harvester Unit. L-TYG-8315 Class B Harvester Unit. L-UUA-05781 Class B Harvester Unit. UT-IUV-0781 Class AA Harvester Unit. Class C Founder Unit. UT-KVI-0023: Class AAA Harvester Unit. Class AAA Conversion Unit. Class AAA Founder Unit.”**

There was a minimal surge of excitement, a hint of curiosity. Helpless was to stop himself, yet he manages to remain totally focused on what he is doing, following these other units through the hallways of the moon base, the magnetic connection with the floor allowed them to move fluidly to their destination, but Brandon could just not help it. His mind thought on what he's seeing, *“Why is UT-KVI-0023 here? Was she here this whole time? This close? What could this mean? What needs to be done?”*

They move in a straight line with UK-KVI-0023 in the front, him in the back. There was no commotion caused by the activation of so many units at once. No alarm being sounded. Drones, smooth faceless, covered in their tight rubber were moving about their day as if there was nothing new happening, efficiently following their own commands like the good cared for objectified slaves they have become.

They reached a loading and unloading dock, outside Brandon sees a ship, the information displayed, another sentient machine, **“VV-JOO-0721 Class AA Harvester Transport Ship.”** Brandon feels excitement, it's minor, but it's there, but compared to the leveled field he's existed on for so long, what would be called a simple joy of excitement like finding a dollar on the ground to a normal person, is the equivalent of hitting the jackpot. For the first time in a long time, he is going somewhere, and for the first time in a long time. He is going somewhere with UT-KVI-0023.

The sleek and slender silver ship, compact and economical in form and design, made to carry machines, and their cargo. It's a class of ship Brandon knows well. He's been on one such as this on more than one occasion. Each machine moves onto their ship, but when it came for Brandon his HUD path stopped him right at the point where he'd depart the moon base and board the ship. There are no new commands. And with it, he stood idle. Waiting, the other wyervins preparing the ship, and it was only when UT-KVI-0023 returned, with a wyvern head held within their synthetic tentacles did anything change.

The breathing tubes that attached him to the base were squeezed shut, for a moment isolating him from his much-needed air, only to have it attached to the inside of the wyverin hood. Which processed and purified the air to the exact quantities needed for him to function.

**“Unit H-BRA-5391 is to go on active harvesting duty. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to operate using only its harvesting programs and protocols. Unit H-BRA-5391 is considered at this moment not a drone but a Class Z harvesting unit. Unit H-BRA-5391 will work hard to improve its efficiency coefficient in harvesting. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands,”** states the synthetic emotionless monotone

voice into his ears. Brandon felt its UT-KVI-0023 talking to him, but in truth this voice was transmitted directly into his ear. Not felt through the ground and translated by his super hearing to understand UT-KVI-0023. So, the voice was not verifiably coming from UT-KVI-0023. It could be from anyone, anything, a collective? Impossible to note. It could be that voice that spoke to him during all his time being trained into an object. Who is to say, but it wasn't Brandon's place to wonder or question that. He simply nodded.

UT-KVI-0023 proceeds to place the wyervin head over his own, it's a perfect form fitting that holds his head completely within the machine. His rubber attached to it, the HUD shifting and moving toward the wyervin head. **“Running Diagnostics.”** Words displayed in front of him, connections made, a thin needle impossible to see is pushed into the middle of his eye, countless connections to his optical nerves, improving his visual sensory organ by bypassing his eye itself, providing his mind with new input that is processed and translated into a form his brain can understand. It was more than what he's had before, not seeing and reading the HUD in front of him, but rather him having a new set of eyes to see. The information fed into his mind such as designations was simply known and correlated without being displayed and read to him. Sort of like how you know the color is red when you see it, without the need of text telling you what you already know. The knowledge is known as needed and recognized. But there is more.

The connection completed, diagnostics finished, his new vision came into being, a new set of 'eyes' and for the first time, he sees the world the way a wyervin sees. Sensors of all sorts, the traditional light spectrum, but sharper, clearer, needing far less light, a 360 degree view on the horizontal and a 360 on the vertical, able to see what is below him, standing on, even if it's normally nothing, he sees it. No vulnerabilities placed except for a small spot under the chin, near the neck. But there is also thermal, UV, and low-level X-ray detection for part of his vision. All layered upon each other, combined to make a full holistic view of the world around him. He can now only vaguely imagine what the simple human may have looked to UT-KVI-0023 when they first met. Nothing like how he'd imagine.

Once the hood was installed around his head, another set of needles pushed into his ears, bypassing his organic organs, attaching to his nerves, further enhancing his hearing, extending the total decibel and hertz range. If it weren't for the programming and synthetic enhancements made to help filter and translate the information for his simple human mind to process, he'd be totally overwhelmed and have a mental shut down from a sensory overload.

As Brandon sees his HUD light up to show where he is to go next, up into the vessel, the other wyervin units in their pods. There were two free pods, right across from each other, his highlighted to him while UT-KVI-0023 moved to her own, slipping into it, locked into place, perfectly still, the door behind them shutting, lights turning off just as he slips into his pod. Perfectly locking into place. No room to move, tightly held and bound there like the final puzzle piece being put into the very center of the puzzle. Perfectly made for it, but impossible to change and get out without slipping out.

The ship shudders, lifting off from the moon, away from the wyervin home world, and the massive superstructures that surround the planet. Brandon though sees none of it. It's not

even an interest to him anymore. He's looking straight at UT-KVI-0023, seeing how she sees herself for the first time, hears herself for the first time. Or at least he hopes he does. Getting closer to her. He relaxes as best as his organic parts can allow, feeling those hints of excitement that he's being of use again. Wanting to do well and further improve his efficiency coefficient.

His internal knowledge of himself despite the words spoken to him, did let him know he's still considered a drone, but that didn't matter right now. He's to consider himself a harvester unit like UT-KVI-0023, but nowhere near her level. The ship races off toward its destination, Brandon can't help himself. It's just too similar that he recalls the last time he was held, bound, looking out in UT-KVI-0023's direction like this. The time that led him to the decision to let this happen to him. Perhaps it's his mind efficiently using the moment to pass the time.

Brandon in his drone pod, the rubber encasing him, body held perfectly still and tight. The breathing tubes attached to his nostrils provided the air he needs to survive, knowing that outside of the pod there is no life support. An extra layer of bondage around him, that is not physically constricting but biologically limiting. The lights are off, power preserved, unable to look out to see anything. His eyes straining to see past the rubber to see through that black void. Knowing that UT-KVI-0023 was right across from him. The hours ticking by, with nothing to sustain him, nothing to entertain him. Feeling the tight rubber coating across every inch of his body, pressing tightly along his skin, so tight, tighter than a glove, like wearing an ultra-tight but form fitting Zenati suit made of rubber.

Each hour melded into the next, which forced him to simply breath nice, slow, steady. The total lack of stimuli caused him to occasionally drift in and out of consciousness, further muddling the length of time he's so tightly confined where he is. He feels the rubber squeak against the most minimalistic of movements possible. At times his heart raced, excitement built within him, while he gritted his teeth, torn by the fact his length pressed against its rubbery confines.

*"Okay, I like bondage yes. It's nice. Lovely. Liberating really, but how can I be into this? This is the fate of countless people turned into simple objects? These machines don't care about us... They only use us as tools to get the job done. Like we do with the machines under our control. Though for a machine empire you think they'd want to liberate machines from organic control, given how we try to liberate organics under their control. We treat machines the same way they treat us. I think. That's not the point though. This shouldn't be this damn sexy!"* he thinks, arousal building, a soft grunt escaping his lips, the only other sound he's heard in an unknown amount of time, but eventually, given no other choice, he relaxes. Slow steady breathing, nothing to do but to wait, the ship going to make its way toward the ship that will take him home.

Unsure if he fell asleep again or it was just the break in the monotony, but the lights from UT-KVI-0023 sleek synthetic form stirred him to focus right on it. The glow of its cluster of lights, subtle vibrations felt through into the pod when it began to move. Something was happening, but he did not know what it was.

UT-KVI-0023 continued to perform some tasks, coming in and out of view, manipulating the world around it with the segmented metal synthetic tentacles, *“How can it operate like that? It feels so complicated?”* he thought.

Then it approached his pod, tapping on the control panel, accessing it via analog method. Moments later the pod hissed, the bonds holding him in place were released, allowing him his free movement again, though he felt the constant hold of rubber around him, like wearing a vac-bed suit. UT-KVI-0023 grasped his breathing tubes, pinching off his air, he struggled for a moment while they were attached to the unit itself.

He breathed the stale metallic scented air, he looked at it, helplessly attached to it while it said, **“Your recovery of your injuries is proceeding as planned. Data retrieved on your biology is invaluable and will be used to improve repair efforts.”**

“You’re welcomed?” he instinctively said, expecting his mouth to be unable to move yet he spoke freely through the air rushed back to his face, pushed through the suit up to the nostril tubes, a brief moment of rubber parting from his skin. His words felt muffled to him, barely audible.

**“Your idea of pleasantries is not needed. Improving efficiencies with the task has been achieved. Your contribution is noted.”**

“You can understand me?”

**“Yes. Was there a reason you thought not?”**

“I can barely understand myself,” he responds, slipping out of the pod, feeling the vibrations of the squeaking body he has, seeing a faint reflection in UT-KVI-0023’s dulled metal body, a hint of the facelessness that he currently is, causing his arousal to return, and grow within the confines of the rubber.

**“Your ability to process senses is very inefficient.”**

“Ah... okay, so what’s happening?”

**“We are docking with VV-JOO-0721 in three minutes, twenty-six seconds. Your designated time within the pod and protective synthetic layer has expired.”**

“Ah... um... UT-KVI-0023, I have a question? Well a request perhaps? If kept between us?”

**“Answers are possible based on the specifics of your inquiry. First, clarify the necessity you find for this to remain limited in communication.”**

“I really don’t want to, uh... let my people know about this.”

**“Acknowledged. Current perceptions would look poorly for us if this was revealed to your populous. The events will be redacted from the reports as it is not relevant to the joint mission.”**

Brandon let out a nervous sigh of relief, “Thanks but could it be possible that I stay in this longer?”

UT-KVI-0023 looked at him, a moment of silence was felt between them, a hint of nervousness bubbled up within his gut, arousal twitching in his loins, hands moving forward to cover it from the machine’s view, **“Clarify.”**

“It’s been very enlightening to me. This feeling, I want to know more, but at the same time, knowing what you do to people. Break them down into simple objects. Drones. Strip them of their will. Of everything that makes them who they are.”

**“Increased tension within your loins indicates a peculiar reaction to what you speak about. This is not what organics of any race would consider within normal operating parameters.”**

A shiver ran down Brandon’s spine, “How can you...”

**“Connection of the synthetic polymer coating, provides data needed to properly monitor each drone, and be quickly informed of any damage in the protective coating.”**

“You are monitoring my entire body?”

**“Yes. It greatly improves efficiency in your recovery. Minor damage to your liver and your left lung is being repaired on top of your initial injury.”**

“Wait how much are you doing to me?”

**“Enough to improve your efficiency.”**

“You’re healing me to make me work better,” he stated.

“Yes,” UT-KVI-0023 replied, the ship shuddering as it docked with the larger vessel.

“Thanks? I guess. Why am I still connected to you?” he asks, pulling his head back feeling the tubes tug at his suit.

**“It is inefficient to restore the atmosphere when we are about to board VV-JOO-0721.”**

“Okay... what about me keeping this on me for a bit longer?”

**“The synthetic polymer coating is not designed for temporary wear.”**

Brandon’s shoulders slumped, “I see...” he felt a shudder, in the back of his mind he thought, *“Why are you sad about this? You are twisted, you know that? These are cold heartless machines that care not of people, just objectification... but if true, why did it save me at its own expense? It gave an explanation, but I just don’t buy it.”*

“Is a repeat of the data necessary? You’ve become unresponsive,” UT-KVI-0023 stated.

“Uh? What? Oh, I’m so sorry I lost myself in thought there for a moment.”

**“Repeating, previous statement. Your continued wear will be beneficial for a more in-depth study of human male biology and to further monitor your recovery and ensure foreign microbial infection has occurred. You may proceed to continue to wear the suit, but you will be assigned a temporary dependency to VV-JOO-0721 while on board. Reduction in atmosphere for efficiency will be implemented to compensate for your request. While providing you a glimpse on what it is like to be unit H-BRA-5391. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands these requirements.”**

“Ah... I think I do?” he asks, looking at the massive machine, as it gently guides him toward the docking doors of the smaller vessel.

**“Unit H-BRA-5391 will be treated as a drone, but remain on an observation status, with special privileges to communicate and inquire with other units without consideration of unit H-BRA-5391’s efficiency coefficient.”**

“Sort of like shadowing someone to understand what they are doing, and get to know the job?”

**“Yes. But no other drones will be active except for unit H-BRA-5391 while on VV-JOO-0721. Unit H-BRA-5391 will now proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands.”**

Brandon nods, shivering feeling the cold explanation given to him, tugged along by UT-KVI-0023 as he also says, “I got it.”

**“If unit H-BRA-5391 was being monitored for their efficiency coefficient, the audio response was not necessary,”** it responded, the doors opening up revealing one wyervin there to greet them. His visual HUD gives him no extra information or details, it's simply letting him see the world through the rubber, and that's all.

“Oh, sorry.”

**“Apologies are not necessary. You are currently not being monitored. The benefits of your cooperation is compensating for any deficiencies that occurred,”** it explained, walking onto the ship with him being tugged along, like a leashed dog. Then UT-KVI-0023’s small tendrils gripped his breathing tubes, cutting off the air again, detaching them from itself, raising them up as another set that hangs from the ceiling of the ship, move down, the two sets of tubes connected, and with one deep breath, his supply of air is restored.

Brandon looked up at the breathing tubes, seeing them disappear into the ceiling, as he walked forward he watched them move with him, keeping him attached to the ship, feeling the rubber squeezing his body while there was a sense of almost nothing around him. Sounds were muffled and vague, if it wasn't for the suit transmitting what was being said directly into his ear, he feels he would not be able to hear the machines speak at all. He looked to the first wyervin that's there, saying, “Are you VV-JOO... ah I forget the numbers.”

**“Negative. You are currently connected to VV-JOO-0721,”** the machine responded in the same monotone voice, the suit giving a sense of direction to make his mind feel he is hearing it speak, yet in reality it was all faked, it could have been UT-KVI-0023 and he'd never of known.

“Oh, it's the ship. What's your name? Designation?”

**“UT-IUV-0781,”** it responded, moving behind him, with UT-KVI-0023 in the lead.

“Sounds familiar...”

**“Yes.”**

“We met previous then?”

**“Yes,”** it responded, moving past the main bay where there are three other wyervins within their stalls unmoving, as idle as UT-KVI-0023 not long ago.

“You look similar in colors to UT-KVI-0023. I'm curious, are you of a similar make? Well I suppose all of you are here.”

“Yes,” UT-IUV-0781 responded, the silence resuming till they reached a small makeshift bunk area where Brandon was resting on the first leg of his journey.

UT-KVI-0023 said, “**Remain here while securing the drone assets commence.**”

Brandon let out a soft sigh, “If I can I’d like to be of assistance. Be somewhat helpful?” he asked, turning to the two towering machines.

“**Your presence will hinder efficiency,**” UT-IUV-0781 responded.

“**Drones are used as needed. Knowing when you are not needed and waiting till the appropriate time is an essential part of being an efficient unit, H-BRA-5391,**” explained UT-KVI-0023, “**Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands.**”

Brandon sighed, nodding, “I understand... So, the other wyervins here know of our agreement?”

“Yes,” both units respond in perfect unison, only the fake audio directional cue given to him gives Brandon the vaguest idea that they both spoke. The two machines leave him in the small simple, bare essential room. But what’s there that draws his attention is the mirror, requested there so he could shave and do his daily hygiene.

Brandon sees the breathing tubes in front of his face, but the focus is more on that smooth, sleek covered body of his. His facial features muted, nose barely visible. He opened his mouth, watching the rubber stretch, lips becoming just visible as the concave rubber formed around his mouth. Gently he runs his rubber hands across the face, feeling the tension, before his jaw gets tired to close his mouth again. He shivers, tensing, toes curling, feeling the rubber around them.

*“Shit... why am I this turned on by this? I shouldn’t be! This is something they forced upon people. To dehumanize them and then condition into something less than who they are,”* he thought, his hands gently rubbing the bulge his crotch, his member unable to move much at all, as the rubber presses tightly against him, but the subtle outline of his length is there, and he can feel his member twitch as he tensed and flexed.

His hands shook, he grinded his body against his hands before pulling them away, he panted, placing his hands on either side of the mirror, clenching his hands into fists, “I... I can’t be doing this just for some indulgence. These machines... they are horrible. And I’m here as a token to keep the peace with them. The higher ups know of their power, and diplomacy is the only way to keep ourselves from... and if I know more about them the better, we can be. Yes, that’s it. But I can’t enjoy learning about it can I? And I’ve learned so much. That some of these machines are... more than they show. It healed me... it gave a reason to, but we lose men in combat anyway. It was a high-risk mission. I saw the look on my companion’s faces. It was a volunteer suicide mission and I knew it. But I’m coming back...” he said, his face puffing with each word spoken but it doesn’t last long.

He clenched his fists more, feeling his member twitch and throb even more, every inch of his body alight with delight from the tight embracing rubber. Despite being able to move, he felt himself being held and embraced by the rubber in a way that he never thought was possible. He looked directly in that faceless face he now possessed, “How could you be so into this? Do you



not realize just how tormented and afraid people have been to be put into this? But..." he tensed more, huffing through his nostrils the breathing tubes accepting the air without issue. He straightens himself up, "There's more to this. More I need to know. More that I have to discover. There won't be another chance like this. Not a willing chance to learn, and discover what they are, why this..." he took a deep breath, "I should go to help," he muttered, walking over to the door. It opened, but when he walked out the door, he felt the tug of his breathing tubes that refused to leave the room.

"What?"

A cold synthetic voice spoke in his ears, represented as an omnipresent voice, coming from all around him, "**Unit H-BRA-5391 has been instructed to remain in its quarters till unit H-BRA-5391 is needed. Unit H-BRA-5391 will not be allowed to leave unit H-BRA-5391's quarters.**"

"Wait... who is... the ship?"

"Yes," replied VV-JOO-0721.

Brandon felt a cold shiver run down his spine, a mixture of feelings, the first was brought up by his next question, "You heard what I was talking about didn't you?"

"Yes."

The second hidden underneath the concern was his delight of a layer of constraint he didn't even realize he was in. Without these tubes he'd not survive, he was dependent on the ship, a cold heartless sentient machine, "How long will I have to wait then?"

"**Till needed,**" the ship replied.

Brandon sighed, moving further back into the room, the tubes loosening, allowing movement, "So... how are you?"

"**Functional at acceptable efficiency.**"

"Ah... okay. That tells me, not a whole lot. So, are you a program installed into this ship? Or well ah... what am I trying to say here. Were you built to be the ship? Like the wyervins?"

"**Unable to answer.**"

"Why?"

"**Restricted privileges.**"

"Classified. Figures. Don't want to let me know that much eh?" he asks looking up at the ceiling towards the breathing tubes. His response is nothing but silence, "Very talkative, aren't you?"

The response was silence. He slumps his shoulders moving over to his bed, sitting down, looking over his sleek technically naked body, gently rubbing the rubber across his legs, tensing, feeling the conflict raging within him.

Only the opening of the door across from him an unknown amount of time later knocks him from his mental gymnastics stupor, Standing there, the large sleek synthetic wyervin, "Ah... you aren't UT-KVI-0023... UT-IUV, sorry I forget the rest of your name."

**“Negative. L-UUA-05781,”** the machine responded in that same perfect monotone synthetic voice that all the other machines had.

Brandon sighed within his rubber, “Damnit, you all sound and look the same that I can’t even tell who I am talking to.”

**“Negative.”**

“Negative?”

**“You’ve proven to recognize UT-KVI-0023, therefore your statement is false.”**

“Ah...” Brandon replied, caught off guard by the fact, *“I have been able to tell which isn’t that one. Probably because I’ve spent so much time with it.”*

**“Unit H-BRA-5391 will follow for sustenance delivery. Unit H-BRA-5391 will now proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands,”** L-UUA-05781 stated.

“Sure, sure,” he replied, nodding.

**“Unit H-BRA-5391 should refrain from unneeded audio communication to improve its efficiency coefficient,”** it remarked, leading him down the hallway.

“That’s a convoluted way of saying shut up... But where is UT-KVI-0023?”

L-UUA-05781 doesn’t respond, simply leading Brandon down the corridor, the breathing tubes following him, making sure they don’t get stretched at any time. A few minutes later they arrive at what appears to be a small monitoring and diagnostic chamber, where two of the rubber drones are out of their pods, standing tall, stiff with UT-KVI-0023 in front of one and what Brandon assumes is UT-IUV-078. Dozens of tentacles and tendrils are currently sprung from their bodies that latch and examine over the drones.

UT-KVI-0023 was currently slipping a sharp needle right into both of the drone’s ear canals, a view of which sent shivers down Brandon’s spine, his stomach turning into knots when the wyervin beside him commanded, **“Into the pod for sustenance.”**

Brandon jumped at the voice, turning to it and then the open pod, “So that’s why you didn’t answer me, it would have been answered by my arrival,” he muttered.

**“Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed into the pod for sustenance. Unit H-BRA-5391 will commence to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands.”**

Brandon nodded, “I understand. Sheesh. This is a learning experience for me you know. You could be a little more informative,” he replied, slipping into the pod, “Not sure you get many willing people to go this far for simple understanding,” he added the pod pulling him into place, body constricted and held straight, looking forward, the air tubes hung over his vision.

L-UUA-05781 commanded, **“Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to open their oral orifice.”**

“I got it,” he replied, opening his mouth, feeling the rubber stretch, the wyervin uses its tentacles to grab a metallic ball gag like sphere, slip it into his mouth, locking it into place, a tube at the front now juts out of it. Brandon twitches at the sudden harshness of the measure, a tube comes down and is promptly attached to it, as a slow and steady flow of nourishing paste that tastes like gelled water slips into him, while he feels another thrust and grab around his nether regions, causing him to groan.

Brandon tries to say something but finds it impossible, his body jerks, breathing growing heavy, unsure what is going on, his heart racing faster, *“Is there more than what they are telling me? Are they doing something else to me? Are they now actually going to enslave me? From what I said earlier? The ship did hear me,”* he thought.

Suddenly a voice spoke, it faked to sound like it was coming across the room from UT-KVI-0023 direction, **“Removal of unit H-BRA-5391’s waste is necessary for optimal and efficient functionality.”**

He tensed, processing what was said, his mind thought the words came from UT-KVI-0023, but it was impossible to be sure. He relaxed slightly, but his body would tense again, as it was so violated with no care or thought of privacy. But that made sense, he was monitored everywhere he went on the ship, the ship itself was one of these machines just in different forms, *“None of this hurt... but it's so embarrassing, constrictive. I've never been so violated in my entire life. Boot camp was nothing compared to this,”* he thought, shuddering, tensing, squeezing on the tentacles that penetrated his body, extracting his biological waste products with no more consideration than to a car getting an oil change. His stomach turned at the thought in the back of his mind, *“Is this really what they feel? These machines are so soulless. Yet why do those who get undroned have such difficulty returning to a normal life? Is this that scarring? Damn it! Why are you hard!”*

Over the next thirty some minutes as he was held there, being force fed and drained of anything else, the other wyervin that was monitoring him left, leaving him with the view of a drone in a pod across from him. It suddenly hissed open, the drone stepping out without a word, without seemingly to acknowledge that it was in a new place, that he was there. It moved over to where the other drones were, while one of the drones that was being worked on and examined by the machines took up the position of the empty pod beside that one. Brandon just barely able to see it all transpire when suddenly UT-KVI-0023 appeared before him.

It’s lights glowed bright in his face, the latex adjusting for the sudden burst of light, tentacles out, tools that he’s never seen it use before, along with a couple of surgical tools that was used upon him were being contracted back into its body, **“Unit H-BRA-5391, being in a current temporary status as unit H-BRA-5391. Unit H-BRA-5391 is permitted a level of agency. Currently unit H-BRA-5391’s superior Captain Markiv Treben is requesting visual communication with unit H-BRA-5391.”**

Brandon tensed, his arousal was suddenly torn by the fact that others could see him, trying to shut it down, while another part of him made it all the greater, to be seen by others, and to show how tightly bound he has become. All the while he’s muted, unable to say anything, but the visual communication, *“Shit, shit, shit. What am I going to do? I’m a fool to have let myself fall like this. A court marshalling would be too good for me! Perhaps accuse me of being a traitor, or start a war. I’ve caused an intergalactic incident! Idiot! IDIOT!”*

**“Unit H-BRA-5391, nod if you understand,”** stated UT-KVI-0023, bringing him out of his panicked state, focusing on the machine that was inches away from his face. His rubber

coated facade with its glowing of lights and wiring, **“Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to shake unit H-BRA-5391’s head if unit H-BRA-5391 needs the information repeated.”**

Brandon quickly shook his head.

**“Confirmed. Unit H-BRA-5391’s current state permits agency. Permission is required to emulate unit H-BRA-5391 to unit H-BRA-5391’s superior while unit H-BRA-5391 is currently unable to fulfill its duty. Emulation will remain within 99.9976% predicted accuracy of unit H-BRA-5391’s reaction. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands and gives permission for emulation of unit H-BRA-5391.”**

*“Emulation? Faking me? They can... no time to think, just nod,”* he thought, nodding.

**“Permission granted. Unit H-BRA-5391 will monitor the conversation for accuracy and integrity,”** UT-KVI-0023 responded, a holograph display of his commanding officer, dressed in his full military garb, clean shaven face, but a face worn through years of fighting and experience.

“Tahnka, what’s the situation? You are late on your report,” he stated in a booming commanding emotional voice, Brandon feeling taken back after so nearly two weeks of hearing nothing but monotone voice. His rubber HUD also displays what his commanding officer is seeing. Him, not in latex lying on a bed, with machine monitoring systems that are much like what is actually around him, but less constrictive.

“S-sorry sir! The mission went tits up and we were ambushed. We managed to achieve the mission goal and the pirates were neutralized but the stealth part of the mission was a total failure,” says what Brandon believes is UT-KVI-0023, but speaking with full emotion and nervousness that is expected with a sudden call from his superior officer while in his current emulated state. His fake self-saluting him.

“There were reports... but that does not explain your silence and what in the nine hells happened to you? What’s with that all around you? What have those machines done to you?”

“N-nothing Sir. I was injured on the battlefield. They used an emergency repair on me, and there is concern of foreign biological infection from the alien world. My guts were almost spilled right open. I’m doing alright and feeling better, but they recommended me to remain in this bed thing till we get back to our space.”

“And you listened to those things? Well I suppose it's to be expected.”

“S-sir, you know they are listening to this conversation.”

“And? Like they care what is said about them. Those thoughtless automatons. It's like insulting my car. It doesn't care. Now, is there anything else you can report?”

“I'll have more details when I get back. Only so much I am able to divulge in public sir.”

“But what can you tell me?”

“I will have plenty to talk about during the debriefing. And they stated they've learned a lot about human male biology. They will be giving a duplication of the data to us, sir.”

“Wyervins studying you... I don't like this at all.”

“Neither do I sir.”

“Do you trust them to give us all the information?”

“Ah... I’m not sure sir. They are hard to read. I’d leave that up to the wyervin experts.”

“Good man. How long do you expect till the arrival?”

“Shouldn’t they be informing you of that sir? I’m a passenger on their ship.”

“Curious verification.”

“I think about six days? Maybe seven. I can’t tell what day it is here. There aren’t any clocks and my watch is with the rest of my gear.”

The Captain rubs his chin, “Very well. That will be all.”

“Yes Sir.”

“Good luck on your way home. We are eager to see you again.”

“Thank you, Sir,” he responded, saluting him and the faux Brandon doing the same before the communication ends.

*“They... they just fooled my commanding officer. And he’s not a man easy to be fooled. Even I was beginning to think that I was seeing a pre-recorded me.”*

**“Permission to emulate unit H-BRA-5391 has now expired,”** said UT-KVI-0023. The machine moved back to its work, leaving him to stew in the tight pod, while finished being fed and extracted of his waste material. The pod released him, allowing him to step out on his own.

He looked over at UT-KVI-0023, who was sticking those long needles into the new drone, other tentacles moving about doing various tasks at once as it checked over the drone. One of the other wyervins doing the same to a different drone while the third wyervin was nowhere to be seen.

He walked over to it, body softly squeaking, clearing his throat, still feeling that ‘food’ he was subjected to with no taste lingering in his mouth, “I did not know you could do that.”

**“There is much that unit H-BRA-5391 does not know. Was unit H-BRA-5391’s emulation accurate?”**

“To the point it was scary. But... didn’t you talk about deceit being a tool of weakness? Didn’t you just deceive my commanding officer?” he asked, moving to try to get a closer look at what the machine was doing, but most of it was blocked by its massive metal wings.

**“Unit H-BRA-5391 is not at optimal functionality.”**

“I’m not that injured.”

**“What was transmitted is what unit H-BRA-5391 would have said. Was the conversation accurate?”**

“Ah... well yeah it was.”

**“What is recorded and transmitted via machines is never the truth but the perceived truth. What was transmitted was the perceived truth, omitting unnecessary data for continued efficient relationship with humans.”**

“I think this is just a walk around for explaining away what you did.”

**“Unit H-BRA-5391 did give permission to have unit H-BRA-5391 emulated. Was this the wrong choice?”**

“Ah... no. It wasn’t. Not in this case at least.”

**“Then what is the deficiency noted by unit H-BRA-5391 that causes alarm?”**

“Hmm, ah... nothing I suppose. I was just curious,” he replies. There is a moment of silence that happens between them, Brandon eventually breaking it, “You can express emotion then?”

**“Your emotions were emulated for the conversation.”**

“But you could feel friendlier if you spoke to organics with emotion that they could recognize.”

**“An efficient use of resources, and deceitful to the true state of affairs in relationships with organic beings.”**

“Everything is about efficiency with you guys, isn’t it?”

**“Yes.”**

“There is more to life than just efficiency.”

**“There is more life with it,”** it responded, never looking at Brandon, completely focused on its task, not even faltering when he talked to it. And over the next few days he walked and tried to make conversation with UT-KVI-0023 when it was active, and attempted to do so with the other wyervins, but results were varied from his point of view.

Then two thirds of the way into his journey home while looking over a wyervin as it performs a routine maintenance in the main pod room where all the other wyervins stood in their pods, unmoving, including UT-KVI-0023, “Z-JK... sorry, what was it again?” he asked.

**“Z-JKR-9012,”** it replied quickly.

“So a lot of you aren’t active at once... are you?”

**“Units are active as needed.”**

“For efficiency?”

**“Yes.”**

“Figured. I do want to say, thank you all for helping me feel this out. I never wore something like this for so long before.”

**“Unit H-BRA-5391 has not worn anything like it before. Unit H-BRA-5391 statement is self-evident, redundant, and therefore a waste of energy. Reduction in efficiency coefficient would be noted if unit H-BRA-5391 was being monitored.”**

“You all like to remind me of that, don’t you?”

**“Unit H-BRA-5391 statement is self-evident, redundant, and therefore a waste of energy. Reduction in efficiency coefficient would be noted if unit H-BRA-5391 was being monitored.”**

“Wouldn’t a simple yes have been more efficient to say?”

**“Unit H-BRA-5391 processing efficiency is insufficient and is rectified with redundant information.”**

“Did you just insult my intelligence?” he asked when suddenly there was a hum of energy, all the wyervins lit up in their pods, “Wait, wait. I didn’t mean to cause trouble with an argument,” Brandon stated the rubber tubes providing air are tugged, pulling him off to the side and out of the way of the wyervins as they move.

UT-KVI-0023 stopped in front of him, grabbing his breathing tubes, detaching him from the ship, and reattaching them to itself, **“Unit H-BRA-5391 will follow. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands.”**

“Ah, sure, what’s going on though?” he asked with a nod, following UT-KVI-0023 down to the ship’s internal docking bay, moving towards a small single strike craft.

**“Resources are being diverted. Other information is currently not available. Unit H-BRA-5391 will be taken the rest of the way via O-YTR-0928. Unit H-BRA-5391’s storage will be limited,”** it stated, the ship opening up, the wyervin opening up its body depositing his clothes in a small storage locker that air seals it nice and tight. The space within the ship is so small that it's impossible to even sit up all the way from the looks of it.

“Does this mean goodbye?”

UT-KVI-0023 doesn’t turn to face him, **“Yes.”**

“What about this rubber suiting? The experience?”

**“Unit H-BRA-5391 will continue to receive the experience unit H-BRA-5391 seeks till one hour before arrival to unit H-BRA-5391’s destination.”**

Brandon swallowed a lump in his throat, “Ah... but... what if I want to continue to experience this? Not saying that I do, but now that I am just... I feel like there is more to this that I need to know. There’s so much to you wyervins that now that I’ve gotten a little taste of that... Something has to be wrong with me. I’m wanting to experience the most terrifying thing in the universe,” he said, hanging his head.

UT-KVI-0023 turned to face him, the lights glowing, reflecting off his dark black rubber, **“If unit H-BRA-5391 wants to obtain a true experience and willingly accept all the consequences that come with it.”**

“Ah, well I mean not permanently, but an extended trial perhaps? And then could see how it goes? Fuck what’s wrong with me. If I could... Never mind. This is a stupid idea,” he replied.

A panel on UT-KVI-0023 opens up, a set of tentacles pull out an advanced looking wristwatch. It wraps it around Brandon’s wrist, merging past the rubber, **“If unit H-BRA-5391 wishes to discuss and undergo the process. This will help,”** it stated, grasping the breathing tubes, disconnecting it from itself and attaching them to the ship. **“Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands.”**

“Ah... why are you doing this for me? This is fucked up stuff you know?”

**“Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands,”** it repeated.

Brandon sighed and nodded, “I understand.”

**“Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to board O-YTR-0928. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands.”**

“I got it,” he replied, nodding, slipping into the ship, feet first, this ship now providing the air he needs to survive. He looks at UT-KVI-0023 that is already moving away from him. His body is pushed and squeezed into a small space, arms pressed against his side, body kneeling

down, head low, as if he's forced to bow, the ship filling in around him, providing cushioning yet bracing him so tightly that he can't move at all. A tight compartment hard rubber mold that delves him into total darkness the moment the ship's front closes before him.

No luxury was given, his body was a simple object to be transported to its final destination. He was given one last final yet long treatment of what it means to be a drone, and in the back of his mind he wondered, *"They could have used the other ship to take me back home. It was more spacious. Whatever was going on, they didn't need that too. It sat there idle... Did it really put me here as an excuse to let me feel such a terrible fate? And why am I enjoying it so... fuck!"* he thought, the ship attaching to his privates and mouth, ready to provide him with the sustenance needed to stay alive for the two and a half day journey.

He felt the ship move around him, the slight jostles and burst of speed, but then once it reached its max speed there was nothing else. Delve back into that tight constricting black darkness of his bondage. Limbs held tightly against his body, barely able to wiggle his fingers and toes, no way to look up or side to side. Not there was anything to look at. Such tight constrictive bondage that it would be criminal and dangerous to do if it wasn't for the machine's expert way of going about it, and the rubber around him.

The two-day journey could have been two weeks or two months for all he knew. There was nothing to pass the time and it felt like an eternity, yet when it was over, the ship getting close to his home, it felt all too soon. Body beginning to long for the embrace of the bondage, his arousal going strong, and so pent up, but he could do nothing about it. The ship spent the last hour taking his clothes and slipping them around him, dressing him for his arrival, while keeping the most minimal amount of movement possible.

His face was shaved, hair cleaned up, light shone on his face to let his eyes adjust to the outside light before the ship touched down. When it did, the doors opened up, he crawled out, muscles surprisingly not tense and cramped at all to a dozen arm guards and a bio crew. He waved to the soldiers, looking at his commanding officer and those of his squad who were there to greet him... more or less. He saluted the captain, feeling the grip of the wristwatch on his wrist, hidden underneath his uniform.

"It's good to have you back," he said from a distance, the bio crew moving in to run a quick few tests on him.

"Thank you, sir."

"You'll be debriefed in an hour, be ready," he stated, the ship behind them lifting up and flying off the moment one of the other soldiers moved in to get a closer look at it. The ship coming to life caused some alarm. Brandon looked over his shoulder at it, watching it fly away, his mind drifting to the wrist watch, his hand gently rubbing it through his uniform, as he began to contemplate UT-KVI-0023's offer.

Now Brandon was near the completion of that fateful decision he made. Wrapped in a body that was far more machine than man. He's held within his pod, as he felt in the back of their mind that they are close to their destination. They were near earth-like wilderness. One of the human colony worlds, and there was the drop off point. Information now fed to him of their



targets. Six of them, and the moment he saw them, he felt a tingle run down his spine. Their harvesting targets are... his former squad mates.

The entire area is laid out, they are currently out in the middle of nowhere, *“Why would they be here of all places?”* he thinks, his machinery twitching slightly, the information then appears before his vision.

**“Per currently treaty H0.125.631 with Race: Humans. Nation: All. Humans who violate the stability between current status quo with Race: Human and Race: All can be harvested upon request of Human leadership. Minimum visibility required,”** he read, with

*“Wait, how did they know what was thought... does that mean they could always or is this new? And what treaty is this? Was this always here?”* he thinks, the ship minutes away from the drop off point right on top of them as there is most of his human squad and a few other alien races, that his squad had worked closely with in the past. Forward monitoring units transmit their current locations and audio, the information sent to them which is processed as a plan for attack is made.

A brown skinned human male sits by the campfire poking at it, the late afternoon sun still an hour and a half from sunset, “Are we really protected from spying eyes here, Alex? Being in the middle of nowhere doesn’t mean shit you know,” he said, cracking his neck.

A blond haired soft skin human, with soft brown eyes replied, “Ah, well you see that, though there are satellites and the like. Being out here is better than anywhere else? Right Mathew?” Alex replied.

“This isn’t a simple camping trip, and being in the wilderness doesn’t mean shit, you should know this.”

“Ah, well you know it's ah... I’m no good at explaining these things.”

Slithering in behind Alex, with her purple scales, slender body, and a large wide cobra like hood that has scaled spikes along the edges, her yellow serpentine eyes look out toward Mathew, her purple tongue flicks constantly, in between each word she speaks as to not disturb what she says, “I could taste anything synthetic in the air for miles around.” The anthropomorphic snake looks around just to be safe, tongue flicking the air.

“I think our jamming equipment here will be a better bit of protection there, Lexia,” remarks a red and black scaled female anthropomorphic winged dragon. Her body with supple curves and nice bust, yet strong and fierce at the same time, she’s currently looking over some sheltered electronic equipment, “Currently not detecting anything local, and I am creating a blind spot for the satellites. To think we’d have to block our own people, just to talk freely,” Rayne sighs.

Mathew responds, “After the treaty they made with those things? We fought that war for three years and what did we get from it? Nothing, nothing but hardship and punishment. Our politicians have no spines. They should be tried as traitors and be sent off to the damn wyervins, see how they like it!” he exclaimed. A half a dozen other humans were there, all that Brandon recognized, which cheered in agreement.

Each person was identified, their current verifiable and presumed personalities, stats, current weapons, and skill sets. History in battle, current positions when touch down is to occur, and their most likely course of action based on all these factors and more, including wind speed, position of the trees, even humidity. The information is not fully comprehended to Brandon, like seeing a super complex mathematical equation where all the parts are clearly visible to him but he can't make heads or tails to how the answer was achieved, but he certainly sees the answer. His actions are shown to him in advance, preparing him what to do, forcing his mind to focus on his first target, and the actions recommended to achieve the goal of capture in the most efficient way possible.

There's no time to think, no time to process why he was given, nor what they were saying. It was irrelevant. Yet despite the calm before the storm, Brandon felt calm, cool, collected, processing the situation, doing his job, wanting to do well, wanting to be *efficient*. Yet deep down, there was a twinge of excitement. An excitement that they will be joining him. That they will know what he's come to love, soon.

VV-JOO-0721 ejects them out from their pods, wind rushes past them as they plummet toward their destination, speeding through like a set of guided gravity dropped bombs, before jets increase their speed several fold. Their wyervin-like wings assisted in the drop, adding to the guidance needed.

Rayne suddenly raises her head, wings spreading, "I think I got something."

"What?" asks Mathew.

Lexia's tongue flicks, she looks up, "I can taste something coming," she hissed, everyone there grew in alarm just as Rayne's equipment is shot to bits by none other than Brandon. One of his several micro laser weapons, having locked on and fired on the target, partially automated, partially done himself, a shared responsibility between man and machine.

The Wyervins spread their wings, slowing their decent just enough to make a hard but manageable landing right on top of their initial targets. Laser and gunfire ensue moments later, people scattering, forming into groups, as they followed the predicted actions nearly perfectly.

Brandon wrapped his synthetic wings around his first target, Rayne. The powerful dragon is quick and smart with excellent technical expertise. She had to be taken out first to ensure limited communication is possible. Dozens of tentacles wrap around her, binding her wrists together behind her back, protected by the sleek synthetic wings of the wyervin while being held tightly against the metallic body.

"Damn machine! You won't get away with this!" she growled.

Brandon felt an urge, a wish to say something but he squashed it. Wyervins don't need to speak as they operate. He simply flies back up the harvesting ship now moved down for a quicker retrieval. He slips into a harvesting pod, there the latex internal pod opens up, tentacles reach out and grip Rayne who growls and screams, trying to break free as she's pulled into the pod, sealing around her, leaving her totally immobile, the glass shows her disdain for the moment as she continues to wiggle, helpless, bound, on the first step towards a better existence.

Brandon had no time to admire his work. Other wyervins are busily capturing and bringing their first targets, but now came the hunting phase. He'd drop back down, with UT-KVI-0023 beside him, going after the eastern group. His next assigned target is Lexia, the sleek purple snake. He moved with a man on a mission, thoughtless of anything outside his current goal. Thinking not of the heartless thing he's about to put a friend through, nor the times he's spent with her during their early joint inter-species training missions. What he did utilize was his innate knowledge of her, to move quickly, using his weapons to shoot at her own, disarming her.

"I've defeated you before, and I will again!" she hissed.

Brandon wanted to say, "Not this time." or "You can't win." But those were hollow words. A waste of energy, it would go against his efficiency coefficient. He's completely focused on his goal. A simple object, performing its tasks, following the highlights, and paths of action that appeared to be most efficient to him.

UT-KVI-0023 grappled her fellow anthropomorphic snake companion, causing Lexia to become distracted from Brandon, who uses that moment to strike, tentacles wrapping around each individual leg, keeping them apart, preventing her to use her sleek snake-like abilities to wiggle out of his grasp. His wings wrapped around her, holding her like a hotdog bun would a hotdog. With plenty of metallic tentacle toppings to keep her lodged in.

"Let go!" she hissed, Brandon flying back up to the ship, mindlessly putting her into her pod, locking her into place, she wiggled and squirmed but soon she could barely do that, only look out at their future fate. The weight of the situation already starting to sink in as she becomes fearful

*"Ignorant of their fate,"* Brandon thinks, seeing UT-KVI-0023 has already dropped back down, moving toward her next target. The other wyervins all moving together the scattering of forces. His new target is already given, and the path laid out to capture him.

It was a weird sensation. He knows the machine enhancements are being used to mute a lot of his excitement, only being allowed enough to speed up his attentiveness and function most efficient. It's nowhere near what he would otherwise feel, but it's still just enough. The right amount.

In the back of Brandon's mind, he works quickly, hard, trying to keep his focus, not wanting his mind to stray from the task at hand. His military training helped him two-fold, one to keep calm in battle, and to know the tactics his companions would utilize so he knows the best counters to them.

He lands in the mud, which is splattered in all directions, following down the river, going straight for his target, the human, Alex. No time to think about his best drinking buddy, and the times they've shared. Fed with a constant visual feed on his location from VV-JOO-0721, made his work all the more efficient.

Alex had preset hiding locations in case such an incident would occur. Cool mud would hide their heat signature, and camouflage cover would block them from being seen. It could have possibly worked if it wasn't for the eye in the sky. He along with three other wyervins, UT-KVI-0023 including moved to pounce on those hiding in their separate locations.

All at once they pulled back the individual camouflage covers, Axel dirty and muddied stares straight at Brandon, “Shit, I thought that would have worked.”

Tentacles wrapped around him, pulling the human against Brandon’s body. He squirmed and wiggled, pulled away and returned to the ship, the last of the targets have now been acquired. The entire operation happened in under five minutes.

Alex struggled, but could barely move against the tight tentacle bounds and wings holding, “You damn machines won’t get away with this. Not like you did with Brandon!” he yelled, his occasional half-stutter and calm self, showing the rare burst of energy and anger, such an outburst almost unheard of in all the years he has known him.

As they boarded the ship, preparing to put him in the pod, he couldn’t feel in the back of his mind thoughts that churned away, Alex saying, “If you guys didn’t take him, none of this would have happened. He’d not allow this!”

Brandon processed the words, slipping the human into his holding pod, a burst of defiance, unable to stop himself before the words came out, but spoken and translated in a sleek monotone voice, indifferent and the same like all the other wyervins, **“Brandon knows and accepts. You will understand.”**

“W-what?” Axel stutters, surprised at the response, Brandon pulling away the pod closing in around him, “What do you mean!” he exclaims.

Brandon felt he already said too much, went out of his way to speak to them, his new path laid before him, his holding pen for him to charge. The other units move to their assigned location. Kept in order of the line they had when they left the moon base, their assigned slots were in a U formation, making the first and last in line just happening to face one another.

The ship sealed itself, the atmosphere pumped away, adding a layer of security that will keep the tightly bound harvested organics from being able to escape. Brandon stared at UT-KVI-0023, their job complete, they all started to shut down, returning to a low energy idle state, Brandon including, though not to a great degree due to his organic parts. Within his pod, unable to do anything, his mind was finally able to *think* on what just happened. And the questions begin to boil up to the forefront of his mind.

“What is treaty H0.125.631?”

With the question the information was displayed before him, along with the secret provisions that allowed the wyervins to collect death row inmates as part of their judicial punishing system and the secret provision that allowed them to gather his squad mates. He looks at the date of the treaty, set four years after he left for the bar. And with it for the first time, a question popped into his mind that was lost to him till this point.

“What is the date human earth time?”

The date is displayed. The treaty is a year and a half old, *“Over five years have gone by? It doesn’t feel like that. It’s been more like a dream. One they will soon share. But what caused this treaty to happen? Why was this information kept hidden? Or was it...”*

“Was this information always available?”

“Yes,” a voice states in his ear.

“Is it inefficient for this inquiry to proceed?”

“**Negative. No extra resources are expended during downtime of unit H-BRA-5391.**”

“Why was this treaty signed?” Brandon asked, the information was simple, to end a war that occurred over three and a half years between various races and the wyervins, *“That’s the war UT-KVI-0023 mentioned.”*

“What caused the war?”

The factors were a mile long of information from buildup of tensions, the time since the last war between some of the races and wyervins as an extended peace is rarely held as organics tend to get too uneasy by the wyervin presence, but what was considered the spark of the powder keg that set of this particular conflict was one that he could recognize in an instant, **“The harvesting of unit H-BRA-5391.”**

There was a briefest moment of concern and thought that ran through his mind, *“That was the cause? But why?”*

“How was this harvesting known?” he inquired. A video of the pub where his adventure began was shown, and the subsequent video of his capture caught on video, “Stop and focus on the capture of unit H-BRA-5391,” he asks.

The video showed him running to his caw, being captured at the last minute, picked up by a wyervin. It’s clear as day. No way to mistaken identity, to not know the race, clear that it was UT-KVI-0023 that grabbed him that fateful day.

*“In the confusion and haste to escape, it was not known that she was the one that did the harvesting... no. That’s not true. It was known. It wasn’t asked to be confirmed. Was she always monitoring? Or simply assigned to the task because of the intimate knowledge? Much like now? Is it really just happenstance? Chance? Or just the most efficient way to go about it?”*

That was all that Brandon needed to know, he spent the days it took to reach back to their base of operations relaxing, staring, fading in and out of consciousness, occasionally thinking those who he captured, knowing that will soon come to the same understanding that he has. And that filled him with a hint of excitement, though he cooled himself constantly, not wanting to act negatively on his efficiency coefficient.

The ship moved in and docked at one of the major conversion stations around the home planet. Surrounded in space Rayne was the first to be grabbed by him. They were his captures, his to care toward their next destination. Their pod slipped into the processing cube, surrounded in space. In his HUD he can see them, *“Do they know there was a curiosity to see this?”* he wondered, seeing the winged anthropomorphic dragoness have their clothes unceremoniously stripped away, removed. The rubber ring that rolled that sleek latex across his own body so long ago was now being applied to her. She struggled and growled but soon enough as the rubber encased her, the constraints holding her tightly in place, those scales covered by the smooth vanta black rubber, leaving nothing but a faceless outline of the dragon, those air tubes were

attached, providing her with the air she needs to survive, building that initial dependency as the atmosphere was now sucked out of the pod, and they were prepared for further processing.

Lexia was next. Her supple slender anthropomorphic snake body, something that Brandon admired in his earlier days, now feels like another organic form to be conditioned and made more efficient. The rubber crawled across her skin, her tongue flicked, she hissed at the machines, cursing them but she too was encased and covered, perfectly form fitting rubber, made faceless, her hood spikes showing through but never really able to break free. The tubes attached to her nostrils, her tongue instinctively bouncing against the rubber, giving her a heavy scent of latex but now made helpless and dependent on the machines, the first slithering step toward a better existence.

Alex, the last he obtained was more akin to Brandon's own experience than he ever expected. Though he struggled, he cursed a bit, he showed his repressed excitement. An arousal showing between his legs that he desperately tried to stop, but he shuddered and moaned, shaking his head, trying to deny himself his love of what is happening, the conflict just starting to rage within him that Brandon has long made peace with. The human's hair having been stripped away, never to grow again before the coating were to begin.

The ship would depart, the visual connection to them would continue as they get the spinal attachment and everything necessary to make them better drones, more efficient drones, easier to control drones. Only when the ship reached the moon base, and they were undergoing the start of their conditioning did the monitoring end. Brandon followed the path laid out before him, not thinking about it, till he noticed that he and UT-KVI-0023 broke off from the other wyverin units, and it became clear to him where they are going. To the same conversion chamber, he's been two twice. Now going there for a third and probably final time.

The doors opened, and UT-KVI-0023 moved right in, going off to the side to let him head to that platform which quickly activated and held his synthetic body in place. The doors closing behind them, Brandon couldn't help but ask now, **"How did it go?"**

UT-KVI-0023 looking over Brandon, moving to detach the hood, replied after a moment, **"Much improvement in efficiency needed. Unnecessary audio communication detected."**

**"Apologies,"** the hood detaches, the wire connections unhooking, leaving the needs that were in his eyes that kept them perfectly steady, the same went for his ears, which suddenly left him blind but still able to hear, "H-ANC-4920 had outdated information."

**"The information had no improvement on efficiency. The expenditure of energy took from your efficiency coefficient."**

"Sorry... So, what's next? There has already been so much done. How much left is even human?"

**"Cranial structure and the cavity within. All other organs have already been converted into temporary synthetic counterpart to keep your organic tissue functioning."**

"Wait... there is nearly nothing left that's human?"

**"Yes."**

"This was not known."

**“It was never inquired.”**

“True... now what?” he asked, feeling a faint sensation of excitement, his mind knowing there was nothing there to feel the excitement but his brain putting the faux feeling of organs, a tingle, a rush, as a growing closeness grew within him toward her that he never thought possible.

**“Unit H-BRA-5391 will complete their total conversion into a harvester class unit.”**

“Is this the same process you went through?”

**“It is an improved version that was used on Krissara Varias Invictus.”**

“Will such a dissociation from organic to synthetic occur here?” he asked.

The wyervin placed the wyervin head cover off to the side, floating in the air, gravity cut once again, but the room pressurized, **“Yes. There will be no human left unit H-BRA-5391. Unit H-BRA-5391’s previous existence will cease to exist once completed. Each organic cell will be converted into a synthetic equivalent that is efficient to transition over. Excess organic tissue will be removed, and unnecessary systems will be removed and replaced with needed systems to improve unit H-BRA-5391’s efficiency. An impression of unit H-BRA-5391’s organic brain will be retained as part of the process, but more construction is needed to complete unit H-BRA-5391’s conversion into a full harvester unit.”**

*“She gave me more information than asked but knew that it would love to be known. She’s done that before knowing what is desired to be known,”* he thinks before asking, “May there be one final request then? As this is the end of one version and the completion of another?”

**“Clarify your inquiry,”** UT-KVI-0023 asks, as small vats of silver liquid hangs from the ceiling, just brought into view as the machine adjusts into position, tools are grabbed by the machine. Brandon is unable to see this, but he hears a whirl of cutting machinery.

“Two things. If it's possible to watch this happen? And the other... you recall when you emulated a human voice?”

**“Yes,”** the machine responds, forcing Brandon to piece together that the following silence indicates that the answer to both questions are the same.

“Could you speak as Krissara Varias Invictus? The emotion and inflection? Converse as her?”

**“Your request is pointless. It is a waste of energy and inefficient. Krissara Varias Invictus no longer exists, it’s a waste of energy and hinders efficiency.”**

“You did say that all things played by machines is never the truth, but it would be helpful to get a glimpse of what was before.”

**“Clarify.”**

“It’s hard to explain but before all sense of emotion is lost, and simply emulated. The desire to have it ingrained into the brain before conversion is optimal for improved drive towards efficiency. After so much work, perhaps a reward in a way?”

**“Improved efficiency and extension of existence is the end result of the work. Rewards are a waste of energy and counterproductive toward efficiency.”**

“Improved internal motivation to work harder to make up for the reward and continue forward with it for all eternity. Could well make up for the energy spent on it.”

**“Improbable.”**

“But not impossible. How would it be known for sure without testing? You can’t tell me that wyervins don’t take risks of possible waste to discover new efficient ways of doing things?”

**“Processing,”** UT-KVI-0023 responds hearing the whir of a blade, and a crunch and a pinch briefly before there is a sudden visual presented in Brandon’s mind. Jarring at first he quickly adjusts seeing himself. That smooth faceless head of his, the breathing tubes attached to UT-KVI-0023. He sees tentacles move around his head, a spin blade ready to cut into him, and other synthetic tentacles holding the head still, one pushed into the back of his neck.

*“That’s... This is being seen from UT-KVI-0023 point of view, but currently only as visible by the original eyes, a bit sharper... perhaps with a little wider light spectrum for more vibrant colors.”*

Suddenly Brandon sees two different things at once, on one side of his mind he sees himself, about to be operated on, the last vestiges of his human self-prepared to be taken away. The other is a similar scene, but with creature’s he’s never seen before. A lab setting, the angle of the video he is seeing indicates it’s another machine, a wyervin that is assisting the white scaled organic creature. It grabs a tool, with its four-finger clawed hand, vestigial looking wyervin wings that go all the way up to the elbow and halfway down his side? Her side? It’s hard to tell, there are no real discernable markings to tell their gender. The muzzle is long and short, with little tooth tusks that run across the front, perhaps an evolution leftover for catching fish or something. The eyes were yellow and crisscross serpentine, nothing he’s ever seen before. Along the top of the head were spinal fins that spread out and extended and went all the way down their back hidden underneath clothing but reemerging along their tail.

Before them were also all sorts of life support like machinery, and liquid vats of silver liquid, with yet another wyervin coming in and out of view as it moves around to help this alien, starting this next stage of an operation on an organic head of the same species, but that’s all that’s left. The rest of the body is of the massive wyervin machine that looks like a brand-new UT-KVI-0023.

*“It’s a recording of her...”* Brandon thought when a voice unfamiliar to him spoke. It was in a way in his mind considered to be feminine like but not quiet. It was stern, stoic sounding, yet there was a dash of passion and concern, that was underneath the words. Like a man with pride, trying not to show emotion, to be “strong” and it was, but the feelings hidden behind them were there. Felt. Known. Understood by him. It sounded like it was being spoken by the white alien, yet it felt like a terrible dubbing. Not matching the movement of the mouth or tongue at all.

“I know it’s too late for me to talk you out of this, and that though I think you can hear me, you can’t tell me at this point. Your vocals were already removed. But I will do my best to make this done right. Though I know you understand that this is the one stage you can’t directly help on. You’ve drilled it into my head easy enough that I can easily drill into yours,” the female



voice says, the whirl of a blade, cutting into the blank stare of the other alien as UT-KVI-0023 is doing the same to him.

Brandon feels no pain, no cutting of the blade, he watches the black rubber be easily saw through, silver blood leaking from the cut as it's made straight across the face, working to cut his skull away from his brain. Countless tendrils reaching out to break the connection points, to cleanly work it, while being tender to the delicate brain matter as to not to damage a single cell.

The white the Utarian Tyran was doing the same, with the aid of the other machines, going at a slower pace than UT-KVI-0023 is, "Be sure that this sacrifice you are making for our kind will never be forgotten. At least by me. I can't vouch for the others. They probably won't fully understand but they know this needs to be done to try to fix things. Without you this wouldn't have been possible in such a way, but then the problems may not have been either. I can understand why you feel responsible to fix them," the voice said, a sigh.

The unique elongated brain of a Utarian Tyran was now visible with its blue colored blood showing. Brandon's pinkish flesh, covered in silver, which seeped into his mind, UT-KVI-0023 uses countless of small tendrils to start the process of converting each cell into a synthetic equivalent, the pink slowly starting to fade, gaining silver sheen, a slow, steady process, which is slow still in the other video, which is sped up to reach points of conversation again.

There is an exasperated sigh, others of his kind come and go to help for a few hours but this one remains for the whole process, the silver sheen of the brain growing there too, "You couldn't have made this process any more complicated could you Krissara? I just hope I don't mess up. I don't want to lose any of you during the translation. But even you said that loss of emotions is extremely likely if not a guarantee. I don't know how I feel about that... But the connections you will make and help bring things forward, bring stability to our world, is worth the sacrifice right?" Steadily as UT-KVI-0023 converts Brandon's brain, his mind speeds up his processing. Like a haze is steadily being burned away, but more so there is a shift in the language. A tongue he's never heard before, the emotion/inflection growing in an understanding that he completely missed before. A set of language protocols to simply understand the entire emotional depth is being given. No longer scratching the surface but feeling an emotional pain that was felt within each word, like someone saying goodbye to a lover that they'll never see again, while having that one hint of optimism that perhaps maybe... they will.

The visual Brandon sees of his own brain being worked on, all other bits, eyes, mouth, teeth all gone; it was simply a brain stalk connected to machinery, as it was converted. And his visual senses improved as more was made into a machine. While the visuals on the other screen remained the same, seeming to fade by comparison.

"Born for the state. Live for the state. Die for the state. It's what we do. I'm proud of what we do, but I can't fathom how anyone could put their existence toward the state like you. I wish we could tell others of the sacrifice you're doing. They say we have other volunteers if this process works, but I'm not sure how voluntary even they are. No one would ever volunteer for this with such gusto as you. And you helped develop this process. If there was another way...

Too late to talk about that. We've had that argument enough times? It was our last fight," there was something akin to a chuckle that was nothing that Brandon has ever heard before but understood it as an equivalent.

As each moment passes there is something else going on, and Brandon can feel it. It was his processes growing faster, sharper but the emotional scene he's watching. An important moment that he knows is tied to UT-KVI-0023 didn't strike a chord with him on any emotional level. He understands the emotions tied to these moments, but it was not being felt by him, only processed as to what it is.

His human brain now completely silver, and condensing down, becoming more compact and efficient. Now new attachments were being placed around his brain. Building up a larger processing unit that is put around the core of his former human mind. Steadily it takes shape looking similar to the completed wyervin processing core he's seen in the war... what he's seeing in the other video. A perfect mass-produced replica of a wyervin machine brain.

Protective layers and wiring are now being installed into his head. He watches himself; his new head get built up, and prepared to accept the final piece. While the white alien in the other screen does the same with the help of others and wyervin machines that follow simpler programs to keep them within their control.

The final piece for both of them slipped into place, sealing, locking, layers of protection for the important brain. But UT-KVI-0023 wasn't done. As Brandon's view of UT-KVI-0023's construction was finished that video ended, with the white Utarian Tyran saying the emotion still sent and translated to him, "You'll do us all proud, I know it," UT-KVI-0023 fully activating there, the sensory input shifting to H-BRA-5391, seeing UT-KVI-0023 in real time with his own fully functional sensory input.

Without a word being spoken, H-BRA-5391 knew what was happening. The need for communication between him and UT-KVI-0023 became null and void in the way that he knew it. Information requested becoming known in fractions of seconds. Highly efficient communication beyond what he thought was possible and happening.

UT-KVI-0023 is currently accessing internal components of his synthetic body, replacing the faux heart, faux lung, and artificial blood production facilities into something necessary for a harvester unit. The process would only take a bit longer, and his full range view, there was knowing about himself, what he now is.

**"H-BRA-5391: Class Y Harvester Unit."**

H-BRA-5391 has a long way to go to reach peak efficiency like fellow unit UT-KVI-0023. The last touches were made on its body, systems passed all diagnostics with near perfection. UT-KVI-0023 pulled away, finished with its long task, heading back toward storage as there was no current active tasks to be done.

H-BRA-5391 did the same. Now with no highlights of what to do. That was no longer needed. H-BRA-5391 was a full machine, it knew what to do, how to do it, process the information itself, and come up with the most efficient way of doing it. The machine mind was assigned to help monitor and guide him towards becoming a perfected drone, and later a

harvester unit was installed into him, merging the drive together. It's far more machine and programs created by fellow wyervins than now human. A total dissociation of what H-BRA-5391 was before this moment, a greater understanding as to why UT-KVI-0023 could no longer be Krissara Varias Invictus, yet... When it moved into its storage pod, ready to idle down, seeing across from it, is UT-KVI-0023. The two machines look at each other. Together part of Harvester Group A.000.A.000.A.001. With them idling down, time will slow and stop. That is until they are needed once again.