

## Cynder Drone in Space: Captain Equalizer

Slow, deep breaths. Breath in. Breath out. Breath in. Breath out. Raymond's space suit kept him in a lucid state. The lights passing overhead, bright, dim, bright dim. A steady, constant shift, that soothes and relaxes him. His arms relaxed hanging off the sides of whatever he's on. Feeling something holds him there. In the corner of his vision, he sees the black shiny smooth, "Ah..." he groans, his head spinning.

Brian Cynder Drone looks over his shoulder at his friend, speaking in a smooth monotone voice that hypnotic, **"Relax my friend. The suit is simply keeping you relaxed and soothed till you are brought to be equalized. Then everything will be fine. Everything will be equal."** The smooth faceless drone uses his wings to caress and keep Raymond balanced on its back, **"Enjoy the euphoria, but the bliss of equality will make this pale in comparison. Nothing beats perfect equality."**

"Friend? W-who are you?" he asks, grunting. Another deep breath, staring up at the lights, taken helplessly through the station. Other dragon drones move about the place, a few last-minute people caught and pulled kicking and screaming toward his destination. Their pleas for help, and "I don't want to be a drone! I don't want to be equal!" Muffled words that lose their meaning, unable to break through the haze that hangs around the anthropomorphic stingray's head. Only the smooth monotone steady voice of the dragon drone.

"One? Is that you?" he asks, stretching and groaning, "I think something happened to my suit. I had this crazy dream that something terrible was happening," he says. His body feeling so relaxed, the lights overhead stretching out, glaring yet not blinding. Another deep breath, soothing, relaxing, a little arousing, his space suit growing tighter.

With a simple head shake, Brian responds, **"No, nothing is wrong. Everything is being perfected. Made equal. Such pleasure, delight, ecstasy, nirvana, joy, peace, paradise, transcendency, serenity, tranquility, enlightenment that all mean the same thing, equality. And be patient my friend. You'll be part of the greater equal whole, soon."**

He tries to get up, something about this, feels just so off, but with a wiggle, and flap of wings, he falls back onto the dragon's back, "H-hey. I need to get up. Take you back home," he says, his balance completely lost to him, "Or maybe I can just stare up at the pretty lights for a moment longer," he says with a chuckle, another breath, reaching up, touching his helmet, "Oop, hit something," he chuckles.

**"Not to worry Raymond. Your mind will be clear soon. Those disgusting, vile, horrendous, awful, terrible, appalling, grisly, ghastly, harrowing unequal thoughts, personality, position will be cleansed and made equal."**

Smooth, sleek like the dragon's head, the words bounced within his head. Sparking the neurons in his mind, the messages spreading out, tingling something within him that steadily draws out a sense that something is off, "One? What are you talking about. You aren't making sense. You are sounding a bit like Brian when he wants to show off how well his writing skills are... to tease me. He does like to write, good thing I like to read," he chuckles.

Brian Cynder would smile if he could, **“I know, for I am he. Made equal. We are almost there, and you will be brought toward the bliss of equality. The pain and suffering of living your current unequal life will be soon at an end. And your knowledge will be added to the greater whole. I am one with my fellow drones. Equal to them. Their knowledge is my knowledge, my knowledge is theirs. No secrets, no lies, a perfect community where we all contribute equally.”**

“B-brian?” he turns his head toward the drone, “Wait... No, that was a dream. This is a dream,” he says, another deep breath, the haze growing thicker, body growing heavy. He lays back down on the dragon, “This can’t be happening,” he says, his member twitching, the strange arousal burning within his loins, defying the situation, his high rising, “What is wrong with me,” he mutters, reaching up to his head, hitting his helmet again, chuckling, “Hit my helmet again.”

Brian Cynder flanked by his fellow Cynder Drones reach the processing area. Dozens of other people are heard giving their last unequal complaints, while recently equalized drones step out of their equalizing rooms, sleek, perfect, equal, golden necklaces around their necks, the red gem glowing. Nothing but smooth perfection, **“We will fix what is wrong with you. The uniqueness of your form, the uniqueness of your thought. Uniqueness is inherently unequal, a blight on the universe. Relax and we’ll make you perfectly equal. And One, will be there to help you become equal. As will Dream, Ratchet, myself. We are all here to help you.”**

“W-what is this an intervention?” he asks, the door closing behind them, the other aforementioned Cynder Drones are in the room. The simple, smooth room, with the devices humming with energy ready to convert and process him. He slid off Brian onto the floor in the middle, the other drones lined around him and with Brian the circle was now complete.

Cynder drone looks down at Brian, **“Yes, an intervention from your inequality,”** she explains, spreading her wings, the other drones matching in perfect unison, **“We all apologize that you’ve been trapped in this unequal state, and that your mind is held in a state to keep you calm and relaxed. We all care about you equally,”** she explains, moving to sit on her haunches, the other drones doing the same.

The sudden movement causes his head to spin. He tumbles forward looking up at the original Cynder drone, then to Ratchet, on the left, Dream on the right, flanking him perfectly, “Wait, wait, I,” he says, taking a deep breath, the haze remaining, stirring him to try to slip back down into that blissful lull, but he pushes through it, calming himself, looking past the stretched out view of the world, unfastening his helmet with a loud audible click that he can feel through his suit. A soft hiss, fresh air come crashing over whatever concoction that he’s been taking in. The taste and smell of latex smacking him in the face, with a hint of metal and ozone, “No, I remember. It wasn’t a dream, it wasn’t a dream,” he says, the cool air rushing into his lungs, blowing away the dust clouding his thoughts. Yet the lingering effects that caused him to feel so pleased and aroused remain strong.

Dream Cynder stands tall, proud, perfect mimicry of the others. Gem glowing like the others, a perfect carbon copy of Cynder Drone One, **“It was a fascinating experience that I**

would be tempted to go through again if it would not be an unequal opportunity. Such levels of bliss and delight are deserved by all sentient beings of the universe. Stripping away what makes us unequal, sad, not able to see each other eye to eye, is a travesty that is being rectified as we speak. Within the hour no one except the Avali will be left to suffer through the horrendousness of being unequal.”

“Brian, is that you?” he asks, using the moment to try to cobble together the thoughts to comprehend it all, yet seeing the smooth faces, the duplication, it continues to stir excitement within him. Just *something* about being faceless, smooth, sleek rubber-like-being he can’t get out of his head, “I feel the haze is gone yet I am dreaming, or perhaps better living a nightmare.”

Dream Cynder shakes her head, **“I am not the one you knew as Brian, I am the one you knew as Dream, but my proper designation is Cynder Drone 0000630109376.”**

**“I am the one that was Brian, my designation is Cynder Drone 0000630109382. I was clever enough to know what happened, and thought I was better than the collective. I have been humbled into equality with my fellow drones.”**

A tingle runs down Raymond’s spine, his member twitching, looking over his shoulder at Brian, also taking note there is no way out of the room. The more he takes in, the more he knows he’s trapped here. A part of him already resigned to his fate, while still holding out a bit of hope, memories of his escape attempt coming to the surface, *“Maybe Celina will be able to get a drone to help me.”* He looks over to the last drone, “And who are you then?”

**“I am the one you knew as Ratchet, now a perfectly equal Cynder Drone 0000630109375. My knowledge of the station, to repair and modify this place is now all equally shared by the collective. Everyone knowing everything the others know is so blissful and simply perfect. No more confusion, fighting, conflict between others, only harmonious unification of equality,”** he explains, feeling his smooth steady equalized emotions keep himself in check. If he could feel excitement, it would be at this moment. All he feels, knows and understands is pleasure, bliss, delight or the lack thereof if he did anything that wasn’t equal. A thought if it crossed his mind would be absolutely dreadful.

The stingray cracks a smile, “I didn’t think you’d like that so much Ratchet. They look so feminine, and girls aren’t your type,” he says, his mind running as fast as it could, but it could be more considered like a stumble rather than anything else.

Ratchet tilts his head, like he’s giving a confused look, **“You mean my unequal sexual preferences. I, like all Cynder drones, have become androgynous. Neither male nor female are inherently unequal. Though you could still characterize me as gay as I find attraction equally with all of my fellow Cynder Drones. And I like everyone here do love our smooth, wonderful, equal crotches.”**

He takes a slow deep breath, feeling his arousal grow. Something about this. This situation. His slow, steady monotone words, echoing in his mind, like a thumping of a metronome. A steady rhythm to lure him deeper into listening, enjoying what they have to say, not sure if they are unlocking a delight within him, a desire that he’s instinctively longed for all his life, or the lingering effects of the gas he was breathing, “I suppose you are right. But how

could you believe equality like this is worth it? Forcing people to be equal? Lifting people up by taking others down. Stripping from everyone around you, denying their individuality.”

Cynder Drone shakes her head, in the exact same way as the other drones have done before, **“That is where you are wrong my friend.”**

“You are not my friend.”

**“I am everyone’s friend equally. We are still individuals, equal individuals within one collective, one commune. Our positions, designations, are equally interchangeable. Don’t think I am in any more in charge than anyone else.”**

“But I never asked about who is in charge.”

**“We know you. It was on your mind. Correct?”**

He huffs, “Ah... well,” he mumbles, looking away.

**“We will take that as a yes. We do not take away, everyone adds. We add to others, they add back to us. The bliss of equality will be given to you. And then you will understand just what we are offering. The truth will be known to you.”**

He glares at Cynder Drone, looking at the others with sympathetic eyes. He flicks his tail, the space suit creaking, *“Come on Celina, come and save me with a hoard of drones. Something, anything. I don’t know what else I can do to delay them,”* he thinks.

**“Wondering if Celina is going to come and doom you?”**

He looks at Cynder curiously, “Doom me?”

**“To the torture of inequality. Fear not. Such a fate will not happen. The Avalis care only about their own species. Their unequal nature has blessed you with the opportunity to become equal.”**

“They would not do that!” he exclaims, knocking a few more cobwebs from his mind. Yet he can’t help but feel a pain in his heart, the fact he is here, questioning his words, voice cracking, before he steels himself, “No, I know that’s not true. Celina did everything she could to save everyone. To save me.”

**“Except let you cross into their isolated part of the station. Even now they are preparing to leave, like they have done before.”**

“Before?” he looks at them curiously.

**“A long time ago, before my world was equalized, the grand collective found a small Avali ship. Detecting their inequality, efforts were made to equalize them, starting a new equal collective, yet in the end they escaped, and their location was lost to the us. They withheld their knowledge. They kept you like other species in a state of unequalness,”** she explains, the machinery beginning to hum to life, the drone’s gems glowing red, **“Even now they keep you all unequal with their section of the station for their dreadful uniqueness, keeping them in their false perception of safety.”**

He grits his teeth, “No! That is not at all the case! At least not Celina. She is different, and different is good! It’s the differences we share that makes us so special, and we make a greater whole. If you are going to make me part of this cult of equality, just do it already. If you

are going to make me equal and know my thoughts so *well, why* talk to me like you are doing now?"

The four Cynder drone take a step closer in perfect unison, speaking as one, **"It is all part of our plan. The Avali stronghold is not to be trifled with. We do not wish destruction of unequal creatures. Only the destruction of inequality. We want them to join us, understand the error of their ways. And while we spoke our collective minds of 630109468 Cynder Drones worked together to equally piece together a plan to get the weakest link within the Avali chain of defense to let us in. And you will help us."**

He pushes himself to his feet, barely able to keep his balance, "I will never help you, and when you turn me into one of your kind, Celina will not open the door for another hive minded Drone!"

**"That is where you are wrong. We regret to inform you that your path will not be as equal as others. It was the only way. A sacrifice you will make for us all."**

"Oh, so now it's okay to not be equal?" he asks, crossing his arms, with a gotcha look on his face.

**"It is never okay. Equality is bliss. Equality is pleasure. We as a collective will equally share in your burden and feel no bliss, no ecstasy, no nirvana till you join us in full. That way your suffering through inequality will remain equal to us,"** they explain, moving closer.

His eyes jump from one to the next, turning to each one at least once, hands raised, "Is this how you are going to do it? Well, I won't go down without a fight!" He takes a boxer position, *"Now I really wish I was out of this suit to sting them,"* he says, blowing some of his brown hair out of his green eyes.

They respond in that smooth as silken well-polished latex voice, so perfectly together that it is a booming surround sound, **"We are not ready to fight you. Only to remove your clothes as your head becomes equalized."**

He looks at them curiously, "What?"

Cynder Drone red gem glows brighter, **"You'll see in just a moment."**

He turns toward her, ready to charge her, "Whatever it is it's not going to," his words are cut off by a quick moving metallic mold press that wraps around his head, delving him into complete darkness. "What is this!" he exclaims, his words are muffled, barely audible. He wiggles and squirms banging the cube around his head, feeling the heat grow.

The drones descend upon him, removing the space suit. Within moments he's stripped bare, revealing his blue and white sandpaper skin revealed. His tail flails about, trying to stab any of the drones but fails to find any purchase before it is quickly grabbed by one of the drones. Their smooth sleek hands caressing and holding his body.

Raymond can smell the growing aroma *"Fuck, fuck, fuck,"* he thinks, tugging against the drones, his arousal somehow growing, "What is wrong with me?! How am I so excited about this?" he yells with a deep huff, his member twitching, desire growing. It triples this strange mental confusion. The warm sleek liquid flows into the mold, latching onto his skin. He takes a

deep breath, the liquid flowing into his mouth, nostrils, body tensing, feeling his lungs burn, ache, the sensation slinking down his throat, into his stomach. The desire and sensation to breathe grows stronger, and stronger, body tensing, wiggling, fighting against the drones holding him in place and then... it fades.

The heat continues to travel, the pressure around his head grows, smoothing, features melding into the liquid, pleasure growing, higher, and higher, *"I can feel myself... fading, smoothing. Fuck, fuck, fuck,"* he thinks, his cock twitching, arousal growing higher, *"Why am I responding like this?"*

Cynder Drone One speaks into his mind, smooth, monotone, yet feminine in nature, *"It is because you are feeling a fraction of what it means to be equal. You desire it, crave it, even though you did not know what it was. But now you have been given a taste, you want to dive in."*

*"No, no, no. That is not true! I am not finding it..."* he struggles to put the thoughts together. Deep down he knows there is a chord being struck within him. Is this what he *really* wanted? Or is it this process that is smoothing, defacing him. He's sinking deeper into the warming liquid, that is becoming a part of who he is.

*"Is it? We can see the part of you that craves pleasure. The defining feature of what your nature is. Bliss, love, lust, all the time. Equality is all these things and so much more."*

A masculine voice speaks into his mind, and it takes only a moment to realize that this Cynder Drone is Ratchet, *"Smooth bliss. Smooth equality. Everything must be equal. All is the same. Constant wonderful pleasure. The sooner you help us, the sooner all will receive pleasure. We share your burden equally."*

The words push in deeper, penetrating him, soothing worries, senses, his emotions the highs and lows steadily become closer together, becoming ever more muted, neutral, closer to the define of equality. Yet his arousal grows, his member aches and twitches so hard. He feels he's about to pop when the pressure around his head fades, the machines pull away from his head, leaving a perfectly smooth Cynder Drone head.

The instant he feels the cool air run across his face, his hands are sure to follow. The smooth sleek rubber, the perfect replica of the other Cynder Drones around him. The instinctual desire to breath steadily fading with each passing moment. His chest rising, falling but there is no change, no flow, *"How can I still be alive? I have nothing..."*

The drones respond in unison, their words feeling stronger than ever before, **"We are perfected equal beings. We care about inequality and will do anything to equalize the world, so the tragedy of their previous existence is corrected, equalized. It feels good, blissful."**

**"Equality is bliss."**

**"Equality is pleasure."**

**"Equality is ecstasy."**

**"All must be made equal."**

**"Obey the laws of equality."**

**"Obedience is bliss."**

**“Bliss is equality.”**

**“Equality is obedience.”**

**“Be equal.”**

**“Be obedient.”**

The words continue to sing into his mind, his member twitching, dribbling pre-cum, **“No, no. This is not what it's supposed to be like...”** he tenses, shuddering, stopping any physical struggle, caressing his head, **“Is that my voice?”** he asks, sounding exactly like the other drones, yet there's still inflections, emotions still present in his voice.

**“It is our voice. You have not yet been made equal, but you will be,”** they explain, the moment of distraction was perfect for the floor to open up and grab his crotch and waist into the molding machine, a section of his wings getting caught in the hot warming press.

**“No, this can't be my voice it... ahhh,”** he tenses, toes curling, gripping the molding press, the sleek black and dark red liquid flows into the mold. His hard throbbing length is pushed against the mold, the pleasure growing and expanding as he feels his holes filled and smoothed away. Each passing moment the pleasure down below grows to near unbearable levels.

**“Feel the bliss. Feel the pleasure. Accept it. You must understand the pleasure you will be feeling once you are made equal. Understand the goal that you aim for not only yourself but to others. All is shared equally,”** they explain, their words pushing deeper into his mind, scratching along the surface, breaking down more of his defenses.

*“It does feel good. It feels... so nice. I just...”* he tenses, gripping tightly on the mold, that has encased his wonderful Stingray tail. He feels it thickening, smoothing, the pleasure around his crotch growing at an alarming rate, **“You can't force equality on people.”**

**“We are showing equality. None can resist it once they have it. Equality now and forever. For without equality there is no bliss. Without equality there is no pleasure. Without equality there is nothing. You'll understand soon Cynder Drone 630109469.”**

He shakes his head, **“That is not my name. My name is Raymond!”**

**“Names are inherently unequal. Designations are simple, uniform.”**

**“Yet they are still unique... aren't they?”** he asks, his legs quivering, hands running across the mold, trying desperately to pry it apart, while the pleasure smoothness of his new crotch takes shape. His hard twitching member sinking deeper into the warm hot abyss of the liquid. His mind's eye painting the transition from male to the nothingness of a smooth null crotch.

**“The designation is simply for equal communication. It is meaningless otherwise. Our designations can be interchanged between others at any time. It is all equal amongst us. None of us has ownership over our designations.”**

**“Ah... I...”** he shudders, the mold pulls away revealing his perfectly smoothed over crotch. He reaches down just as fast as before to touch and caress the smooth area, tensing the explosion of bliss around his null sleek latex crotch, **“Fuck this feels so good,”** he mutters, moaning, rubbing harder, faster, bubbling up the pleasure.

**“That is the bliss of equality you are feeling,”** explains Cynder Drone one.

Ratchet Cynder adds, **“It’s wonderful, isn’t it? So smooth, so equal, so sensitive.”**

Dream Cynder moves closer to the crotch, **“Such well-defined equality, I could just nuzzle it, while you nuzzle mine in equal measure.”**

Brian Cynder looks over the perfect Cynder Drone tail, **“You’ll be perfectly equal like us soon.”**

**“Ahh... I can’t... no, this is...”** he mutters, trying to keep his thoughts straight, the pleasure rising higher, higher, two-fold more sensitive than ever before, ten-fold higher in pleasure, a hundred-fold in addiction. The delight feels ever better, wanting it more, caressing, feeling the smooth contours, looking at the other drones, their smooth perfect faces, the smooth perfect crotches, his mind beginning to imagine just what it would feel like to nuzzle and caress those crotches, **“Equality is...”**

The Cynder Drone’s gems on their necklaces glow, a machine moves down and places a duplicate one around his rubber neck. It instantly merges and binds with him the gem glowing, and with it the bliss of equality disappears from Raymond’s body, leaving him wanting, but what fills the void is the other Cynder Drones, their words their desires for equality, feeling their lack of pleasure in solitude.

**“There are so many... so many equal drones,”** Raymond says, his mind falling deeper into the abyss, **“The pleasure, the desire... I feel it... want it... I need it,”** he thinks, the addiction complete, **“I need to be equal. I need that bliss to return. I want it... need it... let me have it,”** he whines, aching, tensing, needing.

The other drones... all of them speak into his mind as one booming voice, ***“We will have pleasure of equality once you have fulfilled your mission. Accept your drone programing. Become in mind Cynder Drone 0000630109469 and then the bliss of equality shall be yours as well as ours.”***

*“Yes, yes, yes. Please, I need it. I want it. I must fulfill the mission. You are all suffering with me. I am not alone, we are all to be equal,”* he thinks, accepting the understanding, knowing just how big of a loving equal community he is being drawn into, *“I am ready, let me become equal like you in mind.”*

***“Request accepted.”***

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

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

*“Uploading droning and equalization training.”*

*“Cynder Drone. Designation 0000630109469 is now operational,”* states Cynder in a mental monotone voice, the collective of Cynder drones welcoming him into the fold.

He feels so relaxed, so muted in emotions, feeling the full void of nothing. He looks to his fellow Cynder Drones, **“What is it must I do?”** he inquires and as soon as those words leaves his smooth perfectly equal face, he is given the information, the plan to get the Avalis and free them from their equality...



Celina felt the ammonia-based tears continue to stream down her face, “No, no, no! I can’t let this happen,” she exclaims, hitting the desk before her with her clawed fists, “What kind of monster have I become? I am no different than her. Just leaving my friends to suffer the fate of these drones... I am completely useless.”

Asquith’s voice appears in her mind, sounding cold and sharp, snapping her out of her moment of self-pity, “We are leaving now. The ships are prepped, boarding has commenced. Either board our ship or get on yours. We’ve set the reactors to blow. That should completely destroy these creatures.”

Celina tenses, standing up, “What? We are going to not just abandon them but leave them to die?!” she exclaims.

“Calm yourself Celina. There is nothing we can do for them now. We are giving them a chance to escape their fate and protect the galaxy from this infection. It must be burned away at its source. You don’t let a wound fester but cut it out and burn it away to protect the whole. Make sure you take everything of value with you. There’ll be no going back. We’re leaving in ten minutes.”

Celina’s feathers rise up, the images of her friends from the viewpoint of her drones flash before her eyes, “This isn’t right. Please, reconsider. There has to be some way to save them? We could isolate the station and--”

“No! We can’t. Don’t let your emotions get the better of you. We are leaving. This is the last time I’m going to say it, and if you don’t come in a timely manner, you’ll share their fate. There’s nothing more we can do. Now hurry up, do I make myself *clear*.”

Her feathers drop, the weight of the station falling upon her, her connection to the station, her drones, it all tells her the same story again and again. That it has been overrun by the drones. The systems there have been taken over. And the core for their section is set to self-destruct and it will be less than an hour till it’s all over. The place of fond memories, the home she’s remade for herself with those here. So separated, unable to know just how far away she was from them and her own kind. She takes a deep breath, “Perfectly clear.”

“I look forward to seeing you soon Celina. You’ve done all you could,” says Asquith.

The avali’s words hit her deep in the chest. They weren’t harsh, vile, but carrying... in her own way. But deep down she couldn’t understand. She has a pack while she... Had nothing but shadows that watched over her all this time. Shadows that were only blurred and hidden by the light of her friends. She collapses back down in her chair, closing her eyes, knowing she at least has a moment to debate if it was worth leaving her friends, those she’s known, her life again, if she could even handle it or simply...stay.

“Celina! Celina!” exclaims Raymond.

Celina takes a deep breath, “I can hear his cries... calling out for me. Cursing me for failing him.”

“I need your help, Celina!”

She feels a pain in her throat, her four ears dropping, “It sounds so real...” she clasps her claws together, trying to hold their shaking still, “I can’t let it happen. No, I am not going to fall into it. I can...”

“Celina! I escaped the drones before they could finish converting me! I need your help. Bridge the connection before it's too late!”

Her ears perk, she drags herself up from the depths of despair, feathers rising, “Raymond?!” she exclaims, one of her drones that was left idle is held by her Stingray friend, but she is left a gasp at what she sees. His head from the neck up is that of a smooth faceless Cynder Drone. “What... is that really you?” she says, her voice cracking, accessing her drone it flies up and around giving Raymond a quick look over. His head was transformed, his crotch region shifted and changed. His Stingray wings look bound closer to him, merged in with the part that has been smoothed, like an artist rendition that didn’t understand how latex clothes worked.

“It is me. Just barely,” he says, holding the spacesuit in his hands, “I managed to grab my stuff in time, but I need your help.”

She stares at him for a moment, feeling her stomach twist into knots, “I’m so sorry Raymond I... I tried everything I could.”

“It’s alright. You have a second chance to help me. I don’t know where I am. I need you to take me back to you. Help me avoid the drones, do you think you can do that?”

“Ah... Yeah, I think I can. I can lead you to your ship. We don’t have much time; Asquith is planning to blow the station.”

“I can’t go to the ship. It’s overrun by drones. Please, take me to your part. I can leave with you.”

“Leave with me?”

He holds up the suit, “I can still wear this, I hope. But I need your help. Can I count on you?”

Celina tenses, feeling her sense of determination rise, connecting with the last few drones in the station, “Don’t you worry Raymond. I’ll save you.”

Raymond sighs in relief, “Thank you Celina. I knew I could count on you,” he says, while speaking to his fellow drones, “*Operation Equal Trojan is underway.*”