

PROJECT GODDESS

Commission for Shu

By

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The following contains: anthro lion TF, male to female TG, organic to synthetic TF, mental manipulation, female orgasm

Read at your own discretion.



Sometimes it might be better to just bring an engineer on a scavenging trek. Trying to connect the last two wires caused such a bright eruption of sparks it was a wonder the whole generator didn't explode. At least that seemed to do the trick. The colossal machine sputtered, strained, and finally lurched its motors into a soft consistent drum.

Fresh power flowed throughout the facility, bringing what machinery wasn't damaged to life with it. An impressive testament to the maker's quality, given the generator had its side blasted off by some form of high explosive. Scavenging was going to be a whole lot easier with some lights back on.

Shu removed his goggles as he stood up. A quick dust off helped confirm his clothes were slightly singed but nothing caught fire during his makeshift repair job. Stupid spark shower really fluffed out his black hair, however. He quickly shut off his electric lamps and packed away the few meager tools a freelancer like him could afford.

Research Outpost Suncat was the location's code name. That was about the extent of useful info on what data files remained. Aside from the general location coordinates and some schematics, any history about this place got classified or destroyed. War had devastated most of the system a few years back, making it another casualty in typical galactic conflict. As the army veteran moved through the halls there were plenty of signs these ruins took part in a particularly nasty battle.

It still meant good business for him. Even if all the computers were shot to hell, lots of equipment tended to get left behind in the heat of a fight. That was one way to stay positive after stopping by what the map called the control room. Hell. It could barely be classified as a room anymore. Outside three walls and half a roof there wasn't much left in general, much less salvage. The gaping hole on the far side provided Shu with a lovely view of the arid planet outside, where his spaceship had been parked. Anything that might have been valuable was either obliterated beyond recognition or already taken.

"Poor bastards must have taken an ion cannon to the face."

With a mournful head shake Shu moved on to his next destination. Two research labs were labeled pretty far underground in the schematic. Seeing that left him a bit more hopeful that something of substance might still exist in this place. Along the way he stopped by the nearest armories and supply depots. Both of which turned up woefully barren, naturally. An old warzone rarely had ammunition to spare.

Something even rarer to see was a bulkhead door upon reaching Research Lab One. This is one of many reasons why when salvaging to restore power whenever

possible. With all his cutting tools broken or out of fuel, he was grateful there was a working terminal to connect with his splicing box. After a few minutes he had the code successfully hacked. Mechanisms clanked to life, struggling to gradually turn their rusted seals.

Shu's efforts were eventually rewarded with a final clunk, followed by sharp hissing of released air. To think an airtight chamber still survived whatever hell had come through this planet. He couldn't hold back a small shimmer of glee as he yanked the hatch open. If this kind of luck kept up he might be able to finally afford new furnishing for his ship.

His optimism was not misplaced. Inside was a state of the art workspace untouched by the destruction of war. All manner of machines were set up across a warehouse wide room, most of which even an ex-military man had no idea of their function. Shu at least recognized the medical pods set up in their own little section as he walked past. These comfortable chambers were a godsend when it came to transporting mass amounts of people across the galaxy in suspended animation. What really got his notice was how these were exceptionally huge, as if meant for people several times larger than a typical human.

Oh well. The finer details about how this place operated were a problem for the salvagers he sold this stuff to figure out. This guy's goal was in the far back of the room. Shu rounded a tall bundle of sealed vats and marveled at the towers of computer data banks set up behind protective glass shielding. Even if this wasn't the compound's primary server cache, the fact there wasn't a speck of dust inside this room made it highly likely everything still worked with power now supplied. Whatever research information people housed in here would be a potential gold mine back in the open market.

The prospects of a major payday warranted dropping subterfuge at this point. If there were any security measures left they would have been on the front door anyway. Shu pocketed his splicer box and pulled out his pistol for two well placed shots at a glass casings floor corner. That had the desired effect of shattering the entire transparent wall, sending it raining glittering shards around his thick boots.

He was too busy enjoying this brief act of destruction to notice several cameras along the ceiling pivot on rusty servos to focus on him. Once the last bits of glass had fallen, Shu stepped on over to the first port he could see. Connecting one wire to the computer mounted on his wrist was all it took to start a remote download onto his ship's storage.

"I do love when a day goes right."

"As do I. Although, destruction of company property will leave a black mark on your record."

The last thing Shu expected was some lady's voices booming from speakers all around him. It continued speaking in its staid, dispassionate voice while he cried out

in fright. His blaster went every direction searching for potential threats only to find the large lab still void of life.

"We do not recognize you in our user listings. One moment please." Several harsh beeps came from Shu's wrist com. The signal of several security alerts that were already pointless before he could even bring his arm up to check. "Connection with new transport arrival achieved. Processing available data."

"Hey! Don't be hacking my ship!" Pulling out the cord was a futile effort. Whatever had just spliced through already had a remote link established with his bridge computer. Talk about a freighter's worth of protective software well spent. "Who the hell are you?!"

"We are designated with the handle of Maria. We are the artificial intelligence designed for automation of the Goddess project during volunteer processing."

"Sounds...fun?" Shu said. No such notes about that little project existed as far as he knew. It probably didn't matter with most of the place gone anyway. He certainly couldn't check his records with this damn female line of code possessing his stuff. "Well, sorry things got blown to hell and all. I'll be out of your lab soon as I finish my own job here."

"Affirmative! We were put in suspended animation due to project overseers deeming research too expensive and inhuman. Your arrival must therefore mean Goddess is ready for trial runs."

"Yeah? That's not really how..."

"Record analysis complete. User has been registered as Shu. Medical records show great promise. Status has been designated as a prime test subject."

"Whoa now!" The gun came back up despite nothing in particular to aim at. It just made Shu feel a little more secure in his slow shuffle back towards the door. Nothing raised more red flags than being volunteered for anything by an AI. "I never said I was a test subject."

"Records indicate long time service in the military." Maria prattled on. Sounds of whirling gears and motors firing up sounded off all across the lab. "All evaluations note exceptional physical prowess and acute moral fiber. Logs of current salvage and mercenary work imply little has changed. You are exceptional for Project Goddess testing standards. On behalf of <DATA NOT FOUND> welcome to the team."

"It'll be a cold day in hell before I-OW!"

Something bit into the nape of Shu's neck before he could think about bolting. One hand instinctively slapped at the area as if searching for a mosquito. Instead he pulled something small and metallic out of his skin. Its long needle tip gleamed with a fresh coating of his blood.

"Oh... you son of a..."

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There was no doubt that'd been a poison dart since the next thing Shu was aware of he was on his back inside a confined box. At least the cushioning was nice with tons of extra elbow room. A large windowed front over him allowed a good view of the research lab outside. Several droids were now active and putting about on motorized platforms. Where those were hiding he had no clue.

"I'm in one of those giant pods. Aren't I?" He tried pushing on the glass and was hardly surprised when it refused to budge. The lack of any gloves on his outstretched hands brought another glum realization that he'd also been stripped naked. Such a state made him appreciative that the researchers lined these things with very soft cushioning.

"Affirmative!" Maria's voice crackled around Shu from built-in speakers. "Medical analysis shows only minor abrasions suffered during your sedation. We are ready to begin our material for the prepping procedures."

"Like hell you are!" Shu banged on the glass only to be met with hollow thunks. Something told him that even with room for a proper punch he'd never be able to even damage this thick material.

The ruckus did not seem to please Maria, either. Several whirring noises came from underneath his bed rest, followed by thick straps shooting out from side panels. There was little Shu could do before they'd coiled around his body until he was bound tight against the cushions.

"When I get out I'm going to detonate your whole database with C-Four!"

"Acts of violence are not advised during our after project testing. Such events could result in loss of valuable data."

"I'm not fond of what else I might lose being in here."

"Such risks are deemed insignificant against projected results. Placing material subject back into hibernation status."

"Don't you fucking da..."

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"Resuscitation complete! Commencing examination for abnormalities."

"I'll shove an abnormality up your ass." Shu couldn't help but wonder how this dusty old computer was finding ways to knock him out so seamlessly. He had no recollections of even feeling drugs shutting down his systems. Periods of time just seemed to be skipping around with his brain unable to keep up. The only indication he had time even passed was the tenderness of his muscles from being at rest too long.

That and a throbbing numbness pushing on the center of his chest.

“What the actual fuck!?”

While the straps were fastened more securely than ever, Shu managed to crane his neck enough to see it. At the center of his pecs just above his stomach that blasted AI had grafted some kind of metal plate into him. It served as a holding space for a large turquoise jewel. The inside of which glowed with such an amazing intensity that it brought a blue light to the inside of his prison. Judging by the tender numbness of his rib cage and skin, Shu could guess this was a freshly installed accessory.

“Mind telling me what’s with the jewel, at least?”

“You have been installed with a company manufactured core for your impending upgrades. It will help maintain functionality of your nanites while providing a theoretical endless supply of power.”

“Nanites!!” There was a fun word Shu did not like hearing in this current situation. The number of possible plans in store for him were sobering enough to thrash against his binds in earnest. “Oh no! No! No! You are not pumping me full of mechanical garbage!”

“Project Goddess does not rely on substandard material or producers for its equipment. Rest assured, our simulated results have shown you will become exceptionally enhanced.”

“I’m not panicking over the quality control! HEY!”

Shu only noticed the loud hissing sound a moment before he became assaulted with several stabbing pains. Mechanical hoses exploded out of panels along the pods edges, driving their needle tips into various parts of the man's flesh. More thrashing and pained screaming did little to dislodge them with how tightly Maria had him bound.

“Bearing tubes are secured to the subject. Proceeding with nanite feed.”

The pod hummed into a symphony of mechanical activity. Tubes vibrated from the liquid matter pumped through them. Shu’s frantic cursing became incoherent under the noise, which was just as well after the pain struck.

Thousands, possibly millions, of machines the size of a single cell rushed through the needles into Shu’s bloodstream. Like a match being thrown on gasoline, they started as a slow burn at the points of entry that cascaded into an inferno across his body. Pain soon became all he knew while each member of the tiny army attacked and remade him from the inside one particle at a time.

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Afterward

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