

Volunteered Forced Conversion: Enslavement

Brandon pulled his sleek car into the dirt and gravel parking lot of the tavern by the human translation “End of the Road” A rough and tumble bar, filled with humanoid races of all kinds, far from the likes of a simple human soldier in his early 30’s. His stern green eyes look at the place in the middle of seemingly nowhere. Spaceships, mostly short intra system ships are nearby, though a few larger inter-system and two even larger inter galactic ships are parked around this one bar. Music thumps through the walls, one alien stumbles out of the place throwing up spewing caustic gastric juices nearby that eat away through any organic matter there in a few seconds with a sizzle.

“This is the place, right?” he asks himself, raising his wrist tapping on his wrist watch, a holographic screen popping up showing bits of information only relevant to him, “Yup it is,” he walks towards the bar.

“If the guys could see me going to this dark end of the galaxy for my vacation, they’d have called me crazy,” he remarks to himself, his crew cut blond hair is well kept, his grizzled face hides his subtle excitement. His white skin tanned from countless days outside under countless different suns.

The green insectoid like alien looks at Brandon though it's impossible for him to read what is going through its brain, its multi lensed eyes staring at him unblinkingly as he steps inside. Small hovering drones fly over the people taking orders in at least a dozen different languages, with even more varied species in this one place just out to have a good time, or perhaps some underhanded dealings. A few take a cursory glance at him, eyeing him as he moves over to take a seat by the bar.

A purple scaled anthropomorphic lizard with a few synthetic enhancements, the metal bits showing through the scales. His first eyelid blinks quickly followed by the second. Sharp small teeth line along his tri forked tongue. He speaks with a lisp but not on the S’s but their H’s, their voice impossible to discern just what kind of gender they are.

“A human, how very interesting. What brings you here?” they ask in an echoing voice.

“A little bit of soul searching if you must ask,” he responds with a smirk.

“Soul searching? If I could laugh like you humans I would. Careful here. You might find things you were not searching for,” they state.

Brandon nods, “I’ll try to keep that in mind, but perhaps others may not want to find me,” he smirks.

The eyes blink, “What will it be?”

“Whatever you recommend as a starter.”

“Got it,” he remarks, the lizard mixing a unique drink mixture of blues, greens and yellow, and when it slid across to him, the liquids split like different oils that refused to mix with each other.

“What’s this?”

“You would call it, ‘Stairway to Heaven’.”

“Bottoms up,” he says, raising the glass taking a drink, the mixture allowed only one layer of liquid to reach his tongue at a single time, each growing stronger and more viscous than the last.

There’s a sudden rumble that reverberates through the entire bar, glasses rattle, dust from above falls to the patrons down below. Brandon slides his hand over his drink blocking any from

getting into it. He looks around at the sudden concern of all the creatures in the club who mutter amongst themselves, hidden weapons pulled out by a majority of the patrons.

Brandon's other hand slides down to a hidden compartment in his pants, hand gripping his weapon, looking over his shoulder, the drunken insectoid from before bursts into the bar, weapons drawn while it yells in an alien tongue, which Brandon's implanted helps him translate. "Wyervins!"

The blood or whatever equivalent of those within the club went cold, muttering amongst themselves, taking defensive positions, while Brandon shakes the dust off his hand taking another sip of his drink.

Wyervins, the most infamous sentient force in the galaxy. They have long ago overtaken their home world, their creators, which the universe wide over can speculate just who they were, and why they created these synthetic wyvern-like machines with their long sleek heads, and glowing LED lights that constitute something like a face, that dim and brighten to give some minor indication of what they could be "thinking". A far cry from LED display screens that could show emotions, it's simply glowing lights grouped up in one to three clusters. Silver metallic skin, wings attached to their arms, providing armor, strength enhancements.

What made them even more troublesome of a "race" is their universal view of organics as nothing more than tools to be taken and developed for their empire, running an equally infamous slave trade to generate income to trade with other races, though over the last fifty or so years the races of the galaxy banned the trade, and in an effort to promote peace between the machine race and other races there has been cooperation between them.

"What are they doing here? This far out?" one alien mumbled. Brandon swirled what little remained of his drink, mixing it only briefly before it separates itself once again. The door bursts open, the sleek semi-feral machine comes into view, sending bits of the building along with it. Towering eight feet tall, a mass of metal, clawed hands, with flexible metal sheets that connect its body, a long alien like head, wires, and tubes along the sides. This particular machine has three clusters of lights that glow, in alternating color.

Everyone in the bar unleashes a hail of weapon fire. A dazzling display of energy and projectile based weapons fired upon it. A localized personalized energy shield glows blue blocking the shots, while Brandon leaps to behind the bar drink still in hand.

The Wyervin's weapons slip out of hidden compartments auto targeting the organic weapons working to destroy them, moving into the building, the chest seal opens, metal tentacles spring out latching and wrapping around the nearest organic who screams out for aid. They coil and wind around their limbs pulling them close up against the machine's body, the arms wrapping around them, further cocooning them against the machine, protecting them from the stray bullet or energy shot, before flying back outside, the machine replaced with only a half a dozen more who burst in.

The firefight rages on, Brandon's heart races yet he takes the time to finish his drink, looking over to the cowering bartender who is hugging the ground with the now revealed an extra pair of arms. He smirks patting them on the shoulder, "Best drink I've had in a long time," he says crouch walking down the bar.

Smaller Wyervin drones burst through the roof, like nails punching through some wood, landing behind some of the more well-entrenched bar patrons. These smaller, triangular kite shaped drones hover over the ground, spreading their wyvern wings, wires shooting out to grab some of the smaller people who struggle in vain, as they are tightly bound against the drones who fly back up the hole they created, the entire process happening in under fifteen seconds.

Brandon looked at the security mirrors in the bar to watch the quick and efficient gathering of those within, "*Methodical... but I need to get out of here,*" he looks to the bartender, the firefight still continuing but at the current rate it won't be for much longer, "Have a back door?"

"Of course, Human." it flicks their tongue, eyes darting in separate directions.

"Best to go now while they have something to distract them."

"Right," he responds, slithering crawling across the floor with surprising speed. Brandon quickly falls behind, but sees him fall through a small vent hidden by a faux holographic wall. Without hesitation Brandon slides in, just as the last cries for help fade within the bar. Cramped with no light he follows down this path that the alien before him has no problem moving through, leaving him behind.

Over the next five minutes he crawls his way to a hidden basement about a hundred yards from the bar itself. When he pops through the lizard has a gun trained at him. He holds his hands up, gun in hand, "Easy. I'm trying to get out of here just like you."

"How do I know you aren't one of them. Hidden in a flesh form? They came not long after you arrived."

"Pure coincidence."

"I don't believe in coincidences," he says as the creature takes his weapon, while slowly gets up to his feet, "I know how you humans did a few joint operations together with them."

"We have, but that was two years ago. Relations have cooled since then, but we did learn a bit. Such as if you fire that weapon, they'll detect the energy discharge, and the sound it makes and come right here for both of us. That's why I didn't fire my weapon."

The creature double links, one eye and then the other, "How can I believe that?"

"There is no way for me to convince you. Keep the weapon if you want. For now, we just need to wait them out," Brandon explains.

The creature flicks its tongue, using the tail that has a slight prehensile nature to turn on security cameras, showing a single Wyervin scanning through the bar for any survivors. The lights glow brightly, the dust hanging in the air showing the otherwise invisible light scanners that they possess.

Brandon looks to the screen then back to the lizard, "Well? All we have to do now is wait it out."

The creature's shoulders slump, flicking its tongue once again before handing the weapon back to him, "If you do anything suspicious, you're the first I'm shooting."

Brandon nods, "I understand," he replies, the tension not lessening between them. Brandon's heart races, he licks his lips, looking down the hole where he climbed out of, taking a defensive position. While they wait. Five minutes, ten, twenty, a half an hour, through the screens there is no visible sign of the creatures anywhere over the last fifteen minutes.

"I believe we are in the clear," he mutters looking over his shoulder at him, "Well, you first human."

"I'm not as fast as you, do you want to wait that long?"

"Yes."

"Alright," he replies, crawling his way back through the vent, up the steady incline. By the time he reaches the end, he's panting heavily, sweat rolling down his brow, "Just like training," he says peeking his head out of the faux holographic wall. Seeing nothing alarming. Slowly he gets back up, brushing his pants of dust, slowly walking through the carnage that took place in the bar. The smell of ozone is still heavy in the air, the lingering effects of shields and

energy-based weapons. His hand gently runs across his wrist watch, looking out of a hole made in the wall he sees his rental across the parking lot, looking around he sees nothing.

His shoulders slump slightly, hand tightly gripping his weapon, he sprints across the open area, the sound of gravel and rocks under his leather rubber boots make his body tense. He reaches the car door. A synthetic echo reaches his ears, his body tenses, he turns around seeing nothing, turning back to open the door a sleek silver Wyervin rises up from the other side of the car. He steps back about to take aim, the mounted laser weapon shoots his weapon, the heat of the attack makes him drop it, a hole burned through the firing mechanizing making it inoperable.

The machine's smooth chest opens, unleashing a wave of synthetic tentacles that coil and wrap around his arms, pulling and twisting around him, dragging him into the creature's body, the metallic wings coil around him blocking his view of the outside world while dozens of smaller tendrils coil around his form, roping him tightly in place, cocooning him against the machine's warm body. He hears the whir and hum of the machine's internals, while it rises up into the sky, towards the hovering pick-up ship. Wires wrap around his face, blinding him further, a pair of tendrils slip into his ear holes, speaking to him in a cold synthetic monotone voice.

“Welcome Back Unit H-BRA-5391.”

“Have we me--” his words are cut off by wires that wrap around more of his head, gagging him, leaving him tightly bound and helpless, unmoving, barely able to squirm against the machine. Hearing muffled metallic thuds, and whir of other machines. Others captured like him groan and moan, struggling in vain to fight against the machines that have every precaution put in place to ensure not a single one escapes.

Brandon's heart races, body tensing, his squirming continuing. He pants heavily, feeling an uncharacteristic arousal, an excitement rush through him, while the Wyervin moves him to his designated transportation pod.

The pod hisses open, the Wyervin connects to it, arms slipping into the slots, a perfect fit, leaving no room to escape, no wiggle room. Not that Brandon can see it. The tentacles within the creature's chest pull him away, a thick metal collar is attached to his neck, a pinch in the back of his neck followed by the sound of a drill, and crunch, Brandon lets out a scream, the collar and the implant connect are made, his body moved to the center of the body, the tendrils detach from the Wyervin's body, the larger tentacles spinning him around, while a black latex rubber ring moves up from below.

The heat of the rubber that is rolled over his body feels like he is being dipped into hot wax mold. The latex clings to his body form, adding another layer of encasement, while breathe tubes are placed unceremoniously up into his nostrils. Which whizz loudly as his body goes through a slight panic attack. Never before has Brandon felt as alive as this moment, the rubber moving up over his arms, binding them to his torso, over his entire body, leaving him completely cocooned in metal and latex, suspending in a small cramped pod that is designed to fit any organic approximately his particular size. Rubber pulls his body from his head, and from his feet, tightening his position. While four more are latched onto his torso to keep him from jiggling around.

“This is happening. This is really happening,” Brandon thinks, his excitement growing, his mind a flurry with delight and emotions. Fear, angst, excitement, lust, arousal, curiosity, all pooling together in the cauldron of his mind.

The pod's thick doors slide into place, while tubes move down to attach to nostril breath tubes, twisting on like you'd twist a cap onto an inflatable tire. Air, and a mixture of anesthesia put Brandon into a twilight state of mind, like one would receive if about to receive minor surgery, Time losing all meaning, but before it fully takes effect, he feels the air sucked out of the pod, the latex constrict, becoming his atmosphere, encouraging him if he could even do anything to stay within his latex sack as it was his atmosphere, protecting him from suffocation, and the harsh reality of a space-like vacuum.

Brandon's dreamless state is ended rather suddenly, as suddenly as he can figure, his body aches, heart pounds, body squirming, wiggling its confines, squeaking filling his ears. A monotone source less synthetic voice speaks to him, **"Greetings Unit H-BRA-5391. Do not struggle. Processing will begin soon. Struggling is a waste of valuable energy. Struggling may also result in harm to your physical person."**

Brandon's nostrils flared, he groaned into the metal that still wrapped around his mouth, the taste of the metallics on his tongue was all he could taste save for a few hint flavorings of rubber. He felt his body shift and move slightly, the momentum of the ship he presumed he was still on stopping. The gag in his mouth preventing him from saying anything, though he felt he had so much to say. The grogginess preventing much of any other reaction in his body, his muscles relaxed, though aching from being unable to move, occasionally he felt a squeeze around his limbs, that worked to prevent any blood clots.

Brandon hears a reverberation of metal through the latex that binds him in place, the pod shifted and moved, his body jiggling like a standalone Jell-O being transported from out of the refrigerator to the dining room table. Blind, unable to move, simply carted around like a piece of cargo he waited while the machine spoke to him in that cold monotone voice. No sense of care or disdain, simply doing its purpose to communicate to him, though he couldn't talk back.

"Unit H-BRA-5391. Born 11.18.25162.63 Extensive Earth Forces Training...." the machine listing off all personal relevant data about him, some of which he didn't even know they could have possibly know. It was like they were reading statistics or features of what a microwave oven could do with pre-programmed settings.

With each cold synthetic word spoken to him, he was moved to the new location. Where? He did not know, but at the same time he felt a twitch within his loins, a growth of excitement that for any sane person would not be there, but Brandon knew he was different from those others captured. He wanted this, and the Wyervins were all too "Happy" to give him what he wanted.

"This feels better than what I have been imagining all these years..." he thinks.

"Unit H-BRA-5391. You will now be processed into a class Z service drone. It is advised you remain relaxed for the process to minimize damage to your organic body as it will lower your productive value. Unproductive units are subjected to extreme corrections," the machine spoke. Brandon's mind placing emotion into where there was none, a warning? A hint of caring? Either way he relaxed, partially because he wanted to, partially because a milder anesthesia flooded his breathing tube, relaxing his muscles further.

The attachments to his latex sac disconnect, allowing him to swing freely, body thrust forward carried off, before he stopped suddenly, his body caring forward till it hit a wall of some kind, body lowered feet touching the ground. He tips over, body caught by something, the squeeze of the rubber loosening, melting off his body, his vision blurred by bright lights that cause him to groan and wince in pain.

By the time any of his vision clears the rubber is removed, leaving the metallic tendrils that hold him in place, he looks around seeing nothing but walls lined with machinery like he is in the middle of a factory that would automatically build a car, except there was no place to go, this is where he was.

Surrounding him is a metal ring that kept him from falling over, the wires coiling, shifting around his body wrapping around his wrists, reaching out to dozens of other tendrils that connect, move his arms over his head, while another set snake down his legs, to his feet binding him to his little construction box, lights shown upon him, the excess tendrils slide away, tearing through his clothes in the process, the tattered clothes swept away automatically leaving him naked.

“Remain still Unit H-BRA-5391. Initiating excess material removal now,” the voice states. Brandon’s mouth is dry, his body aches, stretched straight like a string pulled taught. His heart begins to pick up a bit, only slightly elevated due to the air that is still being pumped into him through his nostrils.

“W-what does that mean?” Brandon manages to ask, breathing in the air through his mouth, it tastes bland and clean.

“Unit H-BRA-5391. Do not use your vocal orifice for oxygen and carbon exchange. Use your scent sensors,” the machine states moments after Brandon’s body gives him the feel that what he breathed contained no oxygen. Meanwhile a red light moves down along Brandon’s body, the moment the light touches his hair it's instantly vaporized, the energy traveling down through the hair into the follicle causing a tingle across Brandon’s body.

“Please tell me what you are doing,” Brandon cries out breathing through his nostrils.

“Unit H-BRA-5391. Do not release carbon through your vocal orifice. It is an inefficient use of your oxygen carbon exchange. Lowering your productive value coefficient.”

Brandon groaned, body shivering the red light moving down his body, destroying dead skin cells, hair, his fingernails within moments, “Please... I want to know. Then I won’t need to ask.”

There is no response from the machine for a few seconds while the hum of energy moves down his body, his fingertips feeling sensitive to the cool atmosphere around him, steadily all body hair is completely removed.

“Your request is acceptable for improved performance. Excess material such as dead organic material and keratin are being removed to provide a cleaner connection for the next stage. All keratin production has been disabled through your body to eliminate the need for such removal in the future. The metal collar around your neck is connected to your vitals monitoring you to ensure your organic health is kept at an optimal level.”

Brandon nods, breathing deeply through his nostrils, slowly back out through them, receiving the air he needs to survive. He looks at the wires, tentacles and machinery around him, looking at behind him curiously, seeing a large metallic spine with countless razor thin wires that extend and contract in a test.

“Unit H-BRA-5391. You will be then scanned and current organic physiology taken into account before a spinal and neural attachment is installed. This attachment will make you compatible with our technology.”

Brandon holds back a moan, keeping his lips shut, his cock twitching, heart racing faster, his hands tensing for a second before the soft tender area where his fingernails used to be stops him from doing more.

“Organic excitement detected. Unit H-BRA-5391. You are advised to remain calm for a more accurate scan. Providing a balanced anesthesia to compensate.”

“Thank you,” Brandon thinks, taking a deep breath through his nostrils, shivering his body relaxing, length slowly softening.

“Installing spinal neural enhancer,” the machine states a whirring of noise from behind. The silver metal spinal cord moves toward his back. Instinctively he winces, feeling the cold metal touch his back followed by dozens no... countless of sharp pricks like someone was sticking endless needles into his back. His limbs twitch, feeling a tingle, throbbing aching pain across his entire form. Toes twitch, hands quiver, a wash of cold and heat move across him followed by several loud pops, his back numbing for a few seconds, hearing more pops and cracks, his back straightening.

“Straightening spinal cord for improved neutral transmission.” Several more pops and twitches follow, the new attachment latching onto the back of his collar melding into, moving past it to the very base of his head where he feels a heavy throbbing pain, and along with a piercing pain that grows stronger and stronger, about to make him scream in pain before it suddenly goes numb as well. For several moments his entire body goes limp, numb, a total paraplegic from the neck down, **“Connection established. Calibrating.”**

Steadily his body twitches, sensations come back to life, a rush of heat, a rush of cold, tingles, pains, throbs, aches, all sorts of pain, pleasures going through his body like a printer printing a color spectrum to test if everything is functioning.

“Calibration complete.”

Brandon breathes heavily through his nostrils, body twitching a bit more before he feels the cool metal along his back warm to his body, his slight movements unhindered by the secondary spine. He looks back down at the sleek silver segmented metal that spiders out an inch from his spine, deeply embedded into his skin. His heart throbs, a mixture of fear and excitement building within him.

“Unit H-BRA-5391. It is advised you relax. Proceeding to connect excess waste removal attachments.” Machines whirl to life from the front and behind. Brandon twitches, seeing a silver-plated armor 'codpiece' wires much like those of his spinal cord attachment extend and retract, testing themselves before his genital are nestled into the cold metal. At the same time a thick metal tentacle tube is pushed into his rear. Brand lets out a grunt, his back arching slightly.

“Unit H-BRA-5391. Remain calm and do not waste excess oxygen and carbon-dioxide through your audible orifice. It lowers your efficiency coefficient.”

“Sorry!” he exclaims, the tentacle diving deeper into his rear, while a tendril slips down his cock, funneling and spreading wires into his member, through his testes, and further into his organic body. The movement of the machines is numbed thanks to the spinal enhancer cutting off any pain that he'd otherwise feel.

“Unit H-BRA-5391. Do not use your audible orifice till you are processed. You are wasting excess oxygen and carbon-dioxide, reducing your efficiency coefficient,” the voice cold heartily explains. Brandon's mind puts the perceived notion of annoyance into the machine's voice, but in reality, there is none. It's simply his mind trying to come to grips with something alien and machine like that it has to make subconscious leaps of logic to relate to his enslaver.

Brandon closed his mouth, swallowing a lump in his throat, feeling the wires move between his anal cavity and his front genitals, metal bands connecting the back tube to the front

codpiece like thong underwear. The cold metal steadily warming up to his body temperature, the machine cold heartily explaining.

“We are enhancing your energy processing sector to make use of the nourishment that we will be giving you. To increase your energy to productive value coefficient we are disabling the production of your organic genetic material as it is no longer needed. For your well-being and productivity your levels of testosterone and estrogen along with 156,432 chemicals and hormones will be closely monitored to improve your value coefficient.”

Brandon knew exactly what this meant. The wires seeping into his balls were turning off his ability to produce semen, while at the same time keeping their biological function of keeping his human male body healthy for their use.

“Improved organic waste disposal attachments installed. Installing electromagnetic couplings to organic transportation apparatus,” it states. Brandon feels his body lifted up, metal pads are moved underneath his feet. He is let down; they tightly grip onto the sides of his feet, wires penetrating his skin, his toes tense, till they are enveloped into a metal casing that provided some protection but also movement.

“Correcting organic deficiencies for improved movement and increased value efficiency,” the machine states, Brandon feel his feet numb, followed by a tense pressure, the flattening of the arcs in his feet are adjusted, his early onset tendonitis is repaired, the muscles reinvigorated through electrical impulses and nanites flowing into his body. Wyervins not only captured organic races and enslaved them for their needs and those willing to trade with them, but also enhanced their items to be as ideal of their species as their bodies could allow.

“Installation complete. Proceeding to install audio and visual input enhancers.”

Brandon felt a shiver run through him, his eyes darting around, wondering where the next piece was going to come from, *“This is really happening like they said they would,”* he thinks.

“Unit H-BRA-5391. Remain calm and proceed to monitor the red dot in front of you, for an improved installation process.”

More anesthesia flows into Brandon’s flaring nostrils, the seal around there airtight, allowing not a single molecule out. He breathes it in, lips tightly, gently biting his lower lip till he feels a wave of relaxation go over him, never enough to make him dazed but to relax him, like sliding into a hot bath after a hard day's work. The red dot appears in his vision, his pupils contract as he focuses on it. At first Brandon thinks there is simply one dot but in reality there are two mirror image dots, one for each eye, a large eye contact moves toward him, part of it as a large for lack of a better word, glasses that press up around the indentations of his skull that make his eye socket.

Brandon tenses, the light seemingly growing unbearably bright, in one quick motion the contact is put on, expanding around his eye ball, encircling it almost completely, stopping just around the eye stem, wires attaching to it, monitoring, correcting his vision, as any reduction in vision is repaired, made better than 20/20, its enhanced to be superhuman, but for now his vision simply shifts from like watching an old news real to Ultra-high definition digitally enhanced, the quality is stark, jarring and for a few moments headache inducing.

“Calibrating optics,” the machine says, his head aching for a moment or two longer, eyes becoming strained before it simply fades away, returning to normal. Brandon instinctively tries to blink but finds the metal frame around the eye sockets, which has prevented him from doing so. For a few minutes his mind tries to blink again and again, the idea that his eyes must be getting dirtied, dried, a lifetime of experience being contradicted in this moment and over a

few minutes his eyes feel normal, the desire to blink still there like a sneeze that just didn't happen, but like that never done sneeze, the desire is already slowly beginning to fade away.

“Optics calibrated. Proceeding with audio enhancement. Unit H-BRA-5391, keep your head still for increased enhancement efficiency.”

Whirring noises are heard from both sides of his head. Through his now enhanced peripherals he notices silver and black bean shaped earbuds. Like everything else dozens of tendril wires extend and contract in a last-minute self-test before they are slipped into his ears. The beans wiggle down to the base of his eardrums, wires latch onto the thin skin membrane and with a sudden “pop” and brief pain before his ears are numbed, the film is removed, and the bean takes its place, filling out his ear canal.

“Calibrating audio optics,” the machines say, his ears ringing from the pop, micro tendrils make the connections bypassing his bones, providing a better “cleaner” connection. With another pop like an adjustment of ear pressure going from a high altitude to low, the sound suddenly clears. Countless more shifts in machinery, thumping of machines outside his pod. The moans and screams of countless others just like him. The machines speaking to each creature in their own tongue, which is auto-translated for him to understand.

“Optics calibrated,” the machine speaks in a far quieter voice, yet Brandon can understand even clearer than he could before. If Brandon could see, a micro-filter ear vent has been placed over the entrance of his ear canal, part of a multi-layer system to improve yet also protect his ears.

“This is all happening. This is amazing. I feel myself; I feel born anew. It was just like they'd describe, and it's not over. This is just the beginning...” Brandon thought, his excitement dulled by the aesthetics pumping through his nostrils.

“Proceeding with atmospheric pressure cover and level one armor protection,” the machine states, the cold voice now seemingly source less, whispering into his ears with perfect clarity, the words directed right into his mind, deep into his soul. There was no way to tune the machines' voice out even if he wanted to.

A whirl of noise causes Brandon to look up to see a vanta-black rubber ring. The black rubber feels to suck up all light even with his newly enhanced vision it looks like an endless void.

“Unit H-BRA-5391, proceed to look forward as the armoring and atmospheric suiting is in process.”

Brandon feels the voice whispering in his ears like a cold and heartless seductive lover. It made his spine tingle; he looks straight ahead just before the warm rubber grips his bald head. It's warm, embracing, like the flow of hot water across his otherwise cold skin. The breath tubes attached into his nostrils are unphased by the latex as the ring moves past, his mouth is forced close like a firm grip, he feels there is some leeway of movement while the ring moves down his form. His arms already covered by the latex, every inch disappears underneath the latex, only designated connection points pear out of the rubber once he is completely coated in it like a vanilla ice cream having dark chocolate poured over it.

Unlike the rubber sack that Brandon found himself in before, this one coats his skin, the tendrils still keeping him in place, unable to break free, but now he is totally covered in a thin pressured layer of latex. His soft subtle movements squeak slightly. For these first few brief moments, Brandon finds himself deafened and blinded by the rubber.

“Integrating atmospheric armor with Unit H-BRA-5391,” it states. A tingle and twitch runs down Brandon's spine, the metal spinal cord bleeds through, the ear canal pieces

connect to the rubber but do not break through while the same happens to the face, where metal attaches to the rubber, providing a window for him to see through the rubber, returning his vision to perfect clarity as it was before, **“Integration complete. Processing of class Z drone complete. You will follow all commands without question. Without hesitation. Without resistance Unit H-BRA-5391. Failure to do so will lower the value of your efficiency coefficient which will reflect poorly on you. Failure to comply or any attempt at escape will result in temporary shutdown of the neutral network responsible for your motor functions,”** the machine explains to him, the wires guiding his body back to his pod, but for the first time he is released from his physical tendrils bondage. Even so there is no place to escape, nowhere to run, just his pod and the box he was in that processed him into what he is now.

“Enabling optic HUD,” the voice states as the pod closes in front of him. In the upper right-hand corner of his vision, regardless of where he looks, seeing two bits of data in solid red bold font. **“Unit H-BRA-5391: Class Z Drone.”**

“Unit H-BRA-5391 remain in the center of your pod till you reach your destination.”

Brandon swallows a lump in his throat, “Okay,” his voice muffled, only audible to himself, the gasses escaping from his mouth are forced transferred to his nostril breath points. Brandon tenses, “Shit.”

“Conversation is irrelevant and has a minor negative impact on the value of your efficiency coefficient, but is permissible. This is what you wanted. Wasn’t it?” the machine asks, for the first time, breaking from the ‘norm’ of processing. Despite this personalized touch, the voice is still cold, heartless, monotone as if even this conversion is scripted just in case such a scenario occurred.

Brandon’s heart beats a bit faster, his body relaxed, hard to move due to the drugs pumping through his body. He stands in the center of his pod, latex shoots out, attaching him to the pod once more, suspending him in the center, “This is more than I ever... expected,” he replies.

“Unit H-BRA-5391 is still lacking the processing capacity to fully understand us. Your experience is limited. That deficiency will be rectified. Focus on improving your efficiency coefficient value. You will be rewarded.”

Brandon instinctively pants, his member twitches slightly, numb, barely responsive, he feels an arousal building in him yet this natural bodily function is soon counteracted leaving whatever pressure in his loins non-existent.

“Your neurological response will be monitored. Replication will make organic efficiency coefficient values increase.”

The pod shifts and rattles slightly, his body shakes in the suspended rubber, “How is...” his words trail off when the pod disconnects from his conversion chamber. Hundreds... no thousands of other pods like his own, all working in this large machine apparatus, dragging organics to chambers designed for their particular species. Wrapped in black rubber, unmoving as they are attached. His eyes would widen if they could. He looks around, able to see so many minute details around him. His pod is moved over to a sleek black and silver, pod ship that’s docked about a kilometer away.

“Unit H-BRA-5391’s visual recognition software needs to be improved.”

“Ah... um... could you at least thank her from before? I wouldn’t...” he trails off as this massive structure becomes ever more apparent. A large rotating ring that provided the sensation of artificial gravity that he is currently feeling. A small flash of energy in the distance, micro-

dust blocked by the structure's shields, the entire mega-structure is open to space. Letting the sensation sink in that even if he somehow managed to escape from his binds, he was trapped in the pod and processing chamber. There was nowhere for him to go to survive. His existence was entirely dependent on the two breathing tubes attached to his nostrils.

“Unit UT-KVI-0023 knows you are here and being processed. Organic sentimentalities are a waste of energy. Your actions are sufficient.”

“R-right...” he says, his body twitching slightly, noticing the massive planet about three times that the size of earth coming into view as he moves toward the drop ship. An entire planet turned into one machine producing factor. Every square inch of land was utilized, the lights of the production areas visible in the darkness, there was no green, the oceans blue and silver as much of the water's surface was being utilized by the machines. Nothing was going to waste, everything was utilized, while keeping a planetary “balance” not conducive to life, but a calm and pleasant atmosphere enabling easier maintenance and building of the fellow machines. Data appears in Brandon's HUD.

“Planetary Production Facility 0.00.000.”

Brandon feels a pit sink in his stomach, butterflies fluttering their way up, his nostrils flare taking in a deep breath, the pod rumbles, attaching to the underbelly of the transport ship, “T-the Wyervin home world? I was brought here?” he mutters, swallowing a lump in his throat.

“Unit H-BRA-5391's observation is correct.”

“Was this...” Brandon muttered the ship disconnecting from its bay, his body wiggling as the ship flies off, showing at least four more of these giant conversion rings, his eyes adjusting to the sudden view of the sun that was on the other side of the planet. The blue sun in the distance, dimmed by a large partially constructed Dyson's Sphere that is still ongoing, “*Amazing...*” Brandon thinks, the realization of just how far away he is from home he really is. No one knows where the home world of the Wyervin empire *exactly* is, it was only limited down to a thousand systems or so. It's one of their best kept secrets.

“Unit H-BRA-5391 is to be assigned to lunar mining facility 2.1.0.00.00. You will help maintain the facility as you are conditioned till your efficiency coefficient value is substantially increased to warrant investment of upgrades.”

“W-what?” Brandon mutters, watching the planet shrink in the distance. The light allows the pod's glass to reflect some of his own form back at him. Smooth, faceless, a black rubber body so dark that he's like a walking black hole. Everything about him is minimized and sucked away. His body shivers, the sedatives steadily wearing off. His nostrils flare muscles tense and relax, barely able to move, feeling himself sinking deeper into his own visual, barely noticing that there are other humanoids just like him, in the same void cover.

“I'm... I'm a faceless void...” Brandon thinks, recalling the first time he's seen one.

Brandon dressed in heavy military gear moved through thick humid jungles of an alien world. Purple plants surrounded him; his hand tightly gripped on his weapon. His breathing slow, steady, heart raced, sweat poured down his face. From his vantage point he viewed through a set of high-powered binoculars, “There's the space pirate encampment,” he said, looking over his shoulder toward a sleek, large, silver Wyervin, the triple lights glowing, the machine's body whirred so softly that he couldn't even hear it though it was right beside him.

“Visual confirmation of the target is acquired.”

“We are saving people from pirates... only to remain enslaved,” Brandon remarks. The arm winged machine moves up beside him, looking at him then back at the base,

“According to the Terran Wyervin treaty of...”

“I know the damn treaty. It just feels... weird to help you recover people for your use.”

“Units G-TRE-0001, G-TRE-0002, G-TRE-0003, Z-GYT-0001, and Z-GYT-0002 are valuable products. First of the two species all possessing high efficiency coefficient values. You were updated on this situation. This conversation is irrelevant.”

“It’s relevant to me. Those are real people.”

“They are all property.”

“How could you be so cold?”

The machine looks at him, **“We are all property. It is strange this concept is so alien to you.”**

Brandon quirks an eyebrow, “Now is not the time for this. We have to locate them and get the hell out of here without causing an inter-galactic incident.”

“Organic politics is needlessly complicated.”

Brandon sighs, a smirk crossing his face, “You know, that’s the first time I think we agree on something, UT... uh.”

“UT-KVI-0023,” UT-KVI-0023 responds.

During his flashback the ship docks at the lunar base, a brown and grey and red rocky world about twice the size of earth’s moon. The ship’s rattling jars Brandon back to reality. The drugs completely worn off, his pod is locked into the loading and unloading bay of the sleek, sterile atmosphere less moon base. The only sound he can hear he feels is through the vibration he feels through his feet, which magnetically bind to the metallic floor, preventing him from floating with his steps under the ultra-low gravity.

“Unit H-BRA-5391, proceed to your storage for supplementary nourishment,” the machine states to him. Brandon’s vision suddenly highlights showing the path he is supposed to take toward his location. He takes the first few tentative steps, feeling his feet lifting up with surprising little force when he needs to take a step but then tightly binds to the ground as his foot touches the ground, faking the effects of gravity needed to walk around without the need for expensive and energy intensive artificial gravity units.

The breath tubes for a brief moment lose their air flow, pinched at the base, the connection points unscrewed, transferred to awaiting breathing tubes within the base, the pod behind him closing, followed by the loading bay door. Dozens of other humanoids, and a few humans step out of their pods, fearfully making their way towards their destinations. Brandon’s heart races, his body shivering, seeing their void faceless bodies, standing out so starkly to the silver metals that surround him. The movements they make, the sounds, barely heard, only a muffled sensation and sound felt through the base itself by their thudding footsteps much like his own.

“Unit H-BRA-5391, proceed to your storage for supplemental nourishment. Your non-compliance is being recorded.”

The tubes are reconnected, the sterilized tightly controlled mixture of air floods back through his nostrils, allowing him to breath once again. Though it was at best a couple of seconds, it felt longer than that. Brandon looks up, eyes following the tubes that are connected to the ceiling, moving along with him. All the others are like him, their air supply tightly controlled by them, leaving nothing to chance.

“I’m really stuck here... I can’t go anywhere. I can’t do anything. I’m just... a tool for them. An object,” Brandon thought as a shiver runs down his spine, mind running through the weight of the situation, the pressure pushing down onto his chest.

“Unit H-BRA-5391, remain calm. Proceed to your storage for supplemental nourishment. Continued non-compliance shall be punished.”

“I-I’m really here? This isn’t a dream is it?” he says to himself, hands beginning to shake, heart racing again, a vision flashes back to the time finding the pods with UT-KVI-0023 and then...”

“Disabling motor neural functions for non-compliance,” the voice states, a quick tingle runs along Brandon’s body like a soft electrical shock followed by his body completely collapsing to the ground with a softer than expected thud, the magnets on his feet are disabled to allow his body to collapse naturally. His body squeaks, bounces up a half a foot before coming back down. Brandon instinctively tries to move his arms to stop the fall, nothing. All sensation fades below his neck, his limbs not even feeling as if they are deadweight, more like they aren’t even there, only his mind suffering from phantom limb syndrome is giving him any sensation of feeling.

“Non-compliance is reported and will negatively impact your efficiency coefficient value,” the machine states. A strangely familiar outline of a four-armed anthropomorphic faceless lizard stops abruptly, turning and picking up Brandon’s limp body.

He sees the face move, the extension of the latex around his mouth, are the only indications that alien is saying something to him, but he is unable to hear it, only get the faintest of vibrations through the touching suits, that is not strong enough to translate into anything audible for even his super enhanced ears to translate.

“Sorry,” Brandon says to the alien, his body taken to a small locker pod two feet wide, two feet high. It automatically opens as they get near it. The lizard drone slips in, feet first, back to the back of this cramped and simple pod. The rubber tubes disconnect and become reconnected by the tubes within the storage chamber. Another few seconds of total lack of air, that felt far longer than in reality they were.

Brandon sees there are hundreds of chambers like this of varying sizes designed to fit the size of their particular drone. Energy binds wrap around Brandon’s ankles the moment his feet slip into place, electromagnets in his feet turning on to connect and bind to the space designed perfectly for his feet.

Helplessly he watches the lizard obediently slip him inside. Arms pulled behind him, where energy tether tugs his arms back, binding his wrists together, and down near his feet, forcing his chest straight, and out. He lets out a soft grunt and moan, a soft whir heard behind him, a tube connects to the anal port section, followed by another tube that connects to the silver connection point on his crotch, ready to drain his bowels as needed. Collar held in place, preventing little room to move, even if he could at his point. The rubber squeezes and tenses his limbs, keeping them relaxed, preventing blood clots with occasional sporadic muscle tensions to keep atrophy at bay.

“Unit H-BRA-5391 will remain in disciplinary pod till you are needed. Your performance will be assessed and an updated efficiency coefficient value will be assigned. You are now being provided organic nourishment to enable your organic functions,” the machine explains, a tentacle tube moves down in front of him.

“Reenabling neurological motor functions. Open your consumption orifice to receive your bi-daily allotment of nutrition.”

A tingle runs down Brandon’s body, the sudden sensation of his limbs being tightly tugged, pulled, the electro-stimuli along with his tightly held bondage comes to him. He lets out a soft groan, his mouth opening for the tentacle tube, which moves into the rubber as if it's not

even there. The tapered phallic tube pushed down past his teeth, pressing his tongue, the cold metal squeezing his tongue, the tasting sterilized metal. The tentacle pushed deeper into his mouth till the tapered end rested partially down his throat. Small tendrils attach to his throat locking the tube into place while disabling his gag reflex. The liquid steadily flows down his throat, electro-stimuli trigger his natural swallowing flex, forcing him to drink the liquid rather he wanted to or not.

“This is my life now, isn’t it? Just to accept whatever they do to me,” Brandon thought, looking ahead past the tentacle the container has a mirror-like finish, the lights in the pod low but is more than enough for his enhanced ears to see every detail of his faceless void self. His body relaxing, helpless, unable to do anything except to feel the flow of the cool liquid traveling down his throat, filling and satiating the hunger that was suppressed up to this point.

Staring into that faceless void past his nostril tubes, and feeding tube knocks him back to that moment, where this all began. Having disabled two pirate guards without alerting any of their security, he and UT-KVI-0023 moved into a secured warehouse. There along with countless if illicit goods were the storage pods of the targets were lined up. That deep black color, that faceless outline of these alien creatures making them look less of a person than they already were to Brandon’s human mind.

In that moment he saw them not as people to be saved as just a simple object. They looked nothing like him, his mind made no connection to the people on the other side... for that moment it was simply his objective.

“Visual of units confirmed,” UT-KVI-0023 states into Brandon’s ear. The Wyervin never spoke to him from its own voice, simply transmitted what it was going to say directly into his earbud.

“Great now how do we get them out of here?”

The machine moves up to the pod, **“Let them out and they will follow us as instructed,”** the Wyervin explains.

Brandon looks at the sleek anthropomorphic Wyervin-like machine curiously, “Just like that? Like puppet controls? Do they have no free will?” he asks, keeping his voice to a soft whisper, looking around, remaining vigilant.

“They are conditioned units. They will obey commands given to them.”

“Right... best slavers in the galaxy,” Brandon remarks, the machine opens a small compartment in its chest wires spring out moving out about to attach to the first pod when it suddenly stops, leaping back arms extending to envelope Brandon.

“What the fuck!” he exclaims about to shoot the machine when he hears projectile gunfire, feeling a sharp biting pain in his back before hearing the sound of metal deflection, laser fire, the world going dark.

The feeding tube pulls out of Brandon’s mouth, the latex around his face unbroken. The tentacle gone now gives him a better view of his inhuman look. His mind unable to connect that what he is looking at is him. It’s more akin to staring into a hole in the wall than his face.

“Nourishment replenishment cycle completed.”

“What’s next?” Brandon asks after several minutes of utter and complete silence.

“Unit H-BRA-5391 will remain in storage till needed.”

“Just curious... how long will that be?”

“When unit H-BRA-5391 is needed. Units remain in storage till then to increase efficiency coefficient value.”

“That’s very important to you all isn’t it?”

“Affirmative. Energy in the universe is vast but still finite. All energy must be efficiently managed.”

“Ah, well I can’t fault you on that logic. But what am I supposed to do then?”

“Unit H-BRA-5391 will wait till it is needed.”

“It?”

“Unit H-BRA-5391 is an object owned by the Wyervins. Audio communication is a waste of energy. Proceeding to conserve energy to increase efficiency coefficient.”

Brandon swallows a lump in his throat. His heartbeat quickens, his toes try to curl but are stopped by the metal slots his feet are put in, fingers tense, “B-but...” he manages to say, licking his lips before a large mouth plug moves down, pressing into the smooth rubber. The sphere slips into his mouth, pushing past the rubber disappearing on the other side of the black void. The metal shifts and transforms, filling out Brandon’s mouth, slipping around his tongue, holding it in place, numbing it at the base, steadily it takes total control over his internal mouth functions, ‘binding’ his teeth together so he can’t open his jar. Small wires move and attach to parts of his mouth to increase monitoring, and to gentle shock the jaw muscles to prevent them from growing sore and locked up from lack of use.

“Unit H-BRA-5391 does not need to vocally communicate. Unit H-BRA-5391 is an object that is to be used as needed, when needed. Unit H-BRA-5391 has no other purpose. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod to confirm that unit H-BRA-5391 understands its current position.”

Brandon swallowed, breathing deeply through his nostrils, his mouth now cut off from him, looking ahead there is nothing but that void face. Not a person, a total disconnect from who he was. Without a second thought he simply nods, knowing that right now, for effective purposes, it is completely true. There was no escape. There was no hope to be found. His entire existence revolved on his captors, his enslavers, his masters, his... owners.

“Unit H-BRA-5391’s compliance and understanding are recorded. Unit H-BRA-5391 does not have control. Unit H-BRA-5391 has no freedoms. Unit H-BRA-5391 has no will. Unit H-BRA-5391 will complete tasks as instructed, when instructed. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod to confirm that unit H-BRA-5391 understands.”

Brandon twitches, he breathes deeply through his nostril, the machine’s cold harsh words reinforcing his reality, a pant tries to escape his lips but they are sealed, bulging his cheeks before the air is redirected back up through his nostrils. He nods.

“Unit H-BRA-5391 desires to increase its efficiency coefficient value. Unit H-BRA-5391 desires to become a productive unit. Unit H-BRA-5391 accepts this as truth. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod to confirm that unit H-BRA-5391 understands this.”

The words push into his ears, they sound to be all around him, while at the same time source less. There are no eyes on him, but he can feel his instincts inform him that he is being watched. By how many? He’s not sure, but it doesn’t matter, “*I wonder if...*” he speculates for a moment before he relaxes slightly. He nods.

“Unit H-BRA-5391 is currently a class Z drone. Unit H-BRA-5391 will work to repair and maintain parts of the lunar mining facility 2.1.0.00.00 as needed. Unit H-BRA-5391 currently has no other purpose. Unit H-BRA-5391 will follow all instructions given perfectly to perform its tasks efficiently. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod to confirm that unit H-BRA-5391 understands its current purpose as a class Z drone.”

There was nothing else to see but that nothing of a face that he now possessed. The additions to his body were already becoming his new norm. Perhaps it felt like it was always

meant to be there, a missing piece that was finally put back to make him more complete. There was nothing for him to do. Refuse? Why? What would that get him? Starvation? Suffocation? A total loss of his motor functions again? What is the point of refusing at this moment? There is no escape. He nods.

“Unit H-BRA-5391 understands that there is nowhere for it to go. The only path is the one that is laid before Unit H-BRA-5391. Unit H-BRA-5391 knows that every possible thought of escape has already been thought of a thousand times before. Every precaution is taken. Without Unit H-BRA-5391’s protective suit unit H-BRA-5391 will not be able to survive in the zero-atmosphere facility. Without Unit H-BRA-5391’s personalized breathing tubes, unit H-BRA-5391 cannot continue its existence. Without Unit H-BRA-5391’s bi-daily supplementary nourishment unit H-BRA-5391’s organic processes will eventually cease to function, degrading unit H-BRA-5391’s efficiency coefficient value. Unit H-BRA-5391 does not want to degrade Unit H-BRA-5391’s efficiency coefficient value. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod to confirm that unit H-BRA-5391 understands this.”

Every word spoken. Every argument he could think about. Every single option he could have possibly exercised to escape. It was truly all thought of already. The Wyervins were methodical, efficient. Feared not only for their enslavement practices, but the results of their practices. He read the reports of the most fearsome soldiers of the hardest races that were captured and underwent their process. Thought to be dead, only found a decade or more, perfectly subservient to their current masters be it Wyervins or otherwise. Few ever come back from their conditioning, *“This is my fate... this is... what is going to happen to me,”* Brandon thought, looking at his nothingness of a face. He nods to the machine’s words.

“Can I really last? Make it through the end? Will I get to see you again? UT-KVI-0023.”