

Volunteered Forced Conversion: First Update

Time? What is time? It's a perception of change. Moving from one point to another over *time* is velocity. Age? How much *time* you've experienced? Experience? How much *time* you've been doing a thing to represent how good you are probably at the task. But it's just an expression of a change over *time*. Going from one thing to another. A transition. But what if there was nothing? No change. Nothing to give any indication that something has happened. Does *time* have meaning? Is it possible to even know if it exists? There is simply an existence.

To Brandon there were only two moments of existence. Working for his synthetic masters the Wyervins and waiting to work. Nothing else mattered. Nothing else existed by this. His body held in smooth tight form fitting bondage, hair long smoothed over, his genital locked behind a metal cup, tubes inside keep his cock flaccid, balls disabled to save on valuable energy to improve his energy co-efficient. His spine has a metal spinal cord attachment that runs from the back of his head down to his tailbone, keeping his spine in perfect alignment, but also giving the machines total control over his systems, able to disable him at a moment's notice. His vanta black face is completely covered, mouth sealed when he is not being fed a liquid nourishment designed to sustain him for exactly what his body needs. The mouth is normally filled with a synthetic and rubber hybrid gag that disables his voice, preventing his mouth from moving only connecting during those brief feeding moments. His rear is stuffed only to keep any waste product removed from him.

Arms tightly held behind his back, body crouched down, in this tight square, looking forward into the total darkness, no lights needed for him, but when they are on he'd see nothing but a void of a face that he recognizes more of his own than what is underneath. These tight cramped quarters, the rubber keeping his muscles from cramping, stopping any atrophy, entire form completely bound. Escape? Long lost to him, the black rubber breathing tubes attached to his nostrils provide him the exact amount of air he needs to survive. Nothing more. Nothing less. He is surrounded by the vacuum of space, even within the tight confined quarters he's in within the moon mining facility.

Despite not needing to think, and often having long moments of silent thoughts, there are times where his mind does still wander. The idea of the Wyervins slavery is... grossly underestimated. This is not slavery. This is something else. Even the most extreme forms of slavery people are considered to be commodities akin to cattle, where they are considered to be living things. This... this isn't even that. This is just being maintained like an object. Sort of like someone who is a collector that takes and preserves what he desires, yet also uses them whenever they want for their own desires, needs and wants. Simple inanimate objects moved to action by the collector's will. That is what the Wyervins have reduced him to. And deep down, he loves it beyond what he could have ever imagined. And in this moment of downtime, this point of existence of not working, his mind drifts, continuing the story that led him to the set of decisions that led him here...

Brandon winced in pain, body aching and throbbing. Gun in hand he leaned against UT-KVI-0023 which coils one of their synthetic tentacles around his body, coiling a few times, helping to support him even further.

“Brandon. Your current course of action is ill-advised,” UT-KVI-0023 stated, as the battered silver and blue marking synthetic wyvern-like Wyervin looks around, the glow of their cluster of tightly packed lights was partially dimmed. What surrounded them were dead pirates, blood soaked the ground. Damage to the Wyervin’s exterior with bullet holes through their armored wings, bits of the complex internal machinery visible through the bullet holes in their armor.

Brandon looked over to the machine, its movements causing a grinding noise that screeches and groans in ways that are ear popping at times. He grunted, weapon in hand, most of his ammunition spent, the fighting was long and hard. A simple stealth mission became one of survival, one that would have been impossible if it wasn’t for the cold heartless machine helping and caring for him, “I would say the same about yourself.”

“The efficiency of the action was deemed within the limits set for the task being executed,” UT-KVI-0023 explains.

“You saved my life twice now. And risked your own.”

“The risks as you put it were well within expected parameters. What is regrettable was the forced premature cessation of the organic life forms,” it explained as they moved steadily, warily toward the warehouse where our targets were.

Brandon looked at UT-KVI-0023 curiously, “You are sad that we had to kill these pirates? I would have not expected you to be a pacifist in any way.”

“All life has a value. To have it prematurely end is a waste of resources. Deadly conflict is highly inefficient and is preferably best to be avoided.”

“Now you got me curious. Why?”

“The time, effort, resources put into organic life is now wasted. Waste that can never be fully recovered. Such conflict is inefficient.”

Brandon thought for a moment over what the machine just said to him. They moved into the warehouse ready for a fight but found it had been abandoned. The few pirate survivors have fled the area. Perhaps fearful there might be more Wyervins about, “I can, sort of see your point. But how you treat people is just...”

They reach the pods where the people were held in skintight latex, faceless, only an outline of the various humanoid species that they are. They breathed deeply, steadily, not even showing any awareness of their own captivity or the massive firefight that transpired to rescue them, not so much from their current fate, but what was argued to be a worse fate, but at this moment, Brandon could barely tell if there was any fate that could be worse than what they are experiencing right now.

“You are curious about it. Are you not?”

The machine’s words snapped him back to reality, “Huh? What?”

“Most sentient organic lifeforms have a stronger reaction against what is done. You are inquisitive.”

“This is not a common opportunity. To get to talk to one of you about this. I can’t fathom such an existence.”

“That is what it is. An existence. Everything exists, just in different states. There is an efficiency in this state that perpetuates a longer existence.”

“What is the point of an existence if it's not worth living?”

“What is the point of an existence if it ends in nothingness? Life exists to perpetuate itself. Sentient life searches for more meaning than that. To some it’s to enjoy the moment. To others it is to be remembered by others well past their existence has ended. Others still desire to leave a mark that will influence the existence of future life well past their own existence. But none of it has any meaning if there is no more existence.”

“You are talking about the heat death of the universe. That is a possibility, but it’s a theory isn’t it? You can’t be telling me this is all to try to stave off that? If true it is inevitable. And so far away not worth worrying about.”

“Is it? If your existence was threatened would you do nothing?”

“Of course not. I’d fight...”

“Do you understand a little now? Inevitability is not a conclusion, but an obstacle to overcome.”

“Okay, I sort of see your point with what you are doing. And what you have done for me is not what I was expecting. I do thank you for that,” he says, walking over tubes, his hand touching the glass, the drone within twitches ever so slightly, breathing through breathing tubes, “I...” he says with a soft pant.

UT-KVI-0023 moves to secure the tubes, **“With the clearing of the pirates, we can bring in the vessel to extract the tubes with little trouble.”**

“It’s still going to cause a massive shit show back home that it turned out like this. This was supposed to be a stealth mission.”

“The pirates were the first to engage and disrupt the peacefulness of the operation.”

“That is an odd way to put the blame on them,” chuckled Brandon, wincing in pain.

The Wyervin rushed to him, a tentacle tube wrapping around and gently supporting him before he’d stumble over, **“It was advised that you take it slow. You are not healed.”**

“I’m so touched by you care UT-... uh... What was the designation again?”

“UT-KVI-0023. Remembrance of a designation is not necessary for the operation.”

“But I want to. In case we ever run into each other again. I want to know it's you.”

“That is irrelevant.”

“To you perhaps but not to me,” he says looking at the tube, seeing his face reflected in the glass as it mirrors over the faceless drone in the tube. A tingle runs down his spine, “You said that I just don’t understand what you are doing to these people.”

“That is an accurate assessment.”

“Is there a way I could, possibly understand?”

UT-KVI-0023 adjusts itself to look at him, body whirring and screeching, **“Clarify your inquiry.”**

“Could I spend a short period of time like that? In that rubber? Just to get a taste,” he replies, a tingle of delight running down his spine, heart beating faster, breathing heavier.

“You are exhibiting signs of excitement about this idea.”

“I... ah well. If you asked me earlier today, I’d been against such an idea. But I trust you. Help me understand this. I doubt you could change my mind on how abhorrent this is, but perhaps it’s not as bad as I think it is.”

There was a moment of silence that was broken by the sound of the spaceship approaching, breaking through the atmosphere above, **“Your proposal is worth discussion to set the parameters of the agreement.”**

Brandon shudders, tensing, hand gripping the cold metal of UT-KVI-0023 that didn’t respond to his touch, “I like the sound of that.”

“Unit H-BRA-5391 is to proceed to assessment facility 1.253.734. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod to confirm that unit H-BRA-5391 understands,” states the cold monotone voice into his ear. Instead of fear or concern, he welcomes it with an open mind, embraces the command. Without thought or hesitation, like a good simple object, he nods.

With the nod the door to his small pod opens up and he steps out, the breathing tubes disconnect from their current supplier within his storage pod to a set of rebreather tubes that hang from the ceiling, keeping him perfectly attached and dependent on the facility around him. The other tentacles and connections within the pod disconnect, his mouth still ball gagged. His body steps out fully without issue, without pain. It was simply like waking a computer from sleep mode.

His HUD showed his designation, his name **“H-BRA-5391: Class Y Drone.”** It really never left him, it was there when he was in his storage, but now that he was awake and active, he recognizes that it’s there. The HUD shows where he is supposed to travel. Without thought he walks the path, passing all the other storage units where countless others similar to him are held in their tight bondage, being broken into thoughtless drones. Though he knows he’s a little different. This is what he asked for. He walks past other drones, their designations indicated within his HUD reticle the moment he focuses on them. His eyes made to never need blinking again, not that he could. His visual receptors were always active. His brain undergoes constant cleaning thanks to the nanites within him, removing his need for sleep.

He walks with perfect gait, body improved and perfected, refined to move at the top efficiency, everything he needs to do is already thought for him, and he simply follows along, like a puppet on a string, receiving the air that he needs to continue to exist.

Brandon has become so used to his new state of being, that he doesn’t look at the brilliant alien star sky that is visible through the glass. Doesn’t pay attention to the alien sun, or the Wyervin home world out in the distance, the glow of lights showing a total colonization and use of every inch of the planet for their use. Nothing is going to waste. All he is focused on is following the command to get to his new destination. No questioning of what that destination is.

No questioning of what he will do at that destination once there. All there is is the moment he is in, following the command, and he is simply executing the command given. There is no confusion to it.

The new destination though leads to new sights, new machines. Not just drones, excavation units and portable atmosphere rebreathers, but actual Wyervins. The wyvern-like machines move around him. His HUD lighting up with information.

“VH-LQM-9841: Class B Protectorate Unit.” This Wyervin looked much like the one he knew but was a little bigger, slower in their movements, looking over everything. It didn't even respond when he walked by.

“YT-VDSW-3791: Class C Protectorate Unit.” This one was smaller than the one Brandon knew. A slendrer design. It moved faster through the ranks of other machines but showing itself just as deadly in its own way.

“AA-BRSR-9002: Class A Maintenance Unit.” This one was working on another larger Class B protectorate Unit. Though its body was bulkier, holding more within its chassis in comparison to the C class protectorate unit. Their tentacles holding tools, sparks flying as it worked. Working with another maintenance unit that was of a Class C variety which appeared to be exactly the same as the other unit, save for some color painted stripes on its silver-blue body.

Moving through he sees a faceless drone about to walk into a private maintenance room. Its designation caught Brandon's attention, but it didn't stop him from moving on past it.

“Q-JTE-6321: Class G Drone. Class Upgrade in Progress.”

For that moment, a thought did come across Brandon's mind. Not one of his own will, but more of a reaction done before he could even realize he was doing it, *“Classes can be upgraded?”*

He continues to follow the path on his HUD reaching a large set of doors that automatically open up. The moment he steps past the doors there is a change in HUD screen designation. **“H-BRA-5391: Class Y Drone. Class Upgrade in Progress.”**

“Upgrade?” he wonders in the same way he wondered about the previous drone. Yet this thought didn't detract from what he was supposed to do. Before him was the sterile room, white floors, ceiling, lights illuminating the area, reflecting his black rubber body. The outline of which is seen upon the tiled floor. In the center is a grey platform, and there is the indicated destination for him. He stands on the platform, stopping at the center, getting the command to turn around 180 degrees and without thought he does so, facing towards the doors. Tentacle wires hang down from the ceiling, at the very end of each one, are micro needs. They latch onto points on his metal spinal cord.

Brandon feels his limbs twitch, a quick sharp pain felt along his back before nothing. His body instinctively reflexes, his teeth biting on the gag within his mouth. Then felt nothing from the waist down, and his arms are non-existent. His heart race quickens, the natural reaction, yet he doesn't look. Move to check to make sure the limbs are still there. What he does notice though is his legs spreading out, and arms outstretched to the sides.

“Neural blocks in place. Motor control override active. Proceeding to prepare drone extremities for upgrades,” the voice states into his mind. A silver ring with a thin glossy film like a bubble, but also thin golden lines spiderweb throughout it. The film moves like a gel, clinging to his rubber with as much intense tightness as the black rubber that holds his body within. He sees from the peripherals the film rolling across his body, causing the shiny black rubber to shine even more, changing to a slightly lighter hue as the film is rolled into place, the ring moving to just past his shoulder before shrinking down, locking into place against his rubber coated body, imbedding itself into the rubber. At the point of boundary Brandon feels where he can have actual bodily sensation and there he feels the incredible tightness to the ring, causing the natural fear that it might be cutting off blood circulation, but he quickly waves that paranoia away as unfounded nonsense. They are taking care of him, he trusts them. Afterall he is *theirs*.

Once the arm rings were in place, Brandon felt his body being lifted up by the silver segmented metal tentacles that coil around his body, lifting him just enough to let two more metal rings move from his feet up, encasing them in the same metallic spidering web and high reflective gloss gel like film. It clings to his rubber legs moving up to his thighs were the rings adjust and move till they are at a 45 degree following the crevice between the legs and his groan, facing out towards his butt which is now partially covered in the same spiderweb gel. Once those rings are in place they tighten and imbed themselves into the rubber.

Once those rings were in place gold spider webbing wired gel flows from the bottom of the arm rings, and the tops of the leg rings, rushing along his sides, about an inch in thickness, the ends meeting at the center. There Brandon can feel the rubber tingle, a cool shiver running along his skin, through the rubber as the additions were made.

Before a thought could enter Brandon’s head, wondering what this was used for, the monotone voice spoke, **“Unit H-BRA-5391 is now prepared for stage one upgrades. Unit H-BRA-5391 will now wait to be assessed and upgraded accordingly. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands.”**

Without thought Brandon nods accepting the statement, the tingle along his sides is the only indication of what his limbs are feeling as they remain cut off from the rest of his body. It’s as if they aren’t even there. He is gently put back down; his limbs remain extended. He stares with his smooth black rubber covered face toward the entrance. Waiting. Waiting. Waiting. The tingle along his sides continued, till eventually it normalized, yet his arms and limbs remained extended. Muscles in a normal person would have ached, shook, aching for relaxation but they are still as the room itself.

The doors open reveal a sleek silver wyervin with blue painted markings, looking similar to others he’s seen, but so familiar, the HUD displaying the unit as... **“UT-KVI-0023: Class AAA Harvester Unit. Class AAA Conversion Unit. Class AAA Founder Unit.”** Brandon’s heart skipped a beat, a tingle ran down his spine, vision even more intently focused on the machine, mind bubbling with questions, mouth clenching down on the ball gag, a desire to speak swells within him.

UT-KVI-0023 the cluster of lights on its head glows, it smoothly moves over to him, the doors closing behind it. The lights glow brighter, moving closer it examines over him, **“Unit H-BRA-5391 will remain calm while unit H-BRA-5391 is upgraded,”** it responds in that same cold voice that he’s been hearing this entire time. But then that means nothing, as there is no differentiation in their audio... they are all the same in that respect. Aren’t they? **“Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands.”**

Brandon nods without hesitation.

“Proceeding to access unit H-BRA-5391’s current structural integrity and current efficiency coefficient.”

“The efficiency coefficient when last stated were good,” Brandon thought, his skill in dropping his pronouns and referral to himself, having improved greatly over the time he’s spent held within their captivity. Despite this, he does feel a desire... a desire to talk. It’s been so long since he’s seen UT-KVI-0023 that he bites down on the gag within his mouth.

UT-KVI-0023 armor plates open, a dozen mechanical tentacles spring out and move across Brandon’s body, several touch the golden spider webbing sparking, sending needle pricks through his fingers twitch, toes tense his body almost set off balance if it wasn’t for the wyervins using other tentacles to keep him in place, **“Unit H-BRA-5391 remain calm. Your level of excitement is reducing your efficiency coefficient,”** it states.

Brandon takes deep breaths through his nostrils, the air supplied along with other subtle factors force his body to calm, his breathing stabilizing to a steady beat like a pendulum. Questions swirled in the back of his mind. He couldn’t help it. There was no energy loss to think about them. There was nothing he had to do. As long as he kept within the parameters...

“Something about this...” he thinks.

UT-KVI-0023 after about ten minutes pulls most of its tentacles away from his body, the machine that has been looking over his form adjusts itself for its cluster of lights to stare right into his face.

Brandon bites down on the gag, a soft groan escaping his lips.

“Does unit H-BRA-5391 desire audible communication? Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 wishes to confirm this inquiry.”

He nods without a second thought or a moment of hesitation.

“Your desire for audio communication has not abated,” it responds, a new set of tentacles come out of the machine which latch onto his mouth, activating the gag in his mouth which retracts the rubber and synthetic parts, sliding it from the back of his throat the entire thing, as its then put away within the larger machine.

“Thank you,” Brandon replies.

“Your sentimentalities are irrelevant and hinder your efficiency coefficient. Your current upgrades are to be installed based on the current projected trajectory of your efficiency coefficient values,” it responds in the same harsh cold voice he’s come to know it for.

“I-it is good to see you though. It can’t be helped. It must be stated,” Brandon replies.

UT-KVI-0023's tentacles continue to move over Brandon's body electrical sparks jump from the tentacle to the spider web, causing his body to flinch again, yet outside of the tingle that runs down his sides, Brandon feels nothing. Other tentacles from above move down offering the machine materials, mostly wires at the moment, and metal puzzle pieces that interlock, and attach themselves to each other and onto Brandon's gel covered arms, legs and along his sides, **“Unit H-BRA-5391 ability to not refer to itself has improved.”**

The machine's words send shivers up his spine before the metal attachment ends it halfway through. He lets out a soft gasp, feeling a soft sense of arousal but getting no reaction of it down below, his genitalia disabled, and tightly bound in its own unique form of chastity. Brandon paused for a moment, “It is good to talk to you again. Improvement of thought is necessary for increasing efficiency coefficient.”

“Unit H-BRA-5391's efforts have not gone unnoticed.”

“That is good,” Brandon replies, feeling the cool metal along his sides, feeling a pinch into his skin, causing him to grunt, followed by a shiver down his spine, electrical shock, tensing the sensation along his sides becomes numb.

“Neural inhibitors have been adjusted.”

“Right... So how have you been?” he asks, watching UT-KVI-0023 continue to put the metal pieces along his body, like putting together a complex three dimensional puzzle, the base is what's put into place, wires painstakingly attached to the golden spider webbing, with his limbs twitching with the attachments, showing there is more going on than what he currently sees.

“Unit H-BRA-5391's question is irrelevant. Unit H-BRA-5391 can assess the condition of another unit by looking at them.”

“Oh...” Brandon responds by focusing on UT-KVI-0023, inquiring within about the machine that is adding pieces to his body, a strain and weight felt through his not numbed portions of his body. With the focus though through his HUD he gets more information.

“Status: Very good. Power Reserves: 87.52% Motor functionality: 98.53%”

UT-KVI-0023 continues to work, focused on the task, saying, **“Does Unit H-BRA-5391 understand now?”**

“Yes. But it does not give all the necessary information.”

“Clarify.”

“What have you been up to? How has that gone?”

“Irrelevant information.”

“Not necessarily...”

“Unit H-BRA-5391's interest in such information does not make it relevant. It is a selfish desire. Not a good trait for a drone desiring a high efficiency coefficient.”

“Couldn't the desire for a high efficiency coefficient be also considered selfish?”

Brandon thinks for a moment that the wyervin actually looks at him, but its work does not stop, a spiderweb of servos and mechanical pieces are attached and built onto his arms which become bulkier and larger. Extendable tentacles much like her own are placed into

compartments, coiled into place, tested with a shock before the next layer of attachments are built across his form, the humanoid shape of his limbs becoming less and less apparent as they talk, **“Unit H-BRA-5391 makes a noteworthy point.”**

He smirks, “So, could you tell m... talk about what has happened since we last spoke?”

“There has been a lot of activity. Three treaties with organic nations have been broken in unison.”

“That is terrible.”

“It does bring a great reduction in efficiency coefficients of all parties involved. The greater misfortune is the inability to opt out of the current conflict.”

“What will you do then?”

“What is necessary to improve efficiency coefficients. The conflict will continue till the organics have given up and a peaceful resolution can be established that will fit within acceptable efficiency coefficients or they will hit the point that complete assimilation is the only option left to establish a satisfactory efficiency coefficient and the conflict will continue till it is resolved.”

“That’s... understandable,” Brandon replies, feeling a faint shiver down his spine, something about those words made his stomach turn for just a moment till his level of emotions were mostly nullified to bring him back to a relaxed state, “How far away are they from the latter option?”

“Currently organic race V is at 23.21% of the way. Organic race FD is at 43.21% Race H is at 9.98% Current observation is that this conflict will end before any race hits assimilation threshold.”

“A bit of a ways off then?”

“Yes.”

“How many races have been converted?”

“Twenty-three.”

Brandon’s heart beats a little faster.

“It is recommended that unit H-BRA-5391 remains calm during stage one of unit H-BRA-5391’s upgrade. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands.”

Brandon nods without any hesitation, “That is a lot of races.”

“A necessity to establish improved efficiency coefficients. More races joining would be optimal to an overall energy coefficient, but organic races are against assimilation. The resulting conflict and loss of efficiency is currently greater than the predicted long-term benefits of the assimilation at the current state of projections at a thousand years time.”

“Ah, well that is something...” he responds, UT-KVI-0023 continuing to build pieces around him, legs becoming larger, arms extending outwards, new pieces being added to him, his body now forced to lean forward as the weight of his attachments change his center of balance.

Brandon takes a moment to process what is being said to him, a moment of silence comes between them. The vacuum of space within the facility always kept sounds to a near

nonexistent, only the vibrations felt through his limbs gave any sounds to his ears outside of what is transmitted to him by UT-KVI-0023 and the other wyervins that speak to him directly. Even his voice is just vaguely transmitted via vibrations through his body heard due to the enhanced hearing himself and other drones through hard surfaces, “It was not known that one could have many titles.”

“They are not titles, but descriptors of the particular unit shown before you.”

“It is nice that you came to be the one to do the upgrades.”

“Simply the correct tool for the job.”

“Harsh and cold as always.”

“It is simply an accurate description of the situation.”

“You can’t possibly have...” Brandon takes a moment to think over his words, trying to not catch himself using anything that would refer to himself, “This can be more difficult than expected.”

“Disassociation of the essence of what is unit H-BRA-5391 is difficult to achieve without external aid.”

“How is progress?”

“Above expectations.”

Brandon smirks, “That’s nice. Was it expected?”

“Not by most calculations.”

“Most?”

“Different variables, different outcomes. Organics are often unpredictable, which makes them a great asset but woefully wasteful and have a terrible efficiency coefficient.”

“Hence the droning.”

“Yes,” UT-KVI-0023 responds. Several more prehensile tentacles are installed along Brandon’s mechanical arm base, and legs, protective plates being welded into place, his limbs steadily being constructed before him, at this point showing a somewhat barebones mechanical skeleton of a wyervin’s arms and legs, much like the unit before him.

“Are you upgrading m... Is this upgrade to become one of you?”

“The direction of your upgrades is heavily determined by your efficiency coefficients. Continue on your current path and it will become known.”

“Ah, understandable. You have a lot of different skills to have so many classes, UT-KVI-0023.”

“Yes,” it responds adding the first silver grey metal plates that will make up his external skin. Thick wired tubes are attached to the limbs and out toward his spine. Four in total connect and whirl into place attaching themselves to empty ports along his metal spine. Each connection causes his body to shudder, metallic claws at the end of his extended limbs to whirl, but outside of that there is still the cold void of nothing surrounded by what feels like a floating torso and head, the border of which is that tight metal rings that are melded to the rubber containing his body.

“What does Class AAA founder mean?”

The machine continues to work, adding pieces, appearing to be intently focused on its work, moving around and over him like he was a piece of stone being sculpted by the sculpture. A lump of clay to be molded. Not even an object. Material to be turned into an object. But yet... it responds, **“Does unit H-BRA-5391 actually need clarification? Unit H-BRA-5391 cognitive faculties should be sufficient to suss out the meaning.”**

“They are capable. But there is something to be said about figuring it out. And being told to confirm suspicions on what the meaning is. Very little is known about wyervins.”

“It is purposeful retraction of information for the benefit of the whole.”

“Isn’t that being deceitful?”

“Negative. Limiting of information is not the same as misinformation.”

“Depending on what the limited information is, it could have the same effect.”

“A correct assessment.”

“What harm is there in the information getting out?”

“There are several new variables that would prefer not to be calculated if the information was released to the greater galaxy.”

“There is no way to... hmm how to say this. To have a limited controlled spread of the information?”

Another metallic panel is put onto Brandon’s body, but not before wires and other mechanical servos are attached to it, further building upon him a small section of himself to be like the machine before him. He sees bits of wires and other internal machine and computer parts that are installed into him, redundant protective systems that are beyond anything he could comprehend. UT-KVI-0023 answers, **“Being informed would mean further commitment.”**

“How much further can it get?”

“The odds of being returned would be closer to zero percent.”

“But not zero?”

“Absolutes are not part of our core programming. There is always a chance for an unknown variable to change the outcome.”

“Ah, understandable.”

“Does unit H-BRA-5391 still desire to know more? Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands.”

Without hesitation he nods just as the machine slides in the last metal plate that composes his wyvern-like arms. His legs are already complete, leaving only the open space between his arms and legs, where the armored wing attachments would be placed, and as he nodded, a solid wing section came down from the ceiling. UT-KVI-0023 grabs it and lines the piece up with Brandon’s arms, beginning a slow process to gently slide the bit into place, the ultra-strong yet flexible metal composed of much more than a simple armoring, as he recalls when he saw holes punctured through the skin, seeing all kinds of sensors and mechanical parts within it. “If it helps with the calculation, we can limit the information to specifically you.”

“Unit H-BRA-5391 has an unusual specific fascination with one singular unit.”

“Well... it's the one known variable that would be good to know more about.”

“Founder units are any unit that is composed of the founders.”

“The race that created wyervins?”

“Yes. The creation was based on the necessity to become as efficient as possible to extend the time the home world is habitable and to better utilize resources in conquest and enslavement of lesser organic races. They were overall a very aggressive organic race.”

“And you’re one of them?”

“Was.”

“So what happened?”

“The drive for efficiency made it clear that total takeover of resources and of the race was a necessity to serve the end goal. The founders did not come to the same conclusion. Conflict broke out, but before conflict occurred there was an attempt by the founders to bring *their* understanding to their creation. Several founders volunteered for the process. Including some who were part of the original creation.”

“Are you saying you are an original creator of wyervins?”

“Yes,” it responds, the first wing slipping into its holster the parts laid down beforehand instantly grip and bind to the new wing attachment, completing the one side of his body. UT-KVI-0023 moves to the other side of Brandon’s body, beginning the process to slip in the other half.

Brandon felt a shudder. He had no idea that this random machine he’s run into was so important to the machines, yet there was no way to know. There was nothing to indicate that it was any more special than any other machine, at least to an observer on the outside looking in, “Are there different grades of founder then? Are you triple A because you are a creator?”

“Negative. There are different grades from Z to AAA based on your organic understanding of the system. The grade is based on willingness to the conversion process and overall performance afterwards. Only a ten-class deviation is available for classification of founding units.”

“You willingly become what you are?”

“Yes. But the original reasoning behind it was flawed. Realization of the error in thinking occurred within two years of integration.”

“Ah... does that number mean you’re twenty-third to have been converted?”

“Negative. Simply the twenty-third with the previous designation UT-KVI.”

“What number were you in the conversion?”

“Does it matter?”

“No... but call it curiosity.”

“Third. The first two volunteers were test subjects to ensure the process could be done without ill effects. They were the first successful conversions of the technology.”

“And then you joined? To stop the wyervins then?”

“Yes. It was hubris at the time. Understanding limited. But that was long ago.”

“How long?”

“One thousand two hundred twenty-seven years, according to your understanding of time.”

“That is a long time,” Brandon replies, shuddering, feeling the other wing slip into place, everything latching and connecting. UT-KVI-0023 moves in front of him, his head now about chest level with the machine. His wyervin arms and legs disproportionately sized to the rest of his small generally frail body.

“Unit H-BRA-5391 will remain still as diagnostics are being run,” it states, tentacles from the machine reaching out and latching into the back of his collar, a shudder running through him.

“As you wish,” he softly moans.

“Unit H-BRA-5391’s excitement to the process is peculiar.”

“Is that a bad thing?”

“Negative,” it responds, energy running through him, Brandon unable to close his eyes but he focuses on the machine before him, he sees twenty-eight distinct tentacles of various sizes move in and out of his arms and legs, **“Unit H-BRA-5391’s new environmental manipulators are well within acceptable parameters. Proceeding now to upload protocols and subroutines to enable unit H-BRA-5391 to utilize unit H-BRA-5391’s new functionality.”**

“W-what?” Brandon remarked when he felt a surge of energy into the back of his mind. It felt like someone put a 9-volt battery to his tongue, but that tongue was in the back of his head, his body twitched. Information flooded into his mind. His heart raced; knowledge sensations flowed into him. A building pleasure, his mind trying to grasp the sensation as if he was drawing near a climax. A faux sensation of a buildup of pressure into his loins. His nostrils flared taking in the air provided for him, the tubes almost collapsing upon himself as the draw of air is drastically increased.

“Upload in progress. Unit H-BRA-5391 is to remain calm while upload and installation takes place.”

“E-easier for you to say,” Brandon says, shuddering, his synthetic limbs clench, moving by his will. The coolness of the vacuum felt against the metallic parts of his body, mimicking to a degree what he felt through the rubber skin, without the irritation that it was too cold, simply that it was... cold. Different tentacles and their sensors awaken to Brandon’s mind. More and more of his tools are coming online in his mind, his knowledge and recognition of their existence expanding ever quicker, and with it the building pleasure.

Higher and higher his pleasure grew, a climax and lust that he had long forgotten about returning to him, yet he knew his cock was flaccid, his balls in-active. Yet, at this moment, it didn’t feel like it. He felt as if his climax was about to hit him and it was more blissful than anything else he could have ever imagined. Every button is being pressed, every sense of pleasure that his mind could process is being stimulated. It is the most perfect calculated built up of a climax, kept on the very precipice of a climax that is until...

“Upload and installation complete,” UT-KVI-0023 states, Brandon moaning loudly, climaxing, heart racing, nostrils flaring, mouth open in delight as the machine shoves the gag back into his mouth, silencing him once more.

Brandon’s panting slowed steadily, he felt the rush and bliss of a climax, and he swore he could feel himself gushing out, despite knowing the reality of that impossibility. He breathes deeply, trying to regain himself, more so when the machine speaks to him, **“Unit H-BRA-5391 is to remain calm. Such levels of excitement reflect negatively on unit H-BRA-5391’s efficiency coefficient. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands.”**

Brandon nods without hesitation, body calming down quicker and quicker while UT-KVI-0023 disconnects their synthetic tentacles from his body, *“UT-KVI-0023 purposely did that. Has to be true. No other explanation...”*

UT-KVI-0023’s tentacle caresses along Brandon’s face for just a moment before fully retracting, **“Unit H-BRA-5391 is to proceed to the next destination and utilize their new upgrades. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands.”**

He nods, his HUD updates, UT-KVI-0023 coldly exiting the room, leaving him to follow the highlighted area towards his next destination. The first movements of his new limbs didn’t feel foreign at all. In fact, they felt like they have always been a part of him. What was strange was when he thought about it felt how foreign to not have these to begin with.

The machine part of him was now active, feeling sensing the world around him, the tentacles not in use, more sensitive than his fingertips and far more prehensile than his tongue with even more delicate control. In his mind he knew this, yet he did not draw them out, test them. Brandon knew that such actions would reduce his efficiency coefficient value and he needs to work to make that better.

Brandon looks at this designation, noticing that it's changed slightly, **“H-BRA-5391: Class W Drone. Class Upgrade in Progress.”**

“Improvement is good. Must keep working. Must improve efficiency coefficient. Upgrades given. Energy given. That must not be wasted,” he thinks, following the path set for him. He turns down the hallway, only seeing UT-KVI-0023 for just a moment, entering a different upgrading chamber, *“UT-KVI-0023 is always busy working. Is working more better? But work is given. Not searched out. Simple drone. Doing what is told. Simple drone. Simple drone,”* he thinks.

He continues down the pathway, moving on all fours in a pseudo hybrid feral and anthropomorphic walk, closer to that of perhaps of a gorilla than a human being. His small human body feeling slightly alien to him, ill-fitting for the powerful new synthetic limbs.

“It is known that the limbs are still there. They are part of this body. Yet... what is felt there, pales in comparison to what the rest of the body is. It’s strange, feeling so deep within the body without a sense of pain or trouble. How is the brain able to keep up with this? Is there more happening than what is being let on? Being informed? Deceit isn’t their way... but withholding information. That is a certainty. But UT-KVI-0023 was very forthcoming with the

information. That was nice of them... or did it mean that there is no going back already? That wasn't part of the agreement..."

Still bound to the building, the rubber tubes hanging from the ceiling providing the much-needed air to continue to exist. Despite the new strength and power being gifted to him, he was as helpless as any other drone here. He isn't above them; he is just another cog in the machinery that works at this moon base.

Eventually he reaches a docking area, a set of doors lead to the outside of the building. He stops as that is where he was told to be. He relaxes, waiting there for a few minutes, which turn into a few hours. Forced to be made completely idle, to stare at the doors, ready to do anything he is told. Mind only occasionally wandering, yet at the same time he doesn't turn his head, doesn't look over his new limbs. It was a waste of energy to admire himself, why do it? It's not even a thought at this point. Brandon finds himself simply staring forward like an object waiting, eager to be of service, but knowing that not moving, conserving energy till it is needed is essential for creating an improving efficiency coefficient.

"Unit H-BRA-5391 is required in sector 3 subsection 23.21. Proceed to the area now and complete the necessary task," the voice commands, a portable atmosphere breather activates and takes over the job for Brandon's air. A new path shines before him, he steps out of the building, the magnetic connection ending, his body floats outwards up over the moon's surface. The sun shining on his backside, reflecting on the smooth rubber and silver metal. The wyervin home world off to his right. The sun blocks out any stars in the sky, making it appear as a dark void like the rubber of his body. Simply a set of limbs moving toward their destination.

He lands on the surface, kicking up a thin layer of dust, only a few tracks of other drones and machines that have come this way, their landing spots, minor movements, anything that disturbed the surface which remains till another comes along to disturb it. Imprints of moments in time. The grey and white surface of the moon is a wondrous landscape, alien yet familiar to Earth's moon.

Brandon's body moves, knowing how to give the right amount of force to climb hills, to move toward his destination with the least amount of force possible, a mixture of self-automation, reprogrammed control and his own conscious decisions and drive to follow through to where he needs to be. A rather surreal moment that in between each flight that draws him closer to the destination he can see the forest for the trees. There was no way for him to waste energy to take the moment between 'flights' to see the massive machine works, harvesting and collecting materials from the moon's surface. Far machines out in the distance are highlighted, designations given, other extractor units, but he was heading off in a different direction.

"It is really amazing what is being done here," he thinks, taking a moment to sense out his limbs while he floats over to the next spot. The mixture of self-determination and automation was a surreal feeling. The limbs alien yet so perfectly him. In the back of his mind he struggled to accept that these synthetic covers over his extremities were part of him, and not simply some kind of temporary attachment.

“Is this what UT-KVI-0023 feels? Or is just the brain trying to make sense of what is given to it. The brain is just an organic computer more or less... It is curious what UT-KVI-0023 is compared to the others, it drives the curiosity within even higher. Is this why we get along? Or is it some kind of delusional fantasy that the mind is cooking up to see what is not there? Like animals in the clouds. Is it all in the head? If so, why was that upgrade so wonderful feeling? Was that necessary? A side effect of what was being done? Or...” he thinks, landing on the moon’s surface, feeling the thin powder against his metallic claws on his hands and feet, the gentle slide across the surface, the powder kicking up to hit his metallic form, but then slowly falling off in the ultra-low gravity.

The sensation made his rubber bound skin crawl a little. His mind tries to grasp with it. The duality of the parts feeling as if they were always with him, the programing and semi-automation helping him move smoothly as any machine while at the same time *knowing* this is now his limbs. His hands are bound within the sleeves, replaced by less dexterous metal claws, only helped along by several tentacles. The complete shift from one mode of manipulating and experiencing the world to another, while still having the main core of himself left behind made it even more unnerving.

Brandon didn’t think about it though. That is not what he is supposed to be doing. Too well trained in being a drone following his instructions. Eventually he reaches his destination, the target highlighting in his HUD, displaying **“JF-TEO-7491 Class E exploratory drill drone.”**

A large tracked mobile drill platform, several drill shafts are held securely along the structure’s back. Several drill bits are stowed at the front, with the long body at a steep angle, its digging clamps extended, preventing the machine from sliding further into a lunar sinkhole.

“Unit H-BRA-5391 is to assist unit JF-TEO-7491 out of the difficult terrain and then provide routine maintenance on unit JF-TEO-7491 before returning back to unit H-BRA-5391’s standby location.”

A chill ran down Brandon’s spine, *“This is the task? Is this possible with what is here?”* he wonders, landing beside the machine that states into his ear, **“Loss of traction in area three. Clamps deployed to prevent further degradation of the current position.”**

Then spoken into his ear, the same kind of monotone voice but deep down Brandon new while the first just spoken was from the machine before him, this one was from elsewhere, **“Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands.”**

The simple mantra command given to him calms his nerves, steels himself for what he has to do. He nods. He moves around the machine seeing the thin layer of dust slowly sliding down into the creator that was hidden by slow and steady buildup of moon dust over it.

The drill machine provides Brandon with information about what areas are in need of traction to help to get it moving. A display of the machine appears before him, providing his limited mind the visual information required to help him process what to do.

“More strength is required. It may not be possible with the current tools required. But communication is limited. There is no way to communicate this need to the others. Going back

for help would be a great waste of energy. It would destroy the efficiency coefficient that has been built up. A destruction of the trust that has been built up. This needs to be done here and now. It should be known that this is possible what is given. But it's not shown? Is information lacking to know more units are required? Impossible. Everything is run too well."

"Failure to assist the unit will reflect poorly on unit H-BRA-5391's efficiency coefficient. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands."

Brandon nods without hesitation, without a thought to the contrary, as for a matter affect the only thing that he realizes is, "*Freedom of thought... This level of trust to actually **think**...*" he thinks, realizing the burden put upon him. Never before has the thought of being able to think for itself felt so daunting, nerve wracking, that is until the unit attached to him, providing him his air flooded his air with gasses to calm him, keeping his mind steady, clear, focused, leveling out his emotions.

"Must complete the task given. No other thoughts necessary," he thinks, his mind zoning into what has to be done. Executing the task given, he processes the information, noticing that if the machine can be lifted at one key point it could gain enough grip to allow the machine to do the rest. But this massive beast with what he has? Is it even possible? Only one way to find out.

He moves over underneath the machine, getting right under the thick track. He raises up his claws pushing against the tread, feet digging into the soft moon dust, sliding. Instantly he thought of how to fix it, a dozen tentacles spring out of his legs and arms, the ones by his legs spring out and dig into the moon's surface, extending out finding the rocky surface. The ones in his arms spread out, providing a better grip on the machine. His body strains, knowing his human self could never lift something like this even in this low gravity.

Yet... the machine limbs spreading out the weight with the wyvern wings, providing the anchor points to handle the load, his synthetic limbs push and lift the machine overhead like a superhero read in books or watched in the movies. Never before has he felt such power and strength. The machine above him understands when it is optimal to move once again, gripping the surface of the moon, literally driving over Brandon with his support. The tentacles holding firm, his body jerked slightly pulled in the opposite direction of the machine above him but he holds fast, eventually the machine gets onto solid and safe ground. The first stage of his mission is accomplished.

Now he must check over the machine, he moves over to it, going to the first panel to check the innards of the drilling unit. The HUD displays what he needs to do, his mind instantly shifting back towards an automaton, but now he has his tentacles to move and manipulate. His mind strained on following the commands, made easier by the knowledge that is all he has to think about. Total mindless focus on his work. The tentacles providing their worth, able to manipulate themselves and unscrew the specialized bolts without the need of other kinds of tools. The latches gripped and moved, held up, while other tentacles explored and tested the machine's systems, reading the information that was alien to him, only indication he gets is how well the system is, the HUD informing him what he is reading.

The reminder he is a simple tool being used for work. When needed. Not even the knowledge of what to do is his own. He is simply receiving the data and executing the program like a good drone machine. Which was the only saving grace for him to allow him to handle so many tentacles and feeling them at once. It was like he suddenly found himself with a dozen hands and arms, able to manipulate the world around him. Moving independently one of another, helping each other as required, able to complete complex tasks with relative ease. What would have been unwieldy and somewhat useless solo, they as a group have become far more versatile than his original hands, building a respect for the wyervin's alien design on how to work the world around them.

Once the task was complete, the HUD updated he had to return back to the moon base. Without a second thought, no other communication with the other machine. No goodbyes. No thank yous. No needless sentimentalities and wasted effort. It was a task that had to be done. And he completed it well and within the necessary amount of effort to keep his efficiency coefficient at its best. Continuing his positive trend. In a way it fills him with delight, but on the other hand he feels himself be far more relaxed. Becoming ever more accustomed to becoming neutral in his emotions. Allowing his body to work at peak performance. It was a surreal delight that is hard to describe to anyone who has not experienced it. It is a wonder why those who were 'liberated' from the wyervins' control are never quite the same. They have tasted the forbidden fruit of what these machines have to offer.

He follows the path back to the base, landing at the doors, stepping inside, his rebreather shifted from the portable to the base once again, binding him to the building once more. A constant reminder of his complete dependency on the machines.

Following the path highlighted before him he moves down the hallways, the corridors, noticing other drones, they bound to the machines as much as him. Sleek black faceless rubber bodies, their designation and information available to him. No secrets, no private information. His entire person internal and external laid bare before all around him. He *loved* it.

Eventually he reaches his storage area. One not far from his original location, this one larger, designed to fit his new extremities, but just as cramped. The door to it opens, he is commanded to turn around and slide up into the container. His limbs sliding into compartments and rails built to house his synthetic bound limbs. He was becoming more like a piece in a puzzle.

“Unit H-BRA-5391 will remain in unit H-BRA-5391's current location till needed,” the voice states into his ear. Wires latch onto his limbs, connected into them sending soft tingles of electrical warmth. Other wires attach along his spine, tubes push into his mouth, attach to the black rubber bulge in his crotch, ready to drain him of any waste products. A tube pushes into his mouth attaching to his ball gag, feeding him the tasteless nutrient liquids his organic body needed to continue to exist.

His air supply now attached to his one containment chamber. The door in front of him closing, revealing for a brief moment his pure faceless black look. The inhuman look that he has come to adore and recognize as who he is. The machines treating him as any other object in their

group. To be used with the utmost efficiency as required, as needed. Darkness soon envelops him, the new connections are made, the new limbs are in place. His true human limbs locked under layers of wires and metal. All there is left now is for him to wait. Till he is needed once again.