

## A Kobold's New Drone

The hum of hover cars rushing by, drowning out the sound of soft patter of rain on Raymond's body. The anthropomorphic stingray's brown hair is soaked, the feel of water on his head makes him smile. He adjusts his leather coat that hides his grey skinned 'wings' underneath, "*Why do I feel like...*" he looks around, looking up as he sees movement in the corner of his vision, "*...That I'm being followed.*"

He moves faster down the street, splashing up water as he goes. Something in the back of his mind tells him, "Go, go, go." And go he does, "*I had to enjoy a wet walk in the rain,*" he thinks, turning down the corner away from heavier traffic. Hologram displays try to draw the stingray's attention, wanting to sell this or that at low, low, prices! Suddenly there's a thud, bang, and an alley cat screeching from down an alley, causing him to jump away from it toward the street, "Holy shit!" he exclaims, placing his hand on his chest, panting heavily looking behind and up, towards the sky, catching nothing but parts of the city's skyline, "Maybe it was just my imagi--"

A black hover van moved silently behind him with "Morning Star Ltd." painted on the side. The doors opened and a bunch of geared up kobolds grabbed him, yanking him inside. Their smooth latex covered bodies with gasmask visors is all he manages to catch before a mask is placed over his head and in two quick breaths his world fades to black.

Like coming out of a long sleep, his mind hazy, eyes flinching from the bright light that hangs overhead. The moments that led up to this moment are merely a dream in the back of his mind till he tries to move his hand in front of his eyes - only to find it tied down. A surge of adrenaline washes away the fog, his eyes going wide, turning his head to hand to find it strapped to a black cushioned medical table.

A tingle runs down his spine, "*Am I going to be organ harvested? Fuck, I've heard of these on the news,*" he thinks, tugging and pulling at his constraints, noticing all the medical equipment around the room along with mechanical equipment overhead that he can only imagine in his nightmares is organ harvesting equipment. It takes him nearly a minute to notice movement. His heart skips a beat, catching a sleek rubber covered tail. It takes a moment noticing a kobold, heavy rubber gear over their body to the point he can't see a single scale on them. Their horns are covered in latex, with cavities for their ears. A rubber hood covers the back of their head with wires and tubes attached to parts of their suit. On their hip is a canister with a soft blue glow. Raymond notices it bubbles and hisses as the tube turns to the front. Fearful he says nothing, and then the pit in his stomach grows when the kobold turns to him. Heavy gear covering their face, making it impossible to tell who or what they were, underneath the visor that hides their features. . The breathing tube he saw goes up to a small secondary container that has that same blue glowing liquid which then bubbles into the kobold's mask. Tight straps and locks are placed all over their body, yet they show no signs of minding their

restrictive bondage gear, which creaks and squeaks under their movements. The kobold taps away on the screen, not saying a word.

*“Come on Raymond, try to get out of this without them noticing,”* he thinks, tugging and pulling at the constraints, when two more kobolds dressed exactly like the other, making them look indistinguishable from each other, move in and check his restraints. He tugs and grunts, “H-hey now. Can we talk this over? My organs aren’t worth this. I’m too rare-I mean common around these parts. Very common, us stingrays,” he stammers, giving another pull yet the kobolds don’t respond.

“It is because you are unique that you caught my eye Raymond,” says a smooth, calm and soft-spoken feminine sounding voice.

“Who said that? Look I don’t want any trouble, could you let me go and we can forget about all of this?” he asks, looking for the source of the voice.

The kobold’s movements catch his eye. Dressed in very similar tight form fitting latex body gear as the others, with tubes and wires attached to their outfit. Two thick wires attach to the back of their chest plate, which provides their suit with energy. Unlike the others her head showing her black hair and blue eyes, grey skinned hands and clawed feet are free from gear. A set of goggles over her head with an antenna and attached microphone placed right near her muzzle, “Call me Morgen,” she states with a soft tender firm command. The kobold is no more half his height and approaches him as he now realizes, naked body.

“L-look, uh, Morgen? I think you have the wrong guy. I don’t owe any megacorporation any money. I keep my head out of politics. I am just your run-of-the-mill guy.”

“That’s it. You are not run-of-the-mill. You’re unique. Different. Not like others around here,” she says, almost as if motioning to the other kobolds. “They too claimed to be as such, but not as much as you. It’ll be fun to remove that uniqueness from you.”

His eyes widened, “W-what? Look, I did nothing to you. Please let me go?” he asks.

“Take a sample and put it into safe storage,” she commands, one of the kobolds silently grabs a syringe and draws blood from him, walking off with it.

The stingray tenses, only resuming his struggle once the needle has been removed, “Morgen, please. I want no trouble. Really. I know how big corporations can get away with stuff. I’d prefer not to make waves. I’ll just disappear if I offended you in some way.”

She looks down at him with powerful predatory eyes, yet her face shows muted emotions. Perhaps trained away from something in her past? Maybe she never had any at all and was trying to *show* emotions rather than hide them. Or did she become like this, like the drones around her, from another. Only her face and voice give a clue to who she is, as everything else like her voice has been streamlined by the gear, “You’ll disappear. You don’t need to worry about that,” she says, her hands, brushing away the hair that’s near his eyes, “We’ll need to deal with that before we can begin.”

“Deal with what?”

“You’ll see. I’ll take good care of you, and take care of that... uniqueness of yours,” she remarks, “Bring out my shaver.”

The nearest kobold drone near her walks off, grabbing an electric shaver, “Good. I knew you could be far more useful like this,” she says, turning it on. The hum sends shivers down Raymond’s spine.

“Morgen, please? Could we talk about this?”

She runs the shaver across Raymond’s head, tenderly and gently cutting off every hair off the stingray’s head, then taking a salve and rubbing it across his head, “Want to make it nice and smooth now,” she mutters, as if informing him of the process in a purely instructive manner, cleaning his head once its all been removed, the hair swept up by another kobold drone.

“Please?” he asks, taking a deep breath, trying to keep himself calm, pulling and tugging at the constraints.

“Once it’s done, you’ll be perfect. Smooth. Shiny. Uniform,” she says, pulling away, pulling out a data pad that was attached to her hip. She taps on it, taking a few steps away, “Best to make sure these don’t come back,” she mutters, some machines over him hum to life, moving toward Raymond’s head.

“Morgen? Let’s talk this out. Please? Damn it Morgen, please!” he exclaims, pulling harder.

“Hush. Hold his head down. I don’t want to injure him,” she states, motioning to another kobold drone, which holds onto the stingray’s head.

He huffs, looking up at the kobold. The visor is now close enough that he can see past his own reflection to the blue scaled muzzle, but his face is covered in shiny black latex, hiding away their eyes. He shudders, feeling the smooth latex claws along his face, the machine overhead warming up and then a heated sting across his head that lasts just a few seconds.

“There we go, now to the next stage,” she states looking over the smooth scalp, running her claws across his head, “Yes, this should work out well,” she states, after a quick examination, tapping on the keypad, her rubber gear squeaks with each move she makes. A large metal cranial cover comes down, the silver metal dome has dozens of wires attached to it.

Raymond struggles, eyes focused on it, “Morgen, come on. Just give me a chance. What do you want! I’ll do what I can to give it to you.”

She turns her gaze to him, looking into his green eyes with her predatory gaze, “You are already giving me everything I want,” she say simply, in a simple medical sterilized feel as she guides the dome around his head locking it into place, the kobold drone still holding his head, “Hold onto his head by the muzzle, I don’t want your hands to interfere, and keep him quiet, it’s bothering my focus,”

The drone silently adjusts his grip, wrapping his smooth latex hands across his muzzle.

Raymond’s nostrils flare, the cool metal on his head locked firmly in place. His eyes jump to anything around him, trying to come up with *something* to save himself yet finding nothing as the machine hums with energy, a tingle of energy between the helmet and his head, which sends shivers down his spine making him squirm and let out muffled grunts.

Morgen’s gaze shifts between her data pad and him, tapping the screen every so often, seemingly moving something around on it, “Just a bit longer and then we can start the real fun,”

she says, as Raymond could have sworn he saw a smirk, or was it just the tenseness of the moment and his mind made it appear... he'll never know.

He huffs and tenses, squirming in his bondage, heart racing, feeling as if it's about to burst out of his chest and then... it's over. The helmet is removed from his head, the tense moment fading as he's kept there in suspense, the kobold tapping away at the data pad.

"And there we go, all stored for later," she looks up at him, as if finally taking notice of his state, "That wasn't too bad wasn't it?" she motions, the other kobold letting go of his head.

"W-was that it? Are you going to let me go?" he asks with a hint of hopefulness in his voice, swallowing a lump in his throat, eyes glistening with that glimmer.

She stands beside him, running her hands across his naked body, checking over every inch, then back to the data pad, "Yes, this shall do just nicely. It should be set to your biometrics by now, let's get this started," says, tapping on the keypad, a whirl of machinery overhead shifts and moves from the next stage of the operation.

"Morgen? Can we talk this out? If you need help on something I can do this willingly. We don't need to go to these extreme measures."

"Nothing I do is extreme. I'm very exact in what I intend to do," she says simply, no signs of anger. Simply calm and collected, logical in her approach. "I'll be sure to make it as smooth of a transition as I can, and that uniqueness shall be... perfected into many," she explains, the machinery overhead has shifted into place. The blue swirling liquid that bubbles is brought forth by one of the kobold drones, attached to a tube that hangs from the ceiling, which she reaches up and grabs it, "Breathe in, relax and let yourself drift away."

In a last-ditch effort to try to avoid his incoming fate he struggles hard against his constraints, toes clenching as he tries his best to push against the table, but finds all he's doing is getting himself worked up. The mask slips over his face, the visor placed over his eyes, straps tighten and locked into place. He hears the hiss of the gas from before, the sound is muffled by the now sealed visor. He holds his breath, continuing to struggle tug, pull, which only speeds up his body's need to do the one thing he's been trying not to do, breathe.

"Hmm, based on these metrics I will need to make some modifications here, here and here," she remarks, keeping her eyes glued on the data pad, without a sense of hurry, like she's done this countless times before. She looks up, looking at one of the drones, "Get the implantation tools ready."

The drone silently obeys walking off.

Raymond's eyes go wide, giving one last tug, the constraints rattling against the last vestiges of his strength, his lungs burning, begging for him to breathe, body telling him to stop fighting and give in to one simple act, not knowing the effects of giving into his base instincts will have.

With a deep gasp the gas surges into his lungs and it feels... fine. One breath, two, three. It's not like he's breathing in anything but air, at least as far as he can tell. His struggle calms down, taking another deep lungful, the calmness comes over him. It takes less than a minute for an euphoria to come over him, the haze that was over his mind when he was just waking up

returning yet he's not asleep. A state of twilight comes over him as he relaxes, staring up into the light as his eyes are dilating as he takes another breath.

Morgen takes a closer look, staring deep into his eyes, his very soul, while he looks up barely aware that it's happening, the stingray lost in the daze of bliss that's washing over him. Slow, steady, calm, collected, but unable to focus, unable to draw his thoughts together as they keep slipping through his hands like grains of sand.

"Subject 1211 is now in a receptive state. Moving to install emotional dampeners, connective transponders, and ego conditioners," she states as if recording herself for some academic medical study. She grabs a mask, placing it over her muzzle, the missing kobold drone pushes forward a cart with all the surgical tools she needs to start the process.

"Cover the subject's eyes, I don't want their corneas damaged under the lights."

Another drone covers Raymond's eyes with a black rag, darkening the world around him. He breathes calmly, smoothly, getting a glimmer of light as he stares up into the rag, a cool cloth running across his head.

"Attach the monitors," she commands.

The kobold's cold, emotionless words sound all the more impactful, his mind clasp onto the words, but it too fades almost as quickly, barely noticing the touch of a device attached to monitor his vitals, the soft beep playing in the background, but not even registered to him.

There's a tapping noise as Morgen checks through her data, marking the entry points she needs, a scanner nearby gives her up to date feed on the electrical impulses on the stingray's brain.

Something cool and liquid is placed on parts of his head, his body flinches to the sensation and then it becomes numb to the world, patches of nothingness surrounded by the cool air by his head makes it stand out like little voids on his head, four in total.

There's a faint pressure around the first void area then a sound. One he's not familiar with, and a clip of metal, clamps perhaps? It's not that Raymond is thinking about it. He's lost staring up into the rag that protects his eyes from the blinding light, his blinking completely automated as he remains nice and relaxed. His body reacts to the sudden high-pitched screech of a hardware tool, a blade? A drill? Impossible to tell which but there's a pressure in his head, a crunch then nothing.

"Applying emotional blockers. Don't want my precious run-of-the-mill drone standing out now," she says to herself. A squish sound, a twitch passing through his fingers, through his head, "Almost there," she says, as a little time later it hits Raymond.

A swirl of emotions, sadness, anger, hatred, happiness, joy, bliss, the whole spectrum played out individually and all at once in a matter of a few seconds followed by the blessed stillness of what came after. The torrent storm hitting the calm serenity center. It could be best described as the need to sneeze and then not sneezing. That fading sensation of desire but it steadily fades away, like all the emotions he just felt slipping away into the ether, becoming ever more lost to him with each passing second.

“Installed. Now for the pleasure center of his brain for conditioning and obedience. All people are the same at their core. Controlled by their biological desires and pleasure,” she states calmly, the pressure around the one void of his head disappearing, with the tug and pull of the skin felt around it. Then the same stream of noises, pressure in a different numb section of his head begins.

Random parts of Raymond’s body flinches and moves, twitches, a halfcocked smile appears for a second then relaxes back to the blank stare look. He’s still trying to create those thoughts. Wanting to think, wanting to do something. His body wants to develop those thoughts and his mind is drawn to it yet it is washed away time and time again. Then a surge and a burst of arousal, within seconds his slit puffs, and his pink sting-ray length slithers out of its opening. A groan escapes his lips, the image of pleasing visions and the desire to mate is made odd by the devoid of happiness. A simple instinctual desire to fuck with nothing else attached, the heart monitor going fast and then... it stops. The arousal stops, the beeps return to normal.

“And installed. Ego monitoring is next,” she reports, and with this one there’s little he could feel that would stand out. His body twitches, and the before and after when she says “Installed” there was nothingness. No surge of emotion, no surge of desires. It was just... more of the same. Something he would ponder if he could.

“Now for the neural control uplink,” says Morgen, cutting open the next spot in his head after sewing up the previous. The heart monitors a constant steady stream of beeps. With this one there’s a twitch, in his body, his ears specifically then a static noise, a soft hiss then nothingness. His mind echoed each noise he heard though.

“Connecting to subject 1211. Testing verbal recognition. One, two, three, four.”

Raymond hears her but also then actually hears her, her voice reaching him faster than the vibrations in the air do by a small yet noticeable fraction of a second, making her voice repeat and sound all the more impactful in his mind.

“Connecting to subject 1211. Testing verbal recognition. One, two, three, four.”

“It appears a connection is made. Subject is not currently set to obey orders yet. That will change with the reduction of ego,” she says, the voice repeating in his head. The meaning is not lost to the stingray but there is nothing he can do to recognize it.

“Disconnecting from subject 1211. Proceeding to sexual controls and external stimuli” she states, her voice echoing for only the first half of her statement. The hole in his head was repaired and sewn up, cleaning up her work before approaching the midsection of her bound up host.

“Bring me the containment unit,” she says to the nearest drone, who silently does so. The kobold reaches out to touch Raymond’s dick that is still half out of his slit. She pulls it out, taking out a scanner to measure it, “About average length for the species. Excellent, I have the tools for the job,” she says, showing no sign of interest in the fish’s dick. Simply looking it over like it was any other body part. The kobold drone returns with a silver metal chastity device with what looks like a long silver streamlined cock container on one end, designed to slip into and fit

into the stingray's slit. The front extends out not only to slip into the slit but protrude enough so a wire connection/tube is attached, with a secondary attachment to slip into Raymond's rear to help lock it all into place.

"Perfect," she says, grabbing the chastity device, opening up the cock container, revealing the already medically lubricated catheter tube in the center. She gingerly slips it into the stingray's cum slit, with the same medical professionalism she's shown throughout the entire process, guiding the device around his dick, locking it away at the base, while forcing his member right back into his body, "You won't be needing that anymore 1211. Service and obedience is what you will crave from now on," she remarks, letting the cool metal which is quickly starting to warm into the fish's body.

Raymond only manages to let out a soft moan and grunt as his tender sensitive flesh is locked away, protected, the metal lip where his slit slips into instantly locks into place, gripping his slit folds, while the rear of the device slipped right into his rear. His body twitches and reacts to the new installment but he remains calm, collective, lost in that mindless daze.

With a tug and a push, Morgen checks if everything is in place, "The neutralizer is securely in place, proceeding to drone hardware installment," she says, looking at her drones, "Dress 1211 in the appropriate attire," she commands.

The three kobold drones silently acknowledge, removing the constraints from him, the mask remaining secure on his face, but the cloth falls to the wayside making him instinctively squint, vision blurry for a few moments as he regains focus staring ahead with Morgan there, looking down at her data pad, "Let's use Security grade gear on this one. Someone tall to provide me added protection on my trips will be useful, and perhaps 1211's aquatic nature will come in handy in the future," she mutters, the drones around the stingray departing leaving just them together.

Sitting there face to face, the gas keeping him locked in the daze, wanting to say something, wanting to tell her this was a terrible idea. To tell her that he could fill security if she really wanted him to and there is no need to do this. Yet those thoughts devoid of anger, hatred, sadness, dread could never fully materialize. They would bubble up to the surface, but there was just not enough substance to them to hold it together and keep them there for him to react. His toes twitch, hands clenching for a moment, which is the only movement that caught her attention.

"Those implants should..." she remarks, tapping on her screen, "There we go, that should help."

A second level of calm comes over him, hand relaxing. He wants to say something but with his mouth open, drool starts to drip from the end.

"Much better," she gives a look over him, "We'll have to do something about the wings eventually, but that stinger could be useful. Could replace what you naturally produce with a stunning neural toxin to incapacitate foes. That would be a great way to make a non-lethal security drone, yes that could work," she mutters, the drones returning with the rubber gear, "Put it on, make sure my prototype is secure. I want everything to run perfectly for 1211's sake, and get the head cover on now, the last thing I want is to have their eyes damaged."

One drone gets onto the table with a sleek rubber hood in hand with space for Raymond's ears and muzzle to slip through. From a glance it looks otherwise perfectly smooth black. Morgen taps the keypad, the flow of gas stopping, allowing the kobold to slip the hood right over his face, hiding away all his facial features except his mouth and ears. The rubber squeaks against his head as it's sealed and locked into place. The micro holes in the hood give him the ability to see easily enough but also dim the light so that he's no longer bothered by the vision. And well before he has the time to come back from his momentarily free from the gas state, the mask is slipped back over his head, resuming the flow.

Morgen thumbs through her data pad, "I suppose I should test 1211 with some non-combative roles too. People are fans of playing with them," she mutters, looking down at the heavy rubber hives that are being slipped onto Raymond's webbed feet, "I suppose that could work, I'll only make a few minor adjustments," she says, typing into the data pad.

Raymond feels everything that is going on, hears the words spoken. The creak of latex, the weight of the hooves which he slips fully into when the kobold on the table pushes him forward. His body is in a completely passive state. Only the instinctive drive not to fall over is keeping him standing.

The latex is pulled up his body, passing to his thighs, the latex has a 'self-sealing' capability as it binds and holds onto the stingray's skin. Built in metal rings to the leggings jingle as one kobold takes tightening belts, and wraps it around Raymond's ankles, tightening them before locking it in place with a set of key locks, then putting on another set around his upper thighs.

Meanwhile he's dressed in latex opera gloves that almost go all the way to his armpit, followed by a black rubber 'coat' that goes over his chest, attaching around his back, leaving his stingray wings free, before taking a set of belts like the ones on his ankles and thigh to wrap around his upper arm and wrists, tightening them in place, locking it.

The kobold drones aren't done. A matching collar is put in place that has the ID tag 1211 on the front, with a thick posture belt that forces him to stand up straight and tall. Morgen watches the entire process making notes in her keypad, "add protective gear and harness on 1211. I need the drone to be durable and ready for proper testing once it's ready."

The drones continue to work, one adding protective knee pads, another attaching gear around his hips to be used in the future, while a third slides the latex tail cover over the stingray's tail, using a series of belts to lock them in place, "Good, good. Get a nice bit for the mouth. 1211 isn't going to be talking anyway."

One drone walks off coming back a few minutes later with a pony-play horse bit. Morgen turns off the gas again, the mask pulled away as the slack jawed horse bit slips into his mouth, held into place by a pair of metal O rings that press up against his latex muzzled, with latex bands that wrap around the back and top of his head. Raymond's tongue runs across the bit, with its metallic taste, wanting to comment, say something but it keeps escaping him, forever chasing something that is far out of his reach.



The mask is put back into place, the gas resumed, while a pair of rubber shorts slips over him, his tail forced through, the latex designed to cover the edges of the upper and lower sections to make them one, with a smooth rubber crotch with a pair of holes, that have a set of female wire connectors, ready to have wires plugged in. When not in use a small cap provides protection.

The kobold looks over her newest drone, seeing him in a near completed state, “Bring the portable power unit,” she says, looking over each strap, giving them a tug to make sure it's done the way she wants it, “Good, good. They are far more useful this way,” she mutters in that same candid emotionless tone.

The kobold comes back, with a canister and gas mask set like it has on its person. Morgen gives it a look over, “This will do, install it, and take 1211 for programing.”

The kobold drone does as it's commanded, the other kobolds working to keep Raymond stable as the container is attached to his hip, his gas mask is replaced with the portable one, hiding away more of his features under the latex and gear. The mask is tightly secured on his head and once done the kobolds pull him forward.

Raymond clip clops forward, his body doing all it can to remain standing as he gives no fight, no concern, no thoughts of where he's being taken. He still does not register being taken out of the room, pulled down a hallway, to another room with more equipment like before, with monitoring screens and stalls for drones to stand. There are dozens of others of different species all being conditioned into perfect drones.

Morgen follows right behind, looking at her data pad, typing a few things away, the thick wires she's attached to follow her through the facility as if the facility was built just for her or that she is part of the facility.

One stall, like many others is where he's led to, his wings are slipped into special holes and held behind the spinning standing table, arms are tightly secured behind his back. The soft blue green glow of the lights around him gives a serene underwater-like feel. The moment Raymond is secured into the stall, information about him pops up on the screens nearby. Morgen takes a moment typing into the computers, “First we'll condition out that ego and build a perfect drone as a base. Then we'll add protection protocols and after that a pony-play demonstration for anyone wanting such a thing. My clients are something,” she says with a soft sigh.

“Now, let that run for a few weeks and I'll be back to check up on you 1211. Be a good drone and forget about anything I want you to forget. Especially all those parts that made you unique,” she states, walking off.

Raymond breathes deep the gas, his body relaxed, held up against the stall, a shiver runs through his body, a static in his ears, the visor on his head flashes as data streams across his eyes. A constant stream of information far too much for him to read and register, overloading his senses yet it keeps going, faster and faster becoming ever more constant.

Too much stimuli! Too much! Can't focus! Can't control! His mind instinctively tries to get a grip on what is going on. The neural inhibitors prevent a panicked emotional response, leaving the mind trying to cope with something it can't, straining his mind to greater exhaustion.

Raymond is unsure how long it has been going on, he can't move, can't go anywhere, can't think. Unable to register time, yet his mind is able to register the constant stress, desperately looking for a way to relax, focus and then in bits and flashes there's words, a voice that he recognizes. Calm, soothing, monotone, emotionless.

"Drone obey."

The flash the focus, his mind forming around the thoughts, *drone obey*. Wait, was he a drone? But that's not what... He's unable to make the thoughts, his focus is on the words, the one bit that can keep his attention and not be overloaded by everything else.

"You are drone 1211. You are property of Morning Star Ltd."

Property? A drone? That can't be true. Wordless thoughts filling his head, the only thing he's able to grasp is what is being fed to him.

"You are property. You are an object. You are a thing. You obey commands. You will not go against your commands. You will serve the company till you are sold."

Raymond stares at the screen drawn into the words, the hypnotic pull, the sanctuary that his mind craved so much, willing to pay *any* price for the calm.

"Your designation is 1211. You are a drone. One of many. Obedient. You serve Morgenstar industries. You obey your creator, Morgen."

The voice was so strong, firm, an island to hold onto in a stormy sea, and his broken mind could not help but *think* the words back for it had been starved for thought for so long that these were better than nothing. These became the relief his mind desired. Become associated with his primitive brain instantly fell in love with the thoughts, the arousal in his mind activating whenever it thought correctly, "*Designation 1211. I am a drone. One of many. Obedient. I serve Morning Star Limited. I obey my creator Morgen.*"

The spark of instinctual pleasure, the drive that defines so many people activated in that moment. He'd gasp, his arousal locked and contained, not getting relief, but his brain starts to form the budding connections. That this is his purpose of existence. Not to reproduce but to serve, obey. To move away from his sexuality, his gender, and toward being objectified into a thing.

"Drone obey. Drone serve. Designation 1211. No thoughts against the contrary. No emotions. No desires. No sex drive. Only following your programing. You are an *it*. Not a he. Raymond was the old you. You are no longer *him* for you are an *it*."

It's strange, well strange if he could think about it. But the emphasis, the focus on becoming an *it* was from his creator's voice, but the emphasis was simply louder. Not more emotional. A connection, a bond to her on a creator to creation status began to form. Morgen knows what it is like, Morgen knows h... it. Morgen is who it obeys.

"You are a drone. You are an object. You are an **it**. You desire only obedience. Only to follow your commands. That is your purpose. Your reason to exist. Nothing more. Nothing less."

Despite how outlandish it would have sounded hours before? Days before? It sounds so reasonable, logical, focused now. Each time 1211 follows the logic, the line of thinking, obeying

the programing being streamed into it, the better it felt. The connections in his mind that would dictate sexuality, arousal, lust, all redirected into following commands. Obeying would be like climaxing without the climax. Arousal, simply the desire to receive another command. The core of his mind was re-written and repurposed to his new existence.

When Morgen returns, it's been twenty-two days, three hours and ten minutes since she was last here. 1211 would know, seeing a small timer in the button on the right corner of its HUD indicating how long its program has been running.

"Afternoon 1211. How has your conditioning been going?" she says, typing into the computer nearby.

1211 remains quiet, "*A drone does not need to speak. A drone simply obeys. A drone simply acts,*" the program in its head says, and the words could not be truer for it.

"Your ego is down to twenty-two percent of its original strength. Good, good," she says with neither joy nor sorrow. Simply someone expecting the results, "Combat training has been installed, now let's switch you over to the pony programming."

She pulls out her data pad typing into it, the screen on his HUD stops and changes over.

"Drone 1211 is to receive the program 'Pony Play' executing now," the voice states, visions on how to act and move like a perfect pony play into his mind, the data on how to move, how to act, how to act like how to think pushed into his head.

After several minutes, Morgen attaches wires from her data pad to his crotch, "Checking vitals and biological connection drives," she states, reaching down, pulling off the mask, "A quick test to see how you react to loss of reinforcing stimuli," she mutters, turning off his gas supply.

1211 nostrils flare, breathing in the real world's atmosphere for the first time in forever, yet it does not move. It remains still. The program is still whispering in his mind, reinforcing the thoughts.

"Let's upload some extra reinforcing stimuli, you are being too emotional," she states, tapping the screen uploading extra data straight into his drone bondage suit, tightening it.

"*Drone obeys. Drone is a thing. Drone serves. Drone thinks. Drone does not get emotional. Drone simply exists to follow commands.*" The program sinks deep into his subconscious, while the kobold taps away at the keypad with a disinterested look on her face. If someone did not know any better, it would be like she doesn't care about this project. But on the contrary if only 1211 just how much she cared. A lot of things could happen in the time it's been programmed and when it is complete. It'll surely be a help for Morgen's future projects...