

Cynder Drone in Space: Overconfident

Brian flips a few switches, gently guiding the ship into the docking station, a soft thud reverberating through the ship, the human looks over to the anthropomorphic stingray captain, “Like a glove.”

Raymond brushes some brown hair away from his blue eyes, his soft blue skin has a sheen polished look, “If I didn’t know better, I’d say you were eager to get back to the station.”

“A little, if I am to be honest.”

“Oh? Did you find yourself a girl friend? Who’s the girl? When can I meet her?” he says with a big grin.

He lets out a hearty laugh, “I wish. But if I was gunning for someone, I wouldn’t have taken the deep space piloting missions, now, would I?”

“Passion over love, eh?”

“I love my passion, but a little other kind of love can’t hurt.”

He nods, “Tell me then, what has gotten you so eager? Wait, wait, let me guess.”

“You know me Raymond, go for it, but what do you think it is?”

“Our faceless dragon friend. We’ll be taking her back home now that we’re back?”

He taps his nose, “You got it. I just have this feeling, and I am wondering if its pandering out the way I suspect.”

“Which is?”

“We’ll see,” he says, with a coy smile, the pair stepping onto the space station, a drone flies over to them.

Celina’s drone chirps, “Hello! Welcome back. I am so glad to see you’re both safe and sound.” Her drone does a little playful spin.

Raymond waves, “Hello Celina. Is Asquith going to put us under quarantine again?”

“Oh, no, no, not at all!”

Brian relaxes, “Glad to hear it. Though last I heard, you are supposed to be watching our dragon guest.”

She chirps, moving her drone close, “What? You think I can’t be in two places at once? What kind of Avali do you think I am if I can’t be at least in three places at once at *any* given time.”

He rubs the back of his head, “Sorry Celina.”

“It’s alright,” she chirps.

“Speaking of which, how is Cynder?”

“She’s doing fine. She’s been in the research lab, waiting for you all to arrive. Sad that she has to go, but I understand why. She shouldn’t have been here in the first place.”

Raymond rubs the back of his head, “She saved my life, and was curious. It was a complicated situation, and then Dream wanting to study her being shaped like a dragon? I was up against the wall there.”

“I’m sure Dream is annoyed that Cynder is leaving.”

Celina's drone does a bob-nod, "She is, so much so, she hasn't come out of her room yet."

Brain quirks an eyebrow, "Really? She's that annoyed that Cynder is leaving?"

"Yeah, I'm sure she'll come rushing out when you take her back. You know how dragons can be stubborn, but she'll come around."

"Huh, curious..." he says, closing his eyes in thought when Raymond taps him on the shoulder.

"I'm going to get some food in the mess hall, want to come? It's ramen day," he says, licking his lips in anticipation.

"Ramen? They serve that every day here."

"But when I'm eating it. It's ramen day," he chuckles.

"I'm very tempted, give me one moment, I want to ask Celina a few things before I decide."

"Fair enough, but what are you trying to know?"

"It's probably nothing but I'll see. Celina?"

"Yes?" she asks with a soft chirp.

"Curiously are there any other people on the ship that are currently not active?"

"Hmm, define what you mean by not active?"

"Called in sick, or haven't been seen by others?"

Celina moves her drone around him, "Brian, what are you thinking? You pilots are always so fascinating."

"I think you give me a little too much credit there."

"Now Celina, as the Captain, I have plenty of skill myself, and I know how to pilot the ship. It's part of the job of being a captain, to know how a ship works."

"I know, and don't worry, you'll be my favorite stingray."

He huffs, "I'm your only stingray on this vessel."

"That just means you don't have any competition. You could have become my *least* favorite Stingray, now you wouldn't want that now, would you?" she says, giving a playful chirp, the drone shifting back over to the human, "So, you are wondering, who has been missing?"

"Well, if people are missing that be one thing, is there?"

"Not that I know of? No one is reported missing."

"Huh, hmm," he takes a moment to think, what about people who are sick? Any upticks? Or a cluster of people who work in an area who are sick outside of the norm?"

Celina spins the drone around his head, "When did you become so Mr. Scientific and paranoid? Nothing wrong is happening, but if you must, I'll run a quick check. One moment please, beep boop."

He chuckles, "Did you just vocalize a beep boop?"

Celina spins the drone, "What? I did not, that is the normal drone noise... beep.... Boop."

He lets out a soft sigh, “No rush, I’m just a bit curious.”

“Processing beep, boop, ah! There’s a bit of an uptick in those calling in sick around the reactors.”

“Oh? Is there a possible leak?”

“No, just four calling in sick. A bit unusual but nothing to worry about. Common cold, seeing they work in a similar area, not surprising.”

“What about a doctor check?”

“No deadly viruses have been detected, it’ll be monitored. No need to worry. End report, beep boop.”

“Alright, alright,” he says, as he just gets an ‘idea burst’ in his mind, “If it’s around the reactor... how’s Ratchet?”

“He’s doing well. Only super, super, duper busy.”

“So you’ve seen him?”

“Not for a bit, but he’s been catching up on everything, so it doesn’t surprise me.”

“Huh, when was the last time you saw him?”

“Ahhh... uhhh... hmm, not sure?”

Raymond pats Brian on the back, “Come on. Relax. We have a bit of time before we have to take Cynder back. What’s eating at you?”

“Nothing is eating at me. I just have this gut feeling.”

“A gut feeling?”

“Yeah, you know? A sensation that something is off?”

“I get you, but what has brought this on? There has to be more than a gut feeling?”

“I’ll let you know once I go through it. Why don’t you go eat your ramen, but if I don’t get back to you... just so you know. Let the higher ups something is wrong.”

“Something wrong?” inquires Celina, moving the drone curiously close, “What’s wrong? Are you going all paranoid on me like Asquith?”

He huffs, “Please, don’t compare me to her. She’s so round up, I’m surprised she hasn’t broken an internal spring if you know what I mean, but if I disappear suddenly. Put the station on high alert, will you?”

“Sure, sure, sure. I can do that. Tomorrow morning will be the departure to take Cynder back.”

“That much time?”

“That’s only twelve hours from now.”

“Oh... conversion time. Anyway, same thing. I’ll talk to you all later, hopefully,” he says, walking off, “*I hope that I am wrong, yet...*”

Raymond shakes his head, “He’s been acting a bit weird for a few days now. Perhaps he’s being overworked?”

Celina’s drone nods, “Perhaps, I’ll submit him for evaluation after the next mission. Perhaps he needs a mini vacation... wish I could get one,” She chirps.

“With how much fun you are having, I can’t see you being overworked,” he, chuckles.

“I work, really hard,” she huffs, her feathers becoming a bit ruffled, moving her focus back to the drone in the lab where Cynder Dream currently resides, “Sorry! Sorry! I was a bit distracted. Raymond and Brian arrived, which means our time here is coming to an end. I apologize you have to stay here the whole time, but Asquith is getting really paranoid. I wonder if she rubbed off on Brian.”

Cynder Drone tilts her head, adjusting her position, looking at the drone, **“What do you mean?”**

“He’s certain that something is happening. Asking about people who are calling in sick, and now he’s heading over to the reactor... at least I am sure he is.”:

“How curious, why does he think that?”

“I think... now this is just between us... He is a human of some unique and fun interests. And that delight is getting the better of him.”

“Huh? I am confused.”

“Well, I don’t want to go into explicit detail but... let’s just say, I think he enjoys how you look a *lot*.”

“How interesting,” she responds, thinking over the drone network, *“The unequal human by the name of Brian is heading your way, fellow equal drones. He may be on to us. Be cautious.”*

Cynder Drone responds, *“Affirmative. We’ll prepare for their possible entrance. We are almost ready to begin to overtake the station. We need a bit more time. We almost have enough engineers equalized to save all on this station from the curse of inequality.”*

“Understood. I shall remain vigilant and do my best to placate the avali.”

“Affirmative. Keep up the good work fellow equal drone. We all have an equal part to play.”

“Affirmative,” she responds.

Celina’s drone spins around Cynder, “I wouldn’t worry about it. He’s a very respectable pilot even if he’s a bit awkward even by human standards.”

“Not a problem. Everything will turn out for the best in the end.”

“That’s a nice way of putting it.”

Brian moves through the station, mind running a mile a minute, *“Could this really be happening? Asquith is such a hard ass, but she is smart. She couldn’t let this just happen? This has to be me just being a little crazy. But what if I am not? What if she is what I think she is?”* he thinks, a shiver of delight, arousal, fear and excitement, all bubbling within his mind, looking through a map of the station, “Where could it be even if it was anywhere? I guess it will be less traveled areas. I’ll give this a shot,” he says, following instinct more than anything at this point.

By chance, he moves closer to the central droning station that they’ve built within the station, “I haven’t seen anyone in a while, that would be required to build something, though

cameras? Well this is a big station, it could easily be missed,” he mutters, his logic going back and forth like a game of pong.

He then hears a thud and a hiss, “What was that?” he mutters, following the noise, entering a large room, the door behind him closing with a thud and a hiss, making him jump, “What the fuck?” he exclaims, his heart racing, beating so hard he can feel it in his ears.

“Greetings Brian. I am pleased to see you again. How have you been?” asks Cynder drone, in the back of the room, the drone sitting on her haunches, looking straight at him with that smooth faceless face.

“It’s been a while. I feel so much better since we last met,” says Cynder Ratchet, the exact same looking Cynder drone off to the side of the room.

“We felt it was best if those you knew were here to greet you toward equality. Welcome,” they say in perfect drone-monotone unison.

On the verge of having an excitement overload and a panic attack, “I knew it! I knew it!” he exclaims, thinking, *“Took two guesses as to where, but I did find it, for better or for worse.”*

The drones remain still, saying, **“Your intelligence to find us out will be added to our own. You will enhance all of us and we you. Welcome to equality.”** Segmented metal tentacles shoot out from the ceiling, wrapping around his ankles and wrists, yanking him out of the air, drawing him toward the center of the room.

“Wait! Wait, wait, wait, wait!” he exclaims, forcing the words out, yet the machines continue their march forward, catching a glimpse of the molding machines that are being lined up around him.

Cynder responds, **“Your inequalities will be removed. You shall be made perfect. Perfectly equal to the rest of us.”**

“Yes, I get that, but I have a proposition for you.”

Cynder Ratchet says in that perfectly monotone voice, **“You cannot avoid becoming equal. It is only natural to be equal. You will understand once you are equalized, like I have come to understand the bliss of equality.”**

“Hear me. I am not wanting to avoid equality. I love how you all look. In fact, I’ve been infatuated by it from the very beginning. So, if you just give me a moment, I’ll explain everything,” he says, instinctively tugging at the constraints, licking his lips, taking slow deep breaths, “Will you give me that?”

“We will. Speak your mind and your false assumptions of existence and then you will embrace equality and come to understand the perfection that we are.”

“Right, but what if it isn’t? And if I can prove it?”

Ratchet Cynder speaks up, **“Impossible. Equality is bliss. Equality is perfection. All must be equal.”**

The drone’s words send shiver down Brian’s spine, making him tense, “How do you know?”

Cynder drone tilts her head, **“It’s self-evident. Equality is perfection.”**

“How certain are you of that? What if I can go through this process and still disagree with you? If I learn all about your equality and yet still not find it the be all end all?”

Cynder Drone flicks her wings, **“Equality is everything and the end point of everything. There is nothing else. The curse of inequality must be made equal to all.”**

“If you’re so confident in it. Then why not let me test your conviction? Let me come to understand and agree or disagree, but in the end if I disagree you have to take all the drones you’ve equalized, including me back to your home world and leave the station alone.”

“And when you accept the bliss of equality?”

“Then I guess I won’t have an issue about what you have planning then, now will I?”

“This is a silly idea; we can’t risk not bringing equality to the others over this human’s proposal?” inquires Ratchet Cynder of the hive network.

Dream Cynder retorts, *“I think it’s a fine idea. Prove to this arrogant human that equality is the best.”*

Cynder drone adds, *“Agreed. We must have confidence in our purpose, our existence, what we do. We should not waiver. And simply let this human enjoy his acceptance into equality. It won’t change anything. What’s the harm in it?”*

“I suppose you are right,” Ratchet Cynder responds, flicking his wings, watching the events unfold.

“We accept your terms.”

“Excellent, but there needs to be a time limit on me accepting your equality. How does six hours sound?”

Cynder Drone looks to Ratchet, then back to him, **“Once again your terms are acceptable. We will equalize your body, and then you will learn the bliss of equality. But any resistance to experience equality or an attempt to escape will admit you are enjoying equality and understanding in a way that you were not expecting. You cannot escape your fate as you will be equalized.”**

Brian smirks, “I welcome it,” he says, feeling his pants tighten, *“This is such a lovely feeling. I know I am going to pay for it, but if I can save the station from this? And get to enjoy it myself? It’s really a win-win.”*

“Normally we’ll convert in sections, but given your willingness to accept physical equality, we’ll convert you completely in one go. Relax and let it happen.”

“That’s fine with me.” The hum of machinery moves all around him. The molds come down upon him on all sides, delving him into complete darkness. His breath echoes within the mold, the squelch echoes through the tubes, air pressure builds, hissing all around when the sensation akin to warm wax washes across his body. His clothes quickly melt away, letting the feel of the warm and building pressure press from all sides.

He feels like a lump of clay being molded into shape. His body tenses and shudders, getting one last gasp of air as the liquid washes over his face, slipping up his nostrils, into his mouth, filling his senses with the taste of latex, but that slowly fades as he’s drawn and pulled in all directions.

Like a mind coming out of a fog, the sensation of his 'body' steadily takes shape. It's a lot less like an elongating of a tail or a growing of a wing, but simply his human body 'melting' away into this smooth rubber Cynder dragon drone body. Each passing moment the new exterior of what his body is becomes clearer.

His throbbing erection that he couldn't help but have even in these circumstances simply ceased to be felt as an aching throb, but an area of pleasure around his crotch. While the only thing long and stiff would be his tail. The pair of powerful wings, a bit of jealousy he harbored over the winged alien races now felt by himself. The extension of limbs feeling like a long-lost friend returning home. Something wanted and hoped for so long, and once back it's like they never left in the first place.

It's not often one thinks of feeling their face, it's simply there, passing through your mind, but only rarely do you realize it's there during your daily activity, but here? The elongated muzzle, with no mouth to open. It's different than a muzzle or a gag that holds your mouth shut. Here he can feel there is nothing, nada, not even the desire to 'open' his mouth.

"How strange to feel so different, so new, yet it's calming and soothing as slinking into a hot bath. The body is alien yet so very normal. It's frightening, but is this how they start to get them? The wear and tear of constant fighting against this new body and what is to come? That's how they break isn't it? I can feel it. But I am not against it like that. I will move with the flow, keep my senses and then..."

He's taken out of his thoughts when the mold pulls away, the rush of cool air against his new smooth rubber skin, the black and magenta, the wings, the general larger body is more for his mind to handle. He shivers, letting out a groan, "**Ahhh... My voice. It's changed,**" he says looking at the two Cynder Drones who are standing side by side, a perfect reflection of the other, making it impossible to tell who is who.

Ratchet Cynder explains, "**Of course. You must understand equality. And we are all equal. Our voices are the same. Emotions will be equalized, in time. Till then, I will express a bit of the bliss of equality,**" he moves in closer, gently nuzzling his smooth rubber face.

A sense of pleasure moves through him the moment their heads touch, "**Ahhh...**" he groans, his voice showing inflections and bits of pleasure, "**That feels nice but, that is just sensation. That isn't equality.**"

Cynder drone walks around them, admiring the near-completed drone, "**A nuzzle is equally affection to one another. A pure sense of what equality is. Your body is responding positively to the delights of what is equality.**"

"**That is once again just pleasure. Reinforcing the feel of what you want equality to be. But that is purely emotional...**" he responds, leaning into the nuzzle, till the Ratchet Cynder pulls away.

Ratchet Cynder walks past him, "**Equality is pleasure. We treat each other equally. We work together to provide equally to one another. No one is truly in charge, we have an**

equal standing,” he moves in closer, **“Raise your tail and show me the smoothness of your equal gender.”**

A shiver runs through Brian, his wings spreading, tail raised, the words of the drone sinking into his head, *“It feels good... arousing. Damn I am so very horny. Is that how it breaks one down too? Arousal and sexual lust?”* he thinks, a small part of him would want to moan and huff in need, but with no mouth he’s completely silent, only making a noise when he speaks, **“You want it just like this right? I certainly don’t mind?”**

Ratchet moves in close, feeling the warmth of Brian’s drone crotch. He rubs his head along the smooth slender area with a long tender squeak, **“Yes, exactly like that. Bliss to those who accept equality. Can you feel it? Sense it? How could one deny its delights?”**

He grinds back, his toes curling, wings fluttering, arching his back, **“It feels wonderful. A surge of delights. This body wishes to be as equal as you, to feel itself to be like you. And it’s an erotic feeling.”**

“Yes, yes. See? It’s so easy to under,” he says, nuzzling more and more, pressing his head along that smooth crotch where’s nothing but the sleek shiny latex and the surge of pleasure between them, **“You accept it then?”**

There’s a moment, his mind processing the words, feeling just what his body wants to say, **“It feels great, but this is just a feeling. This is not the truth. How could everything be equal? It’s an impossibility. The universe doesn’t work that way. This is just an ideal, a fantasy, not reality,”** he says, stiffening when the nuzzle is pulled away leaving his body wanting for more.

Cynder Drone watches, saying nothing, letting Ratchet Cynder get an *equal* share in converting the future drones, *“Their stubbornness is curiously lovely. They only know the bliss of equality on a shallow level. But they will see soon enough.”*

“Inequality is a plague. We are the cure. Just because you lived your life, living in equality, not knowing the true bliss and purpose of equality, does not mean it's not achievable. Your mind has been stuck on thinking in unequal terms, that the concept of equality is hard for you to grasp, but you will learn soon,” says Ratchet Cynder, moving in front of him, raising his tail, **“I have given, you give equally in kind.”**

He ‘stares’ at the smooth rubber crotch, a tingle runs across his loins, a burning desire to nuzzle fills him, an ache to ‘return the favor’ bubbles up in the back of his mind, **“Life is not a one for one trade. There can be moments of imbalance. Helping a friend move, doesn’t mean they’ll help you move if you never move. This is just too idealistic to work, don’t you see?”**

“Return the favor given, make things once again equal, and you can experience the simple joys and pleasure of bringing about equality,” he replies, the former human male, hiking his tail at the other former human male, the shine off his null crotch drawing Brian in.

Before he even knew it, he’s face deep into that smooth warming pleasuring crotch. He runs his faceless muzzle against it, feeling the pleasure in his loins grow with each pleasant warming rub. Each moment his body feels more alive, and it’s about halfway through the

tantalizing nuzzles that it dawns upon him, *“The closer I get to the amount of time and care he spent on me, the better I feel, the better this gets, making me want it more... I do **want** it more. I want to do the same amount; it just feels so fucking good...”*

“Yes, yes, yes. Get a feel for equality. It’s only natural. The natural equality that has been denied to you all this time. How could you resist it? How could you deny it? Now that you can feel it for yourself?”

He continues to nuzzle and lean into the joyous feeling, **“I feel it. I understand how good it is. It’s absolutely amazing, this feeling of pleasure building up within me? This nirvana? It feels so natural that I can’t help but want it.”**

If Cynder Drone could smile at this moment, it would be one of these moments, *“See. It’s only natural to come the understanding of equality once you’ve tasted it.”*

The other drones agree with her, but then as Brian reached the end of the tender loving nuzzles, that brought him to the feeling he reached a climax without a climax, Ratchet Cynder says in Cynder Drone’s stead, **“Now that you’ve understand the feeling. The wonder, the bliss. You’ve accepted it. As one of us, as a Cynder drone. Bringers of equality to the universe. With that it looks like we won.”**

Brian’s body is still wanting and aching for as much as he could possibly get, **“But this is just a feeling of the body. It doesn’t acknowledge reality. How could everything be made equal? It’s just not possible.”** He pushes out the words, which numb him to the pleasure, his body left with a desire, an addiction to return to that blissful state. He tenses, **“This body just wants the equality. An equality that it describes to on a purely physical level. There is no understanding to it. I have not lost, and It’s only... well how much time is left?”**

“Two hours. Much of your time was spent in the molding. It takes longer than you think, given the technology we have at hand. If the technology back at home was here, we could do it much faster. But we are all working together to equalize the tech imbalance on this station.”

The other drones speak to Cynder, *“He’s not understanding the bliss. It takes time, but we are lacking on time.”*

“But it’s time we do not have. We made a deal with this nearly equalized drone.”

“We have faith in our logic, our purpose, but we can’t risk this, when we are so close, can we?”

“Relax my fellow drones. This foolish almost equal drone is missing a key part of what makes us, us. Look deeply and you know the one thing he’s missing. And once we bring that to him, he’ll understand in no time. Once he becomes truly equal with us. Cynder Drone 0000630109375. Please do the honors so you can take equal part in converting more towards equality,” says Cynder Drone over the network.

“Acknowledged,” thinks Ratchet Cynder, turning around to face the near mirror image of himself that is Brian, **“You are doing well. But we aren’t done. You aren’t fully equal like us in body.”**

With a head tilt he asks, **“What am I missing,”** and the moment he says those words it becomes obvious, he’s lacking the fine jewelry that makes the other Cynder Drones perfectly alike. The golden necklace with a glowing red gem, **“Ah, I see.”**

“Are you ready? With this, the last vestiges of your unequal mind will be equalized and true understanding at a higher level will be achieved.”

In this moment of Brian could smirk he would, **“I can handle it. Bring it, and I will show you that as lovely and wonderful equality feels, and I do love it, it's not a logical stance. There're flaws in your thinking, that I would love to help you all on.”**

“Such unequal thoughts, it will be solved in a moment,” says Ratchet Cynder, getting one of those necklaces, a perfect replica of his own and with a deft ease he puts it around Brian’s neck.

A shiver runs through Brian’s spine, his body tenses, the gem glows as a synthetic voice speaks into Dream’s mind. *“Uploading full droning program...”* states a monotone voice deep into Brian’s mind, his thoughts shifting, changing becoming further equalized.

Brain tenses and feels a tingle of pleasure, as not just that voice starts to speak to him but other drones on the station... no not just that but the entire network, countless drones like himself, as he’s being added to it, *“Wait, wait, wait. This isn’t fair or part of the deal.”*

Cynder drone speaks into his mind, *“You agreed to let us do anything. That you are not to resist. If you can handle this. I am sure you will win our wager and we will stay to our word and leave the rest of the people in their unequal torture, and it will all be on you.”*

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

He tenses more, wings fluttering, the words sinking into his head, the growing wealth of knowledge of other drones in the back of his mind, pushing forward, washing over his thoughts, his concerns, his *logical* self being overwritten, nay... equalized with that of the other drones around him. Everything becoming clear to him now. The fog that hung over his mind melting away under the red glow of the gem.

“Uploading droning and equalization training.”

“Cynder Drone. Designation 0000630109382is now operational,” states Cynder in a mental monotone voice, the collective of Cynder drones welcoming him into the fold, and he says it vocally to the drone’s there in a perfectly monotone voice, the high and low of other emotions, equalized to be one pleasant, delightful state, **“Cynder Drone. Designation 0000630109382is now operational.”**

Ratchet Cynder nuzzles the new drone, **“Welcome to the collective. It appears you have lost the wager.”**

Brian Cynder responds, **“Yes it was a foolish task. I understand that now. I have been made perfect. Made equal.”**

Cynder drone says, **“Excellent. Are you ready to help equalize the rest of the station?”**

“With bliss, pleasure and obedience, all must be made equal,” he responds.”

“Good. We better hurry, they’ll be onto us soon,” says Cynder Drone, as they leave the conversion chamber, just as another engineer is brought in for conversion. Time is of the essence, and their plan to convert the station will soon begin.