

S. Tech ‘Private’ Public Relations

Deep in a hospital the smell of disinfectants lingers in the air. The constant but steady beep of monitoring equipment can be heard echoing through the hallway, voices of doctors having conversations with their nurses, family visiting their loved ones, all filtered into Asterald’s sharp sergal hearing. The soft blue-green furred sergal grips the white bed sheets, feeling the pain wrack through her body but she grins and bears it, not wanting to add to the soft chorus of unintentional suffering that resides within these halls.

Her green eyes, piercing and predatory despite her condition, look out of the window to the clear blue sky, a cruel joke in the back of her mind. Her unique long feelers extend out from underneath her eyes, going back and over the edge of the back of the bed where they turn into lovely green feathers. The sergal has a similar pair along the base of her tail but they are hidden underneath the bed sheets. Her light blue soft fur along her chest is not even the most breathtaking to her beauty. A hexagonal gem is nestled in her forehead, it glows matching the color of your eyes.

She tenses, squeezing the bed sheets, “I can’t believe it’s going to end like this. There is so much more I could have done,” she huffed, feeling the strength drain from her sigh soon turning into a coughing fit, making her wince in pain, “Damn it..”

Suddenly her ears twitch, catching a sound that puts her a little off guard, “Hooves? There aren’t any artiodactyl races here,” she mutters, looking in the direction of the noise, unable to see anything due to the curtain, but the footsteps grow louder, coming right into her room, the door behind them closing with a click, “Who goes there?” she asks, feeling a hint of concern thinking, “*I thought the other sergals have grown past this...*”

A female voice emanates from the other side of the curtain, “The legendary level of sergal hearing, quite a well-earned reputation,” says a soft brown furred anthropomorphic gazelle as she steps around the curtain. Dressed in white, with an electronic keypad in her hand, she looks over her, with a friendly smile, ears constantly shifting, monitoring the surrounding area.

Asterald relaxes slightly, taken a little back by her calm and relaxed demeanor, “I’m sorry but who are you?” she asks, tensing slightly, each word spoke like each breath caused her pain, lungs burning, the air feeling so heavy. She tries her best to push it down under a forced smile, ears twitching in curiosity.

She walks up to Asterald’s bedside, “My name is Doctor Girana, and I’ve come here on the behalf of my employers on possible employment with the company.”

The sergal gives her a curious look, “A job offer? I’m not sure if I should be flattered or sickened that you’d offer a job to someone with stage four cancer. I have what? A few weeks to live if that now.”

“We know. We are very aware of your current state and your work history. Top of your class in the Northern Sergal Sharpshooter Association?”

She tenses, “I know how to track and hunt. What my grandpappy taught me before he died.”

“You left shortly after graduation.”

“I preferred not to use my talents on my kinsmen,” she retorts.

“Two years ago, you managed to track down the two missing children in the Baha jungle, quite impressive.”

“It wasn’t a big feat really.”

“You were on vacation in a foreign land, and three others died trying to find those kids. You found them and got them out.”

She tenses, “If I was better, those three would still be around.”

“One can’t save everyone, Miss Forrester. But we can save you.”

She felt a bubbling rage slowly fill her, the cold and nonchalant way of speaking to her, the calculating tone in her voice, claiming to be a doctor yet showing clear signs of having no bedside manners, but the moment that last sentence left her lips, she felt a weight build in her chest. Afraid to ask, but asking regardless of what she does, “What do you mean by that?”

“My company has ways of curing people with such extreme cancerous conditions such as yourself.”

“Impossible. If it wasn’t too late for me, I’d undergo chemo. But then at least I won’t be a furless sergal when I go.”

“There are other methods outside of chemotherapy to remove cancerous cells. But the process is rather expensive with even longer lasting effects. So, we’d require a rather strong commitment from you that you will work off what you will owe us.”

“And what would I be doing for your company? Your questionnaire does make me wonder what kind of need you’d have for a forest ranger like myself.”

“What I am able to disclose to you at this time is that we are in need of some good PR material. Your skill set is rather desirable, and your moral compass is... let’s just say we could use someone like you working for the company. Doing good deeds for nations around the world. To make a positive impression for us.”

“What was the name of your company again?”

“S. Tech.”

“S. Tech... S. Tech...” she mutters to herself the words then clicking something in the back of her mind, “Oh, you are the people who make those rubber construction drones, don’t you? What kind of PR do you guys really need as a construction company? With my skills?”

“Best not to worry about that. But be assured you will be used to build positive work relations for our clientele.”

“Something about this doesn’t feel right. And why send you? A doctor?”

“I needed to assess if you could handle the job transition. Despite your current condition, I think you have a relatively good chance of success with us.”

“I don’t know... something feels off about this.”

“You’ll be doing good in the world. And have a second chance on life. We don’t extend this offer willingly to many people,” she says, her wristwatch beeping. Dr. Girana looks at it,

“Unfortunately I have limited time to give you to contemplate your decision. If you are going to waste away and die here anyway. What do you have to lose?”

Asterald tenses, wincing in pain, closing her eyes thinking for a moment.

“What’s it going to be? Come with me and live? Or stay here and die?”

“There is so much more I could do...” she mutters.

“And with S. Tech. You will,” she says, causing the sergal to look up at her, her eyes filled with fiery determination.

“Alright. I’ll do it.”

The gazelle smiles, “Wonderful. We’ll pick you up for extraction right away. We’ll be taking you to our facility as it will be the only place to handle your job orientation. Just sign here,” she says, holding out the data pad to her.

She looks over the pad seeing a wall of small text, the gazelle quickly scrolling to the bottom, making it impossible to read the pages of information that’s there, “Just sign there and you’ll cure my cancer? And all I have to do is work off my debt for the treatment?”

“Yup.”

She sighs, “I have a bad feeling about this, but what choice do I have?” she says to herself, signing the papers, “There you go. So, what happens next?”

“All you need to do now is sleep,” she says, pulling out a needle, injecting it into her IV drip.

“Wait what is that? What do you mean by sleep?” she asks, watching the liquid flow through the tube into her as she feels a heavy weight come over her eyes, “Perhaps this... wasn’t a good... idea,” she mutters falling back into the bed, seeing the gazelle smile over her.

“Don’t worry. Soon you’ll worry about nothing else but what’s good for the company,” she says softly, her sharp ears perking them up right before darkness overtakes her.

“It’s time to wake Asterald Forrester. You don’t want to sleep in on the first day of your job, do you?” says a cold synthetic voice, seemingly devoid of emotion. The otherness to it stirs her awake. Her body is burning and aching, and not just from the cancer pains that burn through her. She feels the cool air around her, her tentacles on her face and back tail twitch the feathers shifting in the air, the realization she’s on a cold hard surface hits her. She pushes herself up, aching in pain, groaning, looking around to see herself surrounded in darkness with only the one light over her head illuminating a little bit of her surroundings.

“What’s going on here? Where am I? Why am I on the ground?” she asks with a pant and a grunt, letting out a series of coughs.

“We transported you to our processing and orientation facility. If you don’t mind. Please stand up so we can begin.”

“Who are you?”

“I’m your new employer. Please. Stand up, so we may begin.”

“This is not how you treat people,” she says, pushing herself up onto her feet, her weakened body feeling slightly off. Sure, isn’t sure what it is, but as her pads of her feet feel the cool metal she wobbles, slowly gaining her balance, keeping within the lighted area before her,

looking in the direction of the voice, while hearing a strange hissing noise that has multiple origins within the darkness.

“Relax. Simply relax and listen to me. There is nothing for you to worry about.”

Asterald fully regains her composure, taking in slow deep breaths, the cool air mixing with the burning in her lungs, but with each breath she felt herself calm. The concerns and worries about what is going on are slowly lessened. The hissing around her is slowly mixed in with other white noises, making it harder to hear anything about that smooth voice that speaks out to her.

“That’s it, Asterald. All you need to do is relax and breathe in... and out. We want you to be nice and ready for your company orientation. It is important that this goes well. As you are an important company asset.”

She takes another deep breath. Nostrils flaring the smell of metal and ozone lingering in the air to the point she can taste it. The burning in her lungs cooling, the pains all around her body becoming a little bit more numb, her mind drawn away from the realities of her dying body. Her head gem glowing a little, her clit hood twitching, showing off a smaller similar gem pierced onto her pink prehensile flesh, “An... important company asset? But I...” she mutters, shaking her head a little, gently rubbing it, something about the room felt off but before she could put her mind to it, the words she spoke sent twinges of pleasure in her loins. Something about it felt wonderful, good. Her arousal was just beginning to grow, a sensation she hasn’t felt in a long time.

“You are an important company asset. Think of all the investment we are about to put into you. You are going to be very valuable to the company.”

“Valuable... to the company?” she asks her words full of confusion. They feel so right, yet something is missing, something is wrong about them. Another slow deep breath, body relaxing, eyes glazing over, a screen lowers before her, her attention drawn to the new night source. The screen fading in and out, and with each fade her attention is drawn deeper into it. Slowly, as her eyes come to focus onto the screen, she sees shapes moving in and out of the void, swirling of lights as they shift and move, further distracting her mind, body becoming even more relaxed, pains fading away farther into her mind. Her tendrils droop, relaxing, becoming a visible sign of her deep relaxed state. Her mind drifts toward the screen as her green eyes glaze over more.

“Very valuable to the company. Now relax and let us perfect you into the best company asset.”

She shivers, pleasure building within her loins, something about the air around her makes her feel good, pleased, building a lust within her that she has long forgotten till this moment, “Valuable to the company,” she mutters.

“Good. Stare at the screen. Focus on nothing else, and we will begin your orientation,” the voice states. The controlling domineering voice wills the sergal to stare forward, as two metal spheres pop out of the ground. About the size of baseballs, they hum and blink, a light shooting from them as they move around the hypnotized sergal, giving a good pass

over her, getting the initial scan. For just a moment, she feels an urge to turn her head, to look at the spheres that crossed her vision, but it's quickly pulled back fully to the screen by the soothing synthetic voice, **“Keep looking at the screen. That’s it. Just keep looking.”**

“Just keep... looking,” she says, taking another slow deep breath, the sensation of burning in her chest steadily grows, the spheres focusing on a core component of her body. Nanites latch onto her skin, guided and directed by the spheres as they start to process part of her body into what is needed. The nanites flood all through her body, preparing her for the first stages of her transition.

She gasps, body twitching, the nanites course through her veins, shifting and adjusting to her unique biology and current health needs. Pain shoots through her, her body tenses, wincing in pain, body jerks, her head about to look away from the screen, the pain clawing in the back of her mind, **“Keep looking. You are being improved. You want to be improved for the company.”**

“I-I...” she shudders, hands twitching, tensing, clenching into fists, her fur around her chest flattens, hardening, becoming silver in color as the outer layer of her skin around her bust is changed, transformed, converted, nanites, flooding to the focal point of the spheres. The hard chest plate armor engulfs her breasts, leaving a small black rubbery spot in the center of her chest. Her breaths grow even hotter, the nanites attacking her cancer cells, devouring them, using their materials for their own super cancerous design. Some of her blood vessels are converted and changed, the heat building in her chest growing, like smoldering hot metal is being poured into her chest.

“Keep staring at the screen. It will be over before you know it. Only stare at the screen. Nothing else matters,” says the voice, it pushes into her mind, pounding against her instincts, suppressing them, keeping her from acting on her base instincts.

“K-keep looking at the screen,” she mutters, biting her lower lip, drawing a little bit of blood, but it's completely numb to her, causing her to bite her lip far harder than she normally would. Her eyes open wide, pupils dilating, the screen reflecting in them.

The hot burning of her flesh transitions to machine grows hotter, and hotter, the beating of her heart is like striking hot iron, but her heart is the iron, being beaten and heated, ready to be forged and then time stops for her, the exact moment her heart does. That hidden thumping of her heart that she lived with since before she was born, just ended. Yet her existence continues... for the moment.

The nanites quickly work to change and convert the core of what keeps her alive, the very lifeblood of her organic life, shifted and changed into a glowing green power crystal, that will power her synthetic parts, with secondary machinery that will pump her blood and synthetic nanite fluids that are slithering through her body, spidering hour, starting to build the base of the structure that the rest of her form will take. The green crystal fits perfectly into the empty space in her chest, connecting and finding its new home, glowing a soft green, matching in color to the one in her forehead and her twitching nethers, which burn just as hot in need as her chest does in pain.

The haze in her mind continues to grow, the armor plates sliding along her back, as the multi-layered protection similar to body armor is secured to her skeletal structure which is then reinforced. Cancer that riddled her bones is destroyed but at the price of herself in the most literal of senses. The very base of her systems now in place the light goes over her left arm, which twitches and stiffens.

Fur flattens out in waves, the individual hairs binding together, laying down to the command of the nanites that convert the material into hard metal. Armor protective plates start from her shoulder, working her way down. All the while Asterald is locked on that delightful screen, mind distracted from body, only occasional twitches and flicks of her tail and long tentacle feather tips on her face and tail base, show the subtle struggle of her body trying to get her mind to pay attention to what's happening to herself.

A synthetic latex self sealing light armor layer is grown underneath her skin of her mostly organic right arm, but the left grows the metal plates along the entire length of her arm, with black rubber coating at the joints. The metal forms along her entire arm, but at the forearm, sharp metal spikes imbed themselves in her bone, growing outwards to a series of five sharp blades, mimicking a similar design to one of the first MQ units, the thing she is now becoming.

The blades themselves start with silver but fade into a beautiful green that matches her fading fur and glowing crystal at her chest. A beauty that hides the true deadly nature of the blades, and how deadly sharp they are. The armor and metal spiders and traces along the top of her hand, following her skeletal structure. A circular disk forms in the palm of her hand, impeding itself through the center of her hand, connecting the structure on the other side. Her fingers twitch and clench, her claws becoming deadlier as they are steadily enhanced, the MQ-unit's signature rubber personal catching system installed into the converted hand.

“You are becoming a wonderful light MQ unit. Simply relax and become a good asset to the company,” the voice encourages. The cold and heartlessness of it, doesn't completely fall on deaf ears. Her sharp hearing picks up every bit of it, the soft hissing of something else around her, but the meaning of those words, which would have horrified her only now fills her with pleasure and delight, edging her to continue to listen.

“Asset for the company,” she mutters, feeling the tension within her slip away with each spoken word, pleasure increasing within her as her arousal bubbles and grows, her iconic sergal clitoral hood twitching, and instinctively rubbing against her hot moist sex, begging for more attention.

“Very good. You catch on quickly. Good unit. Relax and let it happen. No need to worry about anything else but looking at the screen. Like a good unit.”

She shivers, blood dripping down her lip from her earlier, she wants to take a step forward, but finds her body not wanting to answer her, her sex twitches, rump flexing, the words she speaks flowing past her lips with barely an acknowledgement of their meaning, and the weight of them on her lustful haze covered mind, “A good unit. Relax...”

The spheres float around her, moving along her back, the next area of her soft organic flesh that she would kiss goodbye if she was in the right mind to do so, but the draw of that

wonderful screen. The pleasure burning in her nether regions, further weakening her will to that of the company. Inside the nanites continue their search and destroy mission, removing any and every cancerous cell in her body as each area is focused upon, but also anything that is deemed “not needed” for the company is altered, and changed, converted into the MQ-unit specifications, building her up via a schematic like a twisted company-based IKEA build.

Out of her shoulder blades, twin spires jut out from her back, building up, growing, extending outward with a series of events, with a firm base in her body and bone. As they soon hum to life, their construction completes in a matter of minutes, thick grey tubes grow and run along the side of her neck, armor scale plates forming along her neck, and back of her head, the base of her silver protective helmet being formed, the gas tubing once grown into place soon releases soothing and arousing pleasure gas fills her lungs, soothing some of the burn, but making other fires within her grow hotter. All the while, silver metal scale mail plates grow along her back side, a green metal armored spinal attachment forms along her back, starting at the base of her head, working its way down to her tail base.

The silver scale mail soon gains a secondary color as it fades to green much like her wrist blades, the metal shimmering in the light that is over her head, but still as flesh and fur is changed, and corrupted into reinforced armor, her eyes are locked on the screen. Something within her doesn't want to look away, doesn't want to face what is happening to her, only being filled with a delight to be a wonderful *asset* to the company and *obey*.

Larger full silver plates form along her soft green belly fur, covering them forever under this layer of advanced metallurgy armor. Her sex twitches, as synthetic tendrils grow around her clit hood, gripping it. The gem being connected to her body, beginning to glow brighter, vibrating, adding to her sexual stimulation, causing her to shudder and be brought to the brink of climax. More attachments latch onto her pinkish flesh, her hole being filled with all sorts of pleasuring micro-machinery, designed to keep her at the peak of sexual wanting delight, feeding into her mind that obedience to the company is pleasure, and pleasure is good, therefore obedience to the company is good.

A hard silver metal crotch plate slips over her sex, locking it away from the world, and from her, the glowing gem no longer to be seen by anyone but constantly felt by her. Her body teased more, making a viscous loop in her mind that opens her for even further deepening of her hypnotic trance.

“You are an asset.”

“I am an asset.”

“You work for the company.”

“I work for the company.”

“I'll do anything for the company.”

“I'll do anything for the company,” she says, each repetition of the words spoken to her, deepens her pleasure, her body craving it even more and with each breath, her addiction to it only grows stronger.

The spheres back around her rear, her tender flesh there is also enhanced, her hole filled, and used to provide pleasure but to also reduce her need for any kind of waste, smoothing over and providing full protection to this area of her synthetically enhanced form.

Amor plates form along the top of her tail with silver to green fading bands along the tail, adding to the structural integrity and anchoring into her flesh and bone, providing more protection for this extended extremity, the green blue fluff at the end of her tail shifting, changing, starting to shimmer in the light, like there's a strange fiber-optic like metallic sheen to them, but still retaining that "fur" like quality at least seemingly at a distance.

The spheres mimic each other, each going to the unique back tendrils that Asterald possesses. The fur ruffles, the changes happening underneath the skin, that is until they get to the feather base where they become silver to green razor sharp blades. The tendrils grow more prehensile as her body reacts to the immense pain of the transition from living flesh to cold heartless steel.

Once complete they hover down to her feet, growing black rubber pads with silver along their entire base. Similar circular disks grow and are embedded in the base of her feet, causing the faintest of groans to escape the sergal's lips. Her hands twitch, the metal base only forms along the sales of her feet, and around her ankles forming hard protective metal covering, adding some extra protection to the future dangers of her work. Her legs remain mostly pristine in how they look except for a series of silver armor plates that go down her right thigh, down to her knee, where a cap forms over it. Internal storage is formed within the leg compartment, the pain of needless flesh being transformed into something far better suited, muscles replaced by something more efficient while her bones are reinforced to be able to handle her own increased strength without breaking herself down.

All that remained was the back of her head and face, her green eyes locked in that wonderful screen, listening to the words, parroting them without second thought, that is until...

"You are MQ-279."

"I am... MQ-279."

"You serve the company."

"I serve the company."

"You will do anything for the company."

"I will do anything for the company."

"You will kill for the company."

"I will... will.... Wi..." she shudders, the word 'kill' bouncing in her head, breaking down some of the barriers that were constructed to entrap her mind. The push against the very center of her morality had a Newtonian physics reaction. An equal yet opposite reaction. For the first time in ages she blinked, breaking the gaze of the screen for just a moment, but it was enough to draw her back, to make her take a step back, feeling the alienness of her body, further pulling away from the hypnotic state they want her in.

"You will kill for the company. Say it," says the voice in as cold and heartless as the meaning of those words.

“I will... not say it,” she huffs, breaking her gaze fully from the screen, suddenly realizing the burning aching pain her body is in. Everything feels to be on fire, and her loins are burning like the sun with a mixture of slowly fading pain and unbridled sexual pleasure of the likes she has never felt before. She sees from the corner of her eyes the tubes that come to an end at the base of her muzzle. She shakes her head trying to knock it free, about to move her hands up to tear it off when she sees the twisted synthetic form of her left hand, “W-what did you do to me!”

“We are making you an appropriate company asset. Your cancer is cured and now you will serve the company as we require.”

“You’ve turned me into a monster!” she exclaimed, gasping, panting, starting to hyperventilate, her back spires hissing loudly, her hands reaching up to squeeze the tubes, feeling the urge to simply wrap the metal from her body and wrench it out by any means necessary.

“Relax MQ-279. It will be over soon.”

“I am Asterald!” she screams out, the floating spheres moving around her head, spinning around her. She tries to bat at them, but the new nature of her form, sluggish and unaccustomed to the weight of it, keeps her from getting even touching a single one.

They easily bob and weave out of the way, the nanites working as the helmet grows around the base of her head, feeling a sharp pain as its’ driven in the back of her skull, slipping into her brain.

“No, please, stop this!” she exclaims, wires attaching to the crystal in the center of her head, and move up the center across her forehead as the silver metal helmet completes, only her ears sticking out, showing off her extended brass earrings.

The spheres focus fully on her head, her eyelids forced back, a protective lens layer over her eyeball protecting it from drying out, as a green glass protective dome grow over her head, **“This is for the good of the company MQ-279.”**

“I don’t give a fuck about your company! I will not sell my soul to be some kind of murder machine!” she cries out, watching her world begin to tint, turning green as she screams, “Give me back my body!”

“You gave it to the company. And we will use you as we see fit,” the voice responds.

“You can’t d,” the dome around her head completes, the nanites attaching her voice to an external voice synthesizer which mutes the inflections in her true voice, making her sound as cold and heartless as the one speaking to her, **“o this to me!”**

Asterald stopped in her tracks, looking down at her hands, reaching up to try to touch her face, feeling the smooth hard glass dome around her head, the gas flowing in, providing her with her new life sustaining atmosphere, **“This can’t be happening... that can’t be my voice. It’s not my voice! It’s not!”** she cried out, hearing faintly under the glass dome her true voice, but now a HUD forms across her vision, the hypnotic patterns returning.

“Relax MQ-279. You are over stimulated. You need to accept your place in the company. You will help so many people with your skills.”

Asterald tries to look away, but she can't close her eyes, wherever she looks the helmet follows her, the hypnotic patterns now completely inescapable. The lust that is built within her is tearing away at the will she has to fight. She falls to her hands and knees, looking to the ground, tears swelling up in her eyes, **"This is not how I want to help people..."**

"You will help countless people. Relax MQ-279. Become a good company asset and obey. Relax and obey."

She pants, shivering, feeling herself slowly being dragged back into that hypnotic pattern, the pleasure was decreased for a moment, the level of the gas supply reduced, already her highly addicted body wanted more, leaving her desiring it, that budding growing desire to do anything for it, for another hit. She tenses, **"This is a drug. I fought against addiction and now..."**

"You will be fighting against it again soon. But in order to do so, you need to become a good MQ unit. Relax and obey. You are MQ-279. An asset of S. Tech."

"No... I am Asterald Forrester, and I am a... a..." she shivers, body wanting that delightful pleasure to return. She gasps, feeling short of breath. Something about this felt so wrong, and it was simple, a truth that is becoming known to her that her body is now screaming at her once again to listen. And that's, it's good to obey.

"You are MQ-279. A company asset. You are a company asset. You obey the company," the voice states. The words pushing into her mind, drilling into her being, she tries to hold on, fighting against it with every fiber and now fiberoptic of her being.

"I won't kill for you! I am not a monster. I am not... I... am..."

"You are a company asset. You are an asset. Relax and obey. You are an asset."

Asterald shivers, her vision shifting, going in and out of focus, her eyes unable to peel away from the draw of the hypnotic screen projected before her. The desire of pleasure rushing through her. The need is so great that she just can't help but want it more than ever, cracks are torn wide open, **"An asset."**

"Good MQ-279. Say it again."

"I am an asset," she says, her voice relaxing, cracking less and less. A rush of gas fills her dome, the lost pleasure returning to her. Finding the oasis of lust and delight in the desert of nothingness. And all she had to do was obey. A tingle runs across her spine, her body twitching, claws running across the cold ground, the spheres already moved across her facial tentacles, they exit near the base of her head, sliding up and down through a rubber ring, they twitch in the air, feeling the subtle changes in pressure, becoming deadly blades and enhanced sensors. Her body has greatly improved. How could she not be grateful? She's being made better, isn't she?"

"Again," the voice commands.

The sergal feels the urge to obey swell up within her, frothing in her mind, bubbling over any of her senses, she swallows a lump in her throat, which is hidden by the silver metal protective armor rings that go from the top of her chest to the base of her helmet. **"I am a company asset,"** she states.

"Good MQ-279. You are a company asset. You obey the company."

The words echoing in her mind, partially overwriting a piece of herself, a piece of her soul, taken from her and remolded like her body, ***“You are a company asset. You are a company asset. A company asset. Asset. Asset.”***

The weight of being considered a piece of property, something to be written on accounting books and later depreciated and possibly written off was slowly lifted from her mind. Those concerns were being steadily suppressed till there weren't even a consideration anymore, ***“I am an asset.”***

“Very good MQ-279. Stand,” the voice commanded.

For a few moments she didn't respond, the level of gas dropped, her body twitched, instantly wanting it to return to that wonderful blissful level. Her hips thrust, instinctively but it was minor, barely noticeable, but her toes curl, she had to obey no... she must obey and with that urge she pushed herself back onto her feet, the level of the delightful pleasure gas returning to her, rewarding her with a simple return to where her body wants to obey.

“Good unit. Respond. You are MQ-279.”

Asterald hesitated for a moment, the acceptance of a simple designation rather than her full god given name, a terrifying thought, but in those moments of hesitation, the reduction in gas has already begun. There is no room for error, no room for hesitation. It's a simple world she is being indoctrinated into, one where she obeys the will of the company without question, ***“I... am... MQ-279,”*** the words flowed across her lips bitter to the taste, but the sweet gas returned, her body relaxed, reaching that pleasure equilibrium.

“Again.”

She responds with less hesitation, ***“I am MQ-279.”*** The pleasure state remains the same, her body relaxes, becoming more accustomed to this wonderful state, the constant teasing a welcome addition, helping her resist the commands less and less.

“Again.”

“I am MQ-279,” less hesitation, the words becoming more natural to her, like the acceptance of her new body. The sting of the words being dulled and numb.

“You are MQ-279 and you obey the company.”

She relaxes further, feeling the words, accepting them as a part of who she is, ***“I am MQ-279 and I obey the company.”***

“Very good MQ-279. You might be an efficient unit for the company yet. You will now say, ‘I will do anything for the company.’”

“I will do anything for the company,” she responds. If her heart still existed as it were, it would flutter at this moment. A positive reward, the first true compliment her body and the company has given her. This wasn't just a return to a 'normal' state but a simple good unit. Like feeding a dog a treat after it learned a treat. And it was wonderful.

“Good Unit. You will kill for the company.”

“I will... will...” hesitation grew again, her moral compass, wanting to help others not harm anyone, no matter how much they may deserve it. She grunted and groaned, unable to look away now she remained under the hypnotic trance, but the drop in gas was visible. She twitched

and squirmed, her body begging for the return. She gasped, sounding as if she was short of breath. Each lung full of the air around her was lacking in what she needed, like breathing in the thin atmosphere up at Mount Everest. There is something there, but it's not enough to sustain her, but still not scarce enough to kill her outright. A hellish state of being in between, a limbo of agony that slowed time and all other meaning. She desperately wants to obey, but her mind at this point as broken as it were, was not willing to give up that one vital piece of her that made her a person and not a soulless mindless drone.

“We fix that. For now, repeat. You are MQ-279.”

A subtle sense of relief, the pressure from them let up, a new command, a new drive to obey, a renewed joy that flooded into her as she responded with eagerness, but the voice transmitted was smooth and heartless as literally as she is now, **“I am MQ-279.”**

“You will only respond to the designation MQ-279.”

“I will only respond to the designation MQ-279,” she says, the equilibrium she needs to survive returns, but the bliss of doing above and beyond was completely lacking, leaving her missing a little piece of herself, feeling incomplete. Be it either because she didn't complete the task like she should have, or a little more of her was taken away by the company. Not even she knew at this point.

“You know who Asterald Forrester is, but she has meaning to you. The name no longer has meaning to you. For you are MQ-279.”

Asterald...MQ-279 can feel her name being yanked from her. Her chest gem glows, humming with energy, glowing even brighter, her mind processing the command, taking it into herself. Despite not wanting to toss away a piece of her that keeps her a person the very thing that others use to recognize that she is an unique individual is freely tossed aside like a used rag doll, **“I am no longer Asterald Forrester. That is no longer my name. I am an MQ unit. Designation 279.”**

“Correct. You are an MQ unit. You are MQ-279.”

MQ-279 feels pleasure surge through her, following the company orders is such an easy task. It makes having to worry about other things a thing of the past. She clenches down at the devices within her body, feeding her the wondrous pleasure, reinforcing her growing new mindset, **“I am MQ-279.”**

“You obey the company.”

“I obey the company.”

“You are MQ-279 and you obey the company.”

“I am MQ-279 and obey the company,” she responds, pleasure increasing, reinforcing the meaning in her mind. Each time she repeats it, it becomes a more powerful truth within her mind. Fewer and fewer doubts remained, her body relaxing, her eyes glazed over, the hypnosis program fading away. Her mind accepting much of what's given to her, feeling the programing of what kind of thing she has become, seeping into every pour of her, becoming as part of her as the synthetic parts.

“Very good MQ-279. Now we need to update your programing to overcome a few of your strongest flaws. Please follow MQ-9 to building G-10, where you will be enhanced to be an even more efficient unit for the company. Do you understand?”

The lights flicker on, the green tinted world became her normal. The words spoken to her seeped into her mind, she processes them, but at the same time notices a silver and red anthropomorphic dragon MQ unit that was standing in the shadows. A blue outline around them informs her that it's not only an ally, but a valuable company asset worth protecting. All this happened at the same time she responds, **“I understand.”**

MQ-9 approaches her, about the same height of the other unit, his red dome head, reflecting some of the color of her green in the glass and vice versa, **“Follow me,”** he states.

“Affirmative,” she responds, following the MQ unit out of the room, the doors automatically opening. The room she was transformed in far larger than the simple light overhead would have indicated, but still no bigger than a very large living room. The one who commanded and watched the process, was nowhere to be seen, but she knew, deep down who it was. The one she'd obey, the voice of the company.

Walking in MQ-9's shadow there were other scientists and workers of the facility that moved past them, getting out of their way, not daring to stop them on their way to their goal. A miniature map of the area and directions to their destination popped up on her new HUD. If by some chance they would have gotten separated, she'd still know where to go.

The sleek red metal dragon MQ unit before her with golden highlights says nothing to her. He, much like her, felt like there is nothing that needs to be said. They are currently following out their command, and it filled them with bliss, keeping that wonderful equilibrium that she now needs to function.

But even with such clarity of obedience, there is a hint of wiggle room within the commands that is currently given to her. She is allowed to look at and monitor the others that walk past her, taking note of the different values the employees have to the company, and the level of command they have if any over her. But right now, the highest command with the most minimal amount of deviancy allowed was given, and she intends to complete the command.

Walking outside, the sun shining down upon them, it was a weird sensation, otherworldly in a way. Her glass domed reflected only some light, her metallic body shined, it was new and pristine, ready to be used, but she knew she wasn't complete. That nagging issue in the back of her mind, that she knows she's too stubborn to just give up. A flaw on her perfection that she feels that no matter what, she couldn't give up.

MQ-9 suddenly breaks the silence just as the building that contains their destination comes into view, **“Everything will become clear once you receive your update. After that you will become everything that the company needs from you. The sooner you accept your programing the better. We have a tight schedule.”**

MQ-279 processes what is said to her, thinking it over, **“I want to become the best asset I can be for the company. I want to help people. I owe everything to the company,”** she responds feeling a surge of pleasure, but it quickly fades, **“I will do what I can.”**

MQ-9 steps into the building, not saying another word where a smooth faceless rubber drone sits at a reception desk. MQ-279 processes the information upon seeing the unit. A company asset, less than the scientists and the security, but more than a janitor. Yet contains zero command power over it.

The rubber drone doesn't respond to the units as they walk by, MQ-9 leading MQ-279 to room, stopping at the entrance to the room, **"Step inside, sit in the chair and wait for further instructions,"** he states.

MQ-279 nods, **"Affirmative,"** she says, approaching the door as it automatically opens. The room itself is clean, crisp, as clean as an operating room with the white tiled floor, but there are all kinds of operating equipment nearby. The chair itself is reinforced metal, designed to fit her anthropomorphic and MQ unit features. She slips into the chair, tail fitting into the open back, the back spires slipping into the chair, being automatically grabbed by the chair, locking into place, providing a secure grip on her body. She instinctively tugs against the sudden back constraint.

A voice speaks up with a soft stutter, MQ-279's voice recognition systems recognizes it as one of the head scientists to the MQ programs an anthropomorphic mako shark named Enda, "R-relax MQ-2-279. T-this is n-necessary to c-complete your programing. There w-will be times w-where this will be n-needed. P-please place your arms on the armrests."

"Affirmative," she responds, placing her arms and legs in the designated position, feeling the clamps come down, her body becoming a little excited, concerned, a natural response, but then she took a deep breath of the gas, relaxing, finding her quiet place. The machinery clamps onto her head, holding it still.

"G-good. T-this might pinch a bit. B-but just relax. I-it won't t-take to l-long. I-I h-hope," she stutters as there is a sudden sound of whirring machinery in the back of her head. Tools and lasers designed to cut into her specialized metal body coming to life as the back of her helmet is cut open. The metal base is fused into the back of her skull, making the need to cut a necessity in order to reveal the pink wrinkled flesh of the more sensitive part of her entire body, the brain.

MQ-279's tail twitches, hands tense slightly, she hears the crunch and feel the tug of the back of her head being removed. A slight uncomfortable feeling overcomes her, but then her back spires hiss and a flood of gas comes over her, calming her, soothing her frayed nerves, allowing her to stare forward with barely moving a muscle. She hears a soft whirring behind her, but she feels nothing as wires that quickly spider out into dozens of razor thin wires extend and then contract back into their silver metal tubing. Three of these thin needle tubes penetrate into her mind, gingerly sliding into her brain, each going to a specific focal point.

"You will kill for the company," states the commanding voice.

"I... I..." MQ-279 responds, feeling her resistance bubble up inside her. Her indomitable moral compass that can't be overcome by pleasure and hypnotic phrases, a core part of who she is. Those parts of her brain that flare up, that feed those thoughts with disgust, total repulsion, and everything related with the thoughts on killing are read, and then the needles in

her brain, release the spidering web wires, releasing nanites, and providing the bases to the next step in her mental manipulation.

“You will kill for the company. Killing for the company is good,” the voice states.

“I... no... I can't. Killing is wrong,” she responds, feeling the drop in the gas, her body wanting to breathe in more, but being denied it. The wires search and destroy the connections between brain cells, starting the slow and tedious process of resetting her brain on the topic.

“You will kill for the company,” the voice states, the reaction MQ-279 still negative to the thought of it, is not as powerful, as subtle as it was, **“You will kill for the company,”** the voice says again, forcing the reaction out of her, as a vision plays before her eyes.

She isn't sure where this is, a city? Looks like some kind of back alleyway. There's a cop there. He was just called out to the alleyway.

“Hello?” he calls out, looking around, the anthropomorphic raptor police officer eventually shrugs and turns around, and that's when the one from their point of view jumps down silently, releasing a series of blades from their tail, which are then imbedded into the back of the police officer. The sight of which causes MQ-279's stomach to turn, feeling sick to her stomach. More sparks, fingers twitch, tails twitch, her long tentacles from her face to her back shift and wiggle, responding to the shocks. The next scene jumps, the pulling of the last blade from the back of the officer's neck. The officer drops to the ground dead, in a pool of his own blood.

“Killing for the company is good.”

MQ-279 twitches, **“No... no!”** she exclaims, trying to move but the clamps around her body are too strong. The scene plays over again. She watches the scene, hearing the monotone cold words flood into her mind.

“Killing for the company is good.”

The reaction was closer to neutral than it was, but still she couldn't... she could stomach it perhaps, but this was just wrong, *“How could I kill? I want to save people.”*

The vision plays again, her reactions monitored, the connection to the sight of killing, which made her feel as if she might of been the one to do this dastardly deed, making the strongest possible impression upon her, so the wires can move through the spaces of her neurons, finding them fire off before zapping the connections, breaking the bonds that form them.

“Killing for the company is good.”

MQ-279's unblinking eyes stare out, her reactions softening with each playback. Each time she loses a bit of her that makes her who she is. That indomitable will that made her do no harm to people, was being destroyed one cell at a time.

Another spark, another playback. She felt nothing. She saw the visions, the act of killing, from the point of view of some blue furred sergal, but the sensations, the view, it felt so real that it could of been herself. She watched them and she feels... nothing.

“Killing for the company is good.”

MQ-279 felt confused. She knew her response, that she couldn't do this. That this was not something she'd ever do, but why? Of course, she knew why, it was a terrible thing to do.

Taking the life of others? But then if it is so bad, why did she feel nothing when thinking about the act? She knew this wasn't always the case, but in the here and now? Why did it matter.

“Killing for the company is good,” the voice says, the playback happening, following a surge of pleasure being forced into her brain, happiness, joy? She twitches. Feeling this growing sense of delight, the gas flowing into her nostrils, feeding her what she needs to survive.

“Killing for the company is good,” the voice says, she watches, shivering, shuddering, moaning, feeling good about what she is seeing, the connections being forged within her mind.

MQ-279 responds, **“Killing for the company.... Is good.”**

“MQ-279 will kill for the company as required.”

“I will kill for the company as required,” she says, feeling a shiver of delight, the chair keeping her in place. The pleasure high, the addiction based on obeying the company, rather than the act of killing. A safety precaution built in to prevent murder happy MQ units.

Edna would monitor what is happening from her workstation, sipping on coffee, she sees via the camera feeds MQ-279 undergoing the process. She thinks, *“It's gotten better and faster, but this process always weirds me out.”*

“Good MQ-279. You understand now, don't you? That killing can be required as needed. You are a company asset. And you serve the company.”

MQ-279 twitches, smiling a little, feeling good about the thought, **“I am a company asset. I am MQ-279 and I serve the company.”**

“You will follow out company orders to the best of your ability.”

“I will follow company orders to the best of my ability.”

“You will kill for the company as required.”

“I will kill for the company as required.”

“Excellent. Very good MQ-279,” says the synthetic voice, the approval of her new state of mind given. The needles pull out of her brain, with only bits of blood and silver liquid dripping from them. Nanites are at the ready to begin the healing process as the cut section from the back of her skull is put back into place. The metal plates are welded back together and then smoothed out, the nanites will be working over the next several hours to complete the merge of the pieces, but for now the chair released her.

“MQ-279 will report to the charge pod 32 and recover from surgery. Upon recovery MQ-279 will report to debriefing room 3 as you have an important task to complete. Hope you aren't too late to help them,” states the voice.

MQ-279 gets up from the chair, feeling a hint of sadness that she has to wait to fulfill her primary command, and be a proper asset for the company, but the new orders are set. She leaves the room, heading to her charge pod, where she will charge and recover from her process of becoming a proper MQ-279. Hopefully, the mission they have in mind will be right up her alley. Perhaps she will do a good job, for now though she had her newest command. The HUD in her dome head showed where she is needed to go. The pounding in her head muffled by the pleasure rushing through her body. Her back vents softly hissing, producing the atmosphere that she needs to survive and operate, flooding her with that delightful gas that keeps her going.

She steps out of the room, MQ-9 is no longer there, but that is of no concern to MQ-279. She knows where she needs to go. Her steps are smooth, methodical as she becomes more accustomed to the weight and movements of her new body. She hears people moving through the halls, feels the change in air pressure by their steps, providing a double checking system of knowing what is around her.

She walks out of the building, heading toward the research labs and charge pods, following the path laid before her via her minimap on her HUD system. The exact path was hers to make, but she wants to make time, the shortest and quickest path is the best. Walking passed scientists and security; they pay no heed to her. Two MQ units walk past her. The information of her HUD recognizes them, MQ-7 and MQ-8. Recognized with the highest authority possible with nearly zero command deviation allowed.

MQ-7 the grey and black furred sergal with wrist blades like her own, dark blue helmet with black metal with a glowing blue gem. MQ-8 walking behind him, larger, heavier built with dark blue metal, deadly spines on her thigh, with deadlier sharp blade tips on her tail, which feel vaguely familiar in her mind, but she's not sure what.

MQ-7 without stopping looks at MQ-279 stating, **“Welcome to the company.”**

MQ-8 simply nods to the statement to her.

“Thank you. I will work hard for the company.”

“Yes, you will,” he replies.

The three parting ways, leaving her to continue down the hallway, doors automatically opening as her security clearance is granted. Inside the room are dozens of charging chambers. With scientists moving about, checking on computers, monitoring everything about the units around them.

The mako shark from earlier, recognized due to a quick scan around her, highlighted via her HUD as one of the more valuable scientists is working at her computer, looking up to see her, but she quickly lowers her head, focusing back on the computer. Silently the rubber base of her feet, allowing her to walk up the metal stairwell to the upper floors, she heads straight to her pod. Becoming another cog in the company's system. The pod before her, feels her with pleasure, making her feel like she's finally home. She steps up onto the raised platform, turning around, slipping her tail in, feet touching the points where the power connection is made, her gem glowing brighter, a tingle of energy flooding through her, her batteries now being charged.

The rest of her systems tone down, the glow fading, except for the core crystal, as energy is slowly pumped into her. The nanites work to heal her injury as she stares straight ahead, seeing nothing but other charge pods before her. Now she waits, her mind filled with pleasure, that she is doing good for the company. A good unit for the company. And that she will succeed at whatever mission given to her. Following the will of the company. For the company knows best.