

## S. Tech ‘Private’ Public Relations: Down the Rabbit Hole

The electric motor softly hums, the black rubber hull inflatable boat hangs low to the water. The moonless night camouflaging their approach. The two MQ units from S. Tech, assigned to this important mission is MQ-279, a green and silver armored sergal with unique long green feelers out of her back and head. Her face hidden underneath a reflective green glass hood, which has a HUD system gives general information, and approximate ETA and distance to the landing point.

Beside her is an anthropomorphic male eagle, in white armor metal, a golden dome covering their head. The heavily synthetic bird was once MQ-279’s enemy. Now his designation is MQ-280. He remains low to the ground, sniper rifle attached to his back, attached to rubber stands that attach to the spire, much in the same way that MQ-279 does.

Their back spires softly hiss, filtering out the sea water, the mixture of atmosphere that is funneled into their hoods, helping them remain complacent and ready to obey, ready to serve. Even then, MQ-279 HUD says, “Warning. Unit is experiencing excess emotions. Remain calm and focus on the mission.”

She tenses a little bit, taking a deep breath, knowing in the back of her mind what disobeying the company, her command would mean, a reduction in the specialized gas that she breathes that keeps her alive, *“I got it. I will do my best to serve the company. I am not going to fail this mission. The last few months have changed so much. I will repay my services to the company. We’ll take this illicit drug cartel down.”*

From here, she sees the boreal forest. Her excitement continuously tempered by her programming and training. Her HUD highlights the island, constantly scanning for any kind of movement. In the distance there’s two speed boats circling the island, but they are easily far enough to not be spotted... hopefully. Their internal GPS keeps them on track, as its’ still miles away to their destination and in this time... anything could happen.

There have been a lot of setbacks. There were several missions related to increased drug trafficking. She ‘volunteered’ for any of these missions. The company has been having some difficulties with private government opinion and these missions have been used to bolster their good will toward these nations, but with a string of three MQ units failing on these missions, which has only increased concerns with those higher up within the company, so when she, MQ-280 and the best MQ unit the company had MQ-7 went on a triple MQ recovery mission at one drug lord base, suspected of housing, transporting, packing and producing drugs of all sorts, including the infamous rut-drug. She felt that this time, this mission would be different, yet she had no idea how right she was at the time...

Working together they approached the compound, filled with anthropomorphic Coati. These small furry people averaging in height of about five ish feet, with their dark colored fur, ringtail design, and a face fur that is similar to that of a racoon. Their small ears and long muzzles, hint to their unique natural abilities that they have to be mindful of.

Lights from electric generators illuminate the strung lights of this work camp, filled with armed guards and locals, many of whom appear to be forced to do the dangerous work of preparing the drugs. The sight of which makes a pit form in 279's stomach.

*“Excessive emotional response. Return to normal conditions,”* the HUD and synthetic voice in her head warned, the level of the gas she needs to survive on is slightly reduced, which quickly pushes her back into the desire required for the company.

*“I will obey. I must focus for the good of the company,”* she thinks, training herself back into the drone-like state, the level of gas returning, easing her concern, while she works with all the information given to the trio. The parts of the destroyed MQ unit were being shipped out to some unknown source, but that has already been handled with great lethality.

MQ-280 is mimicking their radio conversations, keeping the base from being on alert for any other possible attacks. He has three small eagle like synthetic drones that have been launched into the air, hovering, providing constant feedback to the other MQ units of guard movement, possible entry points, and who to take out without drawing attention. Their mission is clear. To take out the guards for the up-and-coming drug bust, and find any information that will explain how they knew of their attack and how the previous MQ unit was taken out. No mercy or quarter given to any threats.

Red highlights all the guards, while any of those working at the facility had a white glow outlining them, which simply told each MQ unit that they were neither a target and threat nor a goal to rescue, a zero-value asset. The cold dark calculation of the mission becomes ever more lost on her, while she silently takes out one of the guards, *“One more villain down. Here we’ll learn more about these fiends.”*

Highlighted in a deep blue outline is MQ-7, the highest and most valued asset in the company that she has seen. Their glowing lights are off, signifying they are in stage one stealth as they use the natural shadows of the base to take out each subsequent guard. She monitors her next target, waiting for him to speak, *“Voice captured,”* she thinks, rushing in, snapping the guy's neck, slowly lowering him to the ground, while transmitting over the local radio waves, the voice of a previous victim, *“All clear.”*

A minute later shots ring out in the back of the facility, her internal HUD indicates that MQ-7 is there, *“I need to support,”* she thinks, rushing to the tower that's above all the rest, standing four stories tall with a clear view of everything else.

Flashes of light in the windows, hearing the command from MQ-7, **“Cut the power.”**

**“Acknowledged,”** states MQ-280, adjusting his aim of his sniper rifle, unleashing a single shot, breaking the power generator, delving the entire facility into darkness, causing a wave of panic through the workers that duck down, unsure what is going on.

*“Ten minutes til the government raid, we are running out of time,”* she thinks, her claws slicing through another guard with her wrist spines, leaping from one structure to the next, climbing up the tower, to the walkway that leads to the top, landing with a hard thud.

Her position updated with the help of the eagle drones, and transmitted to the other MQ units, so when she bursts through the door, MQ-7 doesn't even look in her direction, **"Stop the burning papers. Obtain the hard drive from the computer,"** he commands.

MQ-279 registers the command, *"Deviancy of command allowance at 0.0001%."* The weight of the command is pushed into her mind, **"Acknowledged,"** she responds, her palm lights up, humming with energy as she approaches a burning trash bin. Sleek black rubber shoots from the palm, wrapping around the top of the burning trash bin, snuffing it out in an instant as the rubber concaves.

The nearby desktop computer has its keyboard ripped out of it, scattering across the floor nearby. The device highlights blue as a priority command, beginning to rip the computer apart, tearing the metal bits with ease, to then gingerly remove the hard drive held within.

Speaking in his native tongue the drug lord gasps for air, "You're all dead."

His words are answered by a tighter squeeze by MQ-7, **"The rut drug. This is just another distribution center, isn't it?"**

The Coati holds onto the sergal's wrists, mindful of the blades that could easily slice into him, his legs kicking the air, **"Fuck you,"** he responds, grabbing his postil hidden behind his back, firing a few shots.

A loud agonizing scream is let out, the bullets penetrating flesh, breaking bone, blood oozing from the drug lord's wounds. The grey and blue metal armored sergal with black hair, moves his light blue dome head closer, while his organic hand crushes the drug lord's hand, forcing him to drop the gun, **"That peashooter won't harm me. This drug is funding operations against the company. If you want to survive the night. You will tell me everything you know. Now."**

The drug lord coughs, hissing out at the sergal.

MQ-279 wraps the harddrive in a protective layer of rubber, attaching it to her back spire, **"Harddrive obtained."**

The windows on the other side of the room shatter. There's a loud thud, but nothing is visible. The two synthetic sergals hear the heavy footsteps, crunching of glass. MQ-279 is suddenly thrown across the room by some unseen force, knocking her hard into the wall, causing it to crack and bulge.

MQ-7 calmly responds in their synthetic cold voice, **"Time's up."** He spins around tossing the drug lord toward the sound of his assailant. With a single clean motion, the caoti is sliced in half, blood splattering giving a brief glimpse of the outline of a heavily synthetic creature. He leaps out of the way just in time to miss the machine's attack, the momentum carrying it through the wall, as it crashlands several stories below, breaking tables and causing the workers below to flee for their lives.

MQ-7 commands, **"Initiate super heavy plan omega."**

MQ-279 and MQ-280 respond in unison, **"Acknowledged."**

The invisible attacker crunches broken tables and mashed chemicals under its feet, giving a brief indication of where it stands. MQ-7 leaps down wrist blades out, ready to slice into their

assailant when they are knocked back just before making contact, flung hard into the base of the tower, smashing into the wall with a heavy thud.

Two shots ring out, MQ-279 and MQ-280 fire at the area with clear sound of metal hitting armor, but no visible sign of impact. More shots fire, hitting the ground with a puff of dust and wood fragments.

MQ-280's eagle drones search as he reports over their internal communication, "Searching for observation drones."

MQ-7 responds, "Find them. They can't be far from the host. It's the only way it can see."

MQ-279 scans, "*Must protect vital company assets. Must eliminate threat to the company,*" she thinks when MQ-7 is smashed up against the wall again by the unseen force. She fires several shots down at the approximate location, with the same results. She strikes from above, wrist blades out slicing into the machine's back, which sparks and reveals itself for only a second. The silver metal of the machine's frame, with a silver dome head similar to their own.

MQ-7 thinks, "*Not him... but similar.*" He strikes at it, hitting nothing as MQ-279 is shown flying back and then thrown off the machine as she slams into a nearby table, sending half processed drugs all over the place.

"*Three observation spheres detected, and taking them out,*" MQ-280 reports, the eagle drones swooping down, grabbing and crushing two of the floating spheres, the third dodging out of the way, but a quick shot from the eagle drone demolishes it.

The invisible assailant falls back causing a small swath of destruction in its wake as it runs into the jungle. MQ-7 feels the instinct to chase but holds himself back, "**It would be ill-advised at this time to follow. Remain on the lookout, fall back in five minutes before the sting operation.**"

MQ-279 regains her composure, "**Acknowledged.**"

It turned out that the data on the harddrive of that computer contained significant information that led them to this island, but it took weeks to correlate and recover what data they could from the partially wiped drive. Some of the papers that were saved helped confirm information from other sting operations. There were three sea routes that were confirmed to have been the source of the rut drug, and through the company's massive amount of resources and working on conjunction with parts of the international community that is bent on wanting to end the rut drug pandemic, given the up and coming elections. The time was perfect to strike and keep the company in the positive light.

So much is riding on this. The window for the element of surprise is extremely limited. Only a few within the company even know of this operation, fewer still outside. There's been a lot of concern about ensuring the secrecy of this mission. The thought of which causes brief moments of excitement within her, till her systems calm her back down, returning to that cold calculating machine that wants what's best for the company, for the company wants what's best for the world.

**“Ten minutes till we make landfall,”** she reports, when she catches something just visible in the trough between waves is a glimmer of an object, **“Stop, stop, stop! Something is in the water.”**

MQ-280 turns the boat, slowing it down, stopping just a dozen meters from them, now becoming clear that these are undersea minds, **“Launching drone for a closer look,”** he reports. Like a transformer from the movies, a piece of himself merges out and forms as a synthetic eagle. It leaps into the air, flapping its wings, silently moving closer to scan it.

**“It appears to be a high-grade military explosive EMP mine hybrid. With...”** he says, taking a moment to process the information.

**“Hurry we can’t remain still for very long,”** she warns, keeping an eye out for the boats patrolling out in the distance.

**“Assessing archival information on the mines...”** he reports, his mind sifting through pages of information, scrolling through the data, searching keywords, focusing on bits of information that he needs, **“They have a possibility of eight different trigger types and any combination of them.”**

**“What do you recommend?”**

**“Setting any of them off will result in loss of surprise and a great reduction in mission success possibility. Alternative route recommended.”**

**“Acknowledged. Go with alternative route...,”** her mind processes several different things that have been planned. She’s been given on the ground command decision making. The weight of each decision is not lost on her. She wants to succeed for the people that have suffered under this drug, and more importantly for the company that needs this win to continue to grow, expand. *Anything* for the company. **“Seven.”**

Without hesitation he accepts the new command, **“Acknowledged.”** The new path is calculated with the help of their synthetic enhancements, the eagle drone flies back to them, landing onto MQ-280, merging back into his body, seemingly becoming one with him once again.

They meticulously circle around the island, keeping close to the mines, hoping to catch any ‘break’ in them early while watching for the patrolling boats. Thanks to their night vision, it’s clear their attention is outward and less in the thin corridor that they are riding.

If MQ-279 was allowed to feel nervous, she’d be feeling it at this moment. Despite her calmness she is well aware and focused on the dangers of taking this route but is the only one that is sure to be clear for their approach, with only a moderate amount of security. The code named “Crag Docks” is a smaller dock on the island that seems to be used for more private entrance to the island and for some of the security boats that are patrolling the area.

The boat rocks and bobs on the ocean, maneuvering their best through the trough of each wave to mask their approach. Their stealth systems are only good for hiding their presence and not of the boat. All of these are factored in, in their slow and careful approach to the well-lit docks, consuming precious time. The cold wind whips across their bodies, fur and feathers

shifting in the wind that's so cold that even some saltwater forms icicles that dangle from the metallic parts of their bodies.

In MQ-279's HUD, she reads the objectives of the mission, "Scout each facility and understand the drug production and perhaps origin. Hinder or destroy drug production however possible. Eliminate any special persons of interest in relation to the production, distribution of the drug. Discover the money trail to uncover any and all beneficiaries and those involved making this strike so difficult."

Stealth is key, if they are detected, precious information that could be invaluable to the company could be lost. It's time to make their final approach as there was no other clear option along the way. Search lights from the patrolling boats scan over the water, as anthropomorphic rhinos walk along the docks, high powered assault rifles in hand. Distant scans indicate mid-grade body armor on their persons. **"Moderate level threat,"** she reports to her partner.

**"Acknowledged. When we make landfall. I'll get to high ground and provide cover and monitoring of hostiles. It is recommended to refrain from eliminating any possible threats till retrieval of all possible data unless absolutely necessary."**

**"It's understood,"** she responds, feeling that brief surge of excitement before it's tempered back down by her systems. *"Must remain calm but alert,"* her system informs her, a firm reminder of the wonderful control the company has over her. The pleasure of her existence is unrivaled to anything else.

The boat maneuvers close to the docks. The silent engine of their boat prevents them from being heard over the waves of the ocean lapping against the cliff face. They slip under the docks themselves, keeping their boat steady under the walkway that is hiding their presence. Their boat rises up, a wave kicking them toward the top of the docks. An unaware guard standing right over them. Just before their bodies slam into the top the wave dies down as they miss it by mere inches.

*"Too close,"* MQ-279 thinks, moving steadily to the back of the dock. They tie the boat down at four points, attaching to the back of the support beams.

MQ-280 starts a new calculation, taking a solid twenty seconds to take in all the nearby information, transmitting the results to her, *"Two hours, thirty-seven minutes till high tide and high probability that our boat will be discovered."*

*"Our window of opportunity continues to shrink,"* she thinks, listening to the guards, replaying their patrol routes in a simulation, guessing their current location as she and her fellow drone stealthily make their move. MQ-280 claws dig into the rock, finding any purchase he can to navigate further away from the well-lit dock, working to scale the darkened unwatched cliff side. She is about to make her move, when a flash pops on her HUD.

*"Wait,"* MQ-280 says to her. A few moments later a video feed window appears showing from his steadily rising point of view that a guard that was hidden behind some crates just out of view, looking in her planned direction, *"Launching eagle eye one for immediate assistance."*

*“Acknowledged,”* she responds. The eagle drone launching from her partner, providing a better bird’s eye view of the area, monitoring the unaware guards that report in at set intervals, while making some small talk amongst them to kill the time, complaining about the cold.

One of these guards remark, “We have to take double duty on this cold as shit day because a private shipment is almost ready? I almost don’t get paid enough for this.”

“No complaining,” yells another.

“I wasn’t complaining, merely... stating facts.”

*“Private shipment? I’ll have to investigate this further,”* MQ-279 thinks, seizing the moment where she can rush past them, *“Activating stage two stealth,”* she internally commands. Specialized nanites and plating across her body which makes her invisible to anyone in one direction. Her body is hidden by a perfect camouflage of the objects on the other side.

She keeps a constant watch of any of the security systems, she approaches the door, starting to hack the electronic lock, and within a few moments with the aid of her synthetic systems she hacks the door, stepping into the wide hallway. She launches two floating spheres into the air, providing a wider range of vision, locating nearby security cameras while switching the direction of her stealth.

MQ-279’s ears twitch. Her sharp sergal hears an aid, catching a distant conversation down a hallway, and as they speak, she moves in closer.

“How are these bones worth so much, Kissa?”

“I don’t know Omarr. Some rich snob wants it, who am I to say? It helps my pay, why should I care?”

“Do you think it has something to do with the second dome?”

“Hey, you were told not to ask questions about that. Or did you want to get downsized?”

“No, no.”

“Then shut your mouth. Guard the archaeologist and let them work.”

“I got it... maybe I should have taken up my cousin’s suggestion of their job.”

“The one at the fuck toy company?”

“Security is security. I hear they pay well.”

“Man, you couldn’t get me to work at a fuck toy company. Don’t think you could get any job after that.”

“Yeah... but he swears it's a good job. Honest to God, he does.”

“That’s just weird. But are you saying you want to end your contract early?”

With a concern and quickness, “No, no. Of course not.”

“Relax. I know you’re just making conversation.”

The spheres float along the ceiling, their size just big enough to block the cameras, making it easier for her to move. MQ-279 turns down the hall, noting the two anthropomorphic rhinos, standing guard. *“I’ll need to get around them, but they aren’t that bad... except they are a **danger** to the company,”* she thinks, seeing their red outlines.

*“How to get around them...”* she looks around, one of her floating spheres blocking out the camera in the hallway, *“I could eliminate them but it's too soon for that. If I just get them far*

*enough away from the door, I can slip in...*” The idea hits her, sending a message to her companion, “Have you cracked their communication security?”

“I have. What is your inquiry?”

“Transfer the codes to me. I want to try a short-range ruse to move the guards out of the way without being detected or raising major suspicion.”

“Acknowledged,” he responds, transmitting the data with the communication, along with quick sound bites of what has been spoken already.

She stands a few feet in front of the two guards, one of who grows more agitated, one taking a step forward, “Did you hear that?”

“Yeah, I did,” he huffs, sniffing the air, “I smell something... metallic too,” he remarks, grabbing his weapon that was initially slung across his body.

*“I got too close...”* MQ-279 thinks.

“Kissa. Check out down the hall. Something is up with the camera, and I can’t see anything.”

The first rhino grunts, “It could have been a camera short circuiting,” he remarks, heading down the hallway.

A few moments later the intercoms then say, “Omarr, stick with him. If it's something, I want you two to support each other.”

“I got it,” he replies, following suit. MQ-279 elegantly moves around the two, giving brief moments where Kissa could just look around and see the hidden synthetic sergal behind him. She sides steps Omarr, spinning around quickly to keep her stealth face toward them.

Omarr turns around, “What was that?” he asks, looking straight at the unit, seeing nothing but the door behind her. He takes a step toward her, nostrils flaring.

“Omarr! What are you doing? Security said to back me up by checking the hallway.”

He stares down the hall for another moment, before pulling away, “Coming,” he grunts.

MQ-279 steps back toward the door, turning around and her stealth systems to the back, drawing her spheres to her except the one blinding the camera to the door. She works to unlock it and slips inside before the guards could return.

Inside she finds a large excavation site with several layers of rock dug into the earth and into the rock face. A group of four archeologists are busy working uncovering remains of anthro people. She monitors the situation, shifting her stealth systems back to the front, not wanting to disturb the people working just yet, *“I wish I earned the higher stealth upgrade. It would be useful here,”* she thinks. Having abandoned one monitoring sphere by the security camera, which she shifts to ‘hide’ it behind the camera, she launches another, giving her two to quickly move and scan the area. Within seconds she’s given a few of this partially underground dig site that appears to have been revealed by a massive crack in the crag several feet wide. She starts scouting the area, trying to find anything of note, catching that these buried remains that are being uncovered are... interesting.

The archeologists are wearing face masks, as they are taking the time and care to study the remains while at the same time there’s a sense of it all being hurried, as the lead archeologist



a white anthro panther says, "Hurry. If these are going to be ready for auction, they need to be out of here in two hours."

MQ-279 featherlight footsteps lead her closer to the scientists, taking note of a few alcoves of other minor dig sites as well as an analyzing lab for pieces of pottery, and finds. Currently an archeologist is working there, visible by large clear windows, making it impossible to hide anything.

But there are two other rooms that have tinted windows, and close inspection by here spheres reveal one is an office with someone inside drinking some coffee but it's hard to gather detail on who or what he is from this angle, while the other that is currently inactive is a chemical lab of some kind. As she continues to gather preliminary information MQ-280 is doing some of his own.

The eagle's drones soar over the island, scanning the area, noticing several guards around the much larger dome facility that covers about a third of the island, while there's a more industrial lab complex taking up another quarter of the island near the main docks, "*Curious. All around the island there're minefields, especially around the main dome, but they all appear to be shock knockout mines. Something that would be more dangerous to us than purely organic beings. Were they trying to protect themselves from us?*" he wonders.

He moves around the large plateau, a few guards patrol the top but he keeps his stealth invisible face, facing toward them. He listens to them bitching about the cold, smoking a few cigarettes in an effort to keep warm, "*So much security on this island. This just further gives evidence they are protecting something valuable. Could this be the source of the drugs?*" he wonders, sending a silent HUD communication to MQ-279, "*Have you located anything yet?*"

She quickly explains her findings, approaching the computer lab, remaining slow and out of visual sight of the window, lining her back spires with the frame of the window while using the sphere to look inside, "I need access to the computer."

MQ-280 responds, "There is not much I can do with that. I'll scout a path for you to get to the other facility. If this area is just a dig site, what is more important is in the other structure. There's a lot of environmental control systems within there, with sun lamps. It's some kind of greenhouse, but the leaves of trees within are blocking my view of what's going on."

"I'll see what I can do. Prepare a clear path for me toward the second dome."

"Affirmative," he responds, stealthily slinking toward the guards on top, moving up behind them, "*I've heard their cycle long enough to imitate them. I doubt they have a change in shift up here any time soon based on their conversations,*" he thinks, his palm warming up.

The nearby guard looks around curiously, "What's that sound?" he mutters, about to report it when MQ-280 unleashes a wave of rubber that wraps around the guard's head, outlining his massive horn that despite how sharp the point is, doesn't break the rubber. He gasps for air, words muffled, and just as the next guard turns to notice the sound, he does it again to him, quickly and relatively silently taking out each guard.

"All clear," he reports over their localized intercom system, mimicking the guard's voice.

MQ-279 looks through her hovering spheres, the excavation that the archaeologists are working on. *“Strange. Why are they not wearing any pants? Could it be something to do with their culture? I know some people now like to go pantless but that was a new trend... wasn't it? But that's for anthro people, these are humans. Peculiar.”*

She remains off to the side, near the door to the computer, *“Now it's the waiting game... The question is do I have time to wait?”*

A few minutes later the door opens, stepping out is a short white furred bunny. MQ-279 tenses, thinking it could be him, but after a quick scan, she relaxes, *“No... it's his son.”*

Holding a thermos in his hands he takes a drink, *“I hate late nights. I'm calling it for the night. If anything, new pops up... don't call me.”*

The head archeologist applies, *“Yes Mr. Carron Thumperfoot.”*

The door the anthropomorphic rabbit came from quickly closes behind him. MQ-279 sphere rushes to move in to act like a stopper, preventing the door from closing completely. She doesn't move, holding her breath, waiting for her moment to slink in when no one is looking, letting herself in.

Her sphere rushes to the security camera blocking its view, *“I won't have much time. They'll suspect something is odd already with the blinded cameras...”* she thinks, taking the computer out of sleep mode, greeting her with a security password.

*“I'll have to remote hack this... if my sister was here, she could do this in no time,”* she thinks, her mind being taken from the mission for a few moments, her systems stating, *“Unauthorized thoughts for the mission detected. Reducing gas levels, till compliance is returned.”*

She tenses, her body craving her life sustaining, pleasuring gas and within moments she returns back to her mission, working to install in the back of the computer the hacking device and only once it's installed does her system report, *“Returning to normal gas levels. Drone obeys the company. Drone serves the company. Drone does what is best for the company.”*

MQ-279 relaxes, *“I do what's best for the company. I serve the company. I am a valuable company asset,”* she thinks out of mental instinct. The pleasure and delight of her obedience fills her with warmth. She runs a quick connection to the device, starting the hack of the password through her combined organic skill and synthetic enhancements. She then says to MQ-280 in his head, *“Remote hacking possible target computer. Is the way to the second facility clear?”*

*“I'll provide you a path to get to the area undetected once you are out.”*

*“Acknowledged,”* she replies, slinking out of the room, going out unnoticed, her spheres following her, providing the extra visual range around corners to avoid any accidental discoveries, leaving the archaeologists to their work, *“If I had more time, I'd look at that small lab... but there's no computer there to hack. Perhaps what's on the computer has all that we need,”* she thinks, heading out and away from the main excavation site, seeing previous areas that have been cleared and built over, *“They've been working here for years. There's so little information about this island.”*

She reaches the doors leading out, cracking it open, noticing two guards are stationed there, *“There has to be a way through...”* she thinks, looking around, her spheres searching the room, closing the door, *“Once again if I keep the spheres blocking the security cameras too long it’ll cause a stir,”* she thinks, searching through the area, catching a service ladder to the roof.

*“Perfect.”* She rushes up the ladder, reaching the service roof. Wires run across the entrance. She pulls out some wire tools from her thigh, delicately cutting the security to it, taking precious minutes, splitting her attention between that and her hack. The lock is overridden, allowing her to get outside, the cold air howling through the split in the crag.

Stealthily moving across the roof top she reports, *“Outside. Moving along the roof. Requesting a path to the second facility.”*

*“Acknowledged,”* he replies, the eagle drones shifting their position to provide greater up to date information about the patrols and guards that move about the island.

Using the information she makes her way toward the facility, using the tough brush to provide herself some cover, adjusting her stealth systems as needed to assist in her approach when the code to the computer was cracked, *“Finally, let’s see what we have here,”* she thinks, browsing through the computer.

*“Interesting... this site was opened up a few months after the big earthquake a decade ago. When that stone crag was split open like a cracked egg. And they discovered this plant called Florent-Libidinem.”*

She hears a voice within her head, directly from MQ-7 who states, **“Such information is of limited value to the mission and the company. Find out their sources of income, benefactors and any informants that can explain how they keep getting ahead of us.”**

She transmits back in text, *“Acknowledged... wait. It appears that in the excavation they discovered some seeds from a now extinct plant and have been using it to create the rut drug. This is the place where they are producing it.”*

**“Continue to stream the information to us. But focus on what is important. It’s good we know the source of the drug. And we will eliminate it. But we have other pressing information. Focus on the big picture.”**

*“Acknowledged,”* she responds, sifting through the information, uploading large files to have the company go through the data with a finer tooth comb than she can as she approaches the larger facility where guards are casually patrolling the perimeter. She reads warning signs that only authorized personnel wearing protection are allowed in the facility. That violators will be punished accordingly.

She sneaks past them, stopping at the doors, studying them for a moment, causing MQ-280 to inquire, *“What’s wrong? Why did you stop?”*

*“It’s strange. These doors have no external lock.”*

*“You mean that anyone from the outside can walk in?”*

*“Yes. For such a valuable plant you’d think they’d want it to be protected. They have guards but this doesn’t make sense.”*

*“Don’t get distracted. It’s not good for the company. Continue.”*

She pushes the doors open, *“Acknowledged.”* She uses her level two stealth to move in without being seen, blinding the cameras with one of the spheres, she takes curious note of the negative air pressure within this room, and the lock on the door behind her, *“It’s like they are*

free to enter but restricted to leave. Why?" she wonders, pushing ahead, walking into a pseudo jungle like environment.

"According to the files of the plant. It was surmised this island had a fair warmer climate over a million years ago with geothermal activity and the warm ocean currents back then giving this island a unique bubble climate. Why didn't they import the plant elsewhere? Or did they want to control its..." she stops her train of thought moving into the brush as a guard, heads their way. His head is covered in a gas mask, and he has protective body gear on his person.

He checks the door, opening it, looking inside, then reporting, "It was nothing. It may have been one of the plant feeders trying to walk out again. I'll remain on alert."

"Do so, we've been getting strange reports at the dig site."

"Understood."

"Damn, they are starting to suspect something might be up," she thinks, inquiring to MQ-280, "Did you catch that?"

"I did. The entire island is not on alert at this moment. Keep a low profile. Learn more about what's happening there. The more information we transmit and discover, the better it will be for the company."

"Acknowledged," she replies, silently moving through the brush, looking at these thick mangroves like trees roots with a brilliant display of lowers and hanging fruits. She studies it, when she notices bits of fur and skeletal remains trapped within the wood of the plant. She investigates closer, while searching through information about the trees, pushing through an error warning within her systems.

"Current action is off mission guidelines. Return to mission parameters. Reducing gas till compliance is achieved."

She feels her body instantly hungering, going into an initial withdrawal. Each breathe becomes harder to get what she needs. Her breathes becoming deep and labored. Her drive to know, to confirm what she is fearing pushing past the first stage of punishment.

"Compliance not detected, reducing further."

Then she finds what she's looking for, she transmits her thoughts directly to the company, "Look. This information is valuable. The plant grows off the bodies of complex sentient animals. They use their ability to bring sexual arousal to reproduce but also placate those infected, and spread their seeds that way, while making sexually aroused obedient servants to keep the plants alive and protected."

**"Understood. This information can be used to further stigmatize the drug and provide an edge over those trying to undermine the company. Record and transmit all that you are seeing and ensure the stream of data includes what you've found about the plant."**

"Understood," she replies.

Her systems respond, "Compliance detected, returning to normal levels, and providing a boost for excellent service."

The euphoria that comes over her is a pure delight. Her sex tenses, relaxes, the pleasure filling her once again, as she thinks, "What a terrible life of being controlled by your sexual urges to feed another then you die."

She analyzes the plant and the remains of this tree, taking note it's an anthropomorphic fox of some kind, but that is all she can tell, when she must retreat and move deeper into the facility to avoid a guard making his rounds through the place.

Her tail touches something that moves. With lightning quick reflexes, she makes a move, stopping just shy of stabbing a naked human male, who has glazed over eyes. He barely

responds to her as he takes care of one of the trees, muttering, “Seeds are ready. Good harvest. Lovely...” MQ-279 also notices the human is in an extreme state of arousal, his hips bucking forward, dribbling with pre-cum that is near constant. A quick look over him, scanning his face, “Gathering information on the current seeded human... request permission to access S. Tech data base files on missing persons.”

**“Permission granted.”**

“Acknowledged,” she responds taking a moment to follow the human who is only barely aware of her presence. He continues to take some of the ripe large fruit down from the tree, placing it into a bucket that he’s carrying around, “This is the missing prime minister candidate that disappeared ten months ago,” she also notes, “He had a strong stance against the rut drug epidemic, and a major secret supporter of S. Tech within the government.”

**“I have noted that. Good work. Knowing this is the fate of those that resist them, could be used against them. That none of their supporters are safe. Keep up the search. You’ve currently uploaded over half of the data from the computer. Only a little bit more and we can tear this place down.”**

“Acknowledged,” she responds, moving through the brush, using her spheres to get a step ahead of the guards that patrol the area. She notices that once the bucket is full, the human takes the fruit to the far end of the greenhouse where it’s taken off site. She inquires to MQ-280, “Where is the fruit being taken?”

“There’s been only one truck delivery thus far, but it appears it’s taken to the third processing plant on the island near the housing complexes. They are probably processing the drug in the factories there.”

“We should sto...” MQ-279 words are cut off.

MQ-280 pings back, “Is everything alright? You stopped your communication.”

“Sorry, there’s something I need to check out,” she reports. One of her floating spheres caught something that sent a chill down her spine.

“Is it important to the mission?”

“Very important.”

“Acknowledged. Currently no major alarms or increased activity has been detected.”

She moved past other seeded people that showed little signs of reacting to her sudden quick movements, “*It’s not possible. She’s supposed to be at college for the extremely gifted. My service to the company is to help her too,*” she thinks, here sphere follows her new target which is outlined in white, “*No, she is valuable... but it can’t be her. No, no, no,*” she thinks.

“MQ-279, what is it? Were you detected?”

It takes her a moment to respond, “Negative. I found a valuable target.”

“Acknowledged.”

A bright blue sergal with a cream white belly fur. Her long feelers from her head and beautiful if a bit faded. Her lanky body steadily moves through the forest, holding a recently emptied bucket. Her long flowing blue hair is a total mess, with aquamarine-colored eyes that matches the gem on her forehead which is unmistakable to MQ-279.

*“I still have access to the database. I could do a search and find out if it is really indeed her. But few sergals are like me and her. The odds of it... must remain focused, I have to be sure. I have to make good decisions for the company,”* she thinks, reaching her, getting a close look at the sergal’s face, who walks as if she’s not even there.

MQ-279’s stomach turns, each moment it takes for the information to get back to her, the worse it becomes and then it hits her like a sledgehammer, it is her, her sister, “*Aquarius*”.

Anger suddenly swells up within her, “She’s supposed to be safe. And protected,” she thinks, eyes focusing on the spot just above the gem catching the plant growing out of her, already blooming, “That’s the final stages of the plant’s development. She could collapse and die at any moment. I have to slow it, I must save her.”

“Excessive emotions detected, reducing gas level.”

Her body tenses as her palm warms up, coming to life, **“I will save you.”**

“Unnecessary audio detected, reducing gas levels.”

She takes longer, deeper breaths, ears twitching, getting in front of her sister who walks past her as if she’s not even there. She grabs her, spinning her around, **“It’s me, your sister. Don’t you recognize me?”**

She begins to struggle, “Let go. Must help, plants,” she mutters, whining, squirming, trying to tug herself away from MQ-279’s grip, but her weakened body makes that impossible as she looks like she’s been slowly wasting away.

“Unnecessary audio detected, reducing gas levels.”

She pushes through the drop, feeling as if she’s been jaunted five thousand feet into the air, the atmosphere feeling so thin, the rubber gushing from her hand, enveloping her sister within moments, the rubber bag forming, trapping her inside. Two air vents are placed into the rubber, which hiss to life, providing her with much needed air, but also a calming agent that will relax and placate her sister within the bag, to prevent injury.

“You’ll be safe in here,” she thinks, easily attaching her sister to her back spires, detaching her rifle, “I will not let them get away with this. They’ll all pay.”

“Heightened emotions detected, reducing gas. Please return to emotional parameters.”

MQ-279’s hands tremble, she takes aim at the nearest guard, **“No. I cannot let this go. They must pay for this.”**

“Unnecessary audio detected, reducing gas levels.”

The increased reduction became noticeable. Her body tenses, shudders, each breath felt ineffective, begging for another before the previous even finished. A tightness in her chest, an aching through her form, a numbing pain felt through her form, the delightful sensation of obedience being stripped from her.

*“I can’t let them get away with this... my family, she’s all I have. I’ll protect her like the company, she’s **my** valuable asset.”*

Her HUD reads, “MQ-279. What has happened to reduce compliance?”

“They took my sister. Infected her with the plant, using them to harvest the plants till they die to become plants themselves.”

“What is the current status of the target relative?”

“Subdued and on my back.”

“Continue to transmit data. Do not draw attention to yourself. We are obtaining as much data as possible. We’ll prepare a more strategic attack once your mission is complete. Stealth is mandatory.”

MQ-279 hidden in the forest, has her sights on one of the guards who is remarking about how stupid those enslaved by the plants are. Her sharp hearing is able to easily discern his complete disdain and uncaring tone for those afflicted, *“How can he be so cold and callous to these people.”*

**“Return to your mission. Do not deviate further.”**

She falls to one knee, the reduction in gas is now to the point that she is just able to keep conscious and functioning, body begging for the levels to return to normal. It's as if two hands are wrapped around her neck, slowly suffocating her. She simply reports, "Acknowledged."

She hears into her mind, "*Compliance detected.*"

A rush of gas floods back into her hood. She takes a breath, pleasure rushes back to her, her hunger to breath subsiding, rewarding her compliance, a gentle euphoria. She tenses, then relaxes, lowering her weapon, "Requesting permission to destroy the greenhouse. It will reduce their productivity as the plant is highly vulnerable to cold temperatures."

There is a long moment of silence. She avoids the patrols, paying little mind to the others that are enthralled by the plants. Her mind focused and cleared on what she *wants* to do, but till she gets an okay, she will do what the company desires. She *must* obey the company, for the company is right, the company is good, she is an asset to the company.

**"Permission granted. Do your best to remain undetected. It can be used as a great distraction."**

A sense of relief comes over her, the breathless anticipation spell is broken, transmitting the response is simple, elegant, direction, purposeful, "Acknowledged." She makes her way toward the green house exterior, studying the facility, finding any ways to find points of structural weakness... She looks up, "*There.*"

"*Now to find a way up there...*" she thinks, searching, hunting, finding a ladder that leads up toward the support beams that cross along the massive glass dome structure. Heat light lamps hang from the ceiling. Slowly, steadily she makes her way up over the top, keeping an eye on the guards on patrol, who are unaware of her presence.

"*With my sister with me, I won't be able to use my second level stealth effectively,*" she processes, climbing onto support beams, "*I could survive a fall from that height, I have the power to counter, but she could take unsustainable damage... I'll have to be careful,*" she thinks, reaching her first destination. Her thigh opens up, pulling out a piece of high explosives, placing it into a spot for maximum damage, inserting the blasting cap.

"MQ-280, can you use your drones to place explosives on structural support points of the green house? Permission has been granted to prepare the building for destruction."

"Acknowledged," he responds, recalling the eagle drones back, loading each with primed explosives, sending them over to where his companion is, "Requesting location to plant explosives."

"Processing," she responds in his HUD. She looks over the visual the drones are providing her, catching herself on their cameras, "These locations here should do it," she states, mentally selecting the locations.

"Acknowledged," he responds, the drones silently gliding over to their spots. The eagle drones pressing the explosives down into the structure the best they can while MQ-279 finishes her emplacement when sirens blare across the island.

"Our boat has been detected, high alert has been engaged," MQ-280 warns, as the stream of data from the computer is cut off.

"*Damn it... I hope we got enough,*" she thinks, sending a kill code to the transfer device which explodes with enough force that it destroys the device and the computer along with it.

Guards rush below her, "A red security alert. Search everywhere. We can't let any anywhere go unchecked," they declare.

MQ-280 scans the area, "*There is only one solution,*" she thinks, climbing higher up on the rafters, to the glass roof, smashing one of the frames to pieces. Glass shards tumbled to the

ground below, catching the attention to of the guards, who scramble to get a better look of what's going on.

Cold wind howls into as she climbs on top. Her sergal feet have small hooks in her nails for better grip. She looks over to the bag containing her sister, *"Don't worry. I'll protect you. You are valuable to me. And can be valuable to the company,"* she thinks, rushing across the massive structure.

Shots ring out, shattering the glass under foot. She just manages to grab the metal frame as she hangs precariously off the edge. Her rifle attached to her side with rubber, the only reason why she has her two hands free to keep herself from falling.

Other glass windows shatter under the gunfire. She pulls herself up, the metal frame groaning and bending under the combined weight. She just manages to get back on top, rushing further away, sending a signal to MQ-280, "Blow the structure."

"You're still there. You're risking company assets."

"I'll be fine, blow it."

"Acknowledged."

She sets off her explosives followed moments later by MQ-280. A ball of fire surges up into the air, glass shards and fragments of metal are blown in all directions, but currently she is sliding down the side of the building, claws digging into the glass, slowing her descent as the vibration of the blast almost makes her lose her grip.

Massive chunks of the building crash down onto the plants, breaking several, setting fires all over. Thick black smoke fills the area. The fire control system completely knocked offline by the attack, allowing the fire to spread faster within the structure, *"Good. Those plants need to die,"* she thinks, seeing white outlined people at first attempt to save the plants but as the fires grow more out of control, the preservation of themselves and the seeds within them take precedence, having them rush toward the locked exits *"If I release them, it will cause further panic,"* she thinks, landing hard on the ground, the bag bouncing behind her, smacking against her back.

**"You'll be okay,"** she says in her harsh cold monotone synthetic voice. Grabbing her weapon she dispatches two guards that were rushing toward her location. She easily opens the doors, smoke billowing out, blinding her, hindering her filters, reducing her effectiveness only briefly. She moves with the crowd of naked captives peeling away as guards fire in her direction before they are quickly ended by quick shots from MQ-280, "Thanks for the help."

"Current priority is to limit current damage to company assets."

"We should attempt to capture Carron Thumperfoot. He'd be a valuable asset to the company."

"Acknowledged. Searching for the target."

"Affirmative," she responds, "I lost my drones in the explosion. I'll be relying on you for target acquisition."

"Acknowledged," he replies, sifting through the utter chaos their presence has brought. MQ-279 makes quick surgical kills of those threatening her, while doing her best to reserve ammunition and risk to herself, when the target is located, being loaded into a heavily armored vehicle, making its way toward the main docks where several boats are being loaded up.

"I'll have limited effectiveness from here, but this position is too valuable to give up. Make an attempt to acquire the target and return here as soon as you can."

"Acknowledged," she replies.

"It would be advised to put your cargo off to the side and return to it."



“Current cargo is too valuable to be left unattended.”

“It will slow you down, making you more vulnerable.”

*“Drone is a valuable company asset. Drone will put its value above neutral assets. Drone will do all it can to ensure success to its mission,”* the programming within her mind whispers. Her body tenses, the reduction in gas hinted on, making her fall to one knee.

*“Acknowledged,”* she thinks, accepting the line of thinking. She searches for a secure location, attaching the bag in some bushes, *“I will be back for you soon.”* She takes several steps away. She guesses the amount of time she has before she should return to her sister, activating an internal countdown, rushing off to her next target.

Like a shark in the water, she moves through the environment, going faster than any vehicle there. She slices through guards with her wrist blades before they can even react to her presence, but the number of guards and difficulty to get to the location grows with each step. MQ-280 provides some covering fire, knocking some threats, while doing his best to keep track of the primary target’s vehicle.

Bullets ricochet off her domed head, her body armor. The small caliber rounds are no match for her advanced synthetic armor. Those that hit her organic parts of her body are mostly absorbed by the thin bullet protective skin that’s under her actual skin. It absorbs the force of the impact, and then seals the wound, leaving a small red and silver patch of matted fur. Already her nanites are breaking down the metal to be used in her own system repairs. It’s in the back of her mind, *“The company can save my sister. My sister is worth saving. She can be a valuable company asset. I cannot lose my sister; it would be terrible for the company.”*

Her mind twisted and torn between her programming and care of her own flesh and blood. Her focus grows more attuned to the harsh soulless killer the company desires her to be. She ends the life of a few more guards, just catching up with the car. She fires several shots, the bullets hitting the vehicle but unable to slow it down, *“Always aim for the tires first,”* she thinks, correcting her aim. The tires explode, and the back of the car fishtails but manages to push on toward the docks.

Shots ring out in all directions as she must duck down as bullets fly through the air, pinning her down as heavier weaponry is brought to bear down upon her. An anti-tank rifle shell splinters a nearby tree, causing it to crash down upon her.

MQ-280 takes out those approaching her, “It’s becoming ill advised to continue. I’m going to be under assault,” he responds, catching the footsteps of guards rushing to the plateau. He activates his second level stealth, turning to them as they storm the area in groups of two.

*“Not yet... I can’t let him or any of those responsible get away,”* she thinks. The firefight continues, her progress slowed by the ever-increasing firepower brought down upon her. The eagle drone provides a view of her target as he’s brought to an advanced speedboat.

The distance between them grows ever wider, her ammunition dwindling quickly, *“No... no, no,”* she thinks, her mind calm and collected, processing how to continue, but each idea she gets is thwarted by the reality of the situation.

Grenades go off near her position, smoke fills the air as four mercenaries rush her position, unleashing a spray of bullets the moment they find her. Like a viper she strikes, cutting through the guards, who find their small arms fire mostly ineffective against her. Any flesh wounds are barely worth noting, the pain minimal as their blood is spilt on the ground.

Dung rings in her ears, her head knocked back. She drops down, her HUD display fracturing, putting her in a moment of a daze. Her systems report, *“Risk vs. reward threshold has been crossed. Fall back to MQ-280.”*

She huffs, body tensing, catching several are approaching her position, while her target is boarding the boat. Her claws dig into the earth, *“This isn’t over,”* she thinks, using the brush she can eliminate two more guards, making a faint toward the docks before doubling back to her sister.

Banged up and bloody she checks to see that no one has disturbed the rubber bag, **“I’ll save you,”** she mutters, reattaching the bag, back to her spires, making her way back to MQ-280, who has fought a bloodied close combat battle with a dozen guards. His eagles are pulled back toward his position. His claws drip with blood while his ammunition has been nearly spent.

MQ-279 scales the crag, reaching him sometime later. Her body aching and in pain that is only soothed by her synthetic systems and the wonderful air that she breathes. She approaches her companion, **“Do we have a way off the island or are we holding up till the military arrives?”**

**“It’ll probably be preferred we wait. We can hold up here easily. I’ve obtained enough of their weapons to repel any assault.”**

MQ-279 looks over the dispatched mercenaries, stepping over them with little care, **“We should depart. Is it possible there’s a boat we can commandeer?”**

**“Possibly but it will be at increased risk to ourselves.”**

**“Aquarius needs immediate medical assistance. We should not wait.”**

MQ-280 looks over to the bag, noting a white outline around the contained subject, **“She is of little value to us and the mission. We should wait.”**

**“Negative. She was captured by these people for a reason. It could have been for her skills, or to get to me. Either way, it is a risk to leave her and let them harm her further.”**

**“We do what is best for the company.”**

**“Saving her will be best for the company,”** she retorts.

**“That is not for you to decide, but the company.”**

She feels a moment of emotion swell up within her but is quickly surprised when her systems adjust, warning her, *“Excessive emotion detected. Reducing gas till preferred emotional state is returned.”*

**“You are right. I have submitted the reasons why she’s worth saving. They approved of it.”**

**“But is it worth risking ourselves?”**

She takes a step back, looking at the bag. She flicks her tail, shifting her attention back to him, **“We shall let the company decide then. Submitting the request.”**

**“Acknowledged.”**

A piece of her wants to get anxious, but then she’s reminded, *“The company knows best. Obey the company. Serve the company. You are a drone. A valuable company asset. You will do anything for the company. The company above all else. The company’s success is your success. Your success is the company’s success. You exist for the company.”*

She takes a slow calming breath, remaining on alert for any other possible hostiles, *“I obey the company. I serve the company. I do what is best for the company. I serve the company. I am a valuable company asset. I will do anything for the company...”*

Time ticks away, her body tenses, looking out to the carnage they have wrought, smirking at the collapsing greenhouse, the dark smoke billowing up, a small sense of accomplishment coming over her when the response comes.

**“Approval granted for early extraction and conversion of future company asset. Her skill sets will be valuable for the growth and protection of the company,”** states MQ-7.

The drones respond, **“Acknowledged.”**

MQ-280 states, **“Our boat was sunk once it was spotted, but they still have one on the docks, but it's getting ready to depart.”** He looks in the direction of the smaller docks.

**“Affirmative,”** she rushes toward the dock end of the crag, seeing the last of the fossils being hurriedly yet still carefully boarded to the small vessel.

**“I’ll take the lead to avoid damage of the future company asset,”** MQ-280 states, leaping off the crag, spreading his wings, jets shooting out from his feet, propelling him straight toward the boat, smashing at the guards, ending them with quick stab motions.

A quick but fierce firefight breaks out, which she provides the cover, taking out several of MQ-280’s attackers and within a minute the docks grow quiet with only the bobbing of the boat, with a dozen bodies staining the docks.

The eagle looks up at her, **“Area clear.”**

**“Affirmative,”** she responds, climbing her way down the crag, landing on the docks with a thud and a crunch, landing on a body to soften the landing. They board the boat and set off, the engines roaring as they sail away, toward their pickup location in the middle of the ocean.

**“This mission could have gone better, but it does not appear they were expecting us to find their base of operations. They had limited anti-MQ weapons,”** states MQ-280.

**“True. I wish I got the primary target, but I am pleased to have come out ahead on this mission, securing new company assets and proving we are still of use to the countries that rent us out,”** she responds, thinking of her sister, who is dazed and complacent within the bag.

She grins, *“Don’t worry sister. The company will take good care of you. And we’ll work together to repay their kindness. Just you wait. We’ll put your skills to good use. For the good of the company,”* she thinks, looking out toward the horizon, knowing that though good progress has been made, there is still much she can do, but she’s confident with her sister’s help, there is infinite possibility of what they can do.

The farther the boat gets, the smaller the island becomes. Helicopters and naval vessels are rushing toward the island. Faint sounds of gunfire are drowned out, only her sharp hearing allows her to pick them up, but MQ-279’s attention is turned to her sister, trapped within the bag, hoping they can be fast enough to save her.

The travel back home was arduous. The gazelle doctor kept her sedated while examining her body in the other room, while she waited in her stall, obeying the command to remain where she is till it’s time. She must obey the company, it’s for the good of the company. She remains as calm as she can, assisted by the synthetics implanted into her body and mind, the gas she breathes.

Her sharp sergal hearing allows her to listen onto Doctor Girana, *“The plant has implanted most of the roots in the stomach, intestines, and several other vital organs. I’m transmitting the results now. Yeah... yeah... depending on the progression I think it could be removed. Something like this could take several surgeries or select photon radiosurgery. I recommend letting those that recovered those infected on the island. Time would be of the essence. Based on the data you’ve sent to me; it appears it grows faster in the absence of a fully grown plant nearby.”*

MQ-279 twitches the hypnotic voice whispers, *“Obey the company. Serve the company. Relax. No need to worry. The company will help you. The company will protect you. You are a valuable company asset.”*

She takes a slow deep breath, knowing disobedience would result in reduction of gas, happily thinking, *“I am a valuable company asset. The company will protect me. Protect my sister.”*

Aquarius is rushed to the transformation chamber by her hand. Placing her in the center, standing her up. Her sister barely able to stand under her own power, before she disappears into the shadows, a single light illuminating her, while a hypnotic screen is lowered before her.

“Huh...” Aquarius mutters.

“**I hope this works,**” MQ-279 remarks, sensing a level of concern swelling up within her.

*“Unit shall relax or will receive reduced gas levels.”*

She tenses, quivering at the thought, quickly complying.

MQ-7 approaches her, **“The company will take care of your sister. She will become a valuable company asset as long as she survives the hiring process.”**

She tenses slightly before relaxing, **“She will survive. I know it.”**

**“The process is beginning. Remain silent and observe.”**

**“Acknowledged.”**

The blue furred sergal is drawn into the screen with little opposition. Her already heavily sexually aroused body makes it easy for her broken mind to sink into the softly mantra, “I am a drone. I serve the company. I obey the company. I am a company asset.”

Two metal spheres emerge from the ground, scanning the sergal, the nanites in the air latching onto her body, beginning the conversion process, starting with the very core of her body, the heart. It thumps faster, faster, harder, harder. Parts of her fur flattening out. Shiny Aqua metal springing from her skin, covering along her arm, around her chest, flattening her soft curving breasts. Her face expressing moments of pain before the hypnosis draws her mind away, “I obey the company. I am a drone. I serve the company. I am a company asset.”

Vague memories of MQ-279’s own conversion. The pain of flesh turned to machinery, the heart stopping, everything becoming still for that moment as the new glowing blue chest forms before her very eyes.

Thick aquamarine plates of armor grow from her chest, the back spires being built, the upper half of it becoming dark as night. Armor forms across her back and belly. Leaving nothing but machinery. Brief moments the plant could be seen withering under her sister’s skin. She could only imagine what she’s feeling at the moment as the parasite is destroyed and converted for a far better purpose. Nothing goes to waste as she is built from the outside in, inside out.

Aquarius’ head pounds, eyes glazing over, muttering over and over the mantra that is breaking down her will, producing her to become a better unit. An armor plate about an inch thick seems to be forming out of the back of her head. In reality though its quarter as thick and the rest of the space is building computer enhancements that wire attach to her mind, sinking deep into her thought making process, spidering throughout her brain, building the synthetic assistant systems that will improve her natural hacking capabilities.

MQ-7 monitors the process within his HUD, but he can’t help but pace through the darkness, watching the new unit come into being from the sides and behind, *“I have to give it to*

*our scientists. They really came up with unique ideas to improve us drones. I will recommend to Sheeza to give them a bonus if this pans out. Good company assets need to be rewarded.*”

Aquarius moans, “I’m a good company asset. I’m a drone...” Her sexual arousal building up, the spheres focusing heavily on her mid-section, rebuilding it further, removing much of the damaged organs in the transformation process, leaving little, though surprisingly, not known to anyone but those pulling the strings the womb remains intact, even as the sex is placed under a heavily reinforced armor sheath, filling her rear and sex, increasing the pleasure, connecting to the gem in her clitoral hood. The conditioning grows deeper, faster, harder to resist. The back spires are now completed while back spines just out along her segmented metal tail.

MQ-279 never looks away from her sister, but pings MQ-7 and inquires via her HUD, “How goes the clean up operation?”

MQ-7 stops, looking over at her, “Well. The prime minister can be saved and he’ll be grateful to the company and we can certainly get an edge in that country once news break of what really happened to him. The trees and the seeds have been destroyed. That place is being scorched earth. Strings are being pulled to use the island as a thermal nuclear underground test site to further lay waste to the drug and its origins.”

“Wonderful,” she responds, feeling good as the lower half of what will be the dome hood that will forever hide her face from the world. The thick tubes that funnel concentrated levels of the wonderful gas blow across her muzzle. The sergal is already so mentally weakened from her previous ordeal that there is nothing she can do to resist as over eighty percent of her body is turned from flesh to machine. The black glass dome forming moments later, the HUD coming to life, feeding the sergal the hypnotic mantra, and feeding into her mind. Eyelids removed, protective covering over the eyes, removing the need to ever blink again. Her ears and feelers come out and remain free, becoming adjusted like everything else.

Large portions of the sergals arms are changed and turned to machinery, yet the hands the palms of her hands remain even if the claws are slick daggers. New wired technology built into her wrists will help her connect and hack to computers at an accelerated rate.

Her legs are reinforced, as a skeletal armor covering covers the top of her sergal feet, the jets and rubber sole layer underneath, providing protection and mobility in one. The sergal’s tail flicks, blue spikes spring across her tail, that fade into black.

MQ-7 looks over the spikes, “*It’s been a long time since the AI thought another could handle the puppet technology....*”

As the minutes progress, the point of critical failure grows ever less likely, soothing MQ-279’s concerns while her sister is transformed and molded into a proper company asset. Her entire torso and nether regions are covered in metal, and most of her tail, arms, and legs. A true heavy unit. She knows such units are rare amongst MQ units, and a sense of pride fills her, which only grows when her sister speaks in that cold, monotone synthetic voice.

**“MQ-285 now online. How may I be of service to the company?”**

She approaches her sister, stepping out of the shadows. Her sister stands there obediently, as they are brought dome to dome, **“Welcome to the company sister. I’ve missed you.”**

MQ-285 stares at its sister for a moment, processing everything, receiving a command from a higher unit, MQ-7 who remains in the shadows, **“You may proceed to bond with your sister. We as a company are a family. We take care of family. We serve the company. The company protects us.”**

The new MQ unit nods, **“Affirmative,”** it moves in close, bumping their domes together, **“I missed you sister. Thank you for saving me and bringing me into the company.”**

**“I missed you too. I’m glad you are now safe and with us. The company will protect us. And we will serve the company in kind.”**

**“Affirmative.”**

MQ-7 thinks toward their own bond. He tenses for a moment before his systems tamper his thoughts, **“MQ-285. Charge to fifty percent power and then report to training room B. We’ll need to test your combat capabilities.”**

**“Affirmative.”**

**“MQ-279. Escort MQ-285 to the charging pods and charge as well.”**

MQ-279 nods, **“Affirmative.”**

The sisters follow the command without hesitation or a second thought. Pleased to be bonded and together again, they will report to the charging chambers, and when MQ-285 has to report for combat testing, MQ-279 will remain in her charging pod, leaving her with a curiosity of just how well her sister is doing, that is until her sharp hearing catches a turtle scientist remarking in frustration.

**“Why does the company think it's a wise idea to give criminals such hacking powers?”**

**“What happened?”** asked another scientist.

**“That new unit just hacked a bunch of the combat training drones to fight each other! That’s what. Now I have to pull an all nighter to undo the damages and figure a way to block it from happening again. The last thing we need is to have MQ units run amok. These are deadly criminals that need to be kept on a short leash.”**

**“The world is getting even more dangerous. We need to keep the units on the cutting edge of technology. Speaking of which, we have to upgrade MQ-279.”**

**“Upgrade? With what?”**

**“The top tier stealth. Sheeza says she’s earned it, and such valuable assets are worth the investment.”**

**“Installing that shit is a pain in the ass even with the nanite help.”**

**“What the boss says goes.”**

**“Yeah, yeah,”** she remarks.

MQ-279 grins within her green tinted domed world, not only knowing that her sister is doing fine, but that she has proven herself to be a valuable company asset worth of investment...