

The Hub: Medic

The music thumps through the club. People are dancing, enjoying themselves, the aroma of latex is heavy in the air, and despite the noise, it's remarkably easy on Zridon's ears. The sergal's infamous hearing has its ups and downs, but strangely the acoustics keep the music at a manageable level for him, yet still feeling powerful and loud to everyone else. On occasion the base can be felt in the air. The northerner sergal is enthralled by all he sees. He looks at the drone sergals, their smooth faceless features as they walk through the crowds, swaying their hips, all being so alluring.

"They all work here?" he asks his two newfound friends.

Zephyr shakes his head, "No. It's a bit odd of a system but those with the lighter black main body are drone hood rentals. Those with the deep black or darker are employees," he explains pointing out one drone sergal at the bar, "See?" He compares it to the sergal drone working behind the bar.

"How color have depth? It's ah... what's the word..."

"Don't worry about that. But you see how one is darker than the other?"

"Yes."

"That's how you can tell."

"Understood," he replies with a nod.

"Since I brought your attention over there, how about we start with a drink or two? Help loosen you up."

"I like drinks very much. Though what is this loose you speak of? I don't want to lose anything. Getting a new visa made would be very bad."

Scyther pats Zridon on the back, "You are going to be so much fun. Come, the first round is on me," he says, heading to the bar.

"Round of what?" the sergal asks, tilting his head to the side, with the opposite ear twitching.

Zephyr shakes his head, "Of drinks. Come, less worrying and more time having fun," he says, guiding him to the bar as the snake gets the bartender's attention and orders, while the sergal admires the curious smooth monotone voice and sleek motions of the black and hot pink sergal drone.

Zridon has his first sip, enjoying the unique mixture of flavors. How the sergal drones move is amazing, lighting up the world around them in their color like little star bursts of color, "We have nothing like this in my country," he remarks, feeling a hint of envy of the wonders that are found here and he's only been here for such a short while. As he looks over the crowds, the people dancing, mingling, being a little lewd that makes him blush, he catches one sergal drone that throws his vision in for a loop, "Hey Zephyr is that one of the club's other drones?"

Zephyr looks over at a black 2.0 sergal drone, with dark blue markings that contain the grey hexagonal markings. The drone walks smoothly, hips swaying, its ultra-dark black catches many people's attention, but the burst of blue along some of the furniture it touches along the

way, is eye dazzling, “I think that is one of the club owners. It’s wild, they can get black so dark, right?”

“Yeah,” he says, sipping his drink, he notices a hot pink sergal drone that looks exactly like the bartender is currently engaged in conversation with the human he saw before. Curiosity getting to him his ears turn toward them, trying to catch some of the conversation...

Jerome nods his head to the music. He looks up at the glass ceiling, which is the dance floor to the fun happening up above. He admires the dazzling display of lights and music, catching green and yellow starbursts of color from two of the sergal drones that are moving throughout the crowd, which makes him wonder, “*I hope they have something in place in case of seizures. At least a warning of some kind. I didn’t catch that when I came in.*” He thinks, shaking his head, “*Relax, you’re not at work. You’re here to enjoy yourself.*”

“Greetings. How are you doing today?” asks N1T3 as over the network she reports to the other drones, **“Initiating willing hire plan A.1.0.”**

R4T1 reports back, **“Affirmative.”**

The sergal drone, N1T3 is part of two collective networks. One is with his fellow same minded drones, three minds, three bodies, all deeply connected, personalities mingled and meshed into one uniform type and the other, the Master network, the Hub.

In its mind, thoughts are adjusted and changed to fit the group think, it happens so fast that none of the three drones realize it’s happening any more. Their thoughts uniformed, strengthened, each adjusting the other in equal amounts, all obedient, eager drones for the Hub.

Jerome is a bit caught off guard by the sudden approach, “Oh, hello. How are you doing?”

“I am functioning nominally. We are hoping you are enjoying your time here at the Hub.”

The human gives him an inquisitive look, “We?”

“We are part of the localized collective within the Hub network. Our designations are N1T3, 1G0R, and K41K. We have met you through 1G0R.”

“Ah, so is the entire kink being part of a hive mind?”

“Just us three. The other drones of the Hub have greater individualism than us.”

“I’ll put it this way, the military would love you guys. All they do is squash individualism and self-thought and determination for the benefit of the greater whole,” he says, his voice giving a mixed sensation of nostalgia and disdain.

“We see you understand that you can relate.”

“I can but I am not one to indulge in being part of one single mind collective.”

“We understand,” he replies, as a quick conversation happens over the small internal network between, he and the other two drones, which is more akin to someone talking to themselves to figure out a problem. Each is speaking along with the others, in unison, no deviation of thoughts, and any that occur are so quickly corrected that its not noticed by any of them. Individuality here has become null and void.

“We should inform the collective to get plan 2.B.3 ready.”

“It might be too soon to to give up. We are not weak will of body or mind to falter on the first obstacle.”

“We require more data to come with a better assessment.”

“Suggest understanding that it is not for everyone and clarify the difference between us and the greater Hub network.”

“Affirmative, we will do so. We must do everything we can to help the Hub grow.”

“Yes, the Hub must grow.”

The human gets this strange feeling that the drone is smiling at him, despite having no discernable face to begin with, “So what brings you to me?”

“We wanted to converse. The Hub is very welcoming to all, and though we are a very close collective within the Hub network. We are able to make decisions as a group as other individuals of the network.”

“That’s... uh, nice. But I don’t see many drones of this club... well I think of this club, its hard to tell which is part of the club as employees and those just enjoying themselves.

“It is enjoyable, isn’t it?”

“Well, I would admit I wouldn’t be here if it didn’t intrigue me on some level. I didn’t think there were many sergal based businesses here.”

“Our existence is because of one, the Toys-4-U company.”

I would be lying if I didn’t say I heard of them. But let’s circle back to the question I gave earlier. What brings you to me?”

“We are curious if you’d like to know more about the Hub.”

“Strange you’d come and ask me about it in such a direct manner. Why?”

“We have calculated that you would be an excellent addition to the Hub network. We are in need of someone of your experience to ensure the safety of everyone within the club.”

“Oh, you want to offer me a job?”

“Affirmative.”

“I appreciate the offer, but I am already gainfully employed. But if you need any advice on some basics, I could do it on not a completely professional basis.”

The drone collective has another quick conversation, *“Should we inform the Hub now?”*

“Yes but keep the human open to stay and visit.”

“We have an excellent idea,” they think.

N1T3 nods, **“We appreciate the offer and will keep that in mind. Do you have any initial suggestions? It looks like you have something on your mind.”**

“Now that you mention it, I do,” he says, going over the initial concerns.

The drone listens on, conveying the information over the network.

R4T1 processes the information, **“Current assessment is only solidifying the decision that this human needs to join the Hub. Their knowledge and forefront helpfulness of the Hub will only ensure our safety and continued clandestine growth.”**

K4T3 monitors the potential recruit from the flow above, moving through the crowd, giving service as she can, ***“I agree with this assessment. Continue to placate the human and make sure he doesn’t leave within the next hour as we prepare for his induction into the Hub.”***

The collective drones respond as one, ***“Affirmative.”***

Zridon catches bits and pieces of the conversation, the music making it hard to make out the foreign words, but one thing he does catch, *“Hmm, they are hiring. Perhaps I can take half a job here while not at university.”* He thinks in not in his native language. His attention is then quickly caught by his two new friends as a colorful drink is brought in front of him.

“After this,” says Scyther, taking a sip of his drink, his forked tongue flicking out on occasion, enjoying the wondrous tastes and aroma of latex that lingers heavily in the air, “We are going to cut a rug.”

The customers dance to the music bats, have their intoxicating drinks, enjoy the feel of smooth latex, and get up close and personal, bending the boundaries of what is obscene and what’s not. The sounds of latex squeaking, creaking, leather and chains, everyone having a blast. Though the drones that are run and operated by the Hub move through smoothly through the crowd, monitoring, dancing on display, really showing off their sleek synthetic moves. The whole building was built around the drones, and those who were part of the guest hub network were able to partake in the club’s visual reactive delights.

Zridon continues to be enthralled by the sheer excitement and display of it all. He wanders away from his friend group lost in the music and dancing, trying to find a good place that isn’t *too* problematic for his ears. Despite the work done to make it easy on them, there are places that it can get a bit overwhelming. “So many wonderful things this country has,” he remarks to himself, the only way he can hear his own thoughts as the shifting colors are hypnotic.

It’s here the sergal catches the human he met earlier, taking a moment to enjoy himself, not sinking as deep into the moment as some of the younger people but clearly enjoying himself. He approaches the human, “Is this often in this country?”

It takes a moment for Jerome to notice him and when the question was asked again, he responds in the sergal’s native language, “Do you mean if this is something that happens a lot in this country? These kind of kink clubs?”

“Yes,” he replies in the country’s native tongue, “It is very big shock to just see this.”

He smirks, continuing to speak in the sergal’s native language, “I would say many places would be. But kink clubs are more common now than they have been in the past. A lot more in this country than others. I’ve been deployed to a couple of countries, so I know a thing or two about that from personal experience.”

The sergal nods, “How is very interesting about that. I wonder why it is.”

“I bet a big part is this country is where Toys-4-U company started.”

“Toys for you? That rings an ear it does.”

“The fact an adult toy company for kinky people rings a bell tells you something. I wouldn’t say it’s a household name, more of in the closet name,” he laughs.

“I remembers now. It was a north sergal that owns it. Though the south says it is a south one, how ill not good knowledge they have.”

“I heard the one that owns it is an actual fuck toy.”

“Wait, are they black and blue?” he asks as a realization hits him.

“Black and cyan from what I hear. Not that I have seen them in person... though their advertisements,” he responds, clearing his throat.

“Be here they are.”

“Here? In this club?”

“Here at the college.”

The human snickers, “Come on now. You are pulling my tail, to use your phrase colloquially. Why would a fuck toy go to a college?”

“That I know not, but I have seen her. Roommate with another sergal.”

“Oh? Are you aren’t rooming with them?”

“He rubs the back of his head, looking off to the side, “I feel not comfortable with them as roommates.”

He nods, “Ah, I could understand. I couldn’t imagine a fuck toy as a roommate, that would be harrowing,” he says as he feels his phone vibrate, “Would you look at that,” he says as he checks his phone, “It looks like I have a drone hood ready.”

Zridon’s left ear twitches, “Hood good to have? Told that it may not happen.”

“I guess someone left early. It does happen.”

“But... hmm....”

Jerome looks at him curiously, “Everything okay?”

“Strange. Mine was registered first. Not in line, who goes first?”

“Perhaps its different hoods for different species and limited on the number. Sergals here are rare sight, why would the club uses them if I was a betting man. The ones compatible with you are still probably being used. I’d not worry about it. There are often better explanations than malice when it comes to things like this, especially in this country.”

“What? I said nothing on that,” he huffs, crossing his arms, cocking his head to the side looking up.

“I meant no offense. I’ll ask them for you and when I see you again, I’ll let you know.”

“Sure, sure,” he replies as Zephyr approaches the pair.

“There you are! I thought you ran off or something. I hope there wasn’t too much excitement for you?”

“No, no. Excitement very fine,” he replies.

Jerome waves goodbye, slink off to the front of the club as he thinks, “*He’s a good kid. I bet his exposure here will help him soften those rough edges.*” He reaches the front of the club where 1G0R is there to greet him, “I was told to come up here for my drone hood?” he asks, with restrained excitement.

The black and hot pink drone nods, **“Affirmative. The hood is not here. N1T3 will be here shortly to escort you to the designated location.”**

He gives a curious look, “Strange, I was told they would be brought back here. Why wouldn’t it not be here?”

The drones over the network quickly come up with a reason to this unexpected question, **“It was a hood under minor repair that has recently come back online.”**

“That would somewhat explain how quick the turn around on the hood was. I knew there was a simple explanation.”

“Was there concern?” he asks, tilting his head.

“Nothing major. Just there was someone else who signed up before me and they voiced concern when I got the call for the hood, and not them.”

“Understood. Some hoods are best suited for certain people. Your hood is best suited for you, for optimal use.”

He nods, “I knew it. Thank you for that clarification.”

“What user had the concerns so we could best inform them of their miscommunication.”

“I don’t want to cause a big deal. I’ll let them know. It’ll be fine.”

“Affirmative,” says N3T1 as he approaches from behind. The simple female shaped sergal drone, bows in greeting, **“Please follow us,”** he motions the human to follow.

“I find it a bit odd though you wouldn’t bring the hood out here,” he questions, following the sergal drone back into the club toward the back to the employee only section.

The drone responds once the door behind them closes making it easy for him to ear, **“Simple precaution. We ran all the tests but we prefer to monitor the wearing of the hood first time out after repairs. Your safety is paramount to us.”**

“I’m glad you have safety in mind. But that begs me to ask the question, has there been an tissues with the hoods? What happened with this one that it needed to be fixed?”

N3T1 escalates the issue to the collective, **“Quick response required. User is inquiring why the hood needed to be fixed. Their intelligence level will need a possible response in order not to shy them away from following it.”**

R4T1 ponders for just a moment, **“it shouldn’t be a big issue. Tell them it was nothing major.”**

K4T3 responds in a smooth monotone internal voice, but behind it i s sense of urgency and sharpness of tongue, **“Negative. It would be better to come up with a benign. Simply state there was a connecting to network problem that had to be resolved.”**

“Affirmative,” collective responds back as N3T1 quickly says, **“Connecting to network issue. Nothing threatening. We prefer to be safe than sorry here at the Hub. And to answer your other inquiry. We haven’t gotten any injuries or any medical issues with hoods. But we are not sitting on our laurels as we are in search of trained medical personnel in case of any emergencies do happen at the Hub.”**

“You won’t need a trained medical personnel for most injuries. Just someone to fill out a report for insurances purposes and against anyone trying to sue the place. Overall, you want to know when to call for the police and ambulance to get the required aid that is needed. So basic training should suffice. If you are needing help on finding the right place to get some training, I could provide some suggestions.”

“Your thoughtfulness has been noted and taken into consideration. Please step right this way,” he says, motioning for the human to step into a room where there are empty drone stands, with only one with a sleek smooth rubber drone hood.

“Wow these are fancy get ups, have you guys thought about having some of these on the floor as part of the aesthetic? I bet such a thing would really add to the ambiance.”

“It has not crossed our minds but we will send the idea to the others on the network and it will be taken into consideration.”

The human grabs the smooth rubber hood, feeling a little bit of heft to it. He runs his fingers across it, enjoying how smooth it feels, the aroma of latex stronger in the room, a tingle running down his spine, “I just put it on then?”

“Negative. Please remove your attire and place it off to the side here. Your personal belongings will be safely stored and retrieved upon end use of the Hub drone hood.”

Jerome looks at the drone, “Sure, but may I get some privacy? I’ve had enough strangers looking at me naked in the army that I’m not fond of it here unless I want to.”

“For monitoring reasons, we are meant to remain nearby, but we can turn our back to you, till droning is complete if it makes you feel more comfortable.”

He rubs the back of his head, “Right, right. Sorry I didn’t mean to sound aggressive there.”

The drone already turned around responds, **“We understand. We wish you to be comfortable.”**

“Appreciate it,” he says, remarking as he removes his clothes, placing them off to the side, “Now don’t I feel like the jerk.”

The drone remains still, waiting patiently, smooth, monotone mind and thoughts. Calm, collective, ready to accept a new drone into the main network. For now, it's just a waiting game.

The human picks the hood up again, looking over it, peering inside, “Do I just put this hood on and that’s it?”

“Affirmative. The hood will apply the uniform sergal body over your naked chassis and comfort to your body for a perfect fit. Simply remain on the stand till the conversion is complete, do you understand?”

“I got it,” he replies, squeezing the hood nice and tight, “It’s amazing what technology the private sector can come up with. And from an adult toy company no less,” he remarks as he thinks, *“Then again I’ve seen some crazy shit from that one corporation that makes those construction drones...”* A tingle runs down his spine, the excitement builds within him as he slips the hood around his head.

He's descended into darkness, the smooth rubber pressing up against his cheeks, "*I wonder how this is going to feel like,*" he thinks, gently caressing the hood, getting a flash thought of being part of the club, part of hundreds or perhaps thousands of drones. All lined up in perfect order and harmony. He's knocked out of his mini mental fantasy when the hood lights up and he hears a monotone voice speak softly into his ears.

“Welcome to the Toys-4-U professional grade sergal drone hoods. Initiating physical adjustment.” The synthetic voice feels soothing, nice. The hood fills his head with rubber, slipping into his mouth, up his nostrils, ears. It provides breathing tubes for him as the rubber drips down his shoulders and along his back.

For a moment he feels what it's like to be a candle. The rubber rolling down his back and sides, furthering the tingling sensation. It's warm embracing grip spreads across his tough well toned and trained human skin. Scars and calluses from his previous life are washed away under smooth sleek rubber. His throbbing cock is coated around the base. The pink pecker throbs out of the rubber as the latex sprouts tendrils around it, coiling around his sensitive throbbing meat. Pulling it forward, rising it into the smooth rubber that flows across his belly, hiding it underneath, squeezing it in a warm rubber embrace that feels all the better.

The human's moans remain muffled, the liquid latex slipping into his rear, sliding down his cum-slit. Nothing seems to be off limits from the drone hood as the rubber rolls over his arms and hands, hiding more of his humanity under a sea of pleasing bliss and squeaks.

The heavy rubber scent is heavily laced with each breath, and he doesn't even notice there's a gentle white noise playing in his ears that when he does notice it, he thinks, "*Was that always there?*" But the rubber is not done. It runs across his behind, spreading outward filling out a tail that he can *feel* dangle out from behind him. A curious sensation that his mind always wandered about and wandered no longer as it grows out, extending. A smooth and sleek tail that reminds him that he is becoming the *other*. That he'll no longer appear as *human*, which only makes his heartbeat quicken.

The latex contours to his body, while also squeezing and caressing his naked skin. He feels the layer of rubber run over his body, taking the shape of the *other* the *unknown* of what it's to be like to be not who he has always been. Delving into this new unknown with excitement and aching vigor. The delight of the moment leaves him caught unaware that his body can move less and less. The more the latex finalized his new look the less he was capable of any movement. The last parts of his human skin, his feet are consumed by the encouraging rubber, turning into the long toed sergal feet, locking him into his new arm spread position. Like an avatar on a computer being created for a video game.

“This feels a little bit constricting,” he eventually thinks as the body is molded around his form, a nice swelling breasts, smooth, sleek. The vanta-black rubber, giving hints of his new position within the Hub before he even knows it. The silver hexagonal markings appear across his sides with the golden stripes that separate the black from the grey.

His back is straightened out, forcing the new breasts to jut forward. The newfound weight tugging at his chest, his mind building up the new body before him as he steadily comes

to a realization, *“A girl? I would want to be a sexy male sergal drone. What gives? Not giving me a choice?”*

He feels the new body, shaping around him, each curve, building the feminine physique, becoming ever less male, less human. Despite his desires, the mere thought of becoming like this, matching the other sergal drones he’s seen thus far continues to build an arousal and a delight. His mind runs a mile a minute, *“Is this normal?”* Yet he can't help knowing that being held there, *“It’s probably a safety feature. They should have warned me. I’ll let them know as soon as I can.”*

“Physical adjustment completed. Scanning for user profile...” The hood’s synthetic voice is as smooth as the rubber surrounding him. His world is now limited to within his latex shell. The cool air flowing into his lungs only stokes the fire. He shudders as the drone hood continues, **“User profile loaded, welcome unit J3R0”**

“User J3R0? That is a curious way to form a designation, rather hot though, probably a simple generation based off my name,” he thinks as he feels the hood speak deeper into his mind, and somehow though inflections don’t change, his mind builds a darker undertone to its words.

“Deviation from preset drone program detected. Initiating drone programming. All audio and sensory perceptions will be disabled. Locking mobility during the duration of the training.”

“But I already can’t see, move. Is this part of the kink experience or the gentle hypnosis of the Toys-4-U hoods I’ve read about?” he thinks as he’s about to soon realize there is more to the Hub than meets the eye...