

Your Chosen Path

You were approached by the DIGOS to help them get into your job, the Deep Rock Asteroid Mining Company. Do you accept it? Mia-Turn to Page 1 or Ren-Turn to Page 5. Do you refuse and report the incident? Mia-Turn to Page or Ren 9-Turn to Page 21

You are a female human security guard. Young, in your mid to late twenties. Bronzed skin, ample breasts, you dressed for success for your job, wearing a black and blue security uniform, weapon in your holster. The value that the company does can't be ignored, but today you know is going to be a different day. You were given a proposal that you just couldn't refuse. You walk into the monitoring station, there are two other people there with you. You look at them with your green hazel eyes, waving to them with a smile. "Ricko, how was your weekend?" you ask him, the person skinned human, dressed in the same uniform as you.

He looks up at you and waves, "It was good. Won some money on the game last night," he replies, leaning back in the chair with a squeak, looking over the various security cameras at this station.

"Great to hear, how about you Nick?" you ask an anthropomorphic black furred bear. His large muscular body gives an intimidating feel, but deep down you know he's closer to a Teddy bear than anything truly fearsome. He sips some coffee in front of him before swiveling his chair to look at you.

"Well. I just made a fresh pot of coffee. We're going to need it. It looks like another boring day," he responds in a deep rumbling voice.

"Better to have a boring day than an exciting one as security, wouldn't you say?" you respond, smiling at him, moving toward your post.

"I suppose you're right," he responds, sipping his cup, looking back at the monitors.

You move to your chair, sitting down. Your hand is in your right pocket, fiddling with the device that was given to you. All you have to do is put it into the nearby console and that's it. Such a simple job for something so important. How could this go wrong? You look over Ricko, who is busy focused on their set of monitors, then to Nick.

"Everything okay Mia?" he asks.

You nod, "Everything is fine. Though..." you push out a yawn, "Nick, could you do me a favor and get me a cup of coffee?"

He swivels his chair to you, "Really? Are you sure everything is okay?" he asks, eyeing you.

"Yeah, I just had a long night last night and I'm a bit more tired than I thought I would be. Two sugars and some cream if you don't mind?" you ask with a smile, brushing your blond hair away from your eyes, "Please?"

He lets out a soft sigh which rumbles the air around him, smiling at you, "Sure, I can do that. I'll be right back. Do me a favor and keep an eye on my workstation while I'm away."

"Of course, thanks Nick."

“Not a problem, anything for you,” he says, heading out.

You wait for him to leave, moving to his seat, looking over to Ricko, who is bored looking at his set of monitors sipping on an energy drink. You use this as the moment, the moment to go forward with the plan. You already made the decision when you accepted the deal. They are coming, even if you warn people now it will be too late, nothing will be able to be done to stop such a powerful entity that you’ve heard so much about in passing stories.

You pull out the device from your pocket, nonchalantly placing it into the computer console, hand covering the device as it does its work. It doesn’t blink, nor make a noise, silently making the monitors loop one at a time, the AI doing its work. You feel the device vibrate, informing you that you’ve done your job. You pull it away, just managing to pocket the device when Nick returns.

“Here you go. I haven’t made coffee for you before, I hope this is to your liking,” he says, handing it to you.

You smile at him, taking a sip, “This is perfect, thanks Nick.,” you reply, sipping the coffee, you move back to your seat, taking out the device, casually inserting it into your console, letting the device do its thing. Time ticks away, your heart beats faster and faster, palm feeling the device, waiting for it to vibrate. You try to act natural while you covertly do your job. Then your heart skips a beat, feeling the vibration through your hand.

“Hey, you okay?” asks Ricko, making you jump, pulling the device, placing it into your lap.

“Yeah, yeah. This coffee is stronger than I was expecting. Got me a little jumpy is all.”

“It’s the first time you’ve had coffee here. I always use the strong stuff just to get through the mind-numbing of the job,” replies Nick.

“It would be nice if *something* would happen,” says Ricko.

“I prefer if the day went by as smoothly as possible,” you reply.

“Same here. I’d take boring any day over some action,” replies Nick.

“Attention all security,” states the director, causing everyone to jump, but you especially hard, the device in your lap flinging forward underneath the console. You look at your companions, hoping they didn’t hear the sliding of the device across the floor.

Nick groans, “What is?”

“We’ve gotten a report that someone attempted to bribe one of our scientists to perform espionage activity. Remain on high alert for any suspicious activity. Where’s there one, there could be more.”

“Understood director. We’ll do our best,” he replies, the sudden call ending as quickly as it began. The bear looks over to Ricko, “See what you did? Sending negative vibes our way. Now something can happen.”

“You can’t blame me for this,” he replies.

Your heart races, yet you feel relaxed that they aren’t responding to you, getting back to work, with your return to your routine while you think, “*Do they know of me? No, they can’t,*

otherwise I wouldn't be here... Any time this will start," she thinks and an hour later there was a sudden call over the communicator.

"Something is u---" the call ended immediately.

"Huh? Did you hear that?" asks Ricko.

"I did, that sounded like Leo," says Nick, looking at the monitor, seeing the anthropomorphic lion sitting at his post bored as ever, "He looks fine," he remarks.

"Hey Leo, everything okay?" asks Ricko over the intercom system. Yet there's no response, "Leo? Hey Leo! Do you read me?" There was no response, "Nick, how's he looking?"

"Bored as always. Perhaps his communicator is on the fritz?" he responds.

"Probably," you respond, seeding the doubt when there was another quick call on the intercom that was cut off just as fast, "I think..."

"That was Ryan's voice," says Ricko.

"Are you sure? Nick, check the cameras. See if he's doing well," you ask.

"There doesn't appear to be anything wrong with him in the cameras, looking at an anthropomorphic and synthetically enhanced crossbreed of a fox and a gator, their dark brown fur covers their body with an obvious black metal synthetic claw on their left hand," he responds, trying the communicator, "Ryan? Is everything okay there? Ryan? Ryan?" he asks, looking at the rest of everyone, "Something isn't right. One busted communicator sure. But two?"

You step up, "I'll check it out, keep checking the monitors and I'll keep in contact. If anything, suspicious happens, sound the alarms," you say, moving toward the heavily reinforced metal security door that leads to the main facility.

"Are you sure? Perhaps it's better if I go," Nick suggests.

"I got this, we'll need you here to defend the eyes and ears of this place if anything is happening."

"I suppose," he says, sitting back down in his chair, turning away.

Ricko looks at you with concern but turns back away to the monitor.

Your heart races, swallowing a lump in your throat you open the door and before you is a sleek silver and purple glowing female anthropomorphic synthetic shark with flowing light purple hair coming from the back of their head. In their hands in a large scythe weapon. They look down at you, with a tooth filled grin. You've already made your decision on what to do. You step to the side, letting them in. She nods to you, sprinting with breakneck speed toward Nick, hitting him hard in the back of the head knocking him out cold in a second.

"What the?" Ricko manages to say, reaching for the alarm button, hitting it just as the DIGOS shark knocks him out cold

"Almost a success," you say to her.

She turns to you with that smile, coldly responding, "**It was expected,**" she pulls out from a bag strapped to her back a sleek black rubber and purple lined attire with an energy-based weapon, "**Yours, Agent Mia,**" she states. You've just been promoted. And now it's time to fight alongside your new boss.

Ren Start

You fumble with the objects in your pocket. Your meeting with the DIGOS still lingering in the back of your mind, *“I accepted it. I don’t know if I can do this... but I’ll try. They have far more resources than this job ever had,”* you think. The human male astro-geologist. You’ve been studying the strange rocks known as digosite and it’s those rocks that brought their attention to the company and you.

Dressed for success you smile with your clean-shaven face to the anthropomorphic lion security guard, waving to him, your lightly tanned skin coming into view, “Morning Leo, how was your weekend?” you ask, approaching his security station, going through the motions of being checked in.

“Another crazy weekend with the kittens. They are so cute but hyperactive. Wore me out,” the yellow tanned furred feline says with a feline smirk, “How about you?” he asks.

You fumble with the objects in your pocket, secretly pulling one out, and nonchalantly placing it right under the lip of Leo’s desk, “It was uneventful, which is the way I like it.”

“Come on, as a bachelor you should be having fun while you still can.”

“I have plenty enough fun as it is Leo,” you respond, being buzzed in by him.

“Suit yourself. Oh, one more thing before you go,” he says to you, his joyful face turning one of concern, putting you on edge, heart racing.

“What is it?”

“Some foreign company attempted to bribe one of our guards. We’re on high alert. If you happen to see anything suspicious. Let us know. We’re here for your protection.”

You hold back the forming lump in your throat, *“Crap, crap, crap... It’s too late now. I already started and agreed to this,”* you think, responding, “Good to know. Best of luck. I know you’ll do a good job.”

“Thanks, just doing my job.”

“And I have to get to mine, have a good day, Leo.”

“You too Ren,” he replies.

You push on ahead, moving through the hallways, past the rumbling of machinery that echoes down a different hallway where the rock processing facility is. There, freshly brought space rock is broken down to be studied and tested for various qualities in order to determine which asteroids are worth mining out for their mineral deposits. But that is not where you are going, you are heading toward the research labs, which requires you to pass through another checkpoint. There you find a brown furred masculine fox-gator hybrid known as a gatox.

The black and blue dressed security guard has his nametag stitched into the front, which reads “Ryan.” He stands up from his chair, approaching you, your heart racing, swallowing a lump in your throat, you eye his synthetic left arm, which he holds out to shake, a routine he’s done countless times to you.

You shake it, feeling the cool metal in your hand, knowing it could easily crush yours in a second if he so chooses. Ryan looks at you curiously as you give it a firm shake, “You never take me up on the handshake,” he says with a smirk.

“Well... you know, I’m thinking of just going for broke for once, you know?” you respond, patting him on the back, placing another one of those devices on the back of his collar, “Ah that doesn’t mean to break my hand.”

Ryan laughs, “I got you, perhaps a little too well,” he says tugging you in close, before letting go of your hand.

You feel nervousness shoot through you, but you quickly regain your composure, “Anyway, time to head to work. You have a good day,” you respond, going through the check in, being buzzed in through the door, your hand gently running across the bolts of the lock, placing another device into the door frame inside the door socket, “*This is going better than I thought. Perhaps I missed my calling as a secret agent?*” you think, continuing on toward your destination.

Eventually you get to the door that leads to the main labs, you type in your security password, swiping your keycard and then giving your biometrics thumbprint. The door buzzes and clicks open, you repeat the same thing you did with the previous door, letting it shut behind you with a click.

There you see your two associates, who work with you on studying the rock and mineral samples. The first a dark-skinned human woman with her black hair tightly braided. She waves to you, “Morning Ren, have a good weekend?” she asks.

“Boring as ever, just the way I like it Zola.”

“Tsk, you should really go out and have more fun,” she replies.

“That’s the same thing that Leo said,” you reply.

“She’s right, you know. All work and no play makes Ren a dull human,” chuckles a male anthropomorphic red and black scaled viper snake. His tongue flicks back and forth between breaks in his speech, sharp deadly fangs visible with each word spoken. He looks over to you with his serpentine yellow eyes.

“I’m a grown man and I can do what I want, Razor” you respond, heading over to your workstation where some fresh digosite samples are already there ready to be studied. You bring it over to your analyzing machine, looking over the yellow crystalline structure, getting to work.

“Always so uptight on a Monday,” he replies.

“One day we’ll break you out of your shell,” says Zola, drilling into a rock sample, getting into her work.

With each passing minute you feel a nervousness come over you, which heightens when Razor says to you, “Hey, did you hear about that guard that was bribed?”

“Huh, wha? Oh yeah, Leo mentioned it to me.”

“Isn’t that crazy?”

“I know. And here I thought major corporate espionage was a thing only in the movies,” you reply.

“The world is a strange place,” remarks Razor.

“You’re one to talk,” says Zola.

Razor flicks his tongue back and forth eyeing her for just a moment, “True. I was never given a choice in the matter, but you know, I like it,” he lets out a playful hiss when the alarms suddenly go off.

“What’s that?!” you exclaim, heart beating faster, faster, chest feeling heavy, sweat dripping down your brow.

“I don’t know. But that doesn’t sound like a drill,” says Zola.

“What should we do?” you ask, looking at them.

“We should let the security handle the situation. If things get really bad, they’ll update us,” says Razor.

“You’re rather calm about something like this,” remarks Zola.

“I’ve been in worse situations.”

“Worse how so?”

“Served in the war. I’ve done some... slithering things,” he says, flicking his tongue before adding a wink.

“Perhaps we should go to storage and arm ourselves just in case.”

“That’s a good idea. Let me go get the equipment, you all wait here and keep an eye on the door,” you suggest.

Razor eyes you, “Alright, but this is probably nothing the security can’t handle. So, let’s not get all trigger happy. You recall the passcode to the safe?” he asks.

“I haven’t forgotten,” you reply, heading off, going through two sets of doors to the defense locker in the back of the labs. You feel as if your heart is about to leap out of your chest. The flow of blood heard in your ears, felt in your veins, you slowly, steadily open the locker, getting an assault railgun. You load it, and undo the safety, “*Almost done. Don’t want anyone to get hurt. This will be quick enough,*” you think, returning to the others, Zola looking a little more nervous as the alarms haven’t turned off yet.

Razor looks at you, “Was there only one gun?” he asks.

You raise your weapon, pointing it at him, “No, but I only needed one. Now move over there, you too Zola.”

“Why you slithering snake!” hisses Razor.

“Funny, now just get over there and we’ll wait till this is all over.”

“Ren, what’s the meaning of this?” asks Zola.

“I was given a new job opportunity and I took it,” you respond. Your two coworkers eye you angrily, but do as you say, you keep them in a corner of the lab, with no cover. And then you all wait for a good twenty minutes before the door behind you opens. You quickly look over your shoulder seeing a sleek female anthropomorphic silver and purple synthetic shark come through the door.

The shark grins at you, “**You’ve done well Ren. I knew I could count on you,**” she says, moving quickly, with lightning speed she pulls out two helmets from her backpack

slamming them onto the heads of your coworkers. Rubber sliding down their bodies as percentages run across their screen, “Assimilating.”

“Doing what I can,” you reply. The shark nods at you, tossing you, your new uniform, black rubber with purple lined stripes. As you’ve just become her newest agent.

Mia Refuse

You are a female human security guard. Young, in your mid to late twenties. Bronzed skin, ample breasts, you dressed for success for your job, wearing a black and blue security uniform, weapon in your holster. The value that the company does can't be ignored, but today you know is going to be a different day. You were given a proposal, and you informed them you'd think about it. It was all you could think of to get away from them, and quickly inform your work about what happened. When you walk into the monitoring station, there are two other people there with you. You look at them with your green hazel eyes, waving to them with a smile. "Ricko, how was your weekend?" you ask him, the person skinned human, dressed in the same uniform as you.

He looks up at you and waves, "It was good. Won some money on the game last night," he replies, leaning back in the chair with a squeak, looking over the various security cameras at this station.

"Great to hear, how about you Nick?" you ask an anthropomorphic black furred bear. His large muscular body gives an intimidating feel, but deep down you know he's closer to a Teddy bear than anything truly fearsome. He sips some coffee in front of him before swiveling his chair to look at you.

"Well. I just made a fresh pot of coffee. We're going to need it. It looks like another boring day," he responds in a deep rumbling voice.

"Have you both been briefed on what happened already?" you ask.

"We have, which is why I have an extra strong pot of coffee today. Nothing is going to get past these eyes," says Nick.

"So, what can you tell us about those who propositioned you?" asks Ricko.

"Not much, they were in the shadows and very well uh secretive. They didn't want to reveal themselves while I mulled over their proposition. Something about the whole thing didn't feel right."

"Good on you. That takes some real courage to refuse something like that. Shows great loyalty too," replies Ricko.

"Thanks," you respond with a smile, taking your seat, "Which means we must be vigilant."

"We have good people working here. A lots of strong folks too. Leo and Ryan are both war veterans like myself. We know how to handle ourselves. And there's the security detachment that can be here in force in under ten minutes once the alarm is sounded. We'll be fine," replies Nick.

"I certainly hope so. But who knows when they might try something if anything? That means we'll be on high alert for a while," you say, sitting down in your chair. Some time passes. You look over your monitors as they flip through different areas of the building. Looking at the the screens that show the labs that the scientists are working on, examining their rocks, "All this problem because of a bunch of rocks? Who would have thunk it?"

“People go to war for diamonds and those are rocks. So it’s not that far of a stretch,” says Nick.

“I never thought of it that way,” you reply, leaning back in your chair, time passing along without issue when suddenly Nick leans forward, “What the hell?” he grumbles.

“What is it?” you say, rushing over just as he points to the monitor. You follow his big bulky clawed hand to see a puff of purple gas fill the area around Leo, who appeared to have gotten up abruptly from it but now is slumped half hanging back in his chair, unconscious. A moment later a large silver and purple blur moves across the screen, the door blocking off that section of the building is cut clean in two, allowing for a clearer view of the synthetic intruder, “Oh my God...”

Nick without missing a beat slam his hand onto the alarm button, “Well this day certainly got exciting.”

“Did you see that? Whatever that is just cut clean through the steel door!” you exclaim.

“Relax. That was a cheap door. The outer layer security is always like that. The next layer will be far more reinforced, and you know it,” he says with a grin of confidence.

You nod, “You’re right. We’ll have to organize ourselves and be the eyes and ears of the rest of the security,” you reply.

“Bingo,” Nick responds, pointing to his big black nose.

“What’s happening to Ryan?” asks Ricko, pointing to the screen.

You look, seeing the same strange gas filling the area around his head, knocking him out cold, moments later the estrange synthetic shark moves right to the reinforced door, “Something is going on, report that the intruder is located in the second annex.”

“Already on it,” says Nick, eyes widening, when he sees the machine push open the security door with ease, “H-how did it break through the security system already? Now we’re in trouble.”

“Whatever that is, they can be here any moment, and I don’t know about you but I don’t think our small firearms is going to stop something like that,” says Ricko.

“I’m starting to agree with you,” you respond.

“I’ll update the local security forces, you two head to the armory and get yourselves armed. We’re going to need some bigger guns,” says Nick.

“Good idea,” says Ricko, looking to you, “Come Mia. We have no time to waste.”

What do you decide to do? Do you decide to stay? **Turn to page** or do you go with Ricko? **Continue reading.**

You decided to go with Ricko

“It’ll be better if I go with Ricko. Sorry, but you look like you can handle yourself better Nick than he can,” you respond looking at Ricko, “No offense Ricko.”

“None taken,” he responds, heading to the door, “You’ll be fine by yourself?” he asks, looking at Nick.

“I can handle myself. I’ll barricade the door and it can take a beating. I should be fine. I’ll keep you updated on its movements and organize with the other security teams,” he replies.

“We’ll be back as soon as we can,” you reply, heading out with Ricko down the hall, moving as fast as you can. You know exactly where the armory is as it was part of your training on the what-if scenarios, “*This is happening, isn’t it?*” you think, running right behind Ricko, the sirens blaring, the entire facility going into lock down.

“It’ll be ten minutes till we receive reinforcements from the local security forces,” says Nick over the intercom systems.

“We can hold out that long, can’t we?” you ask.

“Sure, we can,” responds Ricko when they hear a heavy metallic thud from Nick’s broadcast.

“Is everything okay Nick?” you ask.

“They are outside the door. I’m doing my best to hold it back,” he replies.

“We’re almost to the armory, just hold out till we can get back.”

“Trying!” he responds, another heavy thud ringing in your ear.

“You can do it,” you respond when there’s another loud thud, and creaking of metal.

“We’re here!” exclaims Ricko, reaching a heavily reinforced room. He rushes to go through the biometrics and key coding to unlock the door.

“We reached the armory, just hold out a bit longer Nick!” you scream over the intercom, the door clicking open just as there’s a scratch heard from Nick’s transmission, and heavy grunting, the audio cutting out, “Nick? Nick!” you exclaim, looking at Ricko, who is already inside the armory, getting set up with body armor and a heavy assault weapon.

You enter your eyes widened at the assortment of weaponry, “Why do we have this much stuff here?” you ask, quickly pushing back your awe, grabbing some body armor that you hastily wrap around your body, grabbing a high-powered railgun assault rifle, and some other items you feel will be useful to have on your person.

“You’ve never been in the armory before?” asks Ricko.

“No, only did the drills up to the door. Why do we have this much?”

“Wars are fought less between nations and more amongst corporations,” he explains.

“I’ve heard of that, but I’ve never believed the... never mind. We need to get back to Nick, he needs our help.”

“Go back? You heard what happened over the intercom. Nick’s gone. That thing got him. Going back now will do us no good. We need to head to the closest rally point and meet up with others.”

“What? You want to leave Nick to that thing?!” you exclaim, feeling shock go through you.

“Mia, think over this rationally for a moment. Whoever or whatever that is, that is some high tech body armor. There is no way we are going to stand up against that just as ourselves.”

“But we have weapons to deal with that now. We should not be discussing this but going!” you exclaim taking a step out of the armory but feel Ricko grab you on the shoulder.

“Mia. Relax. Being hot headed will do none of us good. I don’t feel any better than you at the idea of leaving Nick, but he knew the risks. We got here but it was too late. There is no point in wasting our lives fighting it one on one or even two on one. We’ll meet at the rally point, there, there’ll be a whole platoon of us and then we can strike back.”

You tense, listening carefully to his words. Part of you know what he’s saying is true. While on the other hand, all the time you’ve spent working with Nick... his sacrifice, “But we need that post to organize the others,” you remark.

“We can organize and retake it as a group and go from there. There’s no point in going now. By the time you even get there it’ll be way too late.”

You take a deep breath, mulling over Ricko’s words. You feel a pit form in your stomach, the decision to go out on your own, facing the machine that is causing this destruction alone in a vain attempt to save your friend, or to go with Ricko, taking the safer bet, meeting up with others where you can go back as a group but with dead certainty leaving Nick to his fate. What do you do? **If you go to save Nick, continue reading. If you decide to go with Ricko, turn to page.**

You release your breath, tensing, clenching your weapon tightly, looking Ricko dead in the eyes, “I’m sorry Ricko, but I can’t leave Nick. I don’t know what I’ll do, but I’ll do what I can. Meet up with everyone else. I know what you’re saying is the better decision, but it’s not one I can accept and live with myself. I hope you understand.”

Ricko tenses, holding you there even tighter, he closes his eyes then releases you, “I know how you feel, and I should stop you, but I know once you have your mind set on something there is little I can do. I’ll get to the rally point and get everyone and come back as soon as I can. Don’t lose yourself over your own ideas, okay?”

You smile at him, “I won’t. Thank you Ricko. Good luck.”

“You’re the one who is going to need it,” he says, letting out a nervous chuckle.

You part ways from each other. The armor bouncing off your body, you scramble to tighten it while running as fast as you can. Each passing moment you feel the weight of the situation hang over you. Your footsteps echo down the hallway, your gear now securely tied to your person, you have both hands on your weapon, “*I wasn’t expecting my military training to come into use working here. I thought security over a space rock mining corporation was going to be an easy and safe job,*” you think, tensing when you see torn pieces of the metal security door that leads to the monitoring room.

Your heart sinks, “*No, no. I’m too late,*” you think when you hear a heavy grunt and roar that is suddenly cut off, “*Maybe not!*” The excitement fills you. You want to call out for Nick but know that is a terrible idea. You don’t want to give away your position and any chance of surprise.

Turning the corner, you are shocked to see a surprisingly short sleek silver and purple female anthropomorphic shark. Even though she’s a fraction of the height and size of Nick, the black bear is on his knees, with a strange red glass helmet over his head. His body is relaxed,

leaning against the control panel, a swirl of lights is over the helmet, while black-purplish rubber is sliding down his neck, crawling across his massive black furred body.

You read the words “Hypnosis in progress. Moment please...” displayed a second later, the rubber continuing its crawl across your friend’s body, but you don’t wait a second longer to see what is going to happen next. You fire off several shots, the first hits the invading machine’s side, a metallic ding echoes into the room.

The machine looks at you, with an aggressive shark toothed grin, moving quickly out of the way of fire, rushing to take cover, buying herself time to reevaluate the situation. You take the butt of your gun and hit the helmet as hard as you can, the glass cracking, a soft hiss escaping from the hood, the spread of the latex slowing down to a crawl, “Nick?! Can you hear me Nick?” you yell giving the hood another hard smack, cracking it further the display on the screen sputters out, revealing the outline of Nick’s face underneath.

You raise your weapon the heat of the moment getting to you, heart pumping, ready to hit the helmet once more, “Come on Nick!” you exclaim when he grabs the weapon stopping you in your tracks.

“I can hear you, no need to hit me in the head again. My ears are ringing as it is,” he says with a huff, pushing out more of that hypnotic gas, which appeared to have stopped flowing into his hood, “Thanks for the assist but you should be going, it's not safe for you here,” he says, turning in the direction of the anthropomorphic synthetic shark, who is in the other room.

“We can fight her together.”

“No, you we can’t, we’ll need more, but I am in no shape to go with. Heck she’s just staying in the other room, waiting, toying with us. We are no threat to her.”

“How can you tell?”

“I can sense it, deep down in my animal instincts.”

“If it's a machine, how could you even tell if it's afraid,” you respond, keeping your weapon raised and aimed in the direction of the small breakroom. You can see the table there. You tense ready to fire the moment you see any movement.

“He knows you won’t make it far. He’s trying to save you. How sweet of him,” says a cold synthetic voice that sends shivers down your spine, **“You should take him up on his offer while you still can. After all, he knows that bang up job you did on his helmet one last long. And it's not going to be coming off no matter how hard either of you try, and he knows it.”**

You look at Nick, seeing the cracks in his helmet already beginning to slowly close up before your eyes, “Nick? You can fight it Nick. We can fight her together.”

He lets out a huff, “Get more help. There are others to grab. I’ll delay her as much as I can, go while you can. While she’s confident that she can toy with us like this.”

“I can’t just leave you here. We can fight her together now as partners!” she exclaims, her attention drawn to Nick.

“I can feel her words are true, you need to...” Nick’s words are cut off. The synthetic shark, with her purple glow moves with breakneck speed, her scythe is already in full swing.

You try to react but it's already over, your weapon is sliced in half, a streak of purple before her eyes. Instinctively your leap back, pressing the trigger, the weapon broken and unresponsive in your hands.

Fear fills you with the realization of the raw power the machine has, completely dwarfing anything you've experienced before. The machine with her slick fiendish grin, moves to make another strike but Nick rushes in, grabbing her claws, stopping her attack, "Run Mia!" Nick exclaims.

"But I..."

"Run!" he exclaims, you see him bang his helmet hard against the machine's head with a loud metallic clang, only managing to crack his helmet a little bit.

"**That will only buy you a few seconds at best,**" she responds.

"A few more than I had before," he remarks, hands tightly gripping the machines, feet sliding across the ground, the rubber from the droning helmet slowed but not fully stopped.

You give one last look at Nick, who is putting himself in harm's way for you. You look at the gun that's been sliced clean through, dropping the dead weight, "I'll do what I can to save you Nick! I won't forget it!" you exclaim, rushing out of the room, barely able to hear him respond just as you leave.

"Don't mention it. You just owe me a good cup of coffee after this," he sneers, giving another heavy bang of his head against the machine's own. The two squaring off but the bear is thrown over the machine's shoulder hitting into the wall behind her with a heavy thud that can be heard from your position down the hall.

"I need to wake the other guards that were knocked out. That appeared to be a sleeping gas of some kind. If I can just wake them, we can do something. They are already armed with heavier weapons. That will double what I had. Whatever that is, it appeared to be afraid of my weapon. Which means we can harm it. Just one intruder, we can do this," you think, feeling a hint of optimism through you, a glimmer of hope in what appeared to be an ever-darkening storm.

You turn a corner, rushing down another long hallway the alarms continue to blare when you reach the inner security checkpoint, "Ryan!" you yell out, going to the door, expecting to have to unlock it but finding it still easy to open from when the machine went through. Curiosity gets to you, you look at the door latch, seeing something there that's in the way, "Is this how it managed to get through? How did it get there? I can't focus on the little details I need to wake Ryan," you mutter to yourself, going through the door to check where you last saw him, finding his body isn't there.

"Did he wake up already?" you ask yourself, growing hopeful, "Ryan?! Where are you Ryan?!" you exclaim.

"**Right here Mia,**" says a cold synthetic voice that's similar but not quite the same as she heard before.

A chill runs down your spine, flipping around and you find an anthropomorphic female drone gator, a mix between a fox and a gator, with a helmet similar to Nick's on her head. "Ryan?" you ask fearfully, taking a step back, readying to flee.

"Yes Mia, don't you recognize me? Come, I am here to protect you... from you," he says, his body covered in slick rubber and metallic plating, a female bust on his chest, while his crotch is smoothed and made feminine. Whatever happened to him he doesn't look like a man any longer.

"Snap out of Ryan! If Nick can do it, so can you!" you yell, leaping back but he catches you grabbing you by the wrist, holding you tight, quickly spinning you around, pulling your arms behind your back, "Let me go Ryan! Don't let that helmet thing control you!"

"But on the contrary it's helping me see clearly now," he responds, holding you with an impossibly tight grip that is just shy of actually hurting you. No matter how much you kick and scream, tugging against him, his strength is impossible for you to overcome. You're pushed forward down the hall. Moments later the synthetic sharp steps out into view.

"No! Ryan! Come on, you can't do this! We've worked together. You can't just hand me over to whatever it is!" you exclaim, heart racing even harder, watching the shark saunter over to you with seeming nary a care in the world.

"Relax Mia. Everything will become clear soon. 01 will show you the error in your judgement. You shouldn't have refused her," he explains.

Your eyes widen the shark standing before you, the machine known as 01. You look at her, a little shorter than you, but no less intimidating. She easily pulls out a red helmet like the one that was placed on Nick and Ryan's head. Your struggling resumes even harder.

"You'll come around soon," 01 chuckles, the red helmet has swept back ears with hints of matching red within them. Silver metal lines the back and base of the hood that's ready to trap itself around her head.

"No! No!" you yell, struggling in vain, trying to push yourself away but Ryan moves you forward the red glow of the helmet catching your eyes, the rubber shifting, seemingly eager to slide down her body, knowing that it's about to come.

"Don't worry. I'll take good care of you. Your loyalty to your companions won't go unrewarded," 01 says, chuckling forcing the helmet around your head, her laughter becoming muffled as your own voice is echoes within the helmet, screaming for anyone to help you, but deep down you know there is no one to come to save you at this moment.

The moment the helmet is placed onto your head there's a hiss and a schlunk, the slick rubber gripping around your head, an empty space around your head, the world tinted red, the rubber already crawling along the underside of your chin locking the helmet onto your head.

"Enjoy. I have to go now and reward my cooperative agents," 01 says walking away, Ryan releasing her, letting her rush to try to pry the helmet off her head, the rubber making its way down her neck, slipping underneath her clothes, tearing and ripping at her uniform.

"No! No! You can't do this!" you yell, hearing your voice echo while you try in vain to slide your fingers underneath the rubber, but it pushes your fingers away, sliding down your skin,

covering your breasts. A soft hiss fills your ears, followed by a white noise that deafens you to the outside world, “This can’t be happening...” you say the hood begins to pulsate glowing different lights in front of your vision.

You try to look away, but it's impossible, you close your eyes, breathing in a strong sweet aroma that relaxes your body. With each breath you feel your tensions fade away, sling deeper and deeper into a drifting void. The white noise makes it ever harder to think, “*I must escape... I have to... try to...*” you think, taking another deep breath.

“*No, I shouldn't be breathing this in...*” you think, taking another breath, your body becoming so relaxed that it's a strain to keep your eyes closed from the constant flashing lights in front of you.

The rubber sliding down across your body, across your crotch into your body teasing your folds, as the suit that is forming around you stiffens in places to help you keep balanced as you stand in an ever-growing relaxed state. The suit taking over some of your basic standing functions as you hear the words, “**Initiating processing.**”

“No... I don't want... to be... processed,” you weakly say in your helmet, your own voice barely heard by the loud white noise that encompasses you. Opening your eyes you see the swirls of light, the tender flashes that further distract your mind, drawing you away from thinking. That frightful fearful moments of terror now feel so far away from you. Why were you so afraid? This feels relaxing nice.

“I... I must...” you shudder tensing, moaning softly feeling the suit embrace you, crawling down your legs, your arms, that sweet aroma filling your lungs, drawing you deeper into the ocean that your body is drifting into you. You swear you never felt so relaxed in your life.

“**Relax. Listen. Everything will be fine. You are a good drone,**” the white noises whispers into your mind, a shiver of pleasure running down your spine, something about those words that felt heinous only moments ago now feel alluring, tantalizing, pulling at your mind towards them.

Your eyes open but glazed over, seeing the delightful swirls, mouth opening slightly, the flow of gas now freely moving in and out of your lungs. Your desire to hold your breath escaping you as does your will to resist. The red tinted world that embraces you so relaxing, calming, smoothing, what is there to worry about?

“**You are a drone. You are known as a dronie. Dronies obey. Dronies Serve. You are a good dronie.**”

“A dronie?” you inquire, something about it felt wrong... off but what was it? Before you could focus on that strange feeling in your gut it was gone. Replaced with a soothing warmth.

“**Yes dronie. Relax. Breath in... hold... then out. Breath in... hold... then out.**”

“Breath in... and out... in... out...” you mutter, relaxing your body further, drawn into the swirls, seeing flashes of words, “Good drone. Obey. Serve. Don't question. No will. Serve DIGOS. Obey DIGOS.”

“You are a dronie. You obey DIGOS and their agents. You have no will. You do not desire will. Release your will onto the DIGOS. They will think for you now, dronie.”

More deep breaths, more relaxing, more drawn into the delight of the moment, unable to do anything, not wanting to do anything. Mind growing hazy, will flow from you like the air you breath. Resistance steadily whittled away. And there’s no one coming to save you. Why would you want to be saved from this? It feels so wonderful.

More deep breaths. More sweet air filling your lungs. The swirls, the words, the voice. Caressing and shaping your mind like the puddy you are. Your force onto your toes but you barely notice, growing a bit more of a digitigrade stance, becoming more anthropomorphic in your look, a thick luscious shark tail flowing out from behind you, powering your systems. The nanites stored within the helmet building your new body, your new home.

“You are a dronie.”

“I’m a dronie,” **you** respond in a smooth rhythmic monotone voice. Your speech could be put to a swing pendulum as you move into the beat with the hypnosis.

“You obey the DIGOS.”

“I obey the DIGOS.”

“You have no will.”

“I have no will.”

“You desire no will.”

“I desire no will.”

“Service is your purpose.”

“Service is my purpose,” **you** respond, an unknown amount of time passing when 01, your mistress comes before you.

“Mission accomplished. We’ve obtained everything and everyone we came in for. Come dronie,” she says. You look at her, with a pleasant smile that is hidden away under the smooth red glass.

“Yes Mistress,” **you** respond, noticing beside her is someone you recognize. Ren, a weapon in hand. For a moment you feel an urge to move and defend 01 but then your HUD displays that Ren is a friend. An agent, just below the perfect DIGOS and one you should obey.

01 gives a toothy grin, **“Good dronie. When we get back to base, follow me. I have a special position for a loyal dronie like yourself.”**

You feel an urge to salute 01, the top shark here. The best machine there is. Your mind is filled with these thoughts that feel like your own. Why would you question them? **“Yes Mistress!”** **you** respond with a delightful salute. The movements are guided to you partially by the suit, helping to train you in the right motions. You notice Nick and the others are there to join you.

You would find amusement in seeing Nick’s body compressed and made to look more feminine with a nice bust on his chest, but those were thoughts that the old you would have. Those would distract you from your current job of following 01 out of the facility and to your new home. Eager to start your new life as a dronie.

Things have already become so simple for you. Breathing in that wonderful gas, helping keep your thoughts aligned. No resistance to be had in your head. You never felt so clear minded in your life. The worries and cares of the everyday struggle is simply washed away and you could not feel any happier or joyful at the service you are doing.

“You are a good dronie. Dronies obey. Dronies help the DIGOS.”

Simple words, simple thoughts for you to follow. You are helping the DIGOS, and they are there to help humanity. What other job could you ever want? None now. You stand in your new alcove, being transported to the home base of operations, and with each passing moment you felt a little tingle of excitement. 01 wanted you for something? What could it be? Your mind struggles to wonder about it. But the constant hypnosis keeps your mind at ease, relaxed, near blank. A good unit, conditioned to obey. That is what you are.

But occasionally you manage to sneak in a few thoughts, you aren't mindless after all just a will-less dronie, eager to obey your Mistress, *“This is so exciting. 01 needs me. A simple dronie? How could I be so lucky,”* you think, your transportation complete. You are brought through a series of labs. One of which Ren is led into while you continue to follow 01 into a large processing room. There are others like yourself standing in alcoves, being monitored and checked upon by other DIGOS and their agents. There are people working on designing weapons in the lab while there is a small robotics construction lab in the corner.

“Come,” 01 commands.

“Yes Mistress,” you respond with a salute, eyes trained on your superior. You follow her as she leads you to a series of open silver metal, with purple highlighted feral chassis with dark purple rubber. One in particular is up on a stand with robotic arms at the sides. All sorts of parts are lined up on racks, ready to be grabbed and used. From here you can see the interior has a cavity to fit a person. With dozens of attachment points.

“Remove your tail and get into the chassis. You are going to become my guard dog.”

Words that would have sent you reeling in repulsion now fill you with delight and joy. The thought of being so close and being of service to 01? *“How could I be so lucky,”* you manage to think, responding, **“Yes Mistress,”** you respond, disconnecting your tail with a knowledge that you are unsure of where it came from, but you didn't care. You received a warning that you have only an hour left of power, but you knew that wasn't going to be a problem. You walk up the platform, getting an even better look inside. You slip the first leg in, the rubber squeaking against your own, gripping your legs as you slip into the back. Your high heels lock into the hindlegs. The machine auto grips your hips and thighs, the chassis pulling your butt back till it connects to the feral shark tail, restoring you to full power.

Your HUD reads, “connection established.”

“Good dronie. I respect the loyalty you gave your companions. I like loyalty like that. You will serve me well,” 01 states with a sharky tooth filled grin.

“With pleasure Mistress,” you respond.

01 taps a holographic computer screen that is transmitted before her, initiating the conversion process, **“Hold still and let them do the rest of the work,”** she commands.

“Yes Mistress,” you respond. You feel so excited, you clench your butt cheeks, knowing that this is going to be a wonderful thing. The robotic arms grab you, holding you in place as a set of cutters remove the front of your Glass dome, a puff of hypnotic gas is released as it's taken away.

You don't question what is happening, you already know that it's all for the greater good of being in service with 01. A heavy feral shark silver metal faceless helmet with several attachment ports is brought over to your head. It quickly replaces the missing gas. At first you are delved into darkness but then you feel a rush of nanites that fill the cavity.

Your entire face is merged into the metal helmet, your vision suddenly flickering on with a fishbowl like perspective. The warm nanites slipping into your mouth, ears, nose, providing the air you need, making the connections, seeping into your mind as you relax, waiting for your next command. Thoughts further being adjusted to be of service to your Mistress.

A heavy metal body plate is slipped around your chest, and several wire points are latched along your spine. You feel a pinch as they connect to your spinal cord, but you are calm, collected. Your mind becomes even less your own. A sense of 'will' returning to you but it's one that is being cultivated and crafted before it even comes to your conscious mind. It feels less as if your will is stripped but your will is defined to feel as natural as possible as the nanites continue to invade you.

Your arms are guided into the front of the suit, your breasts slip into the slot, wires connecting to the front, and into the back as the feral suit embraces your arms completely, your head slipping into the neck portion that locks around the base of your head

You feel jerks of pleasure and tingling of electricity as dozens of wires are attached to your back, binding you further to the feral drone body. Systems start to come online, your sense of self is drawn further away from your simple frail body and pulled into the thick heavily armored feral shark-dog that you are inhibiting.

The back of the machine closes up behind you, weapon ports are open, ready to be attached with all sorts of weaponry whenever the time is needed. You feel as if you're 'head' is too small for your body though you are standing at the shoulder four feet in height. And you would be right.

As the suit tightens itself around you, a large faceless feral shark head is built around your own. Attaching to the neckpiece. Wires connecting to your synthetic covered head, the helmet bridging the gap between you and your new head. Each wire sends a tingle of pleasure, your vision shuddering slightly till it flickers and changes again, moving to that of the large feral beast that you've become.

“Uploading obedience protocols and feral control protocols,” a synthetic voice speaks directly into your mind. You tense and shudder in delight. A surge of information flowing into you, your trapped human body fading into the hypnotic void that started you on this journey.

Your strong feral bestial self coming online. Your HUD displaced in your mind, diagnostics being run as you let out a long feral growl, intimidating to those who would not inspect it. Synthetic and artificial which made it even more affective, making it give an unnerving feel, but to you, it felt natural.

“Obey Mistress. Obey 01. Serve the DIGOS. 01 is my Mistress. I obey Mistress. I’m hers to command. I’m a feral dronie,” you think, the thoughts feeling good to you, natural, less of a will-less puppet and more of a well-trained intelligent dog, which isn’t too far from the truth.

“Installing feral behavior protocols,” the machine works around you stated. Wires connected to you funneled directly into your mind on how to ‘act’. Your intelligence isn’t degraded but your perception of how ‘smart’ you are is being adjusted. You are being made into a secret ace in 01’s sleeve. You are to be trained to be a simple attack dog in skill and appearance, no smarter than a simple animal. And therein lies the trick. No one outside of a few will know your secret of your fully sentient nature. People will underestimate you, thinking you are a simple low-level drone, but they are wrong. You will use your intelligence and advanced communication skills in secret or when absolutely necessary.

You are becoming such a good dronie that the pleasure is unbearable. You let out a soft growl of delight, the mind imprinted upon our own, the mask your mind wears translates your more human expressions into a feral synthetic beast.

“Installation complete,” it says. You turn to look at 01, who smiles at you. Your tag wags in delight. You step off the platform and approach your Mistress lowering your head, letting out a pleasant synthetic whine of delight.

01 reaches out and pets your head, sending pleasure through you, **“Good dronie.”**

You nuzzle into the touch, letting out soft feral synthetic noises around you, while you speak on a private channel directly to 01, **“Thank you Mistress.”**

“I knew this was the right choice for you,” she responds over the network, looking at you with a grin.

Your feral face is strong, powerful, intimidating, you are ready to be of service, and now its simply waiting for your next command. The thought of which fills you with endless joy. You made the right decision coming here to be made 01’s personal shark pet. For why else did you make those decisions?

Ren Refusal

Dressed for success you smile with your clean-shaven face to the anthropomorphic lion security guard, waving to him, your lightly tanned skin coming into view, “Morning Leo, how was your weekend?” you ask, approaching his security station, going through the motions of being checked in.

“Another crazy weekend with the kittens. They are so cute but hyperactive. Wore me out,” the yellow tanned furred feline says with a feline smirk, “How about you?” he asks.

“I was approached by some creeps who wanted me to do some underhanded things to get into here. Who would have thought something like that would happen to me?” you respond, feeling a hint of exhaustion from the ordeal.

“So that was you who had that happen to. Sheez, I’m surprised, but are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine... wait why were you surprised?”

“A loosey goosey bachelor like yourself? You’d be the least likely to say yes to something like that. For such espionage you need someone who needs the money for family or something.”

“I think you watch too many movies about Leo.”

“You’re probably right.”

“You stay safe Leo. Hopefully it was more of a prank than anything else.”

“These days you never know. Have a good day yourself,” he responds.

“I’ll try,” you say, heading through the security door.

You push on ahead, moving through the hallways, past the rumbling of machinery that echoes down a different hallway where the rock processing facility is. There, freshly brought space rock is broken down to be studied and tested for various qualities in order to determine which asteroids are worth mining out for their mineral deposits. But that is not where you are going, you are heading toward the research labs, which requires you to pass through another checkpoint. There you find a brown furred masculine fox-gator hybrid known as a gatox.

The black and blue dressed security guard has his nametag stitched into the front, which reads “Ryan.” He stands up from his chair, approaching you. You look at his strong synthetic arm that could easily crush you, “Ahhh, hey Ryan, how are you?” you ask, avoiding the handshake.

“Still afraid I’m going to do something?” he asks, looking at you with a smirk.

“Sorry but I’ve seen way too many videos about what that kind of arm can do,” you respond, your heart racing a little bit, standing there before him in an awkward moment of silence.

“I understand, don’t worry too much about it,” he replies, patting you on the back with his organic hand claw, “Did you have a good weekend?”

“Outside of that crazy offer I got that I reported? Nope.”

“Ah yes, I was given that in my morning reports. Trying to make me do my job today, aren’t you?”

“Well, you know... a boring workday would ah well I mean an exciting work day would be quicker... but ah... sorry. It was just weird for that to happen; I didn't mean any trouble by it.”

Ryan lets out a hearty laugh, “Relax man. You did the right thing. Nothing more you can do about it but go about your business as I handle mine. And hopefully we'll hear nothing more of it,” he responds, going through the motions to buzz you in through the security doors.

“That would be nice. Here's hoping,” you reply to him, heading to your work. Eventually you get to the door that leads to the main labs, you type in your security password, swiping your keycard and then giving your biometrics thumbprint. The door buzzes and clicks open, you repeat the same thing you did with the previous door, letting it shut behind you with a click.

There you see your two associates, who work with you on studying the rock and mineral samples. The first a dark-skinned human woman with her black hair tightly braided. She waves to you, “Morning Ren, have a good weekend?” she asks.

“It was crazy.”

“Really? You Crazy?”

“It wasn't my fault, but someone tried to offer me something to do corporate espionage or something.”

“And then what happened?” she asks curiously.

“I high tailed it and ran,” you replied.

“Tsk, that's the wimpy route, you should have done more,” she replies.

“She's right. You just ran like a chicken?” chuckles a male anthropomorphic red and black scaled viper snake. His tongue flicks back and forth between breaks in his speech, sharp deadly fangs visible with each word spoken. He looks over to you with his serpentine yellow eyes.

“I'm a grown man and I can do what I want, Razor” you respond, heading over to your workstation where some fresh digosite samples are already there ready to be studied. You bring it over to your analyzing machine, looking over the yellow crystalline structure, getting to work.

“Relax, no one is saying you didn't make the right decision, but how about you don't tell the story in such a wimpy way?”

“Wimpy how?” you ask.

Zola responds, “For one don't say you hightailed it and ran.”

“That is what I did though.”

“Sure, it is, but you could tell it that you stood your ground, refused to help them, and left on your own terms. Not caring of the consequences. Something like that, sounds a bit more manly and exciting don't you think?”

“I suppose... doesn't matter anyway. What's done is done,” you reply, getting to work. Examining the digosite material, while Zola is busy drilling into some yellow crystals of the same stuff. Sometime later into your work there's a sudden alarm and everything stops, “That can't be good. That's the security breach alarm.”

“Do you think it has to do anything with what happened to you?” asks Zola.

“I don’t know, should we go to the shelter?” you asks.

“If we get told to, yeah. We’ll wait for the security teams. The labs are behind several security doors and if anything, we can access the emergency weapons in the small arsenal a few rooms away, and if we really have to, there’s other places to go if it's not safe to leave,” says Razor.

“Are you saying we just ignore the alarm and just wait here? And do what? Continue to work?” you ask.

“I wasn’t saying that. More like we hunker down and wait for the all clear or we get informed by security what to do. Running around needlessly will only cause problems. Not knowing what’s going on, sitting tight and waiting is the best option,” he explains.

“He’s right Ren. We’ll just wait here till everything gets sorted out. We have a ton of security here. Whatever is sounding off the alarm, it won’t be a problem for long. And if it's something big? We’re so deep in the facility that we’ll have plenty of time to discover what is happening,” she explains when suddenly there is a heavy thud against the security door causing everyone to jump and Zola to let out a scream of surprise.

“Oh yeah what do you call that?!” you exclaim.

“Trouble. Quick, let's barricade the door to buy us time,” says Ryan, moving over to grab some nearby heavy equipment, dragging it over to the door as the beating against it continues the door bulging.

“Barricading the door against something like that won’t do us any good! Look at how it dented the door! We should get ourselves armed.”

“If we let it in we’re screwed, come help and we can get armed after!” he hisses at you, Zola already in the process of helping move the equipment over to the door.

What do you do? Do you help barricade the door first? Turn to page. Or do you rush to get weapons to help your coworkers by arming them sooner? Continue reading below.

Going to get weapons.

“A bunch of laboratory equipment isn’t going to stop whatever that is!” you exclaim, rushing out toward the miniature armory.

“Ren you idiot! We can get that after this!” yells Razor.

“This is the better solution, trust me!” you yell back, heading deeper into the facility where you reach the room where the equipment is. You use your biometrics, keycard and pin pad to unlock the door, “Come on, come on,” you mutter as your sweaty palms make your fingers slip on the pin pad buttons, making you mess up once.

“Damn it!” you grumble, trying again, “Just relax. You can do this. All you need to do is calm down and focus. They are doing what they can, you need to carry your own weight,” you mutter, typing in the pinpad, going through the motions for the biometrics and keycard once again, the door clicking open.

“Yes!” you exclaim, feeling a rush of accomplished go through you. Inside there’s an array of high-powered rifles and body armor. Enough for five people, “I’ll just get the weapons. No time to waste,” you say, grabbing the weapons, slinging them around your shoulder, feeling the weight of them, “I hope the annual training on these they have us do is enough,” you remark, rushing back hearing Zola yelling.

“What are d...” her words are cut off.

“*Shit, something happened...*” you think, slowing your movement, not wanting to make too much noise. You peer from the end of the hallway, seeing a sleek silver and purple female anthropomorphic synthetic shark standing before Zola, having placed some kind of silver and dark purple rubber hood over her head. The rubber sliding down across her body. Razor on the other hand stood there waiting calmly, a hood over his head, back turned to him.

“*What in the world?*” you think, looking at your weapons and then back to your coworkers, “*Damn I wasn’t fast enough. What should I do? Do I go in and try to rescue them? But look at that shark... Perhaps it’s better if I take this moment and go to the meet up point and get help? Tell the security what is going on?*”

You take a moment to contemplate your options. What do you decide to do in this moment? Do you fall back and get help? Turn to page. Or do you decide to go in guns blazing, trying your best to save your coworkers from whatever fate has befallen them? Continue reading.

You picked to stand and fight.

“*I can’t leave them like this. What kind of person would I be if I did that?*” you think, putting two of the guns down by your feet, then taking aim, firing at the synthetic shark. The bullet hits and dents the shark’s armor.

“**There you are,**” says the synthetic shark with a feminine voice that was so artificial yet... not that it feels a little unnerving to you.

“Get away from my friends!” he exclaims, firing off several more shots while his coworkers strangely stand in place, unresponsive to this fire fight. The synthetic shark ducks down behind some cover.

You rush forward, kicking one of the other guns along with you, almost tripping over it in your attempt to bring it along, “Whatever you are, this is wrong and you... shouldn’t be doing this!” you yell picking up the second gun, coming up to fire both just as you see the shark come barreling towards you.

You feel the recoils of both guns kick up the barrel but both shots amazingly hit, the synthetic shark leaps behind some cover, and for a brief moment you swear you see a long scythe extend and form in her claws, but you are too concerned about Zola and Razor to worry about that.

You reach them, guns still in hand you look to them as they stare blankly with blacken glass eye covers over them, breathing slow and steady, rubber covering them, spreading down

their bodies, having almost completely covered razor by now, while Zola it's only halfway down her body.

"What the heck is this stuff?" you mutter, constantly switching your attention between them and the shark that's in hiding. You try to grab the rubber as it moves down their bodies, but find your fingers push away, unable to get a solid grip while metal plates begin to form out from the rubber, a tail growing behind Zola's body.

"Come on, wake up you two! This is no time to be standing around like this!" you exclaim.

"Ren! What do you think you are doing!" yells a female voice from behind him, causing him to jump, "Who's there?!" you yell trying to look over your shoulder, but the shark's movements draw your attention back forward, "I have the creature pinned here. I need some help!" you yell.

"Creature? No, no it's not a creature, you silly. This is all part of the advanced security training exercise that we are doing today?" says Mia.

The voice sounds familiar, a welcoming sound to you but you are too nervous, heart pounding too fast, blood pumping to look away from the shark, "Advanced security training? What in the world are you talking about?"

"Didn't you check your memos today, Ren?" asks Mia, moving up behind him.

"Memo? No, I didn't get any memos. I had reported that person trying to bribe me with corporate espionage but that's it. What in the world are you talking about? Look at Zola and Razor, does that look normal to you? How can that be a training exercise?"

"They are put in a relaxed state to be declared 'casualties' it's part of a new training regiment the company wants us to try. You weren't supposed to grab the live ammunition! What if you hit someone!"

"I hit that thing. It fell back, now is the time to keep it here till help arrives."

"A person in an armored suit. Of course, they fell back, you shot them!"

"It tried to jump me!" you respond, panting heavily still looking at the shark who is hidden behind cover, but he can see the soft purple glow coming from it.

"She was trying to stop you from hurting anyone. Relax Ren. Everything is okay. Just lower the gun, nice and easy."

You take a deep breath, not looking away from the shark, "T-this was all a training exercise? Whose crazy idea was this? Especially after what I reported?"

"It was already set in motion before your report. The higher ups really wanted to get it done. More so after what you said. Now... lower the weapons."

Your hands shake you want to look behind you, but you can't pry yourself away from the shark. Something about this doesn't feel right. In the pit of your stomach something is just... off, but then you know Mia. She's worked ins security here for as long as you've worked here for the company. Was there a reason to doubt her? You lower your weapons.

"Good, good, nice and easy, drop them and we can handle this without any risk of injury to anyone, okay?" says Mia.

You nod, “Sorry, I got a little carried away. Perhaps that is why Razor wanted me to stay. He knows it was an exercise and we were supposed to do that,” you say, putting the weapons down, turning around to see Mia dressed in a new uniform that is reminiscent of the shark and the body suits forming across your coworkers.

Mia grins, “You really should have taken their deal,” she says, pushing you back and away from your weapons, the synthetic shark moving at lightning quick pace to restrain you.

“Mia!” you exclaim, struggling against the shark’s grip, surprised to see it’s a little shorter than you, and despite that, no less fierce and awe inspiring in her strength.

“Relax Ren. It will all be over soon,” she says looking at the shark, “Is there anything else you need 01?” she asks.

“Continue to mislead the other security members so we can better handle them,” she responds.

“As you wish, Mistress,” Mia states with a salute.

You watch utterly dumbfounded by what is transpiring. You tug at the shark’s cold hard grip but find it nigh impossible to break free. Finally, you make yourself look over to the grinning shark, who holds your hands behind your back with a single hand, “What do you want?”

“I gave you the chance to join us willingly. The digosite is not meant for you. It's too valuable. But you also know too much. You'll join us one way or another,” she explains.

“Wait, wait, I changed my mind. I’d like to join you now, yeah.”

She grins, sending a chill down your spine, **“Too late now,”** she says, pulling out that same mask that is covering Zola and Razor’s faces. You feel a weight grow upon you, squirming growing but there’s nothing that can be done. She holds up the faceless metallic shark hood of red and black glass eyes. Holding it up to you, the mask breaks apart into six distinct pieces. Thick red rubber tentacles branch out from the metal.

“Oh, dear God what the fuck is that!” you exclaim, watching the metal pieces reach out and latch onto your face. The visor over your eyes, darkening your vision, the ears crawling across your head, attaching to the visor, the rubber tentacles squirming down the side of your head, into your ears, pushing in. You cry out, screaming for help but the rubber latches onto your face, the front of the mask, going with rubber, tendrils wiggling their way into your nostrils while a thick phallic rubber cock is jutting out in front of you.

“This will shut you up,” 01 states.

You manage to let out one last grunt before it’s all forced into your face, mouth filled with the phallic length that pushes past your teeth, compressing your tongue, the slickness of the rubber tastes strangely delightful, feeling it fill your nostrils, forcing you to breathe through them as your throat is cut off by an ever thickening and deepening cock.

You grunt and moan, reaching up for the helmet, feeling it pressing all around your head, deeper into your ears, mouth open wide, unable to do anything but suckle down the length. You shudder, feeling the hard helmet over your head, the rubber creeping down your body, covering

your chest, going underneath your clothes, tearing them apart. The sleek rubber, rubbing along your nipples, pushing into them, making you tense. It's a strange sensation feeling them being penetrated, a sensation you never felt before, but as they move in and down your body your chest balloons, steadily, methodically forward, growing breasts within you, stretching your skin, making your growing bust feel so sensitive as it expands.

"What is this trying to do to me?!" you wonder, feeling the penetration growing deeper, body relaxing further, no matter how hard you try to fight against it, the sensation of calm steadily grows over you. Something about this is affecting your mind, and you know it. Yet the more you try to fight it, the more you realize you can't.

Your hands, covered in latex, armor plates growing which you can see from the darkened eyes, which are glazed over, you see your growing bust, curiosity getting to you, you touch them, sending shocks of pleasure through you, making you moan, your cock twitching, but the rubber there too has a plan.

You clench your butt, the tendrils slipping into your rear, pushing up into you from one end, while your length is quickly sounded by the other. The latex pushes past your urethra, into your length, sliding down into your balls where the nanites overrun your cum factories, transforming and changing them, pulling them up into your body as the latex pushes against your crotch.

You feel a warmth in your loins, your fingers that run across your breasts eventually stop. You're too relaxed now to fight against the sensation. You stare ahead, feeling so good, so relaxed. Wanting to just enjoy the moment, enjoy the pleasure. The rubber pushes harder into your crotch, a female slit taking shape, pleasure growing hotter, warmer, deeper, your aching hard throbbing length grows smaller, the material used for a new purpose.

You'd moan if it wasn't for a mouth full of latex. It feels so good, why were you resisting again? *"I don't know,"* you think, against the question that wasn't even thought. Simply a sensation.

The lust that builds within you, causing your hips to buck forward, you see in your vision Razor and Zola undergoing similar processes. Both of them are further along than you. What could you do to help them? *"Why would I want to stop this? How could I be so blind,"* you think, mind shifting, changing, turning. The nanites affect your thoughts, changing them, altering them to better suit what you are supposed to be.

You shudder, your female sex clenching down on the rubber, the armor plate smoothing across your crotch, protecting you as your member is processed away, replaced by a greater pleasure. Your clit aching, hard, throbbing, but the burning void within your loins was so much better than anything else you could have known. Your breasts are so full perky, sensitivity, that you are thankful that they are protected by a layer of rubber.

"This is what its like to be a good dronie... I love it. I love being a good dronie," you think. Not even questioning where the word 'dronie' even came from. Its knowledge that seems to have always been there. You sink further into the delight, your hips widening, your female sex full to the brim with rubber, a deep penetrating cock there to keep your new hot vent

company as you hungrily squeeze upon it. You grind your hips against the invisible person before you. To be a woman is something you never thought about... even now it's not something you are actively thinking about. This transition feels not so natural but like returning home after a long work-related vacation. It just feels right and perfect. Nothing to even question or wonder about. It's simply... just is. The questions not being spoke, not being heard but clearly being answered by you, reaffirming your position and just that you are as your mind is rewired, your body transformed. You stand there, processing and becoming a perfect good drone. You are a good dronie. Aren't you?

"I'm a good dronie."

Dronie loves to obey, don't you?"

"Dronie loves to obey."

Dronie serves the DIGOS.

"Dronie serves the DIGOS."

Dronie is a good girl.

"Drone is a good girl."

Dronie is ready to help the DIGOS in every way she can"

"Drone is ready to help the DIGOS in every way I can."

Dronie is a good drone.

"Drone is a good drone."

Standing there, letting it sink in. And by the time 01 comes to pick you up. You turn to her silently, saluting to her, your synthetic voice computed by your thoughts, made to sound feminine and female, which made you feel even better, **"Dronie ready to be of service Mistress,"** you and the other two say.

01 gives a sharky toothy grin, **"That's what I thought. Come dronies. We have much work to do. First gather all this digosite. Leave not one spec of it behind,"** she commands.

"As you command!" you say with the other dronies. Pleasure fills you. You are ready to be of service. Starting your new life as a good obedient drone. And you couldn't be happier for it.