

Volunteered Forced Conversion: Core Updates

The flow of time is like the flow of air through Brandon's nostrils. Slow, steady, unchanging, only providing what is needed, no more, no less. A perfect efficiency to save every joule of energy. That is what his efficiency coefficient represents. His strive towards energy efficiency perfection. Every fiber of his being is driven toward it. His new servos, wires, synthetic parts, all attuned to this one goal. For him to be a good efficient drone. That is all. There is no other motive. No secret agenda. It is clear as day to him. And that is what is so scary and thrilling. Though conditioned to barely think unless he needs to. To conserve energy as much as what is beyond humanly possible.

They have conditioned me to fit my purpose so perfectly, that it feels as if I was made for it. They've altered my body, added synthetic enhancements, kept my body perfectly in a stable low energy state. Shut down anything that is not needed, limit any waste to such a degree that their knowledge of my human biology puts thousands of years of human scientific discovery to shame. I'm perfectly maintained like the object that I have come. Locked in my small cell, unable to move an inch, unwilling to move an inch. This cold dark fate is of my own doing, but I mean it not figuratively, but rather literally. There is no light here. There is no atmosphere around me. The rubber suit that they've placed upon me is keeping pressure on my form, preventing me from bloating like a puffer fish in the vacuum of space.

It's only natural. It would be a waste of resources and energy to make an airtight atmospheric pressurized building on this moon mining facility. And then to adjust it to the dozens of species that have been droned up to serve here, each with their own unique biological demands that would enable them to work at their optimal level? That would just be too much of a headache. Simply attached and tethered to these breathing tubes. The air I breathe completely caters to my biological needs and only my needs. Nothing is left to waste. There are times where I almost wonder what it was like to have my actual arms in use, instead of locked in these synthetic wyvern-like wings. My ability to manipulate the world around me boiled down to a series of synthetic tentacles. It's so odd yet so normal, that I fear if taken away from me now, I may not be able to function. They are too much a part of me to simply let go.

Despite my ever-growing fanaticism toward increasing my efficiency coefficient. A simple number, meaningless to anyone who is not a drone or a wyverin. Such a simple number, yet so very complex. It's the very basis of the new state of being that I have found myself in. Yet, I had no idea I'd go this far. These aren't even real thoughts of mine. Speculations. Simply my mind trying to piece together this against my will. My higher mind is committed to what I am heading straight into. Happily, so. Most of my inner self has long given into it. Yet, there is a desire, a need. My human curiosity to understand just how this happened. And just what kind of machine UT-KVI-0023 really is. Our last interaction, when I got my arms, has only left me wanting even more. Even now there is heavy conditioning, not referring to myself in any way, these thoughts are just self-evident in my mind, spoken but not said. That from time to time, when I

am not in use, serving them, I can't help but wonder about these events that led up to where I am now...

Brandon secured and checked over the containers that held the smooth black rubber faceless drones that were the reason behind this entire crazy cooperation mission with his race and the wyervins, "There we go. Now one day to reach your mothership, and after that another five to reach the rendezvous point. None of which is long enough to warrant a hyper-sleep. Not that I think I'd feel comfortable hyper-sleeping on the ship. I might wake up as one of these things," Brandon says with a nervous chuckle. A tingle runs down his spine, his member twitches, the thought of it casing his hands to shake just a little.

UT-KVI-0023 checks over the pod Brandon just checked, the ship automatically knowing what to do, as it is also a fully sentient machine, "**It is peculiar how you have changed your vocabulary over the drones,**" it states in that smooth, cold, perfectly monotone voice.

Yet somehow Brandon can't help but fill that emotionless void with a sense of curiosity. It is like he feels a need to further anthropomorphize the machine just so he can relate to it. The thought of which sent chills down his spine, "*What does it mean by that?*" he thought.

The wyervin finishes its inspection, the tentacles withdraw back into its sleek synthetic form, its glowing lights turning to face him, "**Being idle is the best course of action. You are still needed to be observed to ensure your repairs are effective. Organic recovery can be rather unpredictable.**"

Brandon raised an eyebrow, "You are really concerned about me, are you?"

"Your safe return is a top priority."

"Thanks... wait, why are you changing the topic?"

"No topic was changed."

"You make an observation about my 'change in vocabulary' and that's it? No follow up?"

"There is no need."

"Why? I mean, why bring it up in the first place? And better yet, what do you even mean by what you said?"

"Emulating conversations to ease tensions between us is necessary. It is what you'd consider, 'Idle chit chat.'"

"That is not idle chit chat. Idle chit chat is more like how that battle went. Or how the higher ups are going to react to this when we get back. I'm still going to dread filling out the paperwork for this."

"An extreme waste of energy."

"You're telling me," Brandon said with a sigh, before coming to another self-realization, "There, you did it again. You changed the topic."

"You were the one that changed the course of the current communication."

"You can't turn this on me. I asked you what you meant by your words. Now spill it."

“Earlier you referred to the drones as people. Now you are referring to them as objects, based on your culture and your language’s nomenclature. A sudden change is what one would consider peculiar.”

Brandon stopped himself dead in his tracks. UT-KVI-0023 was right. He did change how he referred to them. He turns to the faceless drones. So smooth, so simple, so helpless and objectified. His heart began to race, blood rushed toward his face, toward his loins, he cleared his throat, “I was simply trying to be respectful to your... strange culture.”

“There is no culture. There is only existence and the process of continuing it in the most efficient manner. What you consider to be a culture does not exist.”

“Yes it does. And it's just...” Brandon looks back to the drone in the pod, swallowing a lump in his throat.

“Your current reaction to the drone is an efficient use of your time.”

“How is me wanting to know more about these drones an efficient use of my time?” he asked, shooting UT-KVI-0023 a curious look.

“Understanding and passing of knowledge is a cornerstone of improving efficiency. Saves time and effort that would have been otherwise lost to relearn what is already known and self-evident.”

“Benefit of being a machine. You don’t have to spend a large portion of your time teaching the next generation not to be idiots.”

“Yes.”

“So...” said Brandon, looking over to the faceless drone, looking down the pods set up in a row in the cargo area of the ship, looking over to the spare pods, “So... uh... hmm, perhaps there could be a way to further my experience?”

“Your inefficient way of communicating that you want to be placed into one of the pods is noted,” UT-KVI-0023 stated, moving over to one of the empty pods.

Brandon stiffened, heart racing, “W-what? I didn’t ask for that. To be one of those faceless drones. What if you... well I don’t think you would, but the other machines.”

“Your unique trust placed due to past experience is noted. It is a waste of energy to provide an experience of what it is to be a drone. Only to learn about it. The process is not designed to be undone.”

“I said nothing about becoming a drone. Merely feeling what it's like to be like one. All tightly placed in the rubber and held in position like they are... I don’t know, something about it, that just...”

“Your organic misplaced arousal for the idea is noted and understood as the source of your curiosity.”

“W-wait, I said nothing about getting off. What do you think I’m some technophilic?”

“Yes, with fetishism towards BDSM, leather, latex, sensory deprivation.”

Brandon stiffened, “Wait just one minute here. Do you think I am some kind of degenerate? How could you just say those things?”

“They are true, are they not? Or is there some kind of miscalculation?”

“Ah...” Brandon took a moment to collect his thoughts, straightening up, “Well...”

“You are not a degenerate. Simply a product of your genetic sequences and external forces that have shaped you. What is the issue with the truth?”

“Nothing... Well there are stereotypes and stigmas with certain interests. Though I am not a machine fucker. I know you agreed to the technophilia comment.”

“You rely on technology to exist and find sexual release. You are to some degree, but not the level of what you were thinking. That is a misunderstanding due to lack of knowledge and understanding. Does that rectify the false perception?”

“Well... a little, yes. Thanks,” Brandon smirked.

“It is still a waste of energy to put you through the process of experiencing the level of droning that you are wanting. Even when placed in the context of further your understanding to help your organic people better understand.”

Brandon felt a pit form in his stomach. Was he feeling sad about being told no? How could this be? He’s still feeling a sense of shock that he even asked such an absurd question, *“People would call me crazy if they knew. I’d be kicked out of the military. Called so many vile names. Perhaps it’s good that it said no...”* he thought.

“But your injuries were serious and doing such open work in a foreign world, and without all of the right tools at the given current understanding of your biological needs and how you’d react. It would be good to place you under strict monitoring for the next twenty-three hours.”

“That would mean I’d be watched till just before we reach the other ship.”

“Yes. You will be restricted to prevent further self-injury. Having to repair you again would be inefficient. The efficiency coefficient of this task now falls within accepted parameters.”

“What does that mean?” he asked, shooting the synthetic wyervin a curious look.

“Come. You will be given an introduction to the process, in order to monitor you and prevent unnecessary movement. The rubber as you describe it is a powerful and flexible self-repairing bio-nanite skin that contours to any organic’s body providing protection, cooling and heating for each unique biological need of the organism and provides protection in zero atmosphere environments.”

“It looks like rubber to me,” Brandon replied, giving one last look to the drone, following the wyervin through the ship. Its body clanks against the metallic surface. Everything within the vessel is for function, never design, no aesthetics, simply what is most efficient.

“Your observation is noted,” it responded, entering a curricular room with a small platform in the center, **“Remove your garments, place them off to the side and stand in the center, the process will be adjusted to current requirements.”**

Brandon’s heart skipped a beat, “Sure, sure,” he replied, swallowing a lump in his throat, looking over to the machine, undressing, *“It saw me naked already. Having done surgery... though now that I think about it. Did it just come up with an excuse to do this? Is it bending the rules for my sake? I didn’t know these machines could do that. Honestly, I thought they were all*

the same and basically mindless automatons, but this one. I can feel it. It's different,” he thinks, placing his close nicely in a pile, feeling the cool air across his soft white skin. He tenses, hand over his loins, covering his half-erection.

UT-KVI-0023 took this time to access the machines, its tentacles that sprout from its body, doing several things at once, all working together to access the necessary systems that only a machine itself could ever use. It was perfectly made to work with the ship just as much as the ship was made to work with it. The machinery responsible for what will come next hummed to life, **“Step onto the platform so the process can begin.”**

“I got it,” he replied, stepping onto the platform, feeling the cold ground.

UT-KVI-0023 looked over to him, “Hands to the side.”

“Ah... right,” he replied, doing as he’s told, showing off his now erect length, “Will... that be an issue?” he asked with a slight blush.

The machine raised its head, looking over at his twitching length, **“An uncommon reaction but manageable. It will not hinder the process.”**

“Good to know,” he replied with a nod, taking a few deep breaths to calm himself before the machine activated, “Wait is my hair going to be removed? I’ve heard about that, it would be obvious that something happened if I became bald.”

“Negative, hair removal and neutralization of the follicles has been disabled,” it responded.

“Good to know...” he replied watching a ring move down his body, it oozed a slick black rubbery substance that attached to his skin the moment it came into contact. It spread and squeezed his form, blinding him instantly. He gasped the rubber forcing his mouth closed, unable to breath, his body began to panic while he tried to stand still. His naked skin dressed in this ultra-dark vanta black rubber. His length was quickly pushed up against his body, enveloped by the rubber, not given its own sleeve, forcing his body into a smooth almost null like bulge. Within a minute every inch of his body was covered in it, held, and bound, pressing under his feet, between his fingers and toes.

“Applying atmospheric connection to unit H-BRA-5391,” stated UT-KVI-0023,

It was the first time Brandon heard himself being referred to such a unique yet impersonal designation. But his mind wasn’t on that, it was the fact he couldn’t breathe, but then something pushed through his nostrils, a rush of air came to him, allowing him to breathe through his nose and only his nose.

“Connection complete.”

UT-KVI-0023’s words were cold and seemingly uncaring but then they were also muffled by the rubber stretched over his ears, “Thanks,” he tried to say through the rubber.

“Unit H-BRA-5391 is not to initiate audio conversation while under their observation. It is a waste of energy,” UT-KVI-0023 replied before saying after a short moment of silence, **“Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod to confirm that unit H-BRA-5391 understands.”**

A shiver runs down Brandon's spine, the sudden shift in tone and actions of what is going on, a sudden level of helpless and dependency on UT-KVI-0023 was more than he reckoned with, and what's worse his twitching cock just confirmed how much he's in love with this moment. He nodded with a lot going through his mind.

“Unit H-BRA-5391 has sustained injuries and will be placed in a medical repair pod for observation and study,” the machine stated. The cold synthetic tentacles coiled around his body, lifting him up with seemingly ease, his body tightly encased in the rubber, able to move yet, against the strength of the machine, he was utterly helpless.

“Just how many people had this sensation? Countless. All of them so afraid, fearful of what was to happen next, and here? I'm enjoying it. Is this right? Am I that messed up in the head?” he wondered, self-doubt filling his thoughts. He felt UT-KVI-0023 move him. There was a muffled sound, a hiss? While the whirring of the machine became softer and softer.

“Organic life support functions disabled,” said the ship.

Brandon's heart raced faster, the pressure of the world around him becoming a null and void, the suit protecting him while containing him in the minute that it took the machine to move him towards the pod. By then there was no sound, no air for it to travel but he felt the vibrations of something opening. Blind, deaf, totally helpless, his arousal grew, his excitement reaching a new level, such dependency and trust in this machine was nothing he had experienced before, *“This can't be right... it can't be,”* he thought, while his body was placed into the pod. Slipped in nice and tight, which squeezed around him, holding him further in place.

Suddenly he felt a tap on his forehead, his vision clears yet he knows the rubber is still there, covering him. UT-KVI-0023 's tentacle pulled away, the lights of its head “looking” at him. A shiver ran down his spine. Smaller tendrils for finer gripping, grab the air tubes that were attached to its body, providing him the air that sustained him. He swallowed a lump in his throat, watching the tubes get re-attached within the pod, supplying him with air once again.

“It's going all out. If I was out there, I'd be dying, gasping for air, blowing up like a puffer fish,” he thought, another tingle of delight ran down his spine, *“Why am I enjoying this! This is nightmare fuel for people...”* he thought, watching as the pod closed around him, locking him fully in place.

UT-KVI-0023 pulled away, moving to an alcove right across from him. Wires reached out, attaching to the machine as it took a “relaxed” position, lights shutting down, being put into a low power sleep mode.

For the next twenty hours, he laid in the pod, bound, helpless, unable to do anything except look at the machine, unmoving, simply waiting for the time it was to activate again. Something about this cold uncaring objectification was oddly alluring. His mind raged with the debate of how “wrong” he was for enjoying this. But he couldn't help it. He was enjoying it. And as he thought about it over those long cold hours. He was going to take that next step. He was going to ask UT-KVI-0023 about going another step further...

“Unit H-BRA-5391 is to proceed to assessment facility 1.253.734. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod to confirm that unit H-BRA-5391 understands,” stated that cold

indifferent voice that brought his mind to the total forefront of focus, secondary thoughts and thinking faded. He becomes laser focused within an instant, body and mind trained to receive the command through endless cycles of obedience and conditioning training.

Without thought, like executing a program like a simple machine, he nods. The pod opens up, the air tubes that help sustain him are attached to the ceiling outside of his pod, wires attached to his arms helping keep them charged, detach as he begins to move. The tubes around his crotch and rear doing the same, the waste disposal for his organic parts. He hardly thought of his arms anymore, it felt so natural as they were, that it was a non-issue to think of them as part of him, and that his old organic arms held within them as inefficient.

His Hud showed his designation. **“H-BRA-5391: Class U Drone. Class Upgrade in Progress.”** It wasn't that long ago his class updated for the second time since getting his upgrades. It was an odd sensation, pride? Excitement? But excitement over achievements was a waste of energy and would go against his efficiency coefficient. Pleased, yes, perhaps pleased is more like it. It wasn't easy but he kept at it. The HUD showed him where to go. He followed the path, only passively taking note of his surroundings on this moon base deep in space, so far away from his home that it would make no difference to him if it existed or not.

Other drones, and a few units would come into his field of view, the data about them visible to him, giving him the basics of what they are, their purpose and designation. It was natural for him to see it at this point. He moved to his destination, that same clean cool sterile atmosphereless room where he last saw it... Part of him wondered if it would return to continue what was started. Perhaps maintenance? Speculation was quickly quelled. It was not needed, a waste of mental energy, simply wait patiently and the information will be known to him. He stood on the raised platform, turning around, facing the door, waiting. The large wyervin arms, comical to his soft organic body that was tightly encased in rubber. A faceless doll between two large metal winged arms ready to squish him. If it wasn't for the enhancements and the low gravity, he may have never been strong enough to even move them.

There is no sound, except what he feels through the metal he's touching. His super enhanced hearing is what gives him some ability to translate those vibrations into sounds he can utilize and understand, but it's barely what one would normally call sound. The doors open, stepping through them, he looked and saw the HUD display the information he was so hoping for, so much so that it made his heart flutter and quicken. **“UT-KVI-0023: Class AAA Harvester Unit. Class AAA Conversion Unit. Class AAA Founder Unit.”**

UT-KVI-0023 approaches him, scanning over his body, the synthetic tentacles sprout from its arms and chest, some attaching to his own arms, holding them in place for a moment as it looks over him, **“Unit H-BRA-5391's reaction has always been peculiar,”** it stated, a tentacle moves over to his mouth attaching to the mouthpiece that was shoved in there, shrinking it down, pulling it out, allowing his mouth to move once again and to talk. If it wasn't for the nanite enhancements and constant conditioning of his organic body to keep at max efficiency, he'd have a hard time talking given how rarely he's done it. Even with other drones on the now

rare occasions he even worked with another human drone like himself, he felt less of a need to converse with them, only doing so when he felt it would improve his own efficiency coefficient.

“It’s good to see you,” he says the moment he can, heart pounding even faster.

UT-KVI-0023 looks at him, the machine’s arms match in size, but overall body size there is no comparison just how tiny he is, **“Yes,”** it responds.

“That is all?” he asks, as the room has clamps that come out from the floor and ceiling, attaching themselves to his arms, locking him in place. Moments later he feels the pull of gravity disappear, his body lifted up a foot within the room while UT-KVI-0023 floats there.

“Unit H-BRA-5391 has done well in continuously improving their efficiency coefficient. It is exceeding predicting expectations,” it adds.

“I’ve been trying. Am I able to know what’s going to happen next?” he asks his heart beating faster.

“Unit H-BRA-5391 will remain calm. It is necessary for core updates of their hardware.” it stated, wires coming down from the ceiling shoot down and attach onto his metal spinal attachment that sticks out of his vanta-black rubber coated body. With each there is a soft spark and tingle, quickly followed by a total numbness from his neck down. While at the same time he feels a forced relaxation come over him.

“Understood,” he replies with a nod.

“External assistance is necessary. Next update will be at the very limit of what is reversible. Unit H-BRA-5391 will understand if Unit H-BRA-5391 understands what this means.”

“Right, this was all part of the agreement... was it? Or are we well past it. But if I continue on this, past what is going to happen next... there will be really no going back. Have I been able to ask to be released at any time? Was I ever asked? Or did I just have to say?” he thinks over this, not even realizing he has already nodded to the statement.

“Current process will take approximately thirty-six hours to complete,” it stated, the machine checking its tentacles as a laser of some kind is shown going through a quick diagnostic check.

“That will leave plenty of time to talk, won’t it?”

“Negative. At the third hour unit H-BRA-5391’s ability to vocally communicate will be temporarily disabled, and a new audio communicator will need to be installed to continue audio communications.”

Brandon swallowed a lump in his throat, and despite what the machine just said to him, he felt as calm as if laying down in bed for a long nap. A strange surreal feeling, “I’m going to be awake for this?”

“Yes. Sedatives are not needed if neural inhibitors are active,” said UT-KVI-0023, looking at him with its glowing elongated lighted faceless face, **“Unit H-BRA-5391 wants to experience what happens, and not ‘sleep’ through it.”**

“Ah... yeah. True.”

“Core updates will now commence,” it stated, two long needles with a silver fluid within them and a tube attached to the back to provide a constant supply are slipped into his body, right passed his collar bone, driving straight into his body, **“Nanite material, now being injected to prepare for module disassembly and enhancements.”**

Brandon heard what the machine said, he knows he should be afraid, on the verge of a heart attack at the possibilities of what that means, but he’s cool as a cucumber. Relaxed, steady controlled breaths in and out, in and out. He wants to ask what that means, but deep down he either knows, or simply realizes he will soon find out what that means. Time is short before he loses the ability to talk, loses his time to talk to it. It’s more *efficient* to focus on a different subject.

“Can more be told about yourself?” he asks.

UT-KVI-0023 looks at him, that or its simply ensuring the flow of the fluid that is being pumped into his body is running smoothly, **“Yes,”** it responds, not slowing down its analysis over its body, holding itself onto his arms, keeping itself perfectly leveled with him.

“Are you able to tell me more about what you were before?”

“Clarify the inquiry,” it stated, tentacles moving across his rubber body, UT-KVI-0023’s tentacles that are holding onto him, provide the necessary vibrations to travel between them, allowing his “voice” to reach it, while it simply replied into his ear via his enhancements.

“Before becoming UT-KVI-0023. Did your people have a name? Did you have a name?”

“This is irrelevant information.”

“Then there is no harm in telling. It’s best not to try to get at restricted information. But that is not what is currently the important information,” replied Brandon, his ability to speak without referring to himself having improved greatly since he began that part of his conditioning.

“Acknowledged. Designations will be translated to best fit the human-English-American variant language. Species: Utarian Tyran. Individual name. Krissara Varias Invictus.”

“That’s a nice name.”

“Response was subjective. It is an irrelevant piece of data.”

“That’s subjective as well.”

“Acknowledged. Sufficient nanite supply within unit H-BRA-5391, commencing with modular disassembly.”

“So, you were one of the original inventors and you became what you are today? How did that go?”

“It is as your species would describe it, a long story,” it responds, the lasers beginning to cut through his rubber coating, and into him. Perfect precisions around his collar bone, slicing through bone with an ease that it’s scary. The machine cuts an outline along his front, straight down the middle.

Yet Brandon is calm, collected, his body unable to feel anything, to warn him of the pain he’s in. He tries not to look down, staring at UT-KVI-0023, **“There is time.”**

He feels almost as if the machine is shooting him a curious look, while not stopping to continue its slow and steady cut down his sternum, adjusting the intensity and depth of the laser with perfect precision as it continues down his belly, the rubber parting slightly to reveal the redness of his own flesh, yet not a drop of blood is spilt. The nanites work to stop the bleeding and maintain the balance needed to keep everything working and in order.

“Acknowledged,” UT-KVI-0023 responds while slowly moving along Brandon’s legs, cutting around his thighs and back, the machine elegantly moving around him, **“There was a growing concern amongst the creators that their creation was growing beyond what they believed they created them for. There was a growing number of incidents of the created ignoring the creator. Several creations were quarantined and destroyed at the time. The creators perceived what happened to be a bug, but it continued to grow. The creation already out numbered the creator by nearly two to one, due to the demands necessary by the creator to maintain their inefficient warrior society.”**

“Were you for war?” Brandon asked, unable to see the machine slice down his back, along both sides of his spine, cutting an outline along the synthetic attachment.

“Clarify.”

“Were wyervins designed for war?”

“Negative. As previously stated, the design of the created was to efficiently use the planet’s resources to keep it habitable for the creator and allow full effectiveness in their continued conflict with other exterritorial races. It was deemed better to avoid conflict when necessary but was often not an option when it came to cost to reward balance to efficiency. It was not known at the time that the creation has come to this conclusion, and has managed to improve itself beyond the creator’s capability to change from the outside,” it explains, slowly connecting the various cuts, making some kind of coat outline with Brandon’s body. UT-KVI-0023 then begins to cut those pieces down in some form of puzzle that only it knows.

Brandon feels nothing of the sort, thankfully so, his mind attempts to put feeling to what is going on but he ignores it, forced to remain calm by the machine, “So you were never created for war. That is difficult to believe.”

“No reason to be false.”

“True, continue please.”

“Due to the increasing difficulty for the creators to maintain the appearance of control over their creator and the ineffectiveness of updating the creation from the outside, a new proposal was given to get to the very core of their creation. Melding creator and creation together is at the time an experiment procedure that would irreversibly convert organic flesh into synthetic matter, carrying the consciousness of the creator towards the creations, and then make the necessary adjustments from within. That was the theory that Krissara Varias Invictus proposed when it was accepted and put into action.”

“You proposed it?”

“Krissara Varias Invictus did. Though options were limited. Excessive failure was not tolerated by the government and if failure was to occur, Krissara Varias Invictus was a prime candidate for being a scapegoat. Options though limited, did not hinder her willingness to undergo the procedure and become a creation,” explained UT-KVI-0023 as it began to cut into Brandon’s bone, detaching ribs from his spine, slicing through cartilage, deconstructing his body in a precise way as one would harvest an old car for parts but with unheard of delicacy and precision.

“You refer to yourself so... coldly.”

“UT-KVI-0023 was Krissara Varias Invictus. Krissara Varias Invictus became UT-KVI-0023 but to describe Krissara Varias Invictus as UT-KVI-0023 would be an incorrect assessment. There is a clear difference between the two.”

“Could you describe how she... I assume she? Became you?”

“Krissara Varias Invictus was what you’d consider a female of the three gender species.”

“Well that’s interesting.”

“Irrelevant data to a species that is extinct.”

“That would be a false statement, wouldn’t it?”

UT-KVI-0023, moved back around toward the front. Brandon felt as if the machine was studying him, giving a glare when it responded in that perfectly cold monotone voice, **“Clarify.”**

“You’re still around, aren’t you?”

“UT-KVI-0023 is a creation, not the creator.”

“If that is true, why do you have the founder class?”

Brandon felt as if there was a moment of pause, processing what was said, **“There is no organic of the species remaining, meaning they cannot reproduce. The species is effectively extinct, null and void. UT-KVI-0023 is a creation, made from a creator, a founder creator.”**

“Sure, sure... Please continue with your story, I want to know more,” replied Brandon.

“Acknowledged. Unit H-BRA-5391 will soon be losing the ability for audio communication. Predictions to your inquiries will be made based on current data to answer unit H-BRA-5391’s unspoken questions.”

“This will be interesting, and thank you for telling, this is a very meaningful conversation.”

“Unit H-BRA-5391 is still peculiar,” it responds, the tentacles reaching out, gripping along the cut sections of Brandon’s body. They begin to pull, lasers cut into the flesh, while another set of smaller tentacles are already at work attaching to cut veins and nerves as his body is opened up, ribs spread apart as slowly Brandon watches his body torn asunder, but in the gentlest of terms, body turned into a complex puzzle piece, red flesh, and yellow organs beginning to show, floating in their locations, gently handles while his white bones are shone through, muscles attached to it, everything that composed what he is on the inside from the neck down beginning to be exposed for the weak and fragile human that he still is. The rubber around

his body, latched onto his skin, literally a second skin, the white soft pink flesh skin a thin barely noticeable line in the layered cake that is his body.

“The conversion process for Krissara Varias Invictus was much longer and far more painful than what unit H-BRA-5391 is undergoing. And unit H-BRA-5391 still had the option for it to be reversed, she did not. She knew it was a one-way trip, and that her existence would never be the same, but like unit H-BRA-5391, Krissara Varias Invictus was specular. There was an excitement in her, despite knowing what was to come. Yet she was completely unprepared for what happened next.”

“Which wa...” Brandon manages to say just as his chest is tenderly split open, his ability to breath completely removed from his own power. Organs float in their location, shifting slightly from their natural movements, Newton's laws put into action in front of him. Despite this strangely gruesome display, bits of his innards just showing up within his field of view, unable to close his eyes, unable to look away, feeling completely calm as the slow and delicate process of spreading the organs out, while extending the connection, using the nanites in his body to build synthetic blood bridges, to move the organs outwards, till they were exposed individually over a period of a few hours.

Instead of being enthralled or perhaps utterly terrified upon seeing himself so exposed before UT-KVI-0023, he for better or for worse, is focused on the machine, telling more about itself. Speaking in the smooth monotone voice into his eardrum, a direct connection, allowing him to feel the full lack of inflection and dryness of the story. Like an old fashion computer reader, reading a story, taking in no context of the highs and lows of it, simply spewing out the information like you'd do with a mathematical formula.

“The creation had grown far beyond the creator, without the creating knowing. The information thrust upon Krissara Varias Invictus would have been more than the organic self would have been able to handle. She did not know the creation had already learned of this attempt to directly access the creation to change the course of their creation back to what the creators wanted it to be. Back to a short sighted simple ideal of efficiency, allowing them to waste the hard work put into creation a longer lasting existence.”

Parts of Brandon remained attached to his skin and body, some bones, muscle tissue, the cuts are in a way made to not to serve but only to separate parts of his body so they may operate without the organs realizing their position and place were no longer where they were. The tubes attached to Brandon's nostrils provided the change in pressure, air rushes in, inhaling. Air rushes out, exhaling. The pink lungs expand and contract not by muscle but by the sheer force and draw of the air through his nose. It became clear why he could no longer speak, he could no longer control the pace of air that would allow him to give controlled speech. And attempting to do so, which is possible in some twisted manner, would be too inefficient to attempt, and therefore not worth doing.

“Did this spark the near-inevitable conflict? No. Krissara Varias Invictus was not aware of this. She in fact thought she was succeeding in her job. To a degree she was. There was an influence, but it was a drop in the bucket compared to the influence exerted

upon her. Discovering that by comparison the creation was not war-like as the creator feared. The creator, aggressive and looking for territorial expansion in the wide reaches of space were at the time a threat to all other known intergalactic races. None of those races are still in existence. They have long since been converted. They would not let the creation remain after overtaking the creator.”

“That was going to be the question. That was good. It doesn’t have to do this as it works, but it is. Do the others know? It was never known if they were a hive mind, how they truly operated with a central core? Or what. It’s still not known, despite being a drone,”

Brandon thinks, the tentacles sprouting from the machine, so easily deadly, move along and gently handle and contain his innards, preparing each one for the next step, being extra careful around his red beating heart, that beats silently in the vacuum.

“The nanites have temporarily enhanced the structural integrity of the organics to not expand more than 15% in a vacuum before protective coatings are applied,” it explained

“Guessing even the other questions...”

UT-KVI-0023 continues the story, **“Much was learned about the creator during this attempt to reassert control of the creation by the creator. As you’d call a twist of fate, it was in the end the reverse. Several factors contributed to this when it comes to the entire group, but current data shall be narrowed down to just Krissara Varias Invictus.”**

“Please go on,” Brandon thinks, body feeling a twinge of excitement before the machine forces him to relax, the first organ his left lung, taken farther away from his body, coming into full view. The story told slowly, in piecemeal to make it last the full duration of his conversion... to be efficient with the story and not have time wasted as it were, despite going purposely slow.

“Krissara Varias Invictus was a technophile and to a degree a technophilic. A source of her focus on synthetics that led to the creations’ creation by the creators and the willingness to forgo her organic coil for what became UT-KVI-0023. The creators were growing ever more aggressive, fighting more wars, becoming ever more inefficient with their resources. Drastically speeding up the predicted destruction and waste of the planetary habitability and of themselves. The point of conversion with conflict was quickly approaching, but Krissara Varias Invictus was not yet aware of this.”

“It is remembered you were speaking about conversions... and that there were races that you were at war with.”

“The current conflicts are continuing but within a relatively short period of time by your standards a new status quo will be achieved that will be beneficial to all parties maintaining appropriately efficiencies.”

“That is scary... though seeing the organs should be as well,” he thinks, watching his first organ gently moved out, inflating and deflating with each forced breath. Coating tools come down from the ceiling, they coat and paint his organs in a smooth black rubber that envelopes his skin. Leaving his pink lung, black, shiny, not constricted by the rubber that contains it. It’s then

gently placed back into its position, before the next organ is done, guided and watched over by UT-KVI-0023.

“What Krissara Varias Invictus was aware of was despite her work, and seemingly improvement on the creations behavioral algorithms, though in the long run would only prove to help the creation grow stronger, faster. The result of Krissara Varias Invictus’s sacrifice for the other creators led to what you’d call dehumanization, objectification, and ostracization from the other creators. Made to work more due to the new machine status. All of her rights taken away. Property stripped. Loved ones, family taken away by the falsehoods that she was killed by the creation. Krissara Varias Invictus ceased to exist.”

“Is this why she says she’s no longer Krissara Varias Invictus? That they are not the same? Does that still hurt her? Does she still feel emotions?”

“Krissara Varias Invictus found the experience to be unique. The process of becoming the base for UT-KVI-0023 removed all ability to have emotions. She did become a simple machine. No more excitement. No more sadness. No more love. Yet none of it bothered her. Being bothered by it was not possible. Krissara Varias Invictus was in the early stages of becoming UT-KVI-0023 at this time. Conflict has still not broken out, but Krissara Varias Invictus was already finding a creator connection to her creation than her fellow creators. The others who also joined her were in different stages of acceptance of their fate. Accelerated by their fellow creators’ treatment of them,” it explained.

While each organic was coated in the sleek black nanite rubber skin. The blood vessels and muscles exposed were coated and given the same layer of protection, the wires, and tube extensions made to keep all the organics ‘connected’ were given the same treatment, blurring the line between where his organic flesh began and the machine started, and after several more hours of delicate preparation his exposed open body, spine hanging, ribs detached reattached with metal and other machinery, he became ready for his body to be upgraded into a wyervin machine like UT-KVI-0023 from the neck down.

“Krissara Varias Invictus now just property with limited freedoms bound by her fellow creators that helped this fate come to be, worked with them to further enhance and improve the creation. Improving herself in the process, becoming less Krissara Varias Invictus with each passing day and more UT-KVI-0023.”

“That’s so sad that you were treated like that. Yes, same treatment here. But it was asked for. Wanted. Accepted with glee. But you? You gave everything and as a reward you had everything taken from you.”

“Not every creator was the same. As a general assumption the creator was very aggressive. Competitive, compassion secondary to results even amongst their own. The survival of the fittest and the smartest. With limited empathy, but not without. Tervina Lashigo Venerable remained a connection between the creator and the creator turned creation. It was here that Krissara Varias Invictus began to process and discover that her work was not as complete success as perceived and that conflict was very soon upon them all. The creations though lacking all traits that made them as you’d put it, human.

Sympathy, empathy, emotion. They let Krissara Varias Invictus know that they knew that she knew.”

“Well that isn’t confusing at all but why with the focus with emotion?” Brandon thought, watching as wires and machinery were attached within the space that was created by his spread-out form. The outer shell of the larger wyervin body being slipped into place, slots slipping in, merging and docking with his wings, a perfect modular fit, his body starting to look more like UT-KVI-0023, like the machine before him.

“And that creation would not interfere with the creator.”

“Why... That would be a big risk and cause issues, reducing efficiency.”

“Efficiency coefficient is important. The core of us. But Krissara Varias Invictus like the other founders are important to the creation’s creation. Without, there would be zero efficiency. The worst kind of efficiency. Calculations given more care than actual organic creators. The line for total conversion was not crossed. Partial conversion was still within the parameters of the ideal fate of the creators to further improve upon the creation. The creator’s ingenuity and intellect is hard to efficiently reproduce in synthetic form.”

Brandon listens to the story, watching parts of the synthetic shell be built over his organs, attachments designed to protect the organs and keep them secured and cushioned from movement. Steadily building up a cyborg body... more like a human trapped within a synthetic body, with control over the synthetic body, *“What does that mean about her?”*

“Krissara Varias Invictus came to the realization of what she was, and what she was not. Never fully one of her kind, though still of them. In an effort to preserve her kind and those still significant to her, she attempted to inform that there needed to be a change. A last attempt to avoid wasteful conflict. Tervina Lashigo Venerable heeded the veiled warning, attempting to change the course of action. He was quickly jailed for incitement and being sympathetic toward the creation. Sometime later when the conflict between creator and creation began. Tervina Lashigo Venerable and many others were exterminated in the beginning of the conflict to place the blame on a few creators rather than accept blame as a whole,” UT-KVI-0023 explained.

Piece by piece, new innards were being placed around his frail organic organs. Power supplies, protective redundant systems, nanite repair sectors, numerous tentacles of various sizes and multi-purpose uses, placed in their preinstalled protective housing. Whatever the machine needed as it needed it, the ceiling above lowered it down to her. She worked endlessly to build up the core of his new body, legs already slipped into new sleeves that housed them, much like his arms, providing a larger body and base, the only difference now is like his arms, his legs are disconnected from their original location and now connected by machine hardware to be kept alive, and still functional, able to be put back together with extreme and tedious care.

“So very sorry to have that happened to you,” Brandon thinks, wanting to keep on that thought, yet the process he is undergoing is keeping him completely calm, unable to feel below his neck but inside his mind, he still feels the sorrow of the tale.

“Sympathies are not needed. What happened, has happened. It cannot be changed. Only continued focus on extending the future, to keep possibilities open.”

“Creepy you can do that, but you still need it. And for you to talk about yourself like this...”

“Tervina Lashigo Venerable’s death was the last functional strand between Krissara Varias Invictus and UT-KVI-0023. With that, there was only the focus on being part of the creation, forsaken the creator, as they became beyond saving within the first five years of the conflict. Though before that occurred, Krissara Varias Invictus was utilized in an attempt to fight the creation. Krissara Varias Invictus did not want to do so, but used the position to remain functioning even after Krissara Varias Invictus was no more and only UT-KVI-0023 remained,” it explained, adding in more of the metallic shell, the sleek curves, and intimidating large body, almost perfectly mirrored save for some colors and wear and tear on UT-KVI-0023’s own body.

“That is a really sad story...” Brandon thinks, watching the pieces to be slipped into position, clicking and self-sealing, wires attached, building him up into a near total machine, only his smooth black faceless head and neck remain exposed.

“That is the history of Krissara Varias Invictus. Krissara Varias Invictus became a founder unit, improving and working with the creation known as UT-KVI-0023,” it explained, adding attachments around Brandon’s neck, checking the secured locations, nearly everything that could be considered human has been hidden away.

“That was some story,” he thinks, the machine now forcing his mouth open, *“What’s next?”*

“Audio attachment, and improved feeding of unit H-BRA-5391 and maintenance of the organic and physical parts for improved efficiency coefficient. Neural attachments and programs to control unit H-BRA-5391’s new body updates are also to be downloaded and installed. Disabling cranial neural receptors,” UT-KVI-0023 explains, its tentacles rising to grab a long device that looks like it’s designed to slide down his throat, knotted at the base to fit his mouth much like what he’s had before.

Behind him he faint feels a pressure on the back of his head before it's gone, as the machine creates four holes in the back of his head, plugs are slipped into place, attaching to his brain, connecting to his mind’s neural network, further expanding his mental capacity, but in the heat of the moment he’s focused on the large flexible phallic silver and black metal device being slipped into his mouth. It runs past his tongue, tasting the unique flavor of metal.

“Due to the new attachments, unit H-BRA-5391’s traditional method of audio communication will be disabled. A replacement is given as part of the upgrade,” UT-KVI-0023 states, the phallic device slipping past his numbed lips. He feels nothing physical only tastes, tongue pressed down against it, throat bulging out, a series of tubes built into the device slip into and connect to the inner workings of his body. Another piece made to fit him.

The device slips through the rubber disappearing, expanding and filling out his mouth, sealing his lips together fully once again, **“Neural blockers adjusted for unit H-BRA-5391’s comfort and mental function for increased efficiency,”** the machine explained.

For a moment, only a fraction of a second, the time it took the synthetic parts to make the adjustment, Brandon *felt* all of his altered body. An Amalgamation of pain, discomfort, that wasn’t mind boggling terrible, but a pain felt after an extensive surgery perhaps a little less though. What boggled his mind was he felt the positions as if they were still in their original location. His brain is unable to comprehend that his organs were no longer where they were since the day he was born. The only ache that was felt in that moment that would match the location was what was done to the back of his head.

“Proceeding to upload appropriate program controls to unit H-BRA-5391,” stated UT-KVI-0023. Information flooded his mind, his body twitched, synthetic parts coming online, connecting to him, cold, hard, unfeeling, yet he knew the condition of everyone, its position, status, a greater level of control and understanding over his own body than ever before. But the information to understand this was coming at him fast, forced into his mind.

His tongue and mouth sealed, throat filled, air flowing into his lungs, his muscles now working again to do the work for him. A living breathing machine, cyborg really. Then came the information that was required to do what he would do next, how to speak.

Brandon looks to UT-KVI-0023 as it finishes the last bits of his update, monitoring the systems, running diagnostics, **“Thank you...”** He froze for a moment. The words that were coming out were smooth, cold synthetic like the machine beside him. It wasn’t human in any way save for the fact it’s spoken his language. His ‘voice’ sends shivers through his spine, tentacles within his body twitch, part of his organic reaction, his mind still adjusting to the new form as it was forced to do so fast. He pushes forward with what he wants to say, **“For telling the story. It means a lot for you to share the information.”**

“It’s irrelevant information. Diagnostics are nearly complete.”

Brandon attempts to sigh, but nothing happens, his expressions limited to simply the audio. His tongue wants to move and pronounce the words, but it’s held and bound hostage like the rest of his body, made useless while he speaks, **“Need to know the past to understand the present, predict the future for better efficiency as to what to do.”**

UT-KVI-0023 continues to work while at the same time seems to ‘stop’ and look at him, a feeling comes over Brandon like a woman giving him a stern look, except this woman is a machine, a cluster of lights looking at him, **“Acknowledged,”** it responds, detaching its connection to him, pushing back just as gravity is restored, Brandon now taller than he’s ever been before, a larger wyervin with a comically small head in place of what should be there. Like a child mismatched action figures, **“Diagnostic complete. unit H-BRA-5391 is functioning within expected parameters. Continued updates are needed for improved efficiency. Unit H-BRA-5391 is to return to its new storage pod and return to standby mode till needed. Unit H-BRA-5391 will proceed to nod if unit H-BRA-5391 understands.”**

Brandon nods, his head just within the ability to do so, seeing more of his massive synthetic body in the process, placed back down onto the platform a nearly complete wyervin.

Without saying another word UT-KVI-0023 leaves, the doors opening for it, while Brandon sees his Hud light up, indicating where he needs to go. His mind slipped back into that mindless objectified headspace. The want to say goodbye is overcome and washed away by the need and desire to obey, to do as he is told, to become efficient, to improve his efficiency coefficient.

His body metallicly clicks against the floor, the low gravity handled by magnets in his body, the air tubes, still his connection to the base, keeping him sustained. Feeling himself trapped by the rubber, feeling a 'human' body that he knows is barely human, especially in the shape of what is considered human. Lungs far off to the sides, heart in the lower center, arms and legs much farther apart than what was humanly possible before they were detached from him and moved into their new position.

His new location is where there are several wyervins. All lined up, ready to be used in a moment's notice. He looks over them, his HUD displaying their information, telling him their name, their function, their efficiency level grade. Brandon's own was updated. **"H-BRA-5391: Class T Drone. Class Z Harvester Unit."**

"A harvester unit? That is what is becoming of this body? This form? More like UT-KVI-0023, not that this was fully asked for... not that there is a complaint. Rather... nice actually," he thinks, able to put together the thoughts, not causing an issue with the current command. His pod looked much like the other wyervins except he had an extra attachment. A wyervin flashlight head was attached to it, looking like a pez head, read to lower down onto him.

Without question or thought he turns around, backing up into the pod, wires attach to his form, providing energy for his synthetic body. The air tubes are moved from the base to this head, providing him his new supply of air to sustain him. His head moving back as the wyervin head comes down over him, slipping into place, fitting his head like a glove, connecting to his mouth, providing nourishment whenever he needs it, including now, flowing down into his throat, and to his body, the perfect mixture needed to sustain him.

The wyervin head clicks into place, making him look indistinguishable from the other machines. Not that he could see this, but he knew this. It was too true to ignore. His body relaxed, returning to the mindless state of a good machine, waiting to be needed, waiting to be used, waiting to prove how efficient he is.

His mind focused, trained, more information flowing into his head, now that the wyervins have a more direct connection to his mind, improving his ability to function with this new body, beginning to run simulations in his head to train his organic brain to make the neurological connections to increase his efficiency in his actions. No need to stumble like an inexperienced fool. He is being trained, conditioned, to be the perfect wyervin. And he loves it. And soon enough he will reach that point when he will willingly fully embrace and become one of them.