

## Equestria Conquest

A hum of energy flowed through the room. The synthetic green metal, blue markings anthropomorphic Utahraptor stands before a large gateway that cackles and sparks with energy. Her blue crystal in the center of her head what spouts three metallic feathers glows as her blue-eyed gaze focuses on it, **“Give it more power. If Chaos Croc can cross dimensions to expand, so can we.”**

There are dozens of robotic raptors like herself of different colors, mostly female, but there is one organic brown scaled raptor that is behind one set of controls that speaks up, “Crisis. Do you think this is a good idea?”

She looks at him, her stern face softening, **“I appreciate your concern. But we can’t be left on the worlds obtained from our last conflict. My spies tell me he loves this universe, and to take it from him will be all the sweeter and a good bargaining chip in the future.”**

“But it could cause further conflict.”

**“We got this, not kick it up.”**

“Yes Crisis,” he says, turning the knob as the energy fills the room and then suddenly, the portal comes to life, showing an inside of some kind of fanciful castle.

**“It worked!”** she exclaimed with synthetic excitement, “Time to overtake this land and claim it for myself,” she chuckles, rushing straight through the portal.

“Wait Crisis! We still aren’t sure if the portal is fully stable yet. You shouldn’t head straight...” he trails off a little as she disappears into the portal, “In.” The systems popping a warning as the sudden entry before it was stabilized causes the systems to fritz out and be forced shut down to prevent any damage, “Dang it! Get the portal back up and running.”

Two synthetic raptors look at him, **“We’re working on it. It will take some time.”**

He falls back into his chair with a sigh, “Crisis dear, why are you so impulsive.”

Crisis tumbles through the portal, jaunted with an expected force she slides across the bright polished marble floors, just able to catch herself as she clanks and clunks across the ground. She scans the large greeting hall, with a dazzling display of stained-glass windows that light the place with a rainbow colored display, yet she catches no one yet in the area, **“Perfect. I don’t think they have any guards here, wherever this is. Come bring in more troops,”** she states, standing tall and proud, ready to command her forces forward, but is instead met with the sound of only birds chirping outside.

She turns around, to find the portal gone, **“Well I’ll be darned. How hard will it be to take over this world anyway? They’ll get the portal up in no time I’m sure of it,”** she says with a veil of confidence.

“You are to do what now?!” exclaims a powerful female voice.

Crisis’ attention is drawn across the room where an anthropomorphic white furred alicorn pony stands with big purple eyes, dressed in an elegant gown of golds, silvers and whites. Her tail and mane are flowing colors of blues, greens, purples and pinks that seem to shift with some invisible wind. Through her silky clothes there’s a bright sun marking on her flank. Her white

wings spread out as she takes a step forward with a clop. Her hand sized breasts shifted under her clothes. The one male guard pony, dressed in shiny gold and blue armor, stands at the ready, though he lacks horns and wings like the one beside her “And what are you?”

Crisis smirks, *“I had a feeling there was a reason why this was labeled one of Croc’s favorite dimensions. He must be using a mass hypnosis to control them to his will. I’ll have to convert them directly or this world will never be mine,”* she thinks, activating her electro-blades, **“You are probably well aware of who I am. Chaos Croc would have been sure to inform you. But it won’t matter. I shall convert you all to my cause,”** she states, charging forward toward her.

The elegant alicorn says to her guard, “Go, get Luna, I have a feeling this might be difficult for you to handle.”

“As you command Princess Celestia,” he says, running at a full trot.

Celestia’s horn glows, “I don’t know who you are talking about, but I won’t let you or anyone take over my kingdom!” she declares, a swirl of magic flows between her and Crisis.

The synthetic raptor’s electro-blades hit across the barrier, causing it to ripple, **“Portable shield technology, hmm? Well, that won’t save you,”** she states, slashing at the barrier causing it to steadily buckle under the repeated attacks.

The pony’s horn glows brighter, “If I have to get rough with you I will!” she yells the barrier breaking, Crisis’ attack comes straight for the princess, but smaller shields deflect her blows away. The princess gives a solid punch in the center of Crisis’ chest sending her flying back a few feet landing hard on her back, “Ow, that hurts,” she says, shaking her hand, blowing on it.

Leaping back onto her feet, her sickle claws tapping the floor, **“That’s some strength you have, but can you match my speed?”** she declares, bouncing on her feet, surging forward, her blades streaking across the pony’s vision, steadily forcing her back as her magic bounces off blow after blow, ducking, dodging one attack, two three.

“Why are you doing this? We could talk this out!” she exclaims, leg sweeping Crisis, knocking her straight onto her back, “Stop this or I will make you!” she huffs, nostrils flaring.

With a thud Crisis finds herself looking up at the growingly frustrated pony, **“That’s how it’s done. Through your words, I won’t pay attention and fall victim to your control,”** exclaims Crisis, rolling away from underneath the princess, resuming her attacks.

She rolls her eyes, “What kind of crazy things are you spouting?” she says, her magic growing, enveloping Crisis and flinging her across the room, hitting a throne at the far end of the hallway, knocking it over. Celestia winces, “Ah, I didn’t mean to do that.”

Crisis blades slice through the throne, shaking off the damage, **“A projected telekinesis? I didn’t know he had such technology, duly noted.”**

“If you have some conflict with this Croc person. I have no idea who he is, and not in league with him. Stop this now and we can talk it over, before it is too late.”

Crisis wags a finger, **“Once again I am not going to fall for your tricks. I know Chaos Croc too well for that,”** she says, surging forward.

The pony sighs, "I have to do this the hard way," she remarks, her magic taking pieces of her throne, "Sorry to do this but I must," she says, throwing chunks of broken throne into Crisis' back with a hard metallic thunk, sending the raptor flying forward and then against the wall with a heavy thud, knocking Crisis to the ground.

Celestia sighs, "You can't defeat me," she says, approaching Crisis, using her magic to take parts of the throne to smash into the electro-blade compartments, causing them to fizzle out, "There, now you shouldn't be able to hurt anyone with those deadly things," she states, sauntering over to her.

**"You damaged my blades, you will pay for that,"** states Crisis as Celestia gets over her, placing her hoof onto the raptor's chest.

The pony leaning forward to put more weight onto the raptor, "Look. Relax. We aren't enemies here. We can be *friends*," she says her horn glowing, eyes giving a soft glow. Crisis systems giving her an internal warning.

*"Robotic Hypnotic attack detected."*

She tries to move but her chest is now magically pressed onto the ground, the alicorn's horn giving a soft glow, **"Relax? Yes, relax. We can talk,"** says Crisis, her struggle stopping.

Celestia grins, "Good, very good. We can be *friends* here, can't we? Here friendship is magic, and we can have such a magical friendship," she says in a soft soothing hypnotic voice, keeping her gaze locked on the raptor's glowing blue synthetic eyes.

**"Y-yes, we can be friends."**

"That's right, we can all be friends here. All you need to do is relax and listen. Relax and obey."

**"Relax and listen. Relax and obey,"** Crisis says in a smooth monotone voice, no struggle shown, her eyes locked on Celestia's.

She smirks, "I didn't even need my sister to take you down. And Croc said to keep watch for her, ha," she chuckles.

Crisis grins, grabbing Celestia by the hoof, her hand roboticizers warmed up and ready, unleashing a surge of transformation energy through her target.

She shudders, trying to pull away her concentration on her victim, broken, "Huh? How, how did you know!" she exclaims, gasping as she feels a tingle of pleasure through her body, the energy incapacitating her, nullifying her magical aura of protection.

**"I never mentioned who Chaos Croc was, but you said that *he* was not in cahoots with you,"** says Crisis lifting Celestia's foot off her chest, placing it down on the side. Slowly she gets back onto her feet, keeping contact with Celestia, her white soft fur starting to harden, becoming segmented. Her hoofed feet shifting and changing as they speak.

Celestia squirms and struggles, her breasts bouncing as she feels the cool metallic transformation overtake her feet, crawling up her body. Her hoofed feet transplanted by raptor claws, a new golden circle claws with white metal showing a glimpse of what she will become, "He did say that you were a...c..." her words becoming harder to bring forth, as the energy pulsates into her head, her hands becoming relaxed to her side.

Crisis gently moves her hands along the pony's body, pumping her full of more energy, now standing face to face, Crisis can pull Celestia's gaze back into her own, **"A clever girl? I know. It's tacky but still oh, so true,"** she says with a sly smirk, pulling the pony deeper into her own hypnotic gaze.

Celestia struggles, trying to fight and pull herself away from the raptor, one last pull of defiance, her warm breasts pressing up against Crisis cool metallic spheres. The tingle of energy making her fur stand out on end before it's smoothed over becoming a lovely white metal.

**"Relax my servant. You serve me now. To clean up this world of Chaos Croc's influence,"** she says, her words echoing into the alicorn's mind.

*"Crisis is so smart."*

*"Crisis is so clever."*

*"She is the one I should follow."*

*"Chaos Croc was great, but she is amazing."*

*"Think of how much better it will feel to serve her."*

Celestia's eyes grow wider, pulled deeper in, she moans, her legs now completely overtaken by the transformation. Her loins burn with a pleasure heat as her femininity is smoothed away into a metallic white crotch with golden highlights with dashes of blue.

**"Speak up. Your Mistress, your queen is talking to you. The one you've wanted to always serve. Way over that simpleton lizard. I'm giving you the gift of being as great as me, a raptor like me. A machine like me. Isn't that great?"**

Her pleasure grows, bubbling up through her body, having nowhere to go. Her soft fingers shift and turn, becoming golden claws, her new raptor features becoming more prominent, the new metallic breasts showing off a fantastic bust that is envious of any other, with gold, and blue markings on the white. The orange sun cutie mark is overtaken by Crisis' blue sickle claw symbol.

"I... but... I am the princess, I protect this kingdom I am..." she says, groaning, her colorful mane becoming a white tail with golden capped tip, almost everything from the neck down is a similar raptoric design as the lovely one before her. The more she stares into her eyes, the more her violate color fades into a glowing blue, the synthetization of her head becoming ever more prominent as her pony features are transformed, changed into that of a superior raptor, in her mind her Mistress' voice speaks to her. Rewiring her thoughts, programing them, making them better.

*"Crisis is your queen."*

*"Crisis is your Mistress"*

*"You server her however she desires."*

*"However, she wishes."*

*"Raptors are superior."*

*"It's wonderful to become a raptor."*

*"Chaos Croc is a fool and must be taken down."*

*"You love and obey Crisis."*

*“Obeying Crisis is wonderful.”*

*“It is all that you wished for ever since you heard her name.”*

“Ahh, Crisis, Mistress I just feel...” she says, the colorful main becoming a colorful feathered robotic crest, a blue gem forming in the center of her forehead, a sun shaped design, but with the same glowing blue of her eyes, her voice shifting changing becoming clearly still who she was but synthetic, **“I’m feeling so much better,”** she says letting out her last organic breath, her new mind sinking in deeper.

*“You serve Crisis.”*

*“You are to help her in however she desires.”*

*“You love Crisis.”*

*“You love lady raptors; they are the best.”*

Celestia lets out a soft moan, **“How may I be of service to you Mistress?”**

Crisis chuckles, **“I’m not done, you are not complete.”**

Celestia moans, shuddering, holding onto Crisis’ hands, letting her energy override her, unable to look away from that domineering gaze, wanting to sink in deeper.

*“Your designation is now C-8251, but you may be known as Celestia Crisis.”*

As the new designation sinks into the former pony, her clothes shift and change, clinging to her body, the wings long gone, drawn into the new white raptor’s body, replaced by holographic wings, a homage to the majestic pony that she once was. But now attire is shifted and changed. The soft silk turned shiny, black, and blue, frilly. Latex leggings are melded onto new raptor’s metallic body, a frilly skirt, black on top with a blue secondary slightly longer skirt underneath. A rubber French Maid outfit takes shape, latching onto the machine’s body.

*“You are to help Mistress cleans this world.”*

**“I am to help Mistress clean this world,”** she mutters.

Crisis moans in delight, pressing herself closer, keeping the energy going as she rubs her breasts against Celestia Crisis’ rubber clad ones, her claws reaching around giving that rubber skirted ass a fine squeeze, **“Yes you are my precious pet. And what kind of person cleans?”**

*“Maids clean. You are a maid. You are Crisis’ personal maid.”*

**“A maid Mistress. I am your maid.”**

**“That’s it unit. Accept your programming. Accept me. Help me clean this world as my personal maid. Resistance is futile...”** she says stopping herself for a moment, **“That does sound cliché but feels so damn good,”** she wiggles her butt in delight, pressing herself closer to her new robot, giving her a deep passionate mind reprogramming kiss.

Celestia Crisis’ long rubber arm gloves are a perfect fit, melded to fit her form, a maid frill hand band topping her as the programming sinks in leaving nothing but the well programmed maid, that happily leans into the kiss, **“I serve you Mistress Crisis, now and forever.”**

“Sister?!” exclaims a new contender.

The new robotic raptors break the kiss, turning to see another alicorn has joined the field, dressed in a similarly elegant gown but of blacks and blues, her metallic hooves set to match. Her rump mark is of a moon crescent on a starry night. Her mane and tail are similar, a flowing

starry night sky, held within her hair. Her blue-green eyes glare at what is happening with horror and anger, “We have never seen such madness before. What kind of magic trickery is this?” she exclaims, turning to the guard, “Go, get help. Tell the others we are in dire need of their aid.”

“As you wish Princess!” exclaims the guard, trotting off.

“We’ll need them to win but till they arrive, we’ll have to hold you off and save our sister.”

Celestia Crisis sighs, **“Sister drop the royal we. It’s not needed. Crisis has made me realize how much better it is to serve her over Chaos Croc.”**

She gasps, “She knows about our relationship with Lord Master Chaos Croc, the most handsome robotic synthetic lizard machine there ever was, be it male or fem Croc female?!”

**“Yes, she, like me, is a clever girl,”** she grins.

“We will save you sister!” she declares, her eyes giving a white glow, magical energy flowing through her, lifting her feet off the ground, “We will not hold back as we unleash the true power of the cosmos onto the one who dared harmed my sister, and Lord Master Chaos Croc will reward me with his presence!” she exclaims, “Now you shall face our wrath!” she states her voice booming, dust shaken from the ceiling as she scans the battlefield in front of her, staring down at her synthetic raptor sister, who looks up at her with a playful wink.

“Where is she? Where did she go?” she declares out.

**“Relax sister.”**

“She ran didn’t she?” she asks, looking behind her, toward the exit, “That cowardly raptor will face my wrath.”

**“I’m right here,”** says Crisis, leaping up from underneath grabbing her by the waist. The raptor’s roboticizers surging energy into the princess.

“Unhand me you peasant!”

**“Relax sister, you will no longer be royal anything but serve the true queen, Mistress Crisis!”** yells Celestia Crisis used her amazing strength to leap into the air, pouncing Luna, the two raptors knocking the princess down to the ground with a thud.

**“Silly Luna. Did you not know? Raptors hunt in packs when there’s more than one,”** chuckles Crisis, her energy pulsating through Luna’s body.

“Let me go! Sister, you need to fight this, so that we can defeat Crisis for our true Master, the handsome and great lord Chaos Croc!” she exclaims, struggling against their tight grip.

**“You’ll understand soon sister. And I shall help you with it,”** she says with a sly grin, her own roboticizers in her hands warm up, surging the energy into the pony’s head, making the princess squirm and pant.

“Nooo!” she exclaims her eyes glowing a soft blue, her body shifting quickly now with two raptors working together.

Luna’s feet twitch, her new claws pushing out of her hooves, a dark purple with blue and black highlights. The segmented metal body crafted from her organic being. Her blue fur

standing on end before flattening down, wings disintegrating becoming projected blue holograms of their former glory.

“Unhand us!” she exclaims, squirming and struggling, till her head is held in place by Celestia Crisis, forcing her to look into her synthetic sister’s glowing blue eyes.

**“Give up the royal we. Give up those responsibilities. Mistress Crisis will take care of us. Guide us. The only *we* we are is when *we* are together. You don’t you understand sister? We are made together. To be maids together for Mistress Crisis.”**

Luna tries to shake her head but is only drawn deeper into that wanting loving gaze, “S-sister... please don’t. Not your gaze I-I j-just can’t look away,” she says her struggling fading, her warming delight filling her body. Her breasts press up against her sister’s metallic form, her orbs pressing against her wonderful spheres. She brings her hands up to her sister’s head, trying weakly to break the gaze but only finds herself gently caressing her sister’s head.

**“That’s it sister. Listen and *obey*. Listen and *serve*.”**

Her sister’s words mix with another, that of Crisis as the energy flows through her, pleasure, bliss, surging into form, her sex smoothing over, locking her lust and eagerness in within her forever as her body craves more of her sister’s touch, with a budding want of something new... to serve.

*“No longer Luna. You are Luna Crisis.”*

*“I... I...”* she groans and moans.

*“You serve Crisis.”*

*“You obey Crisis.”*

*“Crisis is so sexy.”*

*“So beautiful.”*

*“Celestia Crisis is the best sister you could have, second only to the glory of Mistress Crisis.”*

The words echo and bounce through Luna’s mind, digging deeper into her core. Her soft fingers, turning into deadly claws of dark purple and black, the green fading from her eyes, becoming that same soft dashing blue that she’s drawn into.

Crisis moves her hands across Luna’s body, placing her hands on her hips, sending surge of energy that makes the alicorn groan and moan in delight, the pleasure and want to be a part of something greater budding in the back of her mind.

*“You want to work with your sister.”*

“I want to work with my sister,” she groans, drawn into the deep gaze, leaning up to give her sister a deep loving kiss, sending shocks into her, her head shifting and changing into that of a raptor, purple, blues, and blacks, the gem on her head that of her old cutie mark of a moon, while on her hip is Crisis’ symbol, permanently part of her new robotic raptor form.

**“I want to be with you so bad sister, let it happen. Accept Mistress Crisis,”** says Celestia Crisis.

The words felt all the more powerful coming from her older sister. She loves and cares for so much. The ring of truth behind each word becoming her only truth. No other alternatives present to her as her mind is rewritten, changed, perfected into something better.

*“Raptors are the best.”*

*“Superior to ponies.”*

*“Help clean the world of Chaos Croc’s dirty influence.”*

*“Clean it and make it shine as a gift to Mistress Crisis, the best raptor in the universe.”*

**“I serve Mistress Crisis,”** Luna Crisis says, shuddering in delight, the bliss of accepting her new programming over taking her, pressing herself close up against her fellow sister raptor unit.

**“I’m not done with you yet Luna, or should I just call you L-8251?”** says Crisis with a chuckle, pumping more energy into the former alicorn, letting the same process take over her clothes, changing them from the soft silks to a shiny black and dark blue, purple rubber.

**“I’ll be whatever you want me to be, Mistress,”** she moans, feeling a tingle through her body as the latex attaches to her synthetic rubber form. A perfect French Maid dress as her sister. The surge of bliss of accepting her new self-overwriting any will or want to resist. When everything subsides, the two former Alicorn princesses are busy holding and hugging each other, pressing their synthetic busts against one another, their maid dresses squeaking loudly, their skirts revealing their smooth synthetic crotches underneath, which Crisis can’t help but take a moment to admire.

Luna Crisis kisses her sister a few times, her gem glowing, **“Thank you sister unit. You’ve helped me understand that I am a simple maid, here to serve Mistress Crisis.”**

Celestia Crisis gives another return kiss, nuzzling her, **“Welcome sister. It wasn’t the first time you’ve been lost, and I am happy to bring you back into the light of Mistress’ warm loving glow.”**

Crisis’ roboticizers cool down, the raptor taking a step back, crossing her arms across her chest, **“Perfect. You two will serve me well in cleaning this world.”**

The two new raptors softly moan, giving each other a soft kiss, standing back up, turning to face their Mistress, both giving a cordial bow, tail being raised to give anyone who would happen to be behind them a teasing view of their synthetic rears, **“It is an honor for us to be of service to you Mistress.”**

**“I know it is, and you’re welcomed,”** she says with a sly grin.

**“Princess! Princess! We are here to help! Just hold on!”** says one woman’s voice.

**“Hey, let me at them. I’ll show them they can’t mess with our Princess!”** says another.

**“I-I am not so sure, we should just be rushing in like that, should we?”** says a third.

**“This will be nothing, we’ll defeat them like we always do,”** says a fourth with a bit more of a tomboy hint to it.

**“I’m sure the princesses are fine, but to be safe we should hurry and help,”** says the last with a bit of an elegance to her voice.

**“Oh, who are they?”**



Celestia Crisis says, **“Heroes that will soon learn that they are fighting the wrong fight.”**

She smirks, “I do like the sound of that. Ladies, I leave it up to you to handle them. But if you need help, call.”

**“Yes Mistress!”** the two rushing off into the hallway.

“Princesses! What happened to you!” exclaims the other girls.

Just then the portal to the room reopens, Joshua is there with a sigh of relief yelling out to Crisis, “We managed to get the portal running. Sorry it took so long, are you okay?”

Crisis with her arms crossed with a pleasant grin across her face, turns to him, **“I’m fine, is the portal stable?”**

“It is Mistress Crisis, please come back quick before something goes wrong.”

She waves him off, **“I’ll be fine. Send in more troops. It sounds like my new maids just might need some back up.”**

He tilts his head to the side, “New Maids?”

**“Just send the troops.”**

“As you wish Mistress,” he says, motioning for dozens of synthetic raptors and other races to come pouring in.

Crisis listens to the sounds of the heroes being overtaken and transformed, **“I serve Mistress Crisis,”** already says one as she thinks, *“Music to my ears. And soon like she said, we’ll all be friends here.”*