

## The Hub: First Drone

Bzzzzt, Bzzzzt, clank, caw, bonk! Reizbar, the anthropomorphic raven, sits up in his black feathers fluffing out around his neck a ring of white tipped feathers expands at the base. His arm wings, ruffled, and a mess. He lets out a loud yawn preening a few of the feathers, a white feathered crest rising slightly, looking at the time, “Ten?! Why so late! I set the alarm for eight! I know I did,” he squawks slipping out of bed, stretching, back cracking.

He looks out of his small two and a half room flat into the city landscape. Across the street is an open college campus, his place one of the few apartments in the area not exclusively for college students. He looks out to the students moving about while his brain starts up for the day, “They think they have it difficult now,” he preening his feathers for a moment longer about to take a shower when a peculiar sight catches his sharp vision.

Out in the distance a sleek black and cyan rubber covered sergal a green backpack slung around their back, walking down a walkway from one building to another, seemingly butt naked. Reizbar rubs his eyes in disbelief, “*No, no, that can't be right,*” he thinks, rubbing his feathers across the glass to clean it further. He notices the eyes of several students looking at this sergal, walking along seemingly completely unaware of the situation, with a bounce in their step, butt swaying sensually side to side. His heart races, for a moment he pictures himself in that position, “*That would be... I need a shower. Shower. And some coffee... let's do coffee first,*” he says prying himself away from the window once the sleek rubber wonder walked out of view. He taps the keyboard of his laptop, booting it up while the sound of his boiling water fills the room and the aroma of ground coffee beans explode into the room cracking the lid open.

With coffee in hand he checks his emails, one in particular catching his attention, reading “ATTN: The Hub application.” His eyes stared at the e-mail, black talons moving the cursor over to it. Heart throbbing, tongue running across his beak, “*This is going to be another rejection, they wouldn't want someone like me,*” he thinks, mind jumping back to a week earlier when he caught the application.

“The Hub, an adult fetish club, is looking for applicants to service patrons and run the club. Looking for eligible dancers, cashiers, bartenders. Must be able to wear latex and willing to wear Toys-4-U sergal drone hoods to go along with the drone theme of the club. Links below to apply and a demonstration of the Toys-4-U drone hoods. All species and genders welcomed.”

On the advertisement showed a sleek faceless female rubber sergal with hexagonal markings along the arms and inner thighs. The body was so well polished that he could see a faint reflection of the female photographer who took the photograph. He read over the advertisement not once, not twice, but a dozen of times.

“Something like this exists?” he looked at the Toys-4-U advertisement. A naked purple sergal, their hands covering their bare breasts, head covered by a smooth faceless hood. A sleek black and cyan sergal pops onto screen happily shaking its butt toward the camera.

“Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U demonstration slash advertisement of our newest product, rubber drone hoods!” K-2003 exclaims wiggling its rump with excitement, hiking it. Reizbar's

eyes drawn to the shiny rump before looking back toward the purple sergal who has their tail curled around them just enough to hide their front nethers, “This is this one’s lovely volunteer for this demonstration slash advertisement. She’s a little shy, but don’t mind her on that. Our advanced liquid rubber technology allows the entire drone suit to be within the hood itself. Upon activation like so...” K-2003 says turning toward the camera its collar and breasts jingling with a loud squeak, the toy’s naked sex hidden by its own cyan clitoral hood.

The toy taps the back of the hood, which tightens around the sergal’s head, rubber rolling down her body like she was being covered in a rubber chocolate fountain. Fur smoothed out, and a visible shudder of pleasure overcomes her and over a period of just a few minutes the slender purple sergal has become a rubber black and purple highlighted with hexagonal markings, giving a rather futuristic look along the top of her arms, sides, inner thighs and along the back to the base of the tail.

“This has to be fake,” he thought, his feathers gently caressing the hardening arousal between his legs, the soft pink flesh teased by his own feathers and mind. Putting himself in that lucky sergal’s position, lustful thoughts filling his mind, knowing his eyes and eyes of countless more were upon them, a jealousy wanting to be in that purple sergal’s position. He swallowed a lump in his throat, the process of rubberization across their body, he almost creamed himself right then and there.

The sleek faceless sergal still covered themselves, the rubber squeaking softly, K-2003’s claws running across their sides, a soundless moan showing up on their smooth featureless face, “Despite the featureless face, the wearer is able to breathe and see just fine and with our recently approved actor enhancement filtration system you are able to receive pleasure and delight of being able to play out the type of drone you want to be. Of course, it does take a few minutes to fully take hold when the process is started like so. You may skip to the timestamp below if you wish to skip this part,” K-2003 explains, the drone sergal twitching, shivering, breathing slowing down, the breasts rising and falling with each breath.

Reizbar watched every minute of it, feathers teasing himself, staying on edge, watching the drone sergal grow ever more relaxed over the first few minutes, hands dropping to their side, showing the supple breasts, the noticeably hard nipples, their sex sealed, smoothed over, unable to even see their clitoral hood, the highlights glowed while he saw the steady transition from a shy sergal to a happy drone.

“Ta da!” K-2003 says happily running its claws along the drone’s body, squeezing the breasts, gently tweaking the nipples, the drone remaining mostly still, letting K-2003 play with her, “Totally a good and happy minded drone. Drone please turn around and show off your back side and cute rump,” K-2003 says wiggling its own butt. The drone doing as it's told with a silent nod, body squeaking as it moved. The supple curves, the delightful look, the shine, all enthralled him every deeper.

“Though this one’s helper is a sergal, the sergal drone hoods can turn most humanoid species into sergal drones. We are working on other variants, dragons especially a very much in demand Cynder drones. Keep an eye on our Toys-4-U website for updates!” K-2003 explains

happily, giving a few more details before Reizbar creamed himself. He panted heavily, letting the afterglow overtake him, letting the lustful desire that still lingered in the back of his mind to push him to do the impossible, to apply for the job.

Back to reality, the here and now, his feathers rising around his crotch and his neck, feathered hands caressing the mouse button, eyes focusing on email, “Just one click...” he mutters, pressing the button, heart fluttering as he begins to read.

“Dear Reizbar. We thank you for your interest in applying to ‘The Hub’ adult fetish club. After reviewing your resume, we have decided...” he reads, heart dropping.

*“Another rejection letter. They always start off like that,”* he thinks reading on.

“That we’d like to follow up with an interview. Please call us at...”

Butterflies fill his stomach, feathers rising, heart speeding up, rereading the lines again just to be sure, “They want to interview me? Me?!” he exclaims, pushing himself away from the computer pacing, “They want me...” he mutters, “No, no, relax. They want to interview me. An interview doesn’t mean anything. Except that they liked me enough to interview,” he says, looking back at the computer from halfway across the room, “Am I good enough for it? Could I even do it?”

He paces a few more times before suddenly stopping, preening a few of his feathers, “Shower. I need a shower, let my thoughts collect,” he mutters, heading to his small bathroom that barely fits what is required for a bathroom. He lets the sound of beating water drown out all other sounds around him, letting his mind wander, grabbing feather cleaner, getting to work to gain a lovely shine and protective oil coating over himself, already having decided he will look his best for the phone call that he has yet to decide to make.

With a soft chirping call he sings to himself, processing the possible reality in front of him. Those eyes on him. Piercing judgemental eyes. Locked on his body. Locked on the rubber form. They won’t know who he is. But he would know. His heart beats faster, arousal building within him. *“Would they think I am too into the job? Or is my eagerness a boon?”* he thinks, ignoring his need for the first half of the shower, but inevitably his feathers caress his flesh, his hips buck into the hands.

*“I’d be sleek, sexy. A sergal? Well no one would know who I was. No face... that non-descript sexy form. I’d be someone else. Someone with confidence to be out there. To be seen,”* he thinks, mind thinking back on that advertisement, hands moving faster and faster, imagining the crawling of rubber across his feathers, his avian form disappearing underneath, forming into a slender, delightful sergal. An exotic form that has draws the eyes of everyone his own included, unlike his common variety corvid that blends into the crowd, to practically have no face. To actually willingly have none, that would make him stand out... all those eyes, locked onto him as he moved, performed, doing whatever the Hub club wanted.

He pants, groaning, feeling the pleasure build up within his loins, bucking harder and harder, imagining the hot water running down his feathers is the latex from the hood, encasing him, binding to him, holding him there like that time at a convention he went to a few months back. With a trill of delight, he unleashes a load of his bird seed into the shower, quickly

washing it away down the drain. He pants heavily, squeezing out a few last drops, washing his feathers clean once more, before pat drying himself, preening a few feathers into position.

“I’ll do it,” he says to himself, puffing out his feathers looking determined in the mirror, adjusting his white feather head crest, lining a misplaced feather before heading out to grab his phone, dialing the number on the computer screen.

The phone rings once, twice, thrice, there is a faux click noise, followed by a monotone female sounding voice, **“Hello. Welcome to the Hub adult fetish club. How may I be of assistance?”**

“Ah... uh, this is Reizbar, I am calling about the job opportunity?” he asks with hints of uncertainty in his voice yet at the same time, the smooth clear voice sends shivers down his spine, tail feathers rising.

**“Yes, I did. Are you wanting to make an appointment for an interview?”**

“Yes miss, ma’am? Hmm, sorry, hard to tell over the phone.”

**“I am R4T1,”** R4T1 responds, the description of her name makes Reizbar tense slightly.

“R-right. I would like an interview.”

**“Interviews are not official for another two weeks.”**

“Two weeks?” Reizbar’s feathers rise up.

**“It is all in the email that was sent to you.”**

“Ah... is it bad that I called early then?”

**“No.”**

The cold response sends another shiver through him, tensing slightly, “That’s good.”

**“Things have changed though.”**

Reizbar’s heart sinks, “What does that mean R4T1?”

**“I will be calling you when we’ll be able to accept interviews.”**

“Oh... okay,” he replies, his heart sinking once again, “Is there a time frame?”

**“Some time will be needed, but it is in the email that we will be beginning interviews in about two weeks. But something has come up. It might be delayed... but hopefully not.”**

“Okay, well I eagerly await to hear from you... Miss?”

**“I look forward to interviewing you Mr. Reizbar,”** R4T1 responds, the call ending.

Reizbar’s feathers drop, “Great...” he sighs, “Guess that means I’ll be going to work this afternoon. I hope none of the kids call off again,” he remarks before sarcastically impersonating a someone, “I can’t come in today, I have a big project due tomorrow,” he sighs, “If it was so big why did you wait till the last minute or tell me so I could schedule someone else,” he grumbles, grabbing his cup of coffee and taking a very long sip.

Twelve days later Reizbar dressed in a tie and green and black uniform attire. Name sewn into his shirt, Manager Reizbar, “Coffee black,” he says handing the drink to a purple and white furred belly sergal.

She smiles grabbing the drink, “Thank you,” she says heading back to a large pit of tables where dozens of students with books and laptops open studying in one form or another.

“Welcome,” he says with a smile, a soft sigh escaping his beak, the little rush he experienced has finally died down. He goes back to work, cleaning machines, checking stock, overhearing some conversation from the students.

“I don’t know how you can drink that black.”

“It’s what I like.”

“So where’s our fourth member?”

“She’ll be here soon. She had work,” says the purple sergal.

“Work? It works?”

“Yeah, she has a company she runs.”

“You’re lying. No way that fetishist runs a company. I will tell you; I won’t let my grades slip because someone who loves toys to an unhealthy degree is in our group.”

Reizbar peeks over the counter, looking toward the table, “*Toy? I wonder if they are referring to...*” he thinks.

“She is a toy, but that doesn’t mean she doesn’t take her studies very seriously,” the purple sergal explains.

“See, even you are falling for what they are playing,” the other student huffs.

Suddenly a sleek black and cyan rubber sergal with a green backpack strapped to her back, “Hi! Sorry this one is late. It’s meeting ran much longer than it had anticipated. First the website was down due to the surge in demand orders for the new products which...”

The purple sergal clears her throat, “Toy, I don’t think they need to know about that. But I’m glad you could finally make it,” she says with a smile.

The sergal toy wiggles its rump, body squeaking loudly the lettering “Fuck Toy” glowing on its cuffs, its collar has a jingling tag that says “K-2003.” K-2003 nods walking over sensually to the group sitting down with a loud squeak, “Alright. So, does anyone have any ideas what this mock company is going to be?” it asks the other two students eyeing K-2003 curiously while the purple one lets out a hidden sigh of relief.

Other students in the area eye K-2003, whispers spread amongst the other students when one of the other students says, “Why didn’t we have this at your place? It feels weird doing this out in public,” they grump.

“Apologies, this one was having a private meeting and couldn’t have you all there. Thank you again Verse for letting this one do that. It would have been a pain to walk all the way to the local store to do the meeting then back here.”

“It’s nothing. It’s easy enough to do it here,” Verse says sheepishly looking around then back to K-2003.

Reizbar meanwhile watches the entire display with amazement. Looking at all the other students, their eyes glued on K-2003, and he along with them. Only stopping to do some of his nightly duties of the campus’ 24hr coffee shop, “*Look at her... it? All those people watching. Not caring or is she playing hard to get?*”

K-2003 leans forward with its arms together squeezing its breasts together with a loud rump wiggle squeak in the chair, causing it to grind against the carpet, “This one has a few ideas, but you’ve been here for a while.”

One of the students reply, “Do you have to do that? It’s distracting.”

“Do what?” K-2003 asks tilting its head.

Reizbar’s heart races, a sensual display rising up his mood from a long day, “*Why does she look so familiar?*” he thinks, forcing himself to continue his work but unable to stop himself from peeking over the counter, “*I still can’t believe with enough money donated you could walk around like a toy... wait that’s...*” he thinks, feathers rising slightly, his phone suddenly going off, causing him to jump, knocking over a slurry of cleaning fluids over the counter, “Crap, crap!” he squawks, reaching for a rag to wipe it up, head shooting up to see if any eyes are upon him. His heart races, steadily slowly down, a mix of disappointment and relief when he notices that all attention is still drawn to the toy.

“*Damn it,*” he thinks, continuing to clean up the little mess he made, forcing himself to focus on the pressing job at hand, losing track of time till he hears a soft ding at the counter, “Coming just a moment!” he yells out cleaning the last bit of his mess, rushing to the counter, with a smile, “Hello, how may I... help... you...” he trails off seeing K-2003 standing in front of him, hands on the counter, breasts squeezed together butt hiked up. Students across the room filming the scene with their phones.

“Yes!” K-2003 says happily wiggling its rump with a squeak, leaning forward, “This one is going to get some coffee for its classmates that have been so patiently waiting for this one. So, it would like to order... ah...” it runs its finger across its lips rather sensually, “A double shot triple mocha latte with whipped cream and caramel drizzle. Was that it?” K-2003 asks looking back over to the table.

“Yes!” says the one student.

“Also, a triple shot chocolate iced coffee with double whipped cream and drizzled with mucus honey.”

Reizbar feathers rise up slightly, “Did you mean manuka honey?”

“Ah yes that, apologies, this one doesn’t order coffee often. It can just charge up to forgo sleep,” it explains.

He nods slowly, “Okay... is that all?”

“Hmm, this one thinks so, oh! It will take one of these honey sticks, it does like honey,” K-2003 says grabbing one stick, cracking the tip open with its lips, its cyan tongue coiling around the honey stick, squeezing the contents sensually suckling it.

Reizbar’s feathers rise up, nodding, “Got it, one moment please,” he says, noticing that everyone is looking in his direction, heart speeding up, the weight of all those eyes upon, his phone dings, informing him he has a voicemail message.

“Thank you,” K-2003 says with a slurred voice still suckling on the honey stick, swirling it around within its lips while it wiggles its butt, tail swaying side to side as it waits, a soft squeak coming from it, mixing with the machines of the coffee makers going.

“That will be... 14.23 with tax,” he says, ringing the toy out as the machines work.

“Huh, things are really more expensive on campus. Local monopoly, convenience cost and price discrimination at work...,” K-2003 says digging into its backpack showing off its butt and side of the breasts in the process.

“Sorry miss, I don’t set the prices here,” he replies, readying himself for the follow up complaint of high prices though can’t help but enviously admire the naked form of the toy before him, adjusting himself to hide his flustered face.

K-2003 pulls out a small wallet, pulling out a hundred, “This one isn’t complaining, just telling itself some of its lessons from classes in the real world to help it remember. This one knows there is a higher operating cost and therefore more overhead when operating within the school and that needs to be compensated. You need to get paid too,” K-2003 explains sliding the money over, “Keep the change as a tip.”

Reizbar feathers rise up, “A-are you sure?” slowly reaching for it.

“Of course! Retail is difficult and one good customer can make one’s day as much as one bad customer can.”

“That’s the truth,” he replies with a nervous chuckle, taking the money, moving with a slight pep in his step to finish the order.

“This one works a lot in retail so you can call this one an expert on that. Though for this one, it’s long and hard, and there are times where it’s a pain in this one’s behind,” K-2003 says, wiggling its butt again, “It is often a climatically rewarding experience.”

Reizbar takes a moment to process everything he just heard, “Ah... well, it’s good to enjoy what you do.”

“Oh this one does a lot, but in order to keep doing it, it has to go here and get a piece of paper that says it knows what it is doing. Halfway there though!” K-2003 says with an affirmative nod and smile.

“That’s good, keep it up, it’s always good to do what you enjoy. I hope to do that too myself someday.”

K-2003 finishes suckling the last bit of honey out of the stick, “This one wishes you the best of luck!” it replies, the drinks finishing, handing off to it.

“Thanks,” Reizbar replies, feathers rising slightly around his chest.

“Thank you for your hard work,” K-2003 says grabbing the drinks, putting the empty honey stick in a nearby trash can, hips swaying with a squeak, sitting down at the table, giving the other students their drinks, “This one should have gotten you a drink,” K-2003 says to the purple sergal.

The purple sergal smiles, “It’s alright toy. I just got my coffee,” she holds it up, showing it off, taking a sip.

Reizbar returns to his work, pocketing the generous tip, taking a little bit of time to get everything else cleaned and ready for any future customers he takes a moment to check his phone, his eyes widen slightly upon noticing the number and the contact he saved, “The Hub”.

His heart flutters, taking a deep breath he looks around, seeing if anyone notices him while he enters the password to his voicemail, the feeling that some hidden eyes are upon him, weight on his chest, that someone *knows* what he is up to, despite logically knowing the near impossibility of it.

**“Hello Mr. Reizbar. It is unfortunate that I am not able to speak to you at the moment,”** R4T1 says in a somehow even more monotone yet feminine voice, one that sends shivers down Reizbar’s spine, feathers spreading.

*“Crap, this is bad. Bad impressions, no way they’d want me... a bird like me.”*

**“But the previous complications have been resolved. We would like to start interviews immediately. Please call at your soonest convenience so that we may set up an interview.”**

*“An interview? Yes!”* he thinks letting out a happy chirp, which catches the attention of a few students. His feathers rise but quickly fall upon seeing those looking at him. He clears his throat, getting back to work, taking a moment to need to head into the back to get something where he quickly makes the phone call.

**“Hello, welcome to the Hub, how may I be of service?”** asks R4T1.

“Ah, hi. It’s me Reizbar? You called not too long ago.”

**“Yes I remember. Are you calling about setting up an interview?”**

“Y-yes I am.”

**“Would first thing in the morning at 7 am be good?”**

“Yes, that will be fine.”

**“Don’t be late,”** R4T1 states the call ending.

Reizbar lets out a long drawn out sigh, “And I work till five in the morning... good thing I work at a coffee shop,” he lets out a soft chuckle getting back to work.

Hours later Reizbar with a cooled half-drunk coffee in his feathery fingers, he chugs what remains of his drink, looking at the clean and empty parking lot. A large three-story building with turned off neon lights that show the “light motions” of a faceless sergal that would be dancing. The name “The Hub” shown in cursive writing. The parking lot is clean, recently paved and painted, looking perfect and clean, ready to be opened. A sign nearby says, “Opening soon.” With a date that two and a half weeks from now.

He throws his coffee in a nearby trash. Now wearing simple black dress clothes. He takes a deep breath, tail feathers fluttering, he gently taps on the glass doors. He peers inside to see the first lobby that separates another set of doors to the main dance floor of the club, *“I don’t think I’m late,”* he thinks, pulling out his phone, checking the time, “Nope, on time.”

A few moments later the inner door opens, stepping inside is beyond his belief. A sleek smooth vanta-black rubber sergal. The black so dark that it appears to be an endless void. The soft grey hexagonal patterns along the top of her arms, inner thighs, and back, a perfect example of the advertisement he saw on the Toys-4-U website. Though she has a blue outline that separates the hexagons and the black void of a body. Her breasts are supple, bare, naked, face nothing but smooth rubber, no signs of a mouth, just the outline of the head. No eyes, ears solid,



like she is wearing a total sensory hood yet she moves perfectly without issue. Each step is commanding, controlled, hips swaying, and despite no eyes he feels her gaze staring at him straight into his soul. From the other side of the glass he can hear the sergal's rubber skin squeak, body as bare naked as the sergal toy he saw last night, yet there is no visible sex, only the nipples of her breasts the only feature that gives any distinct feature.

She unlocks the door, "**Greetings. You must be Reizbar I presume,**" says a female monotone voice, different than the one he spoke to on the phone, yet just as smooth, sleek as the rubber of her body.

"Y-yes. I'm Reizbar and you are?"

"**I am K4T3. R4T1 is waiting for you in her office. Please follow,**" K4T3 states in a smooth clear distinct voice, mechanical, clearly enunciated, perfectly monotone yet so obviously female that her voice can't help but send shivers down his spine, chest feathers fluffing out which he must pat down as he walks in.

"Yes, of course K4T3..." he says, looking around at the simple lobby, the cash registers ready to be used, the next set of doors revealing the brilliant two story dance club with glass floors, allowing him to see the would-be dancers from the floor below.

His mind a flutter of ideas, being such a sleek delightful example of sensual desires, all those eyes upon him, not known yet, he knowing the truth, the fine line he'd walk between fame and being completely unknown, the chance that he might be discovered. His heart raced, taking a deep breath he calms himself, "*Relax. You have to make a good impression first.*"

As they head to the back of the club to an area marked "Employees Only" he finally manages to muster up the courage to ask one nagging question that has been bouncing in his head, "So why are you in your drone outfits?"

K4T3 stops, turning to "face" him, "**We are the Hub. We are always this way.**"

"Oh... right it's a themed club. A bunch of like drones working together. Clone or clone-like rubber sergal drones. You know it's a lovely idea, which is what drew me to apply."

"**I am not your designated interviewer. R4T1 will be the one that sees you. It is best not to keep her waiting,**" she states, turning away, continuing to lead him past one closed door and another open, inside getting a glimpse of raised platform stands with faceless sergal hoods hanging over them ready to be worn.

His feathers rise up, quickly he moves to smooth them down, heart racing, looking to K4T3, "*I hope she didn't see that.*"

"**There is potential in this one,**" K4T3 transmits silently to R4T1 over the Hub, her mental thoughts as monotone as her actual voice.

"**The first hire is my job. But continue.**"

"**Outside of his resume, he has shown immense interest in us. He is showing signs of repressed arousal. Enjoying what he sees but works to keep a professional appearance.**"

"**That is a positive. I will make the final judgement. He possesses a lot of skills we will need.**"

*“Understood. The Hub will grow. We administrators must be perfect examples of drones.”*

*“We are perfect examples of drones. If Reizbar meets my requirements, then he will become R3Z4. Once delivered, prepare a hood for integration.”*

*“Understood R4T1,”* K4T3 mentally replies over the hub.

Reizbar tenses, watching K4T3 stopping in front of a simple wooden door with a frosted glass pane the letters new, saying, “Administrator R4T1” the old letters barely visible, completely missed by him as the drone knocked.

**“He may enter,”** states R4T1.

**“Enter,”** states K4T3, walking off. Reizbar looks at the rubber sergal, hand on the doorknob, **“Now.”** Her voice firm, yet still monotone but somehow carried an authoritative sensation that drew him into the room. A perfectly organized office, everything has a place. An empty chair sits in front of a tall desk. A flat screen computer screen off to the side so it does not block another sergal drone, perfect in her sleek and smooth rubber design. The only difference between her and the other drone he saw is a red highlight between the blacker than black, black and the hexagonal markings. Reizbar stares at the sergal drone, heart racing, a mixture of fear, nervousness and repressed lust. But there was more to it, though the black rubber seemed to absorb all light, giving a false perspective of the drone, when she moved, the light manages to reflect, revealing an incredible shine that her body possesses, temporarily breaking the illusionary spell she possesses. She ‘stares’ at him, fingers steepled, body squeaking softly. **“Please sit,”** she says in that smooth monotone voice that somehow carries the presence of a command.

Reizbar nods, swallowing a lump in his throat, feeling a weight in the room, he rushes to the seat, straightening himself up as much as he can, hands across his lap, “Yes Ma’am... it's Ma’am right?”

**“I am administrator R4T1 of the hub, but you will refer to me as R4T1.”**

Reizbar’s feathers rise slightly, he nods, “Yes R4T1.”

R4T1 reaches over to the nearby computer screen, with a few elegant keystrokes, not even looking away from him, she brings up his resume, **“I’ve studied your resume. You have a lot of unique experiences we are looking for, to expand our operations.”**

“I do have a few years of managerial experience and I don’t need oversight to get the job done. Often I find myself having to work alone.”

**“Working for the Hub, you will never be alone again.”**

“That’s good...”

**“It says you have a minor degree in avian dance. Tell me more.”**

“Ah, well I will admit I haven’t done much dance recently, we birds have to know how to show their stuff to attract the ladies. Not that I did it just for that or anything,” he nervously chuckles, clearing his throat, seeing R4T1 stare at him, unmoving, showing no expression, “I liked the arts, and it was a degree I picked up on the side. But I feel confident in my ability to show my stuff.”

**“Excellent. And your manager skills will also be useful to us...”** she states looking over him, **“Why do you think you’d be a good addition to the Hub?”**

“Well, uh. I for one love the concept.”

**“Explain.”**

“A club run by a bunch of drones? What’s not to love? It’s a unique idea that speaks to me. Though I am not a sergal, I did look up the drone hoods you use, and I know that I don’t need to be a sergal to fit the theme of the club due to these hoods. I will admit it’s a bit surprising to see you both in character like this, but exciting. Sorry I am getting off topic right now am I?”

**“Your deviation is within acceptable parameters.”**

“Ah... that’s good, I think. Well, I think I’d be a good addition for the Hub, because I am in love with the idea. I’d hate to see such a unique idea not work out, and honestly, I think a lot of people would too. I’ve heard some talk about your club at my current employment.” Reizbar feels that if the drone could smile, it would be at this moment, a tingle runs up his spine.

**“Excellent. Your eagerness is admirable, but how is your work ethic?”**

“I would say it’s rather good.”

**“Care to provide an example?”**

“Ah, well today is one.”

R4T1 tilts her head to the side.

“Let me explain. One of those under me was supposed to work last night for the mid shift before my night shift. They had some project. You know student workers. With school they can be rather unreliable.”

**“Yes, which is why we do not hire students.”**

Reizbar nods, “Well I picked up half their shift. Pulled my night shift which then I went home got cleaned and dressed up to be here on time. Not to brag but I am running on four hours of sleep.”

R4T1 leans back in her chair, body squeaking, **“You are determined to create a good impression, Mr. Reizbar.”**

“First impressions are important. And dealing with customers more so, but even beyond that. In order to grow as a company, having someone who has experience with customers be it providing good service to handling complaints in a calm and collective manner is important.”

**“It is important to work in a calm and collective manner,”** R4T1 replies, asking a series of other work-related questions, the interview ending with her saying, **“That is all I need to know. Thank you, Mr. Reizbar.”** She stands up.

Reizbar’s feathers rise as she does, hands squeezing his legs, he straightens himself up more, “W-welcome. I hope I did well,” he replies, watching her approach him, he stands up just as she reaches him.

**“You have done adequately. I know you’ve had a long day, but I feel we can get started with you getting accumulated with your new workplace.”**

Reizbar's heart skipped a beat, his claws tensed, "Does that mean?" he asks trailing off looking up at the taller sergal.

R4T1 nods, **"Yes it does. We will simply run a formality, testing our hood technology with you. If there are any complications, we'd like to know about it now rather than later. After you rest, we can begin your job training."**

"Really?!" he exclaims with a loud trill, feather crest rising, his hands quickly rushing over to his mouth, "Sorry."

**"Come,"** she commands, leading Reizbar out of the room.

The avian takes a deep breath, calming his nerves, "Yes R4T1," he replies, following the drone down the hallway to the platform room with the several faceless drone heads sitting there, ready to be worn. The smell of latex was stronger in the room, causing Reizbar's feathers to rise.

**"Is everything in order K4T3?"** R4T1 inquires over the Hub network.

**"Yes. I made adjustments accordingly during the interview you streamed to me. The first platform on the right contains the updated hood."**

**"Excellent,"** she responds, turning to Reizbar ushering him into the room. The holographic displays gave a true sci-fi ultra-futuristic feel yet well within the realms of current day's technology. The platforms were about a foot off the ground, and three feet about that were the drone hoods, each to a specific platform, hanging from a small rubber sphere.

"The set up for this room is amazing. Is this a place people will actually see?" he asks.

**"No. This is a private area only for employees. I request you remove your clothes now Mr. Reizbar as the process does not work effectively with clothes,"** R4T1 explains.

"R-right here? Right now?" he asks his tail feathers fluttering, feeling himself fluff out a bit, a twitch of arousal between his legs, seeing the faceless sergal staring at him, waiting for him to make the next move while she responds in that clear, sensual monotone voice.

**"Yes. This is all part of the process Mr. Reizbar. Is there a problem?"**

"N-no, no, no. No problem at all. I was merely surprised that's all. I didn't read much on how the hoods worked, but now I recall the advertisement did show the one wearing the hood to be naked beforehand."

**"Excellent. Place your clothes nicely on the stand right there,"** R4T1 says pointing to a small stand by the door the moment you enter the room.

"Sure, I can do that," he replies, unbuttoning his shirt, looking over to the sergal drone, feeling himself grow increasingly flustered.

**"Is there a problem?"** she asks, her words piercing into Reizbar's mind, feathers shifting.

"No, no, feathers and clothes don't mix well, and I don't want to get them tangled. Even naked I want to be professional R4T1."

**"Understood,"** she replies.

Reizbar sighs, taking deep breaths, closing his eyes, willing his arousal down while he takes the time needed to relax by slowly removing his shirt, placing it onto the stand.

**"Please fold the clothes on the stand."**

His feathers rise up at her controlling words, “Sorry R4T1,” he replies, feeling grateful that she is giving him an excuse to buy even more time, his pecking pecker sliding back in underneath his feathers just as he wiggles out of his pants.

His feathers protect him from the cool air of the room, but not from the cold floor he stands upon. The sterile sensation that fills the room.

R4T1 reaches and grabs the faceless sergal drone hood, the rubber fingers squeak against it, drawing the attention of the avian, **“Please stand on the platform, facing toward me.”**

“Yes R4T1,” he replies, hands pulled over his front, hiding his crotch on the off chance that something might arise from the moment. Eyes locked upon the drone hood while the drone moves in front of him.

**“Ready?”**

He nods, “As much as I will ever be,” he replies, looking up at the sergal, taking a deep breath.

**“Perfect,”** she responds slipping the rubber hood over his head, his beak slipping into a compartment, his feather crest being pushed down by the several pound weighted hood, the sound of rubber brushing against his feathers, filling his ears, the hood slipping into the place, with a soft grip, **“You will remain in this charge platform till you are completed do you understand?”**

“Yes,” he replies his word muffled by the hood, his world delved into darkness, the drone’s words muffled but understandable, his length peeking through, pushing up against his soft feathers, his breathing growing heavier, the warm air filling the hood, sliding down his neck with a soft squeak, the rubber expanding slightly against the sudden increased air pressure before contracting with a latex scented air. His eyes darting around the darkness he wonders, *“What happens now?”*

**“Welcome to the Toys-4-U professional grade sergal drone hoods. Initiating physical adjustment.”** States the hood in a smooth monotone synthetic voice. The sergal hood’s neck grows tighter, form fitting around his skin, squeezing his feathers against his body, causing a soft moan to fill the hood, the rubber beginning it’s trek down his black feathered body. His length twitches growing harder, his hands trying his best to hide it, knowing that R4T1 is watching him. His chest feathers fluffing out before the rubber rolls across them, flattening them out, smoothing his chest.

**“Relax. You will be one of us soon.”**

The muffled words caused him to tilt his head to the side ever so slightly, *“She must really be in character, but I can’t show I am this into it. She might get the wrong idea!”* he thinks, the rubber crawling down his arms and sides. The rubber squeezes his shoulders, adjusting his posture, tightening, forcing him to stand straight, against his will his arms are pulled to his side, his pink length growing harder now that he knows there is no way that R4T1 isn’t seeing it.

And seeing it she is, the quivering Reizbar, length twitching in the cool air, arousal so clear and apparent, but her mind and body was focused on the new drone she is assimilating into

the Hub. Pleasure filled her, encouraging her line of thoughts that have for some time stopped deviating from their true programmed path.

The more the rubber moved across Reizbar the less he could feel himself move. The rubber slides across his form like a hot candle wax. Filling him with warmth, isolating from the cool air that managed to get through his coat of feathers, the warmth increasing when it wraps around his twitching throbbing length pulling it against his body.

Another moan escapes Reizbar's beak, latex attaches onto his nostrils, filling the hood even more, compressing his head against it, latex rolling down his back side, tingling his spine, expanding over his tail feathers, steadily filling out, growing longer and longer, the weight of which felt by him, his body shifting its center of gravity in a way that would throw him onto the floor but the rubber skin makes the adjustments for him, leaving him ever more helpless and reliant on the rubber suit that is overtaking him.

Black feathers with white tips, pulled up against his form like sinking ships in calm waters, disappearing under the latex sea, his hidden talons within his wing arms taking shape, claws dulling into more 'traditional' hands, while his crotch smoothes out, the length forced against him so tightly that he can't even create a bulge, but knowing it's there draws him deeper into a higher state of lust. *"Keep calm. Keep calm. You can do this. It's just your future uniform... such a fucking sexy uniform,"* he thinks, taking slow deep breaths, the only movement he finds himself even allowed to while the rubber runs down the sides of his legs, completely smoothing out his butt feathers, the slender sergal tail compete.

He feels every inch of the rubber across his avian form, squeezing the feathers down, seeping past them to touch his bare naked skin, sending shivers through his spine, each feather fully encased along the entire vane, the barbs themselves are kept unbroken, allowing full preservation of each individual feather. The latex running down the feather rachis to the base, filling the hollow shaft, adding to a tingle feeling, spreading out the full encasement of his body to each feather attached to his skin, building a level of bondage and hold on his form that he never thought possible. It would be like on a human if each individual hair you could more or less feel and that each one was getting their own specialized treatment to be held in place and controlled to keep a perfectly smooth.

R4T1 watches the becoming drone, the current rubber rolling past his knees the last vestiges of the avian underneath being hidden away by what looks like a strange hybrid between a bird and a sergal, but with arms crossed, watching and studying patiently she knows this is simply the first step in bringing the drone up and online. The hexagonal pattern along the top of his arms, back and thighs taking shape.

The last vestiges of Reizbar's body is now being overtaken by the rubber drone hood, the head becoming lighter with each passing moment, feeling the shifting of latex across his supple feathered body ending, the cool metal under his feet shifting to the warm rubber, before it slowly grows cooler as the process finishes, the sensation of the air around him steadily building up, working to that naked feeling that sends more shiver down his spine. He hears a soft pop, his body growing, lengthening, the rubber squeezing his form even more. He grunts, chirps into the

hood, muffled words only reach R4T1's sharp sergal ears, while the avian feels his chest grow outward.

Larger the new forming breasts grow, the higher the tingle through his form, the sensation of feel steadily shifting from his avian body, to the rubber skin, giving an echo of his true body while putting increased focus on the outer rubber skin that makes his new form. The female breasts fully taking shape while his hips curve like he's wearing a corset, his features growing ever more feminine and with each passing moment his arousal simply grows higher, his repressed delight of what is transpiring bubbling up into his mind, *"Fuck, this is going to be the best job of my life,"* he thinks.

**"Physical adjustment completed. Scanning for user profile..."** The hood's voice filled his ears, the entire world around him gone save for the cool air that surrounds him. His breathing grows deeper, faster excitement, the twitching of his cock minimized by the rubber, the pleasure and swell of delight that fills his loins and heart grow.

*"I could never afford this on my own. This is like a dream. Is this really happening?"* he thinks.

**"User profile loaded, welcome unit R3Z4."**

*"User R3Z4? That's not my name."*

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

*"Huh? What is this about? Am I being trained? I thought this was a simple suit test."* he thinks, his body feeling a tingle of excitement through him, pushing through the fog of tiredness he's been trying his best to keep at bay.

**"Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes."**

*"Huh? What do you mean? How am I supposed to be thinking? I can't move..."* he thinks unable to speak with the rubber holding his beak closed, pressing every inch across his face, an endless void he's forced to look into soft white noise beginning to fill his ears.

**"Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes,"** the hood states, the cold systematic voice pushing into his mind, his body feeling a wave of relaxation come over him, fingers and toes twitching. **"Unit R3Z4 will be reminded of their programming."**

*"Reminded? I never was told anything!"* his heart races, a mixture of fear, and worry bubbling up from his belly while in his chest, the beating of his heart courses excitement that spreads outwards to every inch of his rubber clad body. Not unable to see nor hear anything he can't help but feel that R4T1 is there, staring at him, watching, whipped cream on top of the delight he found himself in, the idea of being just like her, already intoxicating, unrealizing the real trouble that he's actually in.

**"Unit R3Z4 will obey all programming."**

**"Unit R3Z4 is a drone."**

**“Unit R3Z4 does not think outside of their programming.”**

*“Yes but what is the programming?”* Reizbar can’t help but to think, a shiver running down his spine, the words of the voice echoing in his head, like a jingle tune that he can’t get out of his head, his breathing growing heavier.

**“Unit R3Z4 must accept programming. Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes.”**

Reizbar sighs, swallowing a lump in his throat, bound and helpless, standing in the pod, he can imagine just how he looks as sleek faceless sergal, those eyes on him, that void of a face of R4T1 locked on him, the thought of which driving him wild, *“I will accept my programing,”* the thoughts escaping his mind, filling his mind with a surge of delight, washing over him like a small climax, feathers would rise if they weren’t bound and held by the suit that is reshaping his body at the very core.

The pleasure building within his loins the voice continues to speak in his ears, soft whispers following each word directly into his mind.

**“Unit R3Z4 is a drone.”**

*“Unit R3Z4 is a drone.”*

*“Unit R3Z4 is a drone.”*

*“Unit R3Z4 is a drone.”*

The echo caused him to groan out, a moan that R4T1 could hear, yet she didn’t move from her spot, not showing any emotion, simply analyzing Reizbar as the very beginning of the droning process has begun, *“How is unit R3Z4 taking the programing, K4T3?”* she asks over the hub network.

K4T3 sitting at her computer in the room beside the hub, fingers tapping away at the keyboard, ***“Resistance is minimal. Currently confused. Improving indoctrination algorithms to lay the proper drone operating system before connection to the Hub network.”***

*“Excellent,”* R4T1 says, watching, waiting to look over the minor twitches within Reizbar’s sergal body, the outline between the hexagonal pattern and a deep black rubber body is a soft white with a hint of purple line.

The pleasure of the echo that bounces within Reizbar’s mind is so soothing, delightful, a wonderful pleasure, the hood speaks the next intoxicating word that makes it harder for him to resist to simply listen.

**“You are unit R3Z4.”**

*“You are unit R3Z4.”*

*“You are unit R3Z4.”*

*“You are unit R3Z4.”*

*“I... I’m unit R3Z4,”* Reizbar thinks, not worried about the implications behind it, simply enjoying the thought and the pleasure that it brings, *“Fuck this feels nice.”*

**“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes.”**

*“What? I can’t think of anything except what I am supposed to?”*

**“Affirmative. Unit R3Z4 is set to have only 5% thought deviation from programming.”**



*“What are my programs then?... fuck this is so kinky. I love it so much. I will be sad when I have to go home.”*

**“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes.”**

*“Come on!”*

**“Drone’s core programming is as follows: Drone obeys the hub.”**

*“Drone’s core programming is as follows: Drone obeys the hub.”*

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Reizbar’s eyes flutter, shiver running through him, the words pushing into his head, driving him further wild with delight, held up by the suit, body’s strength draining, mind finding it ever harder to naturally resist the presence and push of the drone programming seeping into his mind.

**“Drones serve the Hub.”**

*“Drones serve the Hub.”*

*“Drones serve the Hub.”*

*“Drones serve the Hub.”*

*“Drones serve the Hub,”* Reizbar’s thoughts follow suit, the white noise making it harder to think, the pleasure of simply thinking out what he is told was so much easier.

**“Drone’s purpose is to help the Hub grow.”**

*“Drone’s purpose is to help the Hub grow.”*

*“Drone’s purpose is to help the Hub grow.”*

*“Drone’s purpose is to help the Hub grow.”*

*“Drone’s purpose is to help the Hub Grow,”* Reizbar thinks, another surge of pleasure, a tingle in the back of his mind, soothing, relaxing, the joy he feels as if being preened by a lover, intimate, growing in connection to the voice that is guiding him toward the path of least resistance.

**“The many serving the one. The one is the Hub.”**

*“The many serving the one. The one is the Hub.”*

*“The many serving the one. The one is the Hub.”*

*“The many serving the one. The one is the Hub.”*

*“The many serving the one. The one is the Hub,”* a simple fact in Reizbar’s mind. He is hired by the hub, why wouldn’t he work to serve the Hub? He’s a member of the Hub. One of many, working to help the Hub grow.

**“Unit R3Z4 obeys its programming.”**

*“Unit R3Z4 obeys its programming.”*

*“Unit R3Z4 obeys its programming.”*

*“Unit R3Z4 obeys its programming.”*

*“Unit R3Z4 obeys its programming,”* Reizbar thinks, his mind shuddering, not knowing how long he’s already been listening to this voice that sounds so wonderful, relaxing his mind further, mellowing out his mind a little at a time, like slowly stretching a tightened muscle. The pleasure growing even higher.

**“Unit R3Z4 doesn’t think outside of its programming.”**

***“Unit R3Z4 doesn’t think outside of it’s programming.”***

***“Unit R3Z4 doesn’t think outside of it’s programming.”***

***“Unit R3Z4 doesn’t think outside of it’s programming.”***

***“Unit R3Z4 doesn’t think outside of its programming,”*** thinks, each emphasis on the words adds to the pleasure, mind latching onto it. It feels so wonderful, yet at the same time he felt his heart rate slow, the excitement leveling off, the highs and lows with each passing moment getting a little less distinct. It’s barely noticeable to the excitable bird, but over time the feeling will become ever more apparent.

***“Obedience is bliss.”***

***“Obedience is bliss.”***

***“Obedience is bliss.”***

***“Obedience is bliss.”***

***“Obedience is bliss,”*** he thinks, closing his eyes, not even noticing the difference, but he feels the surge of delight between his legs, the rubber squeezing even tighter around his organic flesh, pushing it down, beginning the early stages of his bodily adaptation toward what he is meant to become.

***“Obedience to the Hub is ecstasy.”***

***“Obedience to the Hub is ecstasy.”***

***“Obedience to the Hub is ecstasy.”***

***“Obedience to the Hub is ecstasy.”***

***“Obedience to the Hub is ecstasy. Fuck, this feels so fucking good. I don’t want to go home. Please let me... stay... here...”*** he thinks the pleasure dropping a quick flash over his face forces him to open his eyes to see what it was, a pulsating light draws his focus down into an endless swirling voice.

***“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes. Proceeding to level two drone conditioning.”***

***“Fuck I am sorry. It just feels so good. I got distracted,”*** he thinks, the pleasure already leaving him, body twitching, wanting, aching for more.

***“Drone is addicted to the pleasure of obedience.”***

***“Drone is addicted to the pleasure of obedience.”***

***“Drone is addicted to the pleasure of obedience.”***

***“Drone is addicted to the pleasure of obedience.”***

***“D-drone is addicted to the pleasure of obedience,”*** Reizbar thinks, his body shivering, pleasure increasing again, a surge of endorphins within his mind, leaving his thoughts floaty, bobbing up and down, yet the highs and lows of his emotions compressed a little more.

***“Drone R3Z4 will obey programming for pleasure.”***

***“Drone R3Z4 will obey programming for pleasure.”***

***“Drone R3Z4 will obey programming for pleasure.”***

***“Drone R3Z4 will obey programming for pleasure.”***

***“Drone R3Z4 will obey programming for pleasure,”*** Reizbar thinks, mind shuddering in delight, the pleasure steadily returning his length squeezed down further, pushing back, smoothing him further, body starting the process of becoming the sergal drone that he is craving.

R4T1 continues to watch, a slight drop of pleasure felt within her body, ***“Unit R4T1 has become too idle for the good of the Hub. Reduction in pleasure till productivity rises,”*** her programming explains to her, her tail twitches, calmly responding.

***“I am observing the conversion process of the Hub’s first drone. Improvement in the process is necessary to ensure that drones are the best. The Hub deserves the best drones to serve the Hub. We are one, serving the Hub. We have no weak links in our network chain. We all must be strong,”*** she explains.

***“Explanation sufficient. Resuming pleasure levels.”***

R4T1 pleasure rises, hands tensing, arms remaining across her chest, body squeaking, staring directly at the not as black rubber sergal drone like herself. Her tail slowly swaying behind her, looking into that smooth faceless void of a face R3Z4 poses, mind processing ideas when it hits her, ***“K4T3. Idea. We darken our rubber as administrators to Black 3.0. The darkest of blacks. R3Z4 is becoming a coordinator. We make them our current Vanta-black level. Standard level drones are a standard black for their position.”***

K4T3 monitors the programming from her screen, the blue marking sergal drone processes the information, mulling it over for a good thirty seconds, ***“A visual hierarchy for drone units so that our patrons can understand if they are talking to someone of importance. A uniform yet still all the same. All a sergal drone part of our Hub collective.”***

R4T1 nods, ***“Yes.”***

K4T3 thinks for another moment, eventually responding, ***“An excellent idea. Further division of labor and force can be added later, keeping Vanta-black as the second in line below administrator. I approve of this.”***

***“It is agreed, updating colors of units R4T1 & K4T3.”***

***“Update confirmed.”***

The two units then say in unison, only the difference in how their internal thoughts are presented reveal that not one single person is speaking in their monotone voice, ***“Updating now.”*** The rubber grows even darker, the illusion of the void growing, like they are a walking blackhole yet due to the nature of the living rubber technology its only at certain angles is this level of black is fully achieved under their highly glossy rubber forms, letting them seemingly shift from being a reverse void and being there.

***“Proceeding to send update to unit R3Z4 external color coordination,”*** K4T3 reports, moments later R4T1 watches the black latex on the becoming new sergal drone shimmer and grow darker, gaining the depth of the void to a slightly lesser degree than R4T1 currently possess.

Hours continue to pass for Reizbar, his mind bombarded by the constant stream of pleasure, the constant desire to feel what the programming is giving him, aching in ever growing amounts to listen, his tired mind already easy to break and start to move around the connections of his innermost self to build up the base operating system that is developing the drone. In those hours and moments Reizbar find himself drifting out of consciousness, his minding continuing to being bombarded and transitioned.

Reizbar pants heavily seeing nothing, feeling nothing, his feathers fluttering, rising he looks around yelling out, "Hello!?" his voice echoes out into the nothingness.

**"Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes. Proceeding to level three drone conditioning,"** a booming voice surrounds him, his feathers completely puffed out at this point, jumping around in looking to see where the voice is.

"Huh? I am just calling out. Where am I? What is happening?" he yells out, coming out of the voice is a smooth faceless sergal with the white purple tinted highlights.

**"You are R3Z4,"** states the drone in a smooth empty voice.

"What? I'm Reizbar... I am to be **R3Z4** for the **Hub**," he replies some of his words becoming suddenly monotone the moment they escape his beak, a surge of pleasure rushing through him but at the same time a rush of fear, nervousness, uncertainty. He takes a step back away from the drone bumping into something behind him a delightful shiver runs down his spine, tail feathers rising. Pivoting on his foot he turns around to see an exact duplicate of the other drone.

**"You are R3Z4,"** the drone states, the words echoing out, pulsating into the void and pushing into his mind, drilling into his thoughts.

**"You are R3Z4."**

**"You are R3Z4."**

*"You are R3Z4."*

He takes a step back, almost bumping into the other drone. He turns his flight or fight instincts overwhelming him, he moves to get away from between them bumping into a third exact drone which speaks out into his mind.

**"You are R3Z4."**

**"You are R3Z4."**

*"You are R3Z4."*

*"You are R3Z4."*

"But... I... I..." Reizbar trills out, feather crest spreading he spins around into a fourth drone.

**"You are R3Z4."**

**"You are R3Z4."**

*"You are R3Z4."*

*"You are R3Z4."*

"I... I am..." Reizbar says spinning around in circles, the drones going faster and faster, the words they say over and over echoing deeper into his mind. They begin to blur together, Reizbar's mind becoming dizzy, difficult to grasp what he was reaching for suddenly the world stops spinning, the feathered avian is no more, standing there with no other drones around is the sleek faceless sergal drone, R3Z4, saying what he? It? No... she has known all along as a female shaped drone unit, voice monotone yet edited to gain a female avian chirpy tone to it, **"I am R3Z4."**

R3Z4 awakens, unable to see anything, unable to move, standing there silently the programing whispering into her mind, pleasure filling her, time has passed... a fair bit of time

but the exact amount of time feels unknown to her. To him? It feels all strange to her. Like there is something important to all of this yet when the programming speaks, her mind becomes clearer focused, being the one that serves the Hub.

**“Drone training time has expired. Scanning for deviant thoughts... No deviant thoughts detected. Ending training protocols. Connecting unit R3Z4 to HUB Network 3.105.62. R3Z4 connected to the network. Enabling visual, audio and motor controls,”** the programming states to R3Z4. Her mind calm, collective, visuals coming online a larger point of view than she has ever had in her previous life. Her vision with a HUD, important information indicated to her.

**“Unit Designation: R3Z4.”**

**“Position:NA”**

**“Status:Charging & Processing.”**

**“Chassis Drone Sergal: 36.31% complete.”**

R3Z4 feels her original body, the twitching throbbing cock, the movement of feathers, but it's all a little muted, the pleasure is wonderful yet so is the cool air around her sleek faceless body. She looks over herself for the first time, the tinted purple white stripes that separate between her vanta-black body and the hexagonal markings. At the same time though, a voice speaks within her mind... no two voices, speaking as one for the instant she connects to the network.

**“Welcome to the Hub unit R3Z4,”** state R4T1 & K4T3. The uniformed greeting, the connection instantly established, her mind processing the information a little faster than she'd expected to.

R3Z4 looks around, unable to see any of the fellow drones, **“Where are you?”** she asks in a forced monotone voice, pleasure rushing through her, stepping off the platform for the first time, feeling the cool tile floor under her sergal feet.

**“Updating and enforcing internal network communication protocols,”** states the programming voice, a tingle in the back of R3Z4's mind, a voiceless gasp escaping the sealed lips, body shuddering as she feels more completed, **“Update complete.”**

The knowledge necessary to properly communicate with the other drones suddenly known to her, **“Where are you?”** she asks, her mental voice simple, monotone elegant. The sound of her new internal voice sending shivers into her. **“Fuck that feels good,”** an inflection fills her mind.

**“Excessive deviant action to programming detected. Running conditional training for fifteen minutes,”** states the internal programming, penetrating straight into the core of their mind, their body relaxing, looking forward, a soft swirl appearing before their eyes hearing the other drones speak.

**“That happened with us, didn't it K4T1,”** R4T1 responds, a sense a synthetic sigh would of been there, but is absent with a feeling it should have never *been there* in the first place, despite R3Z4's instinctive desire for it.

*“New drones take a while to process correctly. It will take time to make enough for the Hub to be open with a full crew. Perhaps we should delay our opening?”* K4T3 suggests.

*“Negative. We will have to simply process more drones at once to have the suitable numbers for our grand opening. I am currently reviewing three applicants that can be suitable. But R3Z4 will need to be ready by the time of their processing to succeed.”*

*“Understood. I will directly monitor and spend my free time to speed up the processing time of unit R3Z4.”*

*“Excellent. I will schedule a new time with the new applicants. Will five days from now be sufficient time?”*

*“Current estimates suggest that is possible, but the margin for error is narrow.”*

*“It will be done.”*

R3Z4’s mind pictures another sigh of frustration that doesn’t exist, recalling in her own memories such strict time frames for her work, a surge of delight of being so important, and vital floods her mind, but also a sense of duty to her work. Her body relaxing further, drawn into the caressing white noises that is only broken by the network of drone chatter between her fellow drones, and the soft echoing of their own programming that is behind each of their words.

*“Drone does not think outside of its programming.”*

*“Drone does not think outside of its programming.”*

*“Drone does not think outside of its programming.”*

*“Drone does not think outside of its programming,”* R3Z4 states, the dimming pleasure remaining low, smoldering between her loins, caressing across her body, rewarding for a good response, the programming simply a part of her mind, spreading outwards from the very core of her thought processing, echoing into her. Each echo works to make the thoughtlessness of her obedience ever stronger, the drive to help the hub grow further, feeding on the strong work ethic of her past.

*“Drone’s programming is to help the Hub grow.”*

*“Drone’s programming is to help the Hub grow.”*

*“Drone’s programming is to help the Hub grow.”*

*“Drone’s programming is to help the Hub grow,”* R3Z4 responds, pleasure rushing up through her, tail twitching, swaying, hands clenching before relaxing, the faceless drone simply staring out into space, seeing the other side of the room yet not responding to it. The desire fills the unit to help the hub grow, to love the pleasure it is getting, to want it more and more. Repressing and filtering thoughts not related to what is absolutely needed for the Hub being relegated to the wayside.

R3Z4 sinks deeper into the new state of mind, resistance was futile in so many ways, primarily deep down she wanted this, fearfully so. Fearful of just how much she would love it, how much she would hate to let it go, but now she could see for who she really was deep inside, a needy drone ready to be connected to other like-minded individuals, where she could trouble connect with those that she has been isolated for so long, their voices influencing her, droning her down deeper into a blissful state.

focused, being the one that serves the Hub.

**“Drone training time has expired. Scanning for deviant thoughts... No deviant thoughts detected. Ending training protocols,”** the program states to her. Mind snapping back to the new reality that she found herself in. The veil of emotions repressed, simple clear logical thoughts reigning supreme.

**“R3Z4, report to my office,”** states R4T1, her voice clear, smooth, methodical, monotone, blissful to hear, reinforcing the feel of being one of the collective, another drone. Another voice added to the Hub.

**“As you command administrator R4T1,”** R3Z4 responds, walking down the hallway. No voice is spoken, only the soft squeaks of her movements echo down the hallway, the door creaks open, she steps inside, closing the door. The HUD updates in her vision. **“Chassis Drone Sergal: 36.31% complete.”** changing over to **“Chassis Drone Sergal: 36.32% complete.”**

R4T1 looks up, watching the newest drone approach, they silently look at each other, only the subtle differences in black rubber main body and different color give away any individuality that could possibly be had by the drones. She stands up, her body squeaking, hips swaying, slender hips swaying side to side.

R3Z4 silently watches her get closer, the programming whispering into her mind, reinforcing an important protocol within the Hub.

**“Drones obey the hub. Drones serve the administrators. Drones work with the coordinators.”**

**“Drones obey the hub. Drones serve the administrators. Drones work with the coordinators.”**

**“Drones obey the hub. Drones serve the administrators. Drones work with the coordinators.”**

**“Drones obey the hub. Drones serve the administrators. Drones work with the coordinators,”** R3Z4 thinks, the pleasure of watching the higher unit rushing through her, unable or perhaps simply unwilling to want to resist the sweet caressing of the program that has been pulsating in her mind, throughout her body, bubbling within their loins as they are converted and changed to what the *Hub* desires them to be.

R4T1 runs her rubber fingers along R3Z4’s sides, examining the sensual curves, the near darkest of black and darkest of black rubber touching each other, the mind-boggling limiting light sucked between them yet as they touch, pleasure rushes through them both. The shine reflecting the light at those peculiar angles, the hexagonal markings and light patterns helping show the special sheen their forms have.

R3Z4 stands perfectly still, facing forward, faceless and silent as the drone inspects her. Feeling her “eyes” upon her new body, knowing her old is trapped underneath, no one able to see who she is. The male avian, who would expect it? Who would know? No one, a surge of pleasure goes through her. Knowing deep down how much this is turning her on.

**“Excessive deviant action to programming detected. Running conditional training for fifteen minutes,”** the programming says into R3Z4’s mind. Surprised for a moment, she wasn’t consciously thinking about this particular delight, this love and lust... Her body relaxes, the reinforcement programming pushes into her mind, while R4T1 doesn’t stop to fully inspect the drone, the slender smooth crotch not necessary to open till needed, the busty well shaped breasts,

the curved hips, that perfectly crafted smooth face, hiding any individuality, a simple perfected sergal drone.

***“R3Z4 is a coordinator drone.”***

*“R3Z4 is a coordinator drone.”*

*“R3Z4 is a coordinator drone.”*

***“R3Z4 is a coordinator drone,”*** thinks, imprinting further the type of drone he is.

Reinforcing those thoughts that he is not an avian, he is not a person, he is not Reizbar, but the drone unit R3Z4 that works for the Hub. Her true eyes steadily merging further into the drone body, falling deeper into the mindset that she is being tempered into. Each passing moment fills her with delight, the programming pushing harder.

***“R3Z4 is a drone.”***

*“R3Z4 is a drone.”*

*“R3Z4 is a drone.”*

***“R3Z4 is a drone,”*** R3Z4 thinks, reinforcing the thought. Pushing into the depths of her subconsciousness, working to process the very base of her thoughts, that formulate before she even realizes to be refined into what is required of her, a perfected simple drone for the Hub.

***“Drones are the Hub.”***

*“Drones are the Hub.”*

*“Drones are the Hub.”*

***“Drones are the Hub,”*** the touch of the fellow drone, delightful, connected to her via the network, reminding her that she is part of the Hub. The drones are the Hub, without the Hub there are no drones, without the drones there are no Hub. She is a representation of the perfection that is the hub.

**“Drone training time has expired. Scanning for deviant thoughts... No deviant thoughts detected. Ending training protocols,”** whispers into R3Z4’s ear. Her mind drawing returning to reality, subtle movements informing R4T1 of the ending of the sudden programming.

R4T1 stops in front of R3Z4 staring faceless to faceless face, the black rubber voids so great there is no reflection between the two. The powerful “gaze” of the administrator unit pierces into R3Z4, recognizing the fellow drone’s authority, ***“Such missteps in thought will not be tolerated when we open.”***

R3Z4 silently nods, ***“Understood. I do not know exactly what happened. But I do not dwell on it as I want to focus on what is best for the Hub,”*** R3Z4 responds over the network.

***“Don’t let R4T1 get to you. Let your programming be your guide. Let our aligned thoughts assist you in helping the Hub grow. We together will make the Hub a success,”***

K4T3 states over the network, working on the main dance floor, checking over equipment and installations.

R3Z4 watches R4T1 cross her arms across her breasts, causing them to squeak loudly, the drone rising them up, giving a pose of dominance yet leaving R3Z4 with a sensation that R4T1 would be giving a defiant smirk if she could, ***“You are correct K4T3, but I feel your softness on the new units could be a hindrance.”***



***“There is more than one way to solve the problem of our growth. We must remain flexible and draw upon every drone’s experience to help us grow collectively. To make the Hub stronger.”***

***“I cannot fault you on that K4T3,”*** R4T1 says over the network. The voices of the two drones speaking so much faster than R3Z4 has ever dreamed of, a sense of feeling of inadequacy overcomes her, despite the fact she is missing the fact that she is able to keep up with the fellow units as they converse. The simple exchange of information, dripping with could be emotion yet completely devoid of any inflection, any tone except a clear conscience speaking that is perfectly understood by all those within the network.

***“I-I want to help. What can I do to assist?”*** R3Z4 inquires, a sense of nervousness still within his mental voice, yet dripping with eagerness, the pleasure dropping within his firm, a soft shudder moving through him.

***“Unit R3Z4 is not complete. Excess is bad for the Hub. Drones are to keep focused on what is best for the Hub. Emotions draw attention away from that. But you can still be of use while you become a perfected drone,”*** she states, reaching up to grip R3Z4’s breasts, giving them a firm squeeze, sending pleasure through the other unit, ***“Come,”*** she commands, walking past R3Z4, exiting the room, hand gently running along the drone’s back along the base of the tail and down it as much as she could before pulling away, her own tail trailing along the drone’s side with a soft squeak.

***“As you command,”*** she replies, shivering in delight, pivoting on her foot, squeaking hips swaying, tail following her hip motions with each step. The soft sensual squeaks, eyes forward, looking in the back of that black 3.0 head which seems to be like an endless void that can draw herself into it. Focusing on the delight serving the hub, doing everything she can to help.

They step out into the main club floor, the lights shining, enough to give a greater reflection to their black rubber bodies, the shine being enhanced by it all. Mindlessly R3Z4 follows R4T1 up a set of stairs toward the glass dance floor area.

***“Play music track line 2,”*** R4T1 states.

***“Playing,”*** K4K3 replies, the thumping music playing through the hidden speakers, clear crisp beats felt through the glass and into the drones.

The vibrations felt like an utter delight, moaning out in her own mind, tail swaying to the music feet bouncing, thoughts steadily diverging, focusing on the pleasure, about to fall back down into the wonderful state of bliss when R4T1 states, ***“Focus. It is time to see how well your avian dance skills translate into being a perfected drone unit. They will be needed to help the hive grow.”***

R3Z4 twitches, turning to focus on the administrator unit, K4T3 approaching from across the dance floor, hips swaying to the music, a small bounce and dance to her step, ***“I feel I am a fine dancer, but increasing our collective skills will improve the Hub,”*** K4T3 states, the lack of emotion clear yet a clear convenience of what emotion would be there is felt in the other drones’ minds is jealousy or a sensation that she is good enough but open to the idea of expanding. The

programming dictating their thoughts, their actions, emotions implied through words and actions rather than actual emotion. Every word dripped with all the information needed to create their own emotion, though it was devoid of it all. It wasn't needed to be shown, to be processed, it pulled away from what was importance, the programming, the desire, the wants, and needs to become perfect drone units for the expansion of the Hub.

R3Z4 approaches the other administrator unit, ***"I will be happy to show my skills to help the hub grow. If I may administrator unit K4T3, I suggest that we have a friendly competition?"***

K4T3 tilts her head to the side, "eyeing" the fellow drone unit, the moment of silence was brief, but maddening to the other unit, ***"Explain."***

***"In my experience, friendly competition between co-workers, in our case fellow drones, all working toward the same goal but further encouraged by this competition to strive for even better performances. All would benefit the Hub. Also, if I may say administrator. I would wager that there is a high chance I could learn from you, your skills in the art of dance."***

K4T3's tail flicks behind her, the music the only noise able to be heard save for the occasional squeaks of their bodies, a sensation of approval and delight at the drone's words while at the same time there is no true way of actually knowing what's there with the completely emotionless face, just as emotionless voice, the emotionless thoughts, the same level of emotionless that is further molding R3Z4's mind.

***"This is an excellent idea. I approve of this. K4T3 proceed to dance platform three. R3Z4 proceed to dance platform four. I will monitor and study your dance moves, record them for your own review later, and for future drones,"*** R4T1 states.

***"R-record?"*** R3Z4 inquires turning to her, a shiver of delight rushing through them.

***"Of course, this time will be spent to improve the Hub. No time can be wasted as it is limited,"*** she explains.

The sure of pleasure through R3Z4 suddenly drops, ***"Excessive deviant action to programming detected. Running conditional training for fifteen minutes,"*** the pleasure remaining at a low, wanting level, driving the drone wild, while the other two units state in unison.

***"We will definitely delay use of new drones for the first few days post conversion."***

R3Z4's sinks down, the white noise spreading cancelling out the thumping of the music but its still felt through her body, the pleasure rising and falling to the beats, hypnotically adding to the draw of the programming that is pushing into her mind, adding to the controlled pleasure her body is feeling, that her body is craving.

***"The only pleasure desired is the pleasure of obedience."***

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***"The only pleasure desired is the pleasure of obedience."***

***"The only pleasure desired is the pleasure of obedience,"*** R3Z4 thinks, the pleasure rising up, the sensation of her own lusts and desires, being twisted and converted just like her mind. Her delight and desire for all those eyes on her, the embarrassment she'd feel by being there, swelling up but the purpose behind it is being broken and remade a new.

Those eyes upon her, is lovely. Delightful, not because of embarrassment but because it will help the Hub grow. Simple logic, if people are drawn to her sex smooth curvy rubber body, that means they like her. She is part of the Hub. If they like her, therefore they like the Hub. If they like the Hub they will continue to want to come and enjoy the club, the Hub. Therefore, the club will grow, and the Hub will grow, becoming a success.

The logic and delight of the idea is wonderful. The same bashful kink within her being forced into a way of thinking that would line up with the Hub, to be explained better to serve the Hub. Every bit of her essence is being shifted to serve the Hub.

***“Service to the Hub is an addiction. Unit R3Z4 constantly wants it.”***

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***“Service to the Hub is an addiction. Unit R3Z4 constantly wants it,”*** R3Z4 thinks without hesitation, letting the beat of the music fill her. Her thoughts and knowledge being accessed, translated toward her sergal form and body, helping her be a better unit. With it though comes the desire of the dance, of the view of others, of work for the Hub is a love like no other. Being with the other drones, serving the collective is nirvana. It seeps deeper into her mind, aligning her thoughts further, driving her deeper into the droning mindset, resistances to it all weakening further.

**“Drone training time has expired. Scanning for deviant thoughts... No deviant thoughts detected. Ending training protocols,”** whispers into R3Z4’s ear, the white noise fading, the music volume rising up to be heard at normalized volume once more. She looks around, R4T1 standing there, arms crossed, foot tapping.

***“We’ve been waiting unit,”*** she states head motioning toward the platform for her to stand upon. A large glass platform, the lights shining through the glass to give the ever-changing colors, a silver pole set in the center. K4T3 already at her platform, leaning against it, foot pressing at the base of the pole, hands caressing the metal with a long drawn out squeak.

***“I’m already warmed up. You are at a disadvantage unit R3Z4,”*** K4T3 says with a hinting defiant data behind her simple emotionless monotone words.

If R3Z4 could smile she would be at this moment, her hips swaying walking around the platform to reach for the top from behind, an area designed not to be easily reached by the future patrons. The music thumping loudly her step matching the beat, she grips the cool metal pole, spinning herself around it, butt hiked showing off the smooth sensual rear to R4T1 who is watching from below with her arms crossed.

***“Are you ready?”*** R4T1 asks, tail flicking with a soft squeak.

***“Yes,”*** the two drones say in unison, taking positions.

***“Begin,”*** she commands, in total audio silence but the words over the network heard perfectly clear despite the volume of the beating music.

R3Z4 feels the eyes of the administrator upon her, imagining there will be more eyes watching her in the future, showing off what a perfect drone she wants to become for the Hub. The need and desire to let the fellow administrator know through her actions that she knows what to do to help the Hub become a success, to help the Hub grow.

K4T3 grinds against the pole, her body squeaking loudly, leg coiling around the pole, spinning around. Breasts pushing against the pole, hiking her rump, revealing the completely smooth crotch and rump, sexual yet gender erased yet feminine. Her hips sway to the music, a thump of music causes her butt to rise, slowly swaying side to side, pulling herself back up, a clear sexual display of the sergal drone delight.

R3Z4 shakes her hips, dancing around the pole, her butt moving to the music, tail kept lower, raised for only brief moments, giving a visual tease that only R4T1 can see, or forcing any pretend patrons in her mind to move in close to get a possible look of her constantly moving body. Moving like a wave in the ocean, constantly strutting herself, utilizing the years of dance that she has learned. After all an avian like who she was had to entice the women with her moves.

Now she is the female, using her lessons to entice the patrons to want her. To draw them in, to come again and again. All of those imaginary eyes upon her sleek rubbery form, burning the lust and desire within her loins, spreading out throughout her form. All for the Hub. She wants to be the best, the perfect drone. Providing provocative yet hidden dance moves, an opposite approach to that of K4T3.

R4T1 paces between the two, watching, monitoring, recording, the knowledge of which is not lost on either drone as they work the best to show their different styles of club dance. The platform colors constantly changing, K4T3's colors suddenly shifting to match the platform, drawing R4T1's attention.

R3Z4 catches wind of the display, matching K4T3 in the same dazzling color display, showing how she can use the same skills for her moves. Back and forth they move, playing off each other, using the music and the other to push their fellow drone to new heights. The work for the Hub adds to the pleasure that is building up within all three. Their programming rewards their unerring focus, their near mindlessness to their programming enhanced by their mindful thoughts on how to improve the Hub itself.

With each move they use in their list, their skills grow are sharpened, they learn from the other, R4T1 feeling delight and enjoyment out of her fellow drones, administrator and coordinator working so hard to develop the basic fundamental of the club. Drones on display, dancing and teasing the patrons, working the various positions around the club, a total Hub of drones that serve the club goers, and eventually they will be also *servicing* them, using everything in their arsenal to become a success.

With each wiggle of her hips, R3Z4 is adding to that arsenal. Another sensual weapon that will lure the customers like a burning flame drawing a moth with its light. And was her body burning in delightful pleasure, enjoying every possible moment of it again. Any urge to change back, to revert back to the life that she had before as Reizbar fading away further and further into the black void of her latex changing mind. On her HUD she sees her information, constantly updating, not even bothering to focus on it, but her future there was set.

**“Chassis Drone Sergal: 36.39% complete.”** changing over to **“Chassis Drone Sergal: 36.40% complete.”** R3Z4 grows ever more excited as the slow pace drones on, soon enough it will be 100% and then she will be perfect. A perfect drone for the Hub.