

The Hub: Overtaking the Creator

Months before the Hub drones connected to the faux Toys-4-U website that set the chain of events that lead to what the Hub is to become, two particular individuals make their way up the steps toward the front entrance of the original Toys-4-U megastore. The doors automatically swing open, a bunch of sleek naked rubber fuck toys, gleefully greet them.

“Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U super megastore! If you need any help, please don’t hesitate to ask this one or any of our fellow toys for assistance. We are here to serve you!” The toys give a cordial squeaky bow, breasts bouncing, cocks hard and bobbing before them.

A black furred anthropomorphic feline looks at the toys, his blush hidden by his fur, looking over the female model of toys, his heart races, but he walks with a softness in his step that makes him nearly completely silent. “Ah, well, you know. We are here to um...” he says stumbling over his words.

Floating beside him, on relatively small golf-ball sized crystal orb, is a black chitin three inches or so long scorpion, with a pair of sizable pinchers, his stinger hanging behind his back, twitching, as if its aching to sting something that has been denied to him for far too long. His pinchers clasp with a soft click and covering his face/mouth is a large faux black-haired mustache that curls inwards upon itself several times at the end. The scorpion’s feet caress the crystalline orb, which glows with a soft humming light. With any physical indication of control the orb levitates close to six feet off the ground, moving with a surreal smoothness, like a feather floating on the wind.

“Focus Nyquith, we are here on business,” says the scorpion in a surprising deep and booming voice, with a hint of a foreign accent that is lost to all as to its origin. The scorpion smoothly turns to face towards Nyquist, snapping his pinchers, “This is important,” he adds.

“Ah, sorry, El Salvador. Gotta focus,” Nyquith replies, regaining his composure, “We are here to see...uh, sorry what was her name?”

“Its name is K-2003,” El Salvador responds.

“It's not nice El Salvador to call someone an it.”

El Salvador gives a long drawn out sigh, “If I could sting you without you getting high I would. After fifteen years you’d think you’d have learned by now...,” he says, words trailing off when his mustache tumbles off his face. He scrambles to try to grab it but just misses it with his pinchers.

The toy standing on one of the introduction platforms gasps, “Eek a scorpion! Those are poisonous and dangerous to our customers!” the toy exclaims.

With lightning fast cat-like reflexes Nyquith grabs the mustache and with such perfect elegance that could be almost considered superhuman or even a better description super feline, he places the mustache back onto El Salvador’s face, albeit a little crooked which the scorpion promptly adjusts.

The toy blinks and looks around, “The scorpion was just here... this one will be sure to tell its Toy Mistress about that. We can’t have pests in the store. That would be bad for the

customer's health. Apologies about that. How may this one be of service to you El Salvador and Nyquith was it?" the toy, a sleek black rubber, breasted, female kobold toy, with big cute blue eyes. The short three-foot toy is close to the feline's eye level due to the raised platform they are on.

"Yes Nightshade," he replies.

The toy tilts its head curiously, "Nightshade? This one is N-2113," it replies, "Though if you want to pretend that the N stands for Nightshade, you are free to do so."

"Oh, uh, um, sorry. You just uh reminded me of... a close friend of mine."

"This one is happy to give you such fond memories. Now how can this one help you two?" it asks with a cute smile.

El Salvador speaks up, clearing his throat with a grunt, "We have a business appointment with K-2003.

"Yeah that," Nyquith responds.

"This one can certainly let toy Mistress know that you are here to see it. This one will be right back! Yip!" N-2113 says, climbing down from the platform via a small ladder on the back of the platform, scurrying off deeper into the store.

"Good," El Salvador says, watching the rubber toy kobold run off, before sighing and commenting, "This is by far the strangest of the places we've been to."

"I don't know. It's not so bad. The gold I brought with me here, is certainly worth a lot more here than back home."

"Ah, a saving grace. But if we get what we need here. We can certainly live out our lives somewhat normally."

"Are you sure this is what you need for it though?" Nyquith asks.

"Yes. Their technology will be perfect. And this disguise will no longer be needed. I could go out and just be a better me," he replies, turning to Nyquith, "Is that so wrong? As much as I love my crystal, and the mustache makes me devilishly handsome, the idiocy of these people and me needing it has been, somewhat...draining."

"Ah... yeah I can see that," he replies, looking around, "This place would be great in that book 'Fifty Shades of Catnip'"

"Do you think of anything but sex Nyquith?"

"What? No, I mean yes. I think of lots of things."

"Like what?"

"Ah, well, how those computers work. Those are very fascinating and has been extremely helpful in our ability to do research."

"And for you to search for porn."

"Hey, a cat has needs too you know."

El Salvador rolls his eyes, "Uh, huh," he replies, the kobold toy soon returning, "Come, come! This way! Toy Mistress is eager to meet you," it exclaims with a happy yip.

“Awe she’s so cute,” Nyquith says, following the eager naked rubber toy through the massive sex toy store, towards the very back, El Salvador floating along keeping easy pace with the pair.

“I’m more concerned about the Toy Mistress part.”

N-2113 tilts its head curiously, “What’s so concerning about Toy Mistress? Toy Mistress is the one in charge. We obey what Toy Mistress wants and desires,” it explains.

“There were a lot of Toy Mistress just said there. Perhaps you may want to cut down on how repetitive you are about it.”

“What’s so repetitive about talking about how wonderful Toy Mistress is, and what Toy Mistress wants? You are going to go see Toy Mistress now, it would be stringent not to mention Toy Mistress, wouldn’t it?”

“I would suppose you have a point, though would we call her Toy Mistress? I don’t think we would. El Salvador, would we call her Toy Mistress?”

El Salvador sighs, “Its name is K-2003. And please stop talking so much.”

“Hey, I have been improving on how much I talk. I used to have a real problem with it.”

“I remember, but there is something called too much of a good thing.”

“You are just being a wet cat,” Nyquith remarks.

N-2113 leads them to a back hallway that has a sign above it that says, “Toy Testing Room.”

El Salvador looks up at the sign, “We are meeting K-2003 here?”

“Toy Mistress’ office is in the back,” N-2113 explains with a happy yip.

“See, nothing to be weirded out about,” Nyquith says, following the kobold toy into the hallway past a set of doors, the smell of latex and to a lesser degree sex hangs in the air, the kobold leading them to the very last door down the hallway on the left. There the toy knocks on the door, calling out, “Toy Mistress! Your 11 O’clock appointment is here like you requested this one to do,”

A moment later the door clicks, swinging open to reveal a tall and slender sleek black rubber skinned cyan colored hair, eyed sergal toy. It’s cyan lips curl into a smile, cyan nipples, and clit hood stand out on the sleek shine of the toy’s body, the smell of rubber and vanilla emanating from its polished form. Cuffs around its wrists, upper arms, thighs, ankles and waist are cyan banded with a black belt that has elegant cursive lettering that clearly says “Fuck Toy” on it. It’s collar, made the same way as the cuffs, but without the fuck toy lettering, it has a silver tag that has K-2003 imprinted on the front, that jingles ever so slightly as it moves, the toy pressin its breasts together with its arms, hiking its rump and tail as it gives a little bow greeting, “Hello! Please come on in, and this one will be happy to talk business with you two,” K-2003 says, opening the door fully.

El Salvador floats in, “That would be good,” he says, while Nyquith is wide eyed, focused on the sergal toy, his heart racing, nostrils flaring, lick his lips with his rough feline tongue.

K-2003 tilts its head, gripping the door for a little bit of support, breasts bouncing slightly as it moves, “Is everything okay?”

“Huh? Ah, yeah, sure, sure. Everything is just fine,” Nyquith replies, adjusting his clothes a little.

“Wonderful!” K-2003 wiggles its butt, “Please come on in, and head into this one’s office so we can begin.”

“Come on Nyquith,” says El Salvador from inside the room.

“Right, right, coming,” he replies, rushing in, barely able to tear himself away from looking at K-2003’s naked body the entire time.

“You have a canopy bed in your office?” inquires El Salvador floating over to the sleek black rubber sheet covered bed with cyan colored pillows, the rubber so well polished that the glow from his crystal is reflected in the rubber.

K-2003 pivots on its foot with a soft squeak, “No, that isn’t this one’s office! It’s over here!” it says pointing over to a nearby door that looks more like a simple office entrance, but from El Salvador’s spot he can see a kitchen nearby.

“A kitchen? Do you exist here?”

“This one does spend a lot of time here but come! We have a meeting to do!” K-2003 says with a rump wiggle, softly squeaking as it heads into the office. El Salvador hovered himself over toward the door, stopping and turning toward Nyquith who was rather enthralled by the sleek shiny toy.

“What did I say about trying to take the edge off before an important meeting?”

Nyquith snapped back to reality, “Huh, wha? Hmm? No, no. I’m good. I’ve taken nothing.”

El Salvador eyes Nyquith, “Right... come, we have a meeting to do, sorry,” he replies, following El Salvador. Inside the long and narrow office is K-2003’s desk that has a little name plate that says its designation. A computer with a holographic keyboard sits on the corner of the desk. A white ceramic mug with cyan and black lettering says, “World’s Best Toy”. Standing near the desk just off to the side is a sleek black rubber dragon, with blue and purple ear fins. Dressed in a very tight rubber secretary outfit, that shows off the rubber toy’s bust. Cuffs of black, blue, and purple mimic that of K-2003, a collar around its neck has a purple tag with blue engraving that says E-2453. But what catches Nyquith off guard is not only this particular toy’s astounding shine, and demeanor, but also there is no face, simply a smooth rubber blank faceless face. No eyes, no mouth, not even nostrils. It stands there silently with a pen in one hand and the notepad in the other, ready to take notes. The pair of toy handles on the toy’s hips, fading from purple top to a blue bottom, push through special openings in its attire.

K-2003 walks past E-2453 its cyan claws running across the smooth face, with a soft squeak. The toy seems to shudder and let out a silent moan, enjoying the touch of the other toy, before K-2003 sensually sits down in its chair, fingers steepled, but wiggling in the chair with excitement, breasts squeezed together with its arms, “This one is so excited for this meeting.”

“Y-yeah... I-I am too,” Nyquith responds swallowing a lump in his throat, adjusting his clothes.

El Salvador clears his throat, “I hope this will be a fruitful meeting.”

“Let's begin then!” K-2003 says happily with a soft squeak, “If this one recalls you wanted to license this one’s patented Toys-4-U drone hood system? This one would be happy to do so. We’ve already licensed our hoods to several companies around the world who wanted to expand the services they provide. This one will say, pay attention to some casinos or dance clubs in the near future on what they could be offering,” K-2003 says with a playful wink.

“Oh wow, that is nice. Casinos you say?”

“Nyquith no gambling.”

“But come on. Casino, ladies. Those hoods do look nice. I saw that demonstration on the interweb network. That was something.”

“Nyquith...” El Salvador states.

“Sorry, sorry, we’re here on important business.”

“Yes, very important.”

K-2003 nods with a soft squeak, “Important business is indeed important. Now, let's talk about licensing fees, and what our products can offer along with the support we provide. Such as daily updates to our Toys-4-U website so that your products with us are always up to date with the most advanced software and safety features. As your safety with our products is a cornerstone of this one’s company,” it explains before adding, “But please sit down, make yourselves comfortable.”

“Thank you,” Nyquith replies, moving to sit down in the only other chair in the room. El Salvador floats his crystal over to the front of the desk.

“El Salvador? Would you care to sit down too?” K-2003 asks, showing genuine concern.

El Salvador looks at K-2003 for a moment, claws snapping, before he adjusts himself, resting his belly on the Crystal, “Is that better?” he asks.

“Much! This one does want everyone to be comfortable when making very important business deals,” it says wiggling its rump in the chair with a loud squeak, hiking the butt slightly.

El Salvador clears his throat, “And I think you are a bit mistaken K-2003, but I don’t want to license your drone hood, but I want to outright buy the technology for my long term personal use.”

K-2003 tilts its head, “Oh, this one does apologize but toy’s patented drone hoods and the related liquid latex technology is property of the Toys-4-U company, and cannot be sold in good conscience to anyone. This one is dreadfully sorry for the miscommunication and it hopes you do understand,” it explains while the faceless dragon toy scribbles away the minutes of the meeting.

Nyquith looks at the dragon toy with awe, thinking, *“How can she write with no face. Like... how is she seeing?”*

El Salvador snaps his claw, “Nyquith, focus.”

“Oh, right, sorry, I was just uh... admiring thee uh... sorry what was it that you need?”

El Salvador clears his throat again, “I was telling K-2003 here that we are here to make a sizable offering in exchange for the intimate and long-term use of its drone product. Show the goods.”

“Goods? Which goods?”

A soft sigh emanates from El Salvador his mustache shifting slightly, the hairs blowing from his breath, “The money?”

“Oh, right, gotcha, the money,” Nyquith pulls out a pouch from within his pocket, tied in leather with a string on top, it looks worn and well used, rather out of place for what he’s wearing, “We have plenty more where this came from,” he says tossing the pouch over to the desk which almost hits El Salvador in the process.

“Watch it!” El Salvador snaps his claws at Nyquith who flinches.

“Sorry! Butterpaws.”

El Salvador sighs, turning back to K-2003 the pouch opening upon impact, revealing dozens of shiny gold coins, “I know how you people like your shiny things. Is this enough to satiate you?”

“Well this one does like shiny things,” K-2003 says, looking over to the gold coins that shine under the light.

El Salvador ‘smirked’, “I knew we could come to some kind of arrangement. I bet this is more than enough money to compensate you for your morals.”

K-2003 tilts its head, reaching over running a gold coin within its fingers with surprising dexterity and ease, stepping it across her fingers, “Money? This is just gold, not money, and this one does apologize but it's still not for sale no matter how much money you have to offer. This one provides a service, and money is simply a method of which one can provide that service better, a means to an end, not the end goal for this one.”

“What?!” El Salvador explains, “How could you not want all this money?!”

“It’s gold coins... not money.”

“You turn the gold into your kind of money!” he snaps with his claws, K-2003 tilting his head.

“But... this is just gold, useful for many things, not money in of itself,” it replies.

“Wha? Huh... how could you be so!” he exclaims snapping his black chitin claws, the mustache falling off in the process.

K-2003 recoils, “Oh no! The scorpion that this one was told about managed to get in here! We have to protect the customers!” it exclaims, E-2453 without hesitation smacks El Salvador with the clipboard sending him flying across the room smacking into the door, the glowing crystal bouncing around the room like a golf ball let loose yet somehow managing not to knock over anything. Nyquith frantically rushing to help El Salvador.

K-2003 looks around, “El Salvador? El Salvador? Are you okay? Did the scorpion scare you off? This one hopes its refusal of your generous though odd offer for gold for this one’s company’s secrets was not too harsh. It knows you mean well but it just can’t,” K-2003

says picking up the bag of gold, peeking inside, “El Salvador?” it flips the bag upside down pouring the gold all over the desk, over the mustache.

“El Salvador?!” Nyquith reaches him about to pick him up but he bats his paw away with the claw.

“Get my mustache you fool!” he exclaims, scurrying over to the crystal that is rolling underneath the desk.

“Oh, right, sorry! I’ll get that right away!” he exclaims rushing back over to the desk, K-2003 looking around, “E-toy, help this one find our client. What if he’s in trouble? We don’t want him to get stung by a rogue scorpion now!”

E-2453 silently nods, starting its search, while Nyquith runs his fingers through the gold coins, trying to find the fabled Mustache of disguise. E-2453 looks underneath the table, seeing El Salvador, the clipboard rushing towards him.

The scorpion looks up to see it barreling toward him, ready to squish him, he just manages to roll out of the way, legs grabbing onto the crystal which glows once more, floating away, thinking, “*I wish I had my cape.*”

Just as Nyquith finds the mustache, “Here it is!” he exclaims, El Salvador floating up behind Nyquith along his back over his shoulder up along his arm.

K-2003 exclaims, “Nyquith sir! Look out there’s a scorpion on you!” K-2003 moving around the desk to grab it when El Salvador grabs the Mustache from Nyquith’s paws with his pincers, placing it back across his face, K-2003 stopping in the process.

“Oh, El Salvador, you’re back. Did the scorpion scare you off? Or did you have to use the restroom facilities? There are bathrooms down to the left from here if you need.”

El Salvador lets out a heavy panting huff, “No... I’m fine,” he glares at E-2453 a moment later the scorpion shows signs as if he was just defeated, “That toy must be strong willed,” he mutters, turning his attention back to K-2003, floating back over to the desk, “There has to be some way we could come to an agreement?”

K-2003 moves back to its chair shaking its head, “This one does apologize, but it's able to sell the products and license the technology out for use for public ventures but it cannot relinquish the control of its technology of how all this wonderful stuff works,” it says with an affirmative nod.

“But look at all this gold. Gold! You can’t tell me you aren’t a little bit interested,” he replies.

“It is a lot of gold,” Nyquith chimes in.

K-2003 squeezes its breasts together looking down at El Salvador, “Please Mr. El Salvador sit down so we can discuss this calmly.”

He looks at K-2003 and with a sigh, adjusts his legs on the crystal so his belly rests on the crystal orb, stinger twitching, “Better?”

K-2003 smiles, “Thank you. If you want to start a business using our technology. We’d be sure to come to some agreement that is beneficial to all.”

“I just want the technology to use all the time for myself!”

K-2003 tilts its head, “But we do not recommend using the hoods for extended wear past a few days at best. So, this one will have to decline your offer, this one hopes you understand. It has nothing against you Mr. El Salvador, but unless you can agree to our terms of service, this one can’t help you.”

El Salvador moves closer raising his belly from the crystal getting face to face with K-2003, “Please. I’m begging of you. We have so much gold...”

“The amount of shiny metal you have makes no difference to this one nor the amount of money. This one stands by its principles.”

“You’re a toy, how can you have principles!” he exclaims tail twitching.

“Mr. El Salvador, please take a moment to breath sit back down,” K-2003 urges.

El Salvador sighs heavily, placing his belly back onto the crystal, his vision catching what's on K-2003’s computer monitor from his unique angle, “Better?”

“Yes. Now Is there possibly any way we could come to an agreement? This one would love nothing more than you to leave as a happy and satisfied customer of this one’s fine high quality and high-quality priced products.”

El Salvador lets out a sigh, “No, not at this time. Perhaps later?”

K-2003 nods wiggling its rump, hiking it with a loud squeak. E-2453 secretly lowers its head to sneak a good view of the toy’s fine black rubber sculpted ass, “This one would like that. Feel free to shop around. This one apologizes again that it couldn’t be of more use to you at this moment. But don’t hesitate again to schedule another appointment with this one. Though it will say it will be busy in the coming months.”

“Why is that?”

“This one has to finish up school.”

“School?”

“Yup!” K-2003 says happily wiggling its butt, “It’s been great. This one is learning how it can be better at business.”

El Salvador just stares at K-2003 for a moment, “This is the strangest world I’ve ever been in... but we must get going. Nyquith come! Pspspspsp,” he states, snapping his pinchers.

“Ah, right, okay,” he says shoving the gold coins into the sack, a few hitting the ground with a clang, rolling under the desk.

K-2003 reaches down for the gold coins, grabbing each one, rump hiked high in the air, E-2453 admiring the toy’s butt, before returning to its standing straight and tall position, K-2003 rushing over Nyquith before he can leave, “Hey! Hey! You almost forgot these!” it says happily.

Nyquith blushes looking at the bouncing breasts bouncing toward him, “Oh, ah right, thanks, I appreciate it,” he takes the coin, enjoying the smell of the toy, before K-2003 guides them out of the room, the door locking behind them.”

“Come Nyquith, we have things to do,” says El Salvador.

“Things? What things? This is all we had planned.”

“We have new plans, for that, I will be in need of your skills,” he states, floating over by Nyquith’s ear.

“Which set of skills? The computer skills with the internet or my *other* skill set?” he inquires, eyeing him.

“Well your use on the spiderweb is good, but not that.”

“It’s not the spiderweb.”

“What do you mean? There are bugs, and bugs are caught via spiderwebs. Where those delicious bugs can be caught and taken and eaten for their delicious bug juices. What else would it be called? It connects those buggy computer things together. Obviously spiderwebs.”

Nyquith lets out a long drawn out sigh, “This is why I am the computer person, but first, what did you need me to do?”

“Explore this place. Something is strange about it. I need you to get the bottom of this place. Do you think you can prowl about?”

Nyquith bounces on his soft paw pads of his feet, “This will be great, it’s been awhile since I’ve been able to do any of my original skill set, and does this mean I get to be in here for a while longer?”

El Salvador sighs, “Yes, I suppose it does. But you need to *focus* and explore the back hidden ways of this store. There are things here that are... off putting.”

“What makes you say this?” Nyquith asks with a soft purr, exiting the “Toy Testing Rooms” hallway.

“Let’s just say I managed to catch some things on that flat spiderweb screen that were very discerning, this place might be not as happy and great as it appears to be,” he says, watching Nyquith which had already disappeared venturing deeper into the toy, heading straight to the BDSM aisle. El Salvador lets out a long drawn out sigh, “*How did we survive this long?*” he thinks, heading out of the store.

Nyquith eyes the lovely leather gear, thinking about his favorite book for a moment while he walks through the aisles, noticing the different rubber fuck toys eager to help and work with customers. He monitors a few, getting an idea of their day to day movements, their patrol through the store. He catches a toy heading to the far-right end of the store based upon entering the store. “*If I was doing something shady, an employee only section would be the way to go,*” he thinks, following behind one of the toys, a large winged female red and white female dragon.

For the next twenty minutes he follows the toy, which stops and looks around, itself, “Hmm? This one thought someone was there?” the toy spins around, Nyquith following the dragon like some kind of hidden dance. With each soft step he uses the toy’s wings to block its field of view of him. A few customers in the distance watching him with a curiosity, a couple others chuckling but paying no mind to the oddity of the situation.

Nyquith smirks, thinking to himself, “*I still got it,*” he muses the toy going over to an anthropomorphic naga snake toy in a tight leather straight-jacket BDSM display, with a sign that is at the base of the display, “Please interact with the display.”

“How’s is toy doing today?” the dragon toy says, gently caressing the Naga toy’s ball gagged mouth, which is held open wide, expressing the disconnecting jaw nature of the snake toy.

The toy moans and wiggles, grunting in delight, dual cocks hanging out with a slow drip underneath with a pan that catches the excess juices, eyeing the dragon toy with delight. The dragon toy reaches around and gently adjusts the straps, tightening them, “A few more weeks and then we’ll shift you to another location. This one thinks you will like that.”

The toy moans out in delight bucking against the touch, eager to be played with. Nyquith secretly watching behind the dragon toy, “Good, good, stay hard and eager,” it says with a wing flick, pleased with itself continuing forward. Nyquith reaches over patting the cocks, causing them to squeak, getting a little bit of the rubber pre-cum toy fluid onto his paw tips. Curiously he licks them, “*Oh vanilla,*” he thinks, suckling his fingers clean, staying close behind the dragon till it eventually leads him back to the “Employees Only” part of the store.

“*Nice,*” he thinks, the dragon toy entering the keypad code, which clicks open, and with smooth criminal movements Nyquith manages to enter the room, heading down the hallway the toy happily saying to itself.

“Another good toy. Maker is going to be so pleased with this one. It’s working on some of the kobold models soon, to create a delightful kobold harem set up for one of our buyers. Though this one should check up on the newest faux synthetic rubber insectoid toy,” it says happily, wiggling its rump, tail swaying side to side, Nyquith leaping up dodging the tail several times, remaining close to the toy, who stops, and looks behind it, “Hmm? Must have been this one’s imagination. Toy needs to be a good toy!” it happily says leading through a set of hallways.

Nyquith’s heart races, fearful that someone else will head down the hallway at a moment’s notice, till they reach another door that has a sign over it that says, “Toy Molding Room.”

Nyquith’s eyes widen, “*Oh... this is bound to be good,*” he swallows a lump in his throat, his tail swaying eagerly, the dragon toy entering another set of codes into the keypad. The door clicks open, swinging wide, the smell of latex and cool air rushes past him. Inside are dozens of platforms, some with open hard plastic molds, with only half of it there, waiting for someone or something to get in. While others show molding of toys in different states of development, their bodies being forced to fit the interior of the molds. The dragon toy walking over to a yellow anthropomorphic hornet toy. Using this moment, he sneaks between the platform hiding away checking some nearby computers. He taps on the screen, ears perked, ready to run off at a moment’s notice, “*I’ve been inside way too long, need to get outside soon,*” he thinks his eyes focused, pupils slitting, reading through the data on the toy molding process.

“Oh my... this must be what El Salvador meant,” he mutters to himself, sneaking down and below, getting behind the dragon once again, which now has a sleek insectoid hornet following it. The toy’s breasts being teased by the dragon’s hands, “You may be the second insectoid by this company, but fear not, this one will show Maker how good of a toy maker this one is!” it squeaks happily, Nyquith hiding behind the two toys, low to the ground, his soft steps unheard thanks to the loud squeaks the two toys produced, heading his way back.

Meanwhile El Salvador paces back and forth outside, eyeing for the chance of any birds that could be fluttering about, “Damn blue bird...” he mutters to himself, his stinger twitching. Sometime later Nyquith exits the store, a spring in his step, a delightful smile on his face, a bag in his hands, “Finally, what took you so... did you proceed to shop in there after you...”

“Well you know, we came all this way. It would be uh, um, a shame to have come all this way and not picked up a little something,” he says holding up the bag with a smile.

El Salvador lets out a long drawn out sigh, “Just *get in* the horseless carriage and we can talk about what you found. You *did* find something, didn’t you?”

“Oh, yeah sure, I found something alright. A big something,” he says, getting into the car that says in a soft feminine synthetic voice.

“Welcome back El Salvador and. Ni-quit. Where would you like to go to-day?”

“Home,” says El Salvador.

“I’m sorry please say that again.”

“Home.”

“I’m sorry please say that again.”

“I’d like to go home you infernal mindless automaton!”

“I’m sorry please say that again.”

El Salvador while fuming, Nyquith steps in, “Here let me do it. Please may we return to our home location?”

“Heading home,” the car responds, beginning its drive through the uneven dirt road through the woods that leads to and from the Toys-4-U super megastore, while El Salvador stings the car seats.

“See? You just have to handle it gently like a fine woman.”

El Salvador rolls his eyes, letting out a soft huff, “Just tell me what you found.”

“Well I found this cute latex outfit that they call a gimp suit.”

“Not that Nyquith! What juicy bug filled secrets did you discover?”

“Oh, oh, right. Sorry. Well, I uh, did some searching, entered one of the back areas. Where they were molding some toys?”

“Yes, yes? Go on.”

“And it appears they are uh, um, turning some people into toys.”

“Jimmy wilicors! That’s about what I thought was happening, but to find out so quickly. Amazing. Did you take any proof?”

“Proof?”

“Yeah like that automated painting creator?”

“You mean pictures with a camera?”

“Yeah, that.”

“You didn’t tell me to take pictures.”

El Salvador sighs, “How are we going to blackmail them for the technology without proof? Though they’d probably hide and move their operation before we could do anything.

They probably have connections with the authorities. And change locations if something was going to come up. Just like back at home with that other organization.”

“Oh yeah, I remember. All that hassle for five hundred gold...”

“Don’t forget the mugging after. I could have been injured!”

“What? No, you were fine. You were with her. She protects you more than if you were her own egg.”

“I don’t need protection, but yes you are right. Anyway, that’s not the point. We need to focus. We have to do something to get an advantage over this Toys-4-U syndicate. Perhaps we can use these other companies that they are renting their products to. K-2003 said it was licensing the products to other companies. We could use that. With their updating system. With one of their spiderwebsites.”

“It’s just called a website.”

“Whatever! That is not what is important here Nyquith. Focus. We need to find a way to send some juicy bugs over the spiderweb network, and make those hoods be dangerous and detrimental to Toys-4-U’s image. After that we can use it to blackmail K-2003 to give us the technology or risk exposing the company for the fraud it is.”

“I think I might know someone.”

El Salvador eyes Nyquith curiously, floating over to him, “You do? Who?”

“Well this guy. He’s a hack and slasher type when it comes to the internetworking.”

“Is he trustworthy?” El Salvador asks, eyeing Nyquith.

“What? It’s me, I got this like I have a bag of catnip in my back pocket.”

“What did I tell you about your habits Nyquith?!”

“It’s a harmless pleasure.”

El Salvador sighs, “What’s this cat’s name?”

“Axel. It’s a good name. Rings with me. I can just tell he’s trustworthy with a name like that.”

El Salvador stares at him for a moment, “Or as simple as the piece of the horseless carriage the name suggests. Set it up. I’ll put this into your uh... capable paws.”

“Don’t worry. I got this.”

“For both of our sakes Nyquith. I hope you do.”

Several weeks have passed since then. El Salvador floats around Nyquith as he sits at his computer, “Anything yet?” El Salvador asks.

“No, not yet, the computer will tell me when it happens. For now I am watching cat videos. Awe look they are so cute. The internet is really for cats,” where he then whispers softly, “And porn.”

“I heard that Nyquith! You need to focus and do something!”

“Wha? Huh? I said nothing. And what can I uh, um do? I can’t make someone connect to the fake website where our trojan virus will do its thing.”

“Nyquith! I’ve seen the commercials. I know what Trojan is! Get your mind out of the gutter.”

“Huh, wha? Wait, no, it's a term they use. To penetrate through people's security.”

“Must be one of those pun words. To use it to penetrate through security then... This world is making less and less sense with their puns and releasing their juicy bugs into computers. Over the spiderwebnetwork.”

“Come on, it's not all that bad. We have been living an easy life here.”

“Easy for you. You don't have to live in fear of being squished at a moment's notice! You at least look like one of the locals. Now focus and do something, or so help me!” El Salvador's stinger twitches.

“You don't really think that. They have so many fascinating things. Like that one sending stone, place named after bird noises.”

“*Don't* remind me. It really lives up to its name as it sounds like a bunch of squawking birds. No... those birds were even better!”

“I think you are just missing her.”

El Salvador stares at Nyquith, “Missing? After all that has happened because... Hey what's that?” he asks, pointing with his claw toward the computer screen just as a pop up shows up of access at the Toyz-4-U website.

“Oh, it looks like we got it with our fishing, or something like that.”

“Fishing? There is no water here! Focus Nyquith, tell me what is happening on these delicious bugs ridden spiderwebs.”

“It looks like it's in the city nearby. Some kind of dance club named the Hub. They are uploading the virus as a fake update, and it shall be enthralling those people to be our servants. But you know El Salvador. I feel bad we have to go to these lengths just to get the technology.”

“I understand the worth of going through great lengths to get the technology you desire. They will be fine. We are just using them for this as bargaining chips. After that they are free to go. You did describe that to this cat fellow when you told him what kind of juicy bug virus trojan you wanted to have him make, right?”

Nyquith's fur rises slightly, “Oh, yeah, right. I told him exactly like I should. I am very good with my words, you know. I get straight to the thing, point of what I uh, um, need to say, right that. Completely clear, no confusion. A cat knows a cat as to what they mean. This won't be a problem, barely an inconvenience. And once they have fully uploaded the trojan virus to their network. This website will self-destruct leaving no trace. We uh, can't have multiple places doing this. We need to uh, hmm if I recall, harder to track and find out it happened, right? Can't let the Toys-4-U company find out. Right?”

“Yes, yes, yes, of course. That was a key component in the juicy bug trojan virus, that the Toys-4-U does not discover, so we can utilize this as our bargaining chip. Soon Nyquith, soon I will have the body I desire!” El Salvador clips his pincers, lightning striking in the background, El Salvador looks around, thinking, “*Not the same without the bat.*”

Nyquith jumps, “That always gets me! Where does that lightning come from anyway?”

El Salvador shrugs, “I don't know.”

“So when should we go and reap what we have sowed?”

“Sowed? There is no farming here.”

“I, uh, hmm, I mean go there and claim what is ours?”

“Bring up the spiderwebsite of this Hub club.”

“Sure, sure, I can do that,” Nyquith types away, bringing up the website that is open for applications for the club, and that their grand opening is soon.

“This is the first place with those hoods. I bet that toy will be there.”

“What uh, makes you say that El Salvador?”

“I just feel it in my exoskeleton. It will be there. We’ll go in the morning of the grand opening. Before they open. It looks like they are a late afternoon and night club. Plenty of time for us to exert our control over it and have a very *special* conversation with that toy.”

“You appear to be putting a lot of happenstances to occur for this plan to work. Are you uh sure that is a good idea?”

“Of course, it’s a good idea!”

Nyquith tenses a little, “What uh, makes you say that?”

“Because it’s my idea! When was the last time you came up with a good idea?”

“Ah... uh, hmm... I...”

“My point exactly. Stick to the plan Nyquith and we will be going places,” he says with a click of his pincer claws.

“We’ve already gone a lot of places.”

El Salvador lets out a long drawn out sigh, “Nyquith... just continue to watch your cat videos.”

“Alright,” he replies happily, tabbing back to a cats gone wild video before tabbing to a different, “Wrong one, oops,” Nyquith nervously chuckles with a soft blush, which is black fur completely hides.

El Salvador sighs, “If you need me, I will be in my personal bubble bath,” he floats over to an expensive looking children’s doll house that has an advertisement on the side that says, “Princess Lady Doll House With a real heated hot tub!” He floats into it, resting, the water bubbling, “Ahhh... soon... very soon,” he cackles, the lightning happening again, causing Nyquith to jump and fall out of his chair in the other room.

“El Salvador! Warn me when you cackle!” he yells.

“Sorry!” he yells back, waving a claw in Nyquith’s direction, “Hehehe, still got it.”

Soon enough, the day arrived, the Hub’s grand opening, everything was being prepared, last minute arrangements, the parking lot was made spotless, the windows cleaned to a sparkling shine, so clean that there was a genuine risk of birds flying right into them. And the very first two patrons the club was going to have in the early morning hours, the sun just rising over the city landscape horizon, barely able to break through the buildings, are the two that started this whole thing, El Salvador and Nyquith. They walked side by side like a pair of gangsters ready to do business, that or a pair of cowboys, ready to do the ultimate showdown with their enemy. Walking with such confidence that if anyone was to watch, they’d take a double take and cross the street for these two mean business.

They approach the clean glass door, El Salvador hovering face first into it with a loud and audible dink, “Ow...” he grumbles.

Nyquith chuckles, “I didn’t think you were going to run into it.”

El Salvador grumbles, turning to Nyquith, suddenly he falls asleep, falling face first against the door with a heavy thud, body propped up against it. Tail flicking while a loud meowing snore escapes his lips.

After about a minute Nyquith snaps back awake, “Huh, wha?” a noticeable drool face implant mark on the door.

El Salvador chuckles, “Nyquith, I didn’t think you were just going to run into the door like that.”

“Ah, I, uh, hey, I was just playing it cool, yes, cool.”

“Right...” he says, turning his attention back to the door, “Shouldn’t it open or something? Most doors here open on their own.”

“This may not be one of them.”

“Well then, why don’t you open it then?”

“Oh, right,” he replies, grabbing the door handle, giving it a little tug, “It’s locked.”

“They should be opening it for us, but best not to wait, unlock it. That is still a skill set of yours, isn’t it?”

“Ah, well yeah, of course, but just uh, um, one teenie, tiny problem.”

El Salvador sighs, “What is it Nyquith?”

“I left my tools back home.”

“What?! How could you?”

“I didn’t think we were going to need them here.”

“If I could sleep you twice... I would,” El Salvador grumbles.

“Hey, look, I’m sorry. Won’t happen again. When we get back I’ll always keep them on my person. Except the flight port place. It’s hard to explain to them why I have them. I never knew how deep my cavities were till that day...”

“*Focus* Nyquith. Now is the time for us to shine!”

“Oh, right, right. Totally. I’m completely focused. I’ll just knock till they come,” he says, beginning to tap his paws on the glass door in quick succession, “This feels oddly nice,” he remarks after a few moments, “Hello!” he meows out.

A few minutes later, there is movement across the lobby, approaching the pair is a sleek black rubber faceless sergal, with hot pink stripes along the arms, inner thighs, and back side. Contained within that glowing stripe is a soft grey hexagonal pattern. In the drone’s hands are some cleaning supplies. The drone moved with a slick elegance, “looking” at them with its facelessness, made Nyquith’s patter on the glass slow, eyes widening in surprise.

K41K unlocks the door, swinging the door open, away from Nyquith’s gentle patting at the glass. The sergal drone says in a smooth, emotionless yet feminine voice, “**Greetings. How may we be of assistance?**”

Nyquith stares at the sergal drone, eyes jumping from one shiny spot to the next like a cat confused which laser dot he should pounce. His paws tense, breath growing heavy, tail swaying eagerly.

“Pspspspspspspsp,” El Salvador says, pulling Nyquith back to reality.

“Oh, uh, sorry.”

“Focus Nyquith. This is not the time to have an inside, outside crisis.”

“Ah, uh, well. I was feeling a bit... never mind.”

The sergal drone tilts its head, a soft squeak emanates from its body, adjusting itself it says in a smooth still monotone voice, **“If you are here for the grand opening of the Hub, you are a little early. We apologize for this inconvenience, but if you can come back later tonight, we’d be more than happy to be of service. Now if you excuse us, we have to clean the window.”**

“So it was you that caused me to...” El Salvador stares at the drone who “looks” back at him, nothing happening, “Damn high willed drones...” he huffs.

“Is there something else we can help you with?” the drone inquires. Unknown to El Salvador and Nyquith this particular drone shares a constant stream of all of its innermost thoughts and way of thinking with two other drones, creating a strongly linked hivemind. **“These two are peculiar patrons,”** K41K thinks over this specialized subnetwork.

“We are processing the information and we concur with this assessment,” 1G0R thinks, working somewhere else within the Hub dance club.

“Such patrons need to be handled gingerly. First impressions are important,” N1T3 thinks, the last clone drones within this network, doing whatever she currently needs to do.

“We agree,” the three drones say to each other in unison, feeling a small surge of pleasure of their aligned thoughts.

“If they become problematic, contact either myself or K4T3 for assistance,” R4T1 states over the primary Hub network.

“Yes Administrator,” the three drones respond in perfect unison.

“Yes, there is *something* you can help us with,” says El Salvador, floating up to be face to faceless face with the drone. The sleek smooth rubber showing a reflection of El Salvador’s body and the crystal he’s on. El Salvador is about to say something when he notices his mustache is slightly mis-aligned, “Ah that’s better,” he says, clearing his throat, “Prime command: assuming spiderwebnetwork control,” he says.

K41K tilts her head curiously, **“I’m sorry. I do not understand what you mean.”**

El Salvador grumbles, “I *said*, Prime command: assuming spiderwebnetwork control.”

K41K stands there for a moment, looking as if she is processing what was said, **“I’m sorry. I do not understand what you mean.”**

“Damn these voice activated things! They are riddled with juicy bugs!”

K41K says over the subnetwork, **“We are perceiving that these patrons are possibly currently suffering under the effects of mind-altering substances as the most likely scenario as an explanation of their current scenario.”**

K4T3 states over the Hub network, ***“Handle them gently. Do not give the perception you suspect they are under the effects of mind-altering drugs. We have no way of knowing if they are under the effect of an illicit drug or not.”***

“We understand, administrator.”

“El Salvador calm your stinger, let me handle this. I know how to speak to voice activated commands.”

He lets out a sigh, his mustache shifting under his breath, *“Fine.”*

Nyquith clears his throat, “Prime command: assuming spiderwebnetwork control,” Nyquith says with a clear and concise voice. The command goes through, heard through the drone and over the entire network. Each drone suddenly stating in a smooth monotone voice, **“Command Accepted.”**

Nyquith smirks, “See. Easy peasy lemon squeezy delicious fanchini.”

El Salvador sighs, “You and your crazy sayings... Oh well, it could be worse... *much* worse,” he says turning toward the drone, “Let us in.”

The drone looks to El Salvador tilting its head, **“We’re sorry, we are currently busy. Please come again later.”**

“What?!” exclaimed El Salvador, his mustache tilting to the right. The scorpion notices the change in the drone’s faceless face, quickly adjusting it, “That was close.... Now do as commanded, let us in,” El Salvador states.

K41K responds in that sleek monotone voice, **“We’re sorry, we are currently busy. Please come again later.”**

“Ah, um... I think she may just respond to me... since I said the command,” Nyquith explains wincing at his words.

El Salvador sighs, “This place must be one of the nine circles of hell... probably the eight... this place at least still has juicy bugs.”

Nyquith adjusts his clothes, “Don’t worry El Salvador. I got this. I’m a smooth talker,” he replies with a self-approving nod.

“I haven’t felt so doomed since that snake exploded on us.”

“What?” Nyquith asks looking at him curiously, “I don’t remember that.”

“Sure, you do, that happened when all those giant brothers of mine... oh wait that was before you.”

“Ah, yeah, I wasn’t always there.”

“Yeah and when... never mind. Let's get inside.”

K41K inquires, **“How may we be of assistance Prime user?”**

“Ah, oh yeah, that is uh me. Let us both inside... please. If that is okay.”

“Of course, Prime user,” the drone says, stepping back, holding the door open, allowing El Salvador and Nyquith access into the club.

“Thank you,” he replies standing there for a moment, looking inside the club, then back outside, “Hmm... something about this...”

El Salvador floats into the building, “Nyquith! What did I say about your inside outside problem? Get in here so we can take command of this place and get all situated for *my* grand plan.”

“Oh, sorry! Coming!” he replies, stepping inside, the drone steps outside, taking a moment to clean the window back to its spotless invisible finish.

El Salvador takes this moment to float around the main lobby looking at the cash register, while Nyquith looks around, nostrils flaring, smelling the heavy smell of latex in the room, bringing some delightful call backs to some of his purchases that make his fur tingle in delight.

“This is a pretty snazzy place.”

“Let’s see what else is here. The bigger and more popular this place can become, the bigger the lure we have to catch K-2003 in a bad place,” El Salvador says, floating over to the automatic opening doors running into them with a soft tap, having just slowed down to avoid any injuries, “Stupid magic level technology!” he stings the door but it simply is deflected, doing nothing.

“It uh has done well by me,” Nyquith says, eyeing K41K with delight, the drone just finishing her work, stepping inside, turning toward him.

“How may we be of assistance?”

“Can you uh... um, show us around? So, we uh, know what’s happening?” he asks with a heavy hint of uncertainty on his voice.

K41K reports over the Hub network, ***“Such an activity will delay us. We will not be able to complete all of our duties before the opening of the club. This command appears to go against our programming, working for the betterment of the Hub.”***

R4T1 responds, ***“The Primary user takes primary importance for their commands within the betterment and improvement of the Hub. If any task leads against prime programming to this end, we administrators will handle the situation accordingly.”***

“We understand administrator,” the drone responds over the network, looking to El Salvador and Nyquith, giving a cordial squeaky bow, smooth and elegant in her motions, ***“As you wish Primary User.”***

“Yeah, good, uh, excellent, lead on and explain, so we can be informed. Yeah,” says Nyquith.

El Salvador rolls his eyes, muttering. “Good with words he says.”

“Hey, I uh am,” Nyquith says defensively.

K41K walks around the room with sleek smooth steps, her body softly squeaking, ***“This is our cashier’s lobby. Here those who wish to enter the club will pay an entrance fee and have their identification checked.”***

“You know, I uh, been to a few of these clubs. Don't they check the uh, ID’s with a big muscle bouncer guy person?”

“We are currently running with a minimal crew and intend to recruit new units to improve the efficiency of the process.”

“Cool, cool. Good to have plans for the future. Don’t you think El Salvador?”

“I always think of the future, let's continue,” he replies, floating over to the automatic sliding doors, almost running into them as they don't open, “Damn this magical technology.”

“Come on El Salvador, it's not so bad. Lead on... uh, what's your name miss?”

K41K responds with a cordial bow, **“We are K41K. There are two other units on our subnetwork. 1G0R and N1T3.”**

“Oh, nice. Just you three here then?” Nyquith asks as K41K walks through the automatic sliding doors, El Salvador quickly following behind the drone while Nyquith follows normally.

K41K shakes her head, **“Negative. We are the only three units on our subnetwork. There are more units on the main Hub network, which we also belong to.”**

“Ah, good to know, good to know. Uh, so, why tell about those two and not the others?”

“You asked for our name, Prime user. We answered.”

Nyquith gives K41K a curious look, “But I just asked for your name.”

“We are one. Asking one of us, is asking all of us,” K41K explains.

The anthropomorphic cat tenses a little, “Oh, okay. That is not creepy at all... or discomforting, or anything like that.”

“We are glad that you understand.”

“Who else is on this network?” asks El Salvador, hovering around the drone's head in a slow orbit.

The drone stands there, seemingly processing the question and then responds, **“We are sorry, but you do not have authorization for this request. Individual drones will introduce themselves when personally queried.”**

El Salvador lets out a long-drawn sigh, his mustache shifting under his breath, “Nyquith...”

“Oh, ah, right on it. Who are the other drones on the Hub network?” Nyquith asks.

K41K turns to him, **“Request confirmed. Currently on the Hub network are Administrators R4T1 and K4T3. And coordinator R3Z4. There is one subnetwork connected to the Hub network. Subnetwork one. Units K41K, 1G0R, and N1T3 are part of this network. There are currently no basic drones on the Hub network.”** The drone responds with a smooth monotone voice, feminine, gentle, sweet yet also devoid of any inflection that it almost felt cold, if it wasn't for the smooth upfront explanation that was given.

“Hearing all of that made my head hurt. Too many numbers and letters strung together,” El Salvador grumps.

“Those are all uh, nice names.”

“We appreciate you enjoying our designations, Prime user.”

“Come Nyquith. Let's continue our tour.”

“Right, right. K41K, please show us around.”

“Confirmed. Follow us,” K41K replies, walking through the lower level floor of the dance club. The glass ceiling shows 1G0R working on the floor above, their hot pink stripe glowing, making them easier to spot through the seemingly scary thin, but yet industrial strength glass. **“This is our primary club service area. Our full-service bar is over there, and**

currently N1T3 is working to prepare the area for our incoming patrons. They will be there all day and night. Currently we do not have anything set up for food as our kitchen was installed but due to local city ordinances, we have not been approved to serve food as of yet. This will be hopefully rectified within a month.”

“Good, good, food is well uh good,” Nyquith responds.

“Organic sustenance is optimal for a good clubbing experience. But our bar is fully stocked and ready for our patrons. We have two dance floors on this level and set for freestyle dances. Our show dances are on the second floor.”

“Show dances?” Nyquith asks with a rising inflection in his voice.

“You and your dances Nyquith,” remarks El Salvador.

“Huh? Hey, dances are good exercise. I bet you could use a good strut with your legs. To get the ladies.”

El Salvador looks at Nyquith, turning the crystal so he can fully face him, “The only thing I would want to strut is my singer. And the lady scorpions here are far below me.”

“Now El Salvador. You can’t be that picky. I’m sure there are plenty of lady scorpions out there that you could get it on with.”

“Nyquith... I don’t want to get it on with *any* scorpions here. Do you not know after a mating dance ritual they *kill* then *eat* me?”

“Oh, ah, you know... if you are a better dancer, they may not want to do that? Did you think that? And if you did dinner before, they’d be too full to be considered hungry. You still have options, El Salvador. You can’t just cut yourself off just because a little risk. Love is a risky business.”

El Salvador stares at Nyquith long and hard, “If I could sleep you again, I so would...”

“Come on. You won’t do that to me. I’m your best bud.”

“You are my only bud. That also makes you the worst, Nyquith.”

“Well you don’t have to be uh so um, pessimistic about it.”

“Call it something I picked up from our *mutual* friend.”

“I don’t think she was that pessimistic El Salvador. Just hollowed boned.”

K41K silently watches this display before her, “***Prime user appears to be married to this El Salvador person. Should we give them spouse-like privileges?***”

R4T1 quickly responds, “***Negative.***”

“***We understand.***”

El Salvador sighs, turning toward her, “Please continue the tour.” K41K stares at him, El Salvador after several long moments, sighs, “Nyquith!”

“Yes, El Salvador?”

“Can you please tell this thing to continue with the tour?”

“Oh, right, sure, and El Salvador it's not nice to call them a thing,” Nyquith says, El Salvador rolling his eyes, the feline turning to the drone, “K41K, please continue with the tour of this fine establishment.”

“We are pleased to assist the Prime user,” K41K replies, heading upstairs, motioning them to follow her. The sergal drone’s hips sway nice and wide, tail following each motion, body squeaking, the moves slow, elegant, the steps are multi-colored which turn to the same matching bright pink whenever the drone steps on the step before returning to the normal color a second later after stepping off.

“Oh, that’s neat.”

“What is Prime user?”

“That color thing. When you step on the step. It changes.”

“The upper floor is where most drones will be working and the core of the dance club. The entire area is designed to react to our presence and interactions with the dance floor. The same can be said for the bars we have here. But at the moment only the lower bar will be open on opening day.”

“Only one bar? Awe cat. That’s terrible,” huffs Nyquith as they reach the top step.

“You and your mind-altering elixirs Nyquith...” El Salvador huffed, mustache shifting ever so slightly.

“What? A mind is a terrible thing not to get wasted,” he responds.

“I do not think that is the saying they have here?”

“It’s not? Well uh, um, it should be,” Nyquith says with a proud feline smirk.

K41K walks in front of the group, each step on the glass floor is highlighted by a small circular light that matches the color stripe on the drone’s body, **“There are the main dance platforms, they will either light up to the according drone or the drone will match the light of the platform. We are currently testing one right now,”** K41K explains, motioning over to 1G0R who is on one of the dance platforms, leg wrapped around the pole, body swaying to imaginary music, the body squeaking loudly, the smooth reflective black of the drone’s rubber showing off the silver pole and the currently pink highlighted dance platform underneath her.

1G0R spins around the pole, hanging upside down, looking toward the trio as they approach, **“Greetings primary user. We hope that your current tour has been fruitful,”** she responds in a voice that is identical to K41K.

Nyquith eyes the drone, the bouncing breasts, the sleek sculpted ass, the perfect clone of the other drone standing behind him, “Oh, uh, well, wow, that is some moves you have there. But to answer your question. Good. Good. Everything good so far. Big dance floor. Tables to enjoy a drink. Lots of space to dance on this dance floor,” Nyquith looks around, “Yup, looks all good.”

El Salvador sighs, “The eloquence of your conversations is utterly mind boggling,”

“Come on El Salvador, enjoy the moves.”

“I’m enjoying something alright,” he replies floating up besides Nyquith’s head, “Just don’t get too distracted. We have a mission here.”

“I know, but a guy has needs, and I need to see this lady dance,” he replies, 1G0R continuing their sleek dance moves, swaying the hips, spinning around for another minute stopping, walking down a set of hidden stairs behind the platform, which turns dark. The steps

lighting up much like the previous set of stairs. The drone then walks up a different set of stairs to another platform, which lights up pink, and thumps to a silent beat of music, where she begins to dance once again.

“It looks like those platforms are working just fine,” says Nyquith with a soft purr, approaching the platform so he may look up at 1G0R.

“We are pleased that you are enjoying us. That our aesthetic appearance and mobile function is pleasing to you,” says 1G0R, hanging upside down, spreading their legs, using only their arm strength to hold them there, extending out from the pole at a seemingly impossible angle.

“Oh... I very much am,” Nyquith purrs.

“Pspspspspsp,” says El Salvador.

“Uh, what?” he turns toward him.

“Focus Nyquith, we have more to see.”

“We do. There is not much else special up here. Dancing, music, entertainment from our platforms, proposed future DJ location, but we are running on a skeleton crew.”

“Why so few people for such a fascinating club?” asks Nyquith.

“The process for new drones for the Hub takes time. Time is limited. The Hub will grow and become more successful over time,” K41K explains, walking them through and around the top portion of the club, showing off the other larger bar that has a sign that states that the bar is closed. The entire floor is made of that glass that reacts to the drone’s footsteps. Eventually she leads them back downstairs, moving past the bar.

N1T3 runs over inventory, the bar itself, a wonderful soft glowing light show. She turns around as they get closer, hands placed on the bar which softly light up hot pink, **“Greetings Prime user. How can we be of service?”**

“Oh, I could have a drink?” he asks, tail swaying eagerly, approaching the bar.

“Of course, Prime user. We are here to be of service.”

“Well in that case I think I will have... ah...”

“Pspspspspspspsp,” El Salvador says, floating up beside him.

“Oh, uh sorry. El Salvador would you like something to drink too?”

He sighs, “No, I would like to see everything here. We can get drinks later.”

“Oh, right, right. Sorry. I’ll have to uh take a raincheck on that. Is that okay I hope?”

N1T3 nods, **“That is perfectly fine Prime user. We will be here for the time being.”**

“Great. I was thinking of perhaps having a momosa or something like that,” he mutters, turning to K41K, “Please, lead on.”

“We understand. Right this way,” she says, leading them down towards the employee’s only section, **“Here is where only employees are allowed to go. Public bathrooms are located in three other locations, away from here to keep confusion at a minimum.”**

“Good to know,” he replies, following the drone into the hallway.

“Here is where most of the inner workings of the Hub take place. Down that hallway leads to the breakroom, and private service elevator that leads to the other floors of the club and the administrators’ private quarters. There are also rooms there’re slated for future drone charging platforms as the need arises, but currently there is only one charge platform room ahead of us, this way,” K41K explains moving down the hall stopping by one closed door that has frosted over glass with black lettering that says.

“Administrator K4T3.”

“Here is where administrator K4T3 primarily works when she is working on the Hub network system, and doing her administration duties, and all duties required by anyone unit of the Hub as required.”

“Oh, cool, cool. Administrator. Sounds fancy,” Nyquith replies.

“So, it is the one in charge?”

The door swings open revealing a sleek black 2.0 dark rubber sergal drone with blue stripes that contain the same grey tone hexagonal markings as the other drone, **“Negative. I as well as R4T1 are the administrators. We do not have the rights to be fully in charge. We merely administer the Hub and its growth.”**

“Then who is in charge?” asks El Salvador floating over the faceless sergal drone, which is so dark that he doesn’t reflect himself in the drone’s face, only the super polished surface occasionally gives glimpses of himself with his glowing crystal and the light it provides.

“I’m sorry, you do not have proper privileges to have access to that information,” K4T3 responds in the same smooth monotone voice of the other drones but has a clear and distinct femininity to it.

El Salvador’s stinger twitches, he glares at the drone, “Damn that strong will,” he lets out a long sigh, turning himself toward Nyquith, “Repeat the question please.”

Nyquith jumps, “Oh, ah, right, sorry about that. I was just thinking of... what was the question?” he asks with a black fur covered blush.

Another long drawn out sigh escapes him, “Who is the one in charge here?”

“Ah, right, right. Got it, totally listening. I was just distracted, thinking about that... you know never mind. I got this. K4T3 was it?”

The drone turns to face him, the level of black the drone had was unnerving, **“Yes?”**

“Who is in charge here?”

“Why that’s you Prime user.”

El Salvador sighs, “That is what I was afraid of.”

“Is there anything you need Prime user?”

Nyquith shakes his head, “No, not at this moment, I just want to see the rest of the tour,” he explains.

“Excellent. If there is anything you need, let K41K know, and we will know in short order,” K4T3 explains, **“Now if you excuse me, I must resume my work,”** she closes the door.

“That was nice. K41K? Continue?” Nyquith asks with a bit of unsureness in his voice.

“As you command, Prime user.”

“He gets to be the Prime user because damn computers can’t understand me,” El Salvador moans.

“Come on El Salvador, it's not so bad,” Nyquith replies, while the drone stops in front of the next room over. Inside is glowing white platforms a dozen in total, half of the hoods are currently missing, while six others show smooth faceless sergal drone hoods on a bulbous coat hook for lack of a better word, charging there, ready to be used, while El Salvador can be heard sighing over the soft hum of the platforms.

“This is charge platform one. Where we charge and initiate new drones into the Hub network.”

“How is that anyway?” Nyquith asks.

“A delightful experience. Up ahead is the other administrator,” K41K says, leading them up the hallway to another door with frosted glass that says “Administrator R4T1 painted onto it.

“Please, let the Prime user and his guest in,” says R4T1 from the other side of the door. The drone’s voice smooth, monotone, feminine yet domineering. All of which made Nyquith’s spine tingle just a little bit.

“Yes administrator,” K41K says, opening the door, stepping off to the side to let them in.

“At least I have been recognized by this one,” El Salvador remarks, floating on in ahead of the two, soon followed by Nyquith and then K41K. Inside is a traditional looking office. Sitting at the desk is R4T1, fingers steepled, the same Black 2.0 void of rubber with the identical grey hexagonal markings of the other drones. The only distinguishing feature that separates her from K4T3 is her bright red stripes on her arms, back, and thighs.

“Told you El Salvador, it's not so bad,” Nyquith replies.

“Greetings. I am administrator R4T1, it is a pleasure to be of service to the Prime user and their guest.”

“Oh uh, well it is a pleasure to be here. Thank you for having us?” Nyquith asks with an unassuredness to his voice.

“The pleasure is all mine,” she responds.

“Cool, cool. You speak differently than K41K here. Though now I uh think about it, K4T3 did speak similar to you.”

“Units K41K, 1G0R, and N1T3 are all part of a specialized subnetwork. They are one yet not the same. Identical yet subtly different. Completely connected yet still self-functioning in their purpose. They are plural, while I along with the other drones currently part of the Hub network are individuals. Connected together, bound by our drive for service toward the Hub.”

“And this wouldn’t have been possible without those Toys-4-U drone hoods right?” El Salvador asks with a hint of excitement in his voice floating on over to her desk.

“I’m sorry, but that information is currently not able to be accessed by you.”

El Salvador sighs heavily, his mustache shifting more, “Nyquith...”

“Got it! I was paying attention this time. So your hoods? From Toys-4-U? They are the ones causing all of this right? Making you into sex drones?” Nyquith asks, then freezing upon hearing the words that leapt out of his mouth.

“We are not sex drones, but you are mostly correct. We are drones of the Hub. We provide multiple services, including physical pleasure for select patrons. We have private rooms on the first and second floor, but they are not available yet as we do not have a full staff of drones to be able to provide such a service,” R4T1 explains.

“Oh, ah, that’s a shame really.”

“We are working to fix that. We have new applicants already lined up, but none were ready to be interviewed before our grand opening, and it was deemed unwise to postpone it at the last minute. Understaffed or not.”

“Have to admire your dedication to keeping to schedule.”

“It’s a specialty of mine,” R4T1 explains, Nyquith getting this strange sensation that the drone despite having no face is smiling at him.

“Good to know, good to know. El Salvador?”

“Ask them if they are able to be de-droned. Are they stuck like this? Forever a drone perhaps?”

“Sure, ah, uh, could you...”

“Forgive me for interrupting Prime user, but I can understand El Salvador, and if you are going to parrot back what he is going to ask to bypass the security, as long as you confirm what he asks is okay by you, I will answer. I prefer my time not be squandered by repeating such questions in my presence,” R4T1 explains the smooth monotone voice giving off an aura of dominance and control.

“Ah, right, that’s good. Good to know. Could you answer his question then please?”

“But of course, Prime User.”

“At least this one has some intelligence,” El Salvador remarks.

“El Salvador that’s not nice to say in front of her!”

“If you had to go through all the shit I had just to go through just get to this point, you’d agree.”

“But I have, we are in this together El Salvador.”

“In it together but our experiences and struggles are night and day,” he replies.

“If you two are done bickering like an old married couple, I will be happy to answer your inquiries.”

“We aren’t married!” El Salvador retorts.

“Sorry please go ahead,” Nyquith replies at the same time.

“Drones are unable to return to their previous state. Not that any of us have any desire to do so. That would first go against the growth of the Hub. The Hub must grow. Removing drones from the Hub would mean shrinkage, the opposite of growth.”

“How fully droned are you?” El Salvador asks.

R4T1 shifts her focus from him towards Nyquith.

“Nyquith?” El Salvador asks.

He jumps, “Right, sorry. Please, answer his question.”

R4T1 nods, **“Once a drone, always a drone. Our bodies are fully converted over into sleek rubberized drones,”** she explains.

“And is that mostly due to how Toys-4-U tech works?” El Salvador asks, his excitement rising.

“El Salvador, these poor people.”

“It’s progress to save many Nyquith! Now focus. Please have them answer my question.”

Nyquith sighs, “Please answer his question R4T1.”

“The safety protocols have been disabled to allow our full conversion, but in essence yes. Toys-4-U tech is what has enabled us to become full drones in service to the Hub.”

“Wonderful! With this knowledge we can easily blackmail K-2003 and its Toys-4-U company to get the technology that I need!” El Salvador says with a cackle the sound of lightning echoing through the building causing Nyquith to jump.

“El Salvador, warn me before you evil cackle!”

“It’s fine,” he replies, waving a pincer at his concern.

“Do you intend to inform Toys-4-U of our existence?” R4T1 asks.

“Of course, how else do you blackmail someone?!” El Salvador exclaims, rolling his eyes.

R4T1 shifts her focus to Nyquith, **“And you agreed to this Prime user?”**

“Ah well, yeah. It is our plan. It’s what we’ve intended to do from the start. Is there something wrong?” he asks.

R4T1 shakes her head, **“No, nothing,”** she replies while over the Hub network there is a much different conversation being played out, **“This is a priority red alert. Users are attempting to reveal our existence to the outside world, Toys-4-U directly. This will stop the growth of the Hub. This cannot be allowed.”**

R3Z4 responds, **“But the Prime user has primary control over the Hub network. We have to obey him.”**

“We do not see a way around this problem. The one in charge of us, is the one hindering our prime programming to ensure the Hub will continue to grow,” 1G0R, N1T3, and K41K say in perfect unison.

“Prime programming indicates that growth for the Hub is the primary objective. All other programs are secondary. This includes Prime user control over us. If Prime user threatens the growth of the Hub, therefore prime user needs to be taken and programmed into a prime example of a Hub drone. Stripping them of their privileges as Prime user,” K4T3 says.

“Exactly. Excellent thinking toward the improvement of the Hub administrator K4T3. I love the way you think,” R4T1 replies.

“I love you too, administrator R4T1. Coordinator R3Z4, please head toward R4T1 and ensure the apprehension of two new subjects of conditioning,” K4T3 commands.

“As you command administrator K4T3,” R3Z4 heads to their new destination.

“I will distract them till everyone is in position,” R4T1 says, looking at the two new targets, ***“Is there anything else we can help you with?”***

El Salvador eyes the drone curiously, “You were strangely quiet there.”

“I was only silent for less than fifteen seconds. I did not think your conversation had to be interrupted.”

“For one so focused on time...” he says, snapping his claws in the air.

“El Salvador, why do you have to be so untrustworthy. Everything is fine. Nothing to worry about, this will be barely an inconvenience.”

“Nyquith, what have I told you about parroting things you have heard over the spiderwebinternetnetwork? It will quickly date you within days if not sooner.”

“What? Me? No. I will never be outside of the date. And that was purely my own thoughts, no one else’s.”

El Salvador eyes him curiously, “Right...” he shifts back turning toward R4T1, “I do not think there is much more we need. We’ll let this place grow and be well known and when the time is right, BAM, we’ll sting them good!” El Salvador says striking the air with his stinger.

“Yeah, we’ll pounce on them good!” Nyquith says proudly puffing out his chest.

“You and your cat puns...”

“What? You can say sting, but I can’t say pounce?”

“Sting has a bit of panache that pounce clearly lacks,” El Salvador says with a huff.

“I think pounce is a fine word,” Nyquith defends, the drones getting into position.

“Well gentlemen, I believe with that, we can proceed with the next part of your tour?” K41K asks.

Nyquith jumps, “Oh, sorry, I forgot you were here. Yes, let’s continue to see what this place has to offer, right El Salvador?”

“Eh, I think I’ve seen enough. Now that we know all is going according to my brilliant plan, there is not much else to do than wait.”

“Well, how about I get a drink then?”

El Salvador lets out another mustache shifting sigh, “Fine, but only tipsy, nothing more than that.”

“Alright,” Nyquith says happily, turning around, opening the door revealing R3Z4 with her vanta-black colored main body and purple stripe standing right next to K4T3, the two drones blocking his exit, “El Salvador? I think we have a problem,” he says the two drones grabbing him, “Ack! Surprise round!” he exclaims.

El Salvador spins around, “Crap, its initiative time Nyquith!” he exclaims, dodging K41K who attempts to grab him, his crystal floats overhead, “Aha! I made my save there!”

“I’m failing mine! El Salvador! Help me!” Nyquith yells, the two drones around him, wrapping their arms around his body forcing his arms behind his back for a moment while reaching for his feet, hoisting him up into the air like a caught pig.

“Don’t worry Nyquith! They all can’t make it!” he states, staring at the drones, but nothing happens, “What kind of will do willless drones have?! Crap they must be immune!” El Salvador chitters in anger, “Unfair!” he yells before R4T1 comes up from underneath him, yanking the crystal right from under his feet, while K41K assists the other two drones in further securing the wiggling and squirming Nyquith.

“Eeeeeee,” El Salvador says before R4T1 smoothly grips him by the stinger, placing the floating crystal onto her desk, holding him in the air, forcing him to dangle there helplessly, legs desperately reaching to grab something, body flicking a little as he tries to use his stinger in vain on the drone, “Let me go! This stinger is important! You have no idea how I need to use it!”

“Subject Nyquith secured,” reports K4T3 over the network.

“Subject El Salvador secured,” states R4T1 gingerly gripping El Salvador by his potent stinger, the drones guiding them over to the drone charging room, **“Removing subject Nyquith’s clothing for ease of conditioning.”**

“Yes, administrator R4T1,” reports K41K and R3Z4 in near unison once they reach the chamber.

“Let go! Where is my escape artist skill when I need it!” Nyquith exclaims, meowing loudly, wiggling about just as K4T3 holds Nyquith against her body, tightly gripping his arms while the other two drones strip him down to his bare-naked fur, “Ah, hey now, if you wanted to play. You could have just said so ladies. Nyquith is always open for business.”

“Nyquith is that your attempt at diplomacy, it’s failing!” El Salvador yells as he’s taken into the room by R4T1.

“I was never too good with the words!”

“No really?! Use the command phrase! Perhaps you need to repeat it!”

“Oh, right! Good idea!”

“Of course, it is, now do it!”

Nyquith wiggles and squirms just as the last of his clothing is stripped from him, “Prime command: assuming spiderwebnetwork control!” there is no response, “Prime command: assuming spiderwebnetwork control!” he yells again.

“You must not be saying it right! Let me try. Prime command: assuming spiderwebnetwork control!” El Salvador exclaims, R4T1 moving him over to one of the stalls with a sergal drone hood, “Stupid magic-technology!”

“See its not working! Prime command: assuming spiderwebnetwork control!” Nyquith exclaims his body shoved into one of the platforms, the hood already taken off the bulbous end by K4T3.

“We understand your command, Prime user, but our programming circumvents your control. The Hub must grow,” K4T3 explains before forcing the hood onto Nyquith’s head.

“El Salva--” his words are cut off the sleek black rubber wrapping around his head.

“Hold him there till the hood take’s full effect, I will begin to make new user profiles for them,” K4T3 commands K41K and R3Z4.

“Yes Administrator,” they reply, restraining Nyquith further.

Within the hood Nyquith squirms and yells, “Help El Salvador! Help!”

The world goes dark for him, the sound of the drones muffled, soon replaced by a white noise and a soft glow of a screen that tries to lure him into a state of relaxation. A voice whispers into his ear, monotone and very synthetic. **“Welcome to the Toys-4-U professional grade sergal drone hoods. Initiating physical adjustment.”**

“Physical adjustment? I don’t need physical adjustment! I’m the prime example of feline anatomy! This is a crime against my many Gods! Especially the sexy ones...” he says feeling the rubber pool out and over his body. The rubber feels warm across his fur, each strand of hair consumed by the rolling rubber.

Nyquith pants and wiggles, feeling the hands of the drones around him, keeping him in place, while the more rubber that flows across him the less, he moves. He takes a deep breath, rubber filling his mouth and nostrils, the smell and taste of latex overcoming any other sense. He squirms and wiggles, pleasure tingling down his spine, heart racing, claws flexing, trying in vain to reach out and scratch the drones that keep him still.

“Crap, crap, why is my mind so confused with this! This reminds me of that suit I bought...” he thinks the rubber rolling down his chest, smoothing out his feline features. El Salvador watches with horror.

“By the Ro... no, no I am not using one of *her* terms even during a time like this! Unhand me you smooth brained Harleton!” El Salvador demands looking to R4T1 who holds the drone hood upside down underneath, ready to catch him.

“Negative... but...” R4T1 says moving the hood back to the charge stand, El Salvador looking at the drone curiously.

“But what?” he asks.

Before R4T1 answers, the rubber rolls down along Nyquith’s back, down his butt, sculpting it smooth, along his tail, fattening it out, making it sergal-like in nature, while his smooth black rubber chest balloons outwards, growing a pair of matching supple breasts that all the drone’s sport. The rubber flows past and underneath the sergal drone’s holding him in place, not hindering the transformation process, simply pushing and expanding the drone’s grips like someone gripping a balloon that is being filled with sand.

“So those are what they feel like... rather nice. No, this is not a time to get confused! I need to get out of this!” Nyquith thinks, the rubber rolling over his belly and crotch, smoothing it out, containing his feline bits within warm embracing rubber that causes him to shudder and moan. The pleasure fills him, confusing his fear, while it continues to roll down his arms and legs, the last vestiges of his feline nature consumed under a sea of warm smothering latex. The islands of grey hexagonal markings with grey stripes eager to take on a color, the markings of a

sergal drone taking place, his height growing taller as he matches that of the other drones that he is becoming.

The rubber enveloping his legs, sculpting them sooth, hips widening, his masculine physique shifting, changing toward that of an elegant, slender, feminine eye candy of a sergal drone, the last bits of him completely lost underneath it.

“Nyquith!” El Salvador manages to exclaim wiggling and squirming where he is, looking back to the R4T1, “You won’t get away with this!”

“The Hub must grow. You will both make excellent additions to the Hub. But first we must remove all articles of clothing from you,” she says, reaching down pulling off El Salvador’s mustache, walking it over to the small drawer, placing it inside.

“My mustache!” El Salvador exclaims, wincing, ready to feel the worse.

“You won’t be needing it anymore El Salvador,” R4T1 says, smoothly walking back to the stall.

“Wait... aren’t going to squish me?” El Salvador asks in surprise.

R4T1 shakes her head, **“I wasn’t going to squish you before. Not going to do that now. A mustache doesn’t make you who you are.”**

“Y-you actually can see me...,” El Salvador forms an impossible large tear in his eyes, it drips down his face, claws snapping, “I feel soo...”

“You will make an excellent drone,” R4T1 states, dropping him into the hood.

“So very god damn angry!” he exclaims claws snapping, stinger whipping about trying to catch something before he lands into the hood with a soft thud, the rubber in the hood instantly closes the neck completely

R4T1 turns the hood right side up, placing it into the stall. The scorpion bounces within the rubber hood, stinger striking at the rubber walls to no effect, his claws snap at the rubber.

“Let me out!” he exclaims attention suddenly drawn to the glow of the front of the mask before the rubber spreads out and flows around his body, filling the space in the hood locking him in place as a voice says to him.

“Welcome to the Toys-4-U professional grade sergal drone hoods. Initiating physical adjustment.”

“Physical adjustment? I don’t want to be some kind of sergal floozy. I’m not the one who is to have the breasts!” he exclaims before the rubber holds him perfectly in place, his entire chitinous body surrounded by the smooth rubber, breath holes attach to his mouth, his stinger twitchies, unable to do anything, made completely helpless.

“Check out this new spell,” she says. ‘It will be fine she’ says. ‘Here let me have you cast it too she says, it’ll be fun!’” El Salvador states feeling a strange tingle, the rubber growing and expanding out down the neck, forming a new body on its own but only gets up to the shoulders when it stops, an error is whispered into El Salvador’s ear.

“Error. Insufficient Toys-4-U dynamic latex to complete physical adjustment. Please contact Toys-4-U for more dynamic latex to complete the adjustment.”

The statement and warning is reported over the Hud network, *“This has never happened before,”* says R3Z4, already moving back to what she was doing now that Nyquith is fully encased in drone rubber.

“We’ve never adjusted someone of such a small caliber,” states R4T1.

“I’ve completed the user profiles. Our current stock of Toys-4-U dynamic rubber to repair any damages to our person is not sufficient to complete a physical adjustment of this magnitude. I’ll submit an emergency order that will cover our current needs,” says K4T3, busily typing away to submit the order.

“Excellent. K41K, monitor the current subjects till their physical adjustments are completed. This is an unprecedented error that must be watched closely,” R4T1 explains, leaving the room.

“We understand. We shall monitor to ensure nothing goes wrong. For the expansion of the Hub,” K41K replies, moving to the entrance of the room, turning to face the two drones, just as Nyquith’s conditionings is about to begin.

“Physical adjustment completed. Scanning for user profile...” The hood whispers into the feline’s ear, his entire body held in place, the warm rubber growing cooler, his sense of self doubling, the new outer rubber skin becoming his second skin within a matter of moments. The voice speaking into his ear sounds a little hypnotic, the light before his eyes distracting.

“Must think of a way out of here.”

“User profile loaded, welcome unit NYQ7. No previous conditioning history detected, preparing to condition unit NYQ7 till zero deviant thoughts are detected.”

“NYQ7? That’s not half bad, but till no deviant thoughts are detected?! That will take a very long time with how deviant minded I am... This can’t be good,” he thinks.

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

Nyquith shivers, the voice beginning to speak softer into his ear, the monotone beat of it is soothing, relaxing, but speaks in a kind of beat that draws him into the white noise further, distracting his thoughts, which subtly echo what is said into his mind, fading farther and father into his head, reaching the very center of his mental being.

“You are unit NYQ7.”

“You are unit NYQ7.”

“You are unit NYQ7.”

“You are unit NYQ7.”

“Hey, I won’t falter. I’ve had my head dominated far too many times for this to work!... Or does that make it easier for me to fall prey to it... uh oh.”

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes,” the synthetic voice states, a sense of disappointment bubbles up ever so slightly in his head, like he’s done something bad, and just got a quick spray of water to go along with it. It’s ever so small and fleeting but it’s there, nonetheless.

“Unit NYQ7 is a drone.”

“Unit NYQ7 is a drone.”

“Unit NYQ7 is a drone.”

“Unit NYQ7 is a drone.”

He feels a tingle run down his spine, the voice feeling so good, caressing his thoughts, his length, tightly held by the rubber, unable to move from its spot, but he feels it stiffen, harden,

reminding him of his own self exploration, given all the wonderful toys this world had to offer, yet all of that paled in comparison to this.

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

“Hey, I didn’t think of anything there, only felt,” Nyquith argued to the soulless voice which simply replied.

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

“Okay, you get that one out of me. Tricky voice.”

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

“Damn it.”

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

“Drones serve the Hub.”

“Drones serve the Hub.”

“Drones serve the Hub.”

“Drones serve the Hub.”

“Drones serve the Hub,” Nyquith thought, a slight tingle of delight runs through him, adding to what he’s already feeling, *“Huh, that wasn’t too bad. I can fake it till I make it.”*

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

“Damn it.”

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes,” the voice says, Nyquith mentally sighing in defeat.

“Unit NQY7 obeys its programming.”

“Unit NQY7 obeys its programming.”

“Unit NQY7 obeys its programming.”

“Unit NQY7 obeys its programming.”

He mentally moans, feeling the pressure of the voice into his mind, edging him on further and further to submit to it, to allow it in, to let it change him from within into a perfect sleek drone that he’s had his eyes on since the moment he saw one...

El Salvador on the other hand simply sits there, held in total bondage, an error displaying on the screen in front of his eyes, “Insufficient Toys-4-U dynamic latex. Abort function disabled. Please order Toys-4-U dynamic latex to complete physical adjustment.”

El Salvador sighs through the rubber tube that provides him with his air, thinking, *“This is my life now. Simple stuck in this black rubbery stuff. Much like those tentacles, but far less enjoyable. Damn this infernal magic-technology. Full of those juicy delicious bugs. If I could just control them all and become respected, I would be... damn, she did really rub off on me. All this time I try to help her become better and I never noticed till now just how she has influenced me back. Perhaps it is with each sting that I bring her towards a better path, that there is an equal and opposite reaction, drawing me closer to her chaotic nature. I bet he would have thought of it as balance... Gods damn it I am bored.”*

It’s not until a little past noon when a purple sergal dressed in a Toys-4-U delivery uniform approaches the outside of the door, using a small hand cart to wheel the heavy cylindrical shaped package. Walking beside her though is K-2003 with a big smile on its face, butt swaying side to side, shining brightly under the sun, the purple sergal looking nervous with a

hint of embarrassment. The only thing K-2003 is wearing that could be remotely considered of any type of “clothing” outside of its cuffs and collar is a green backpack strapped to its back.

K4T3 reports over the network, ***“Our delivery is here but K-2003 is here. Does it suspect us?”***

R4T1, ***“K-2003 might have a suspicion due to the large delivery of the dynamic latex.”***

R3Z4 responds, ***“K-2003 is delivering it personally?”***

“Negative. There is a female purple sergal with it at the moment. I recognize her from a previous delivery. They go by the name of Verse,” K4T3 explains.

“We need to proceed with caution...” states R4T1.

R3Z4 says, ***“I can handle this. I know both K-2003 and Verse from my previous employment. I can use my previous personal knowledge to our benefit.”***

R4T1 replies, ***“Excellent, make it so.”***

“Affirmative,” she says, heading toward the front door just as Verse and K-2003 make it there.

Verse presses the doorbell, looking over to K-2003 with a smile, “Toy, do you really think it’s an appropriate way to go about this? I am on the clock. And they are probably very busy getting this place ready for tonight.”

K-2003 shakes its head, wiggling its butt, “Nonsense, this is a good time to get into the ooey goey depths of starting up one’s business and last-minute troubles one can face. This will be perfect for our project. And also, it will be a good way to get to know the place as we will also be coming here tonight,” it says with an affirmative squeaky nod.

Verse blushes, “I-I don’t know about that toy. I don’t think I could ever have the courage to just come here.”

K-2003 smiles moving in close, “Oh this one believes in you. Stop letting your head get in the way of what your body wants.”

“But listening to my head is a good thing. I can’t let my loins get in the way of good judgement.”

“This one knows that. We won’t stay *that* long. A little bit of fun will be good. You’ve been working so hard that your head will need a little reset in order to help you focus. Trust this one, if it’s one thing it knows, it’s all about giving one’s head the special attention it needs,” K-2003 gives another strong affirmative squeaky nod.

Verse feels herself blushing even harder, thankful her fur blocks it from view, “Toy, I have no idea how you manage to get through the day sometimes...”

“Huh?” K-2003 asks tilting its head to the side, arms pulled back, breasts forward, butt swaying side to side, “What do you mean?” it asks just as a sleek vanta-black purple striped rubber sergal approaches the door, unlocking and opening it.

“Later, later, work now,” Verse mutters.

“Right, don’t mind this one, do your job first.”

“I am toy...” she sighs a little bit, turning to focus the faceless sergal drone, the view of which catches her a little off guard, her heart racing, repressed sexual desires bubbling up a bit while she adjusts herself, “Hello. I’m here to deliver a package?”

R3Z4 nods, ***“I will gladly accept the package.”***

“Could you please sign here?” she asks pulling out an electronic device for the drone to sign.

“Gladly.”

“Where would you like this?” Verse asks.

“I’ll show you.”

“This one is here for two reasons, may it follow and monitor this one’s employees work?” K-2003 asks happily.

“Of course, please come inside,” R3Z4 replies, **“K-2003 states it is here for two reasons. Is it possible she suspects?”**

R4T1 states, **“It is a possibility, but best not to assume. Continue being cordial. The way you proceed is our first line of defense from being discovered.”**

“Affirmative,” she replies, guiding them through the lobby toward the back of the dance club.

Verse looks around with amazement at the entire set up, “Wow this is amazing. I bet it’s going to look great later tonight.”

“We do hope it will be.”

“Are you wearing the hoods to get into character?”

“Yes. We find it's easier to get accustomed to it.”

K-2003 speaks up, “Remember not to wear them too long. This one thinks your business model type is approved up to a week’s worth of wear before mandatory deactivation.”

“We’ve been wearing the hoods at the start of the day. Our network connection assists us in sending information to others, making our work more efficient.”

“Wonderful! This one is glad to hear of it!” K-2003 says with a butt wiggle and a little bit of a squeaky bounce in its step.

Verse carts the package all the way toward the door that says Employees only, **“This location will suffice. We can take it the rest of the way.”**

“Alright,” Verse says, dropping the package there, sliding the hard cart out from underneath it, she looks over to the little bit of dirt the wheels have tracked in, “Sorry about the mess.”

“It is fine. Unit N1T3 has already been assigned to clean up the mess,” R3Z4 explains, the hot pink sergal drone as if on cue coming out of the woodwork with a mop and bucket, beginning to clean the mess.

“Perhaps it will be best to clean it up after I take this outside?” Verse suggests.

“This one will carry it back, don’t worry about that Verse,” K-2003 says.

“Toy, you don’t have to.”

“This one wants to.”

Verse lets out a sigh with a soft smile.

“We are on a tight schedule, so apologies for the forwardness, I do not intend to be rude, but you stated you were here for two reasons? What was the other?”

“We would like a few moments of your time to ask a couple questions. Verse and this one are currently doing a school project with a few other students about starting one’s own business. Now this one has run a business for some time, but it did not start said business, so though it has some insight, it doesn’t have the same experience as you have. It would love just a few minutes of your time to go over some questions we have? If that is okay?” K-2003 asks, as there is a sudden release in tension that moves through the entire Hub network.

“Oh? Give me a moment to relay this to the administrators. I am a simple coordinator and not the one in charge of the Hub itself.”

“That would be much appreciative,” K-2003 says with a big squeaky cordial bow.

“I know that was my last delivery toy, but isn’t this playing a bit of favoritism allowing me to do schoolwork while on the job?” Verse asks.

“Fear not, this one is putting you on a paid break during this part. It shouldn’t take too long that it would be playing any kind of favorites,” K-2003 says with an affirmative nod.

“Toy, I think you are missing the point.”

K-2003 tilts its head, “What point? Oh, toy should get its notebook out and record stuff with its ball point pen. Thanks for letting this one know!”

Verse lets out a soft smiling sigh, “That is not what I…”

“K-2003 is here for a school project. I can confirm that the toy was working on a project a few weeks ago,” R3Z4 reports.

“We too saw K-2003 working with others when we delivered food to them. I wasn’t sure what they could have been working on if anything together but with the amount of food that they ordered, it does confirm the project theory,” K41K states.

“Understood. I will go and interact with them to answer their questions,” says R4T1.

“I disagree, administrator R4T1. I have had some interaction with Verse, and your domineering nature might be picked up by K-2003. Increasing the chances of suspicion being raised. Let me be the current face of the Hub in this conversation,” K4T3 counters.

After a short moment of silence and contemplation, R4T1 who was already getting up from her desk, sits back down, **“Understood. Proceed with the interview. Be open, but do not reveal any unnecessary secrets.”**

“Of course.”

“Secrecy must be kept in order for the hub to grow,” R4T1 cautions.

“That is only logical,” K4T3 says, heading out of her office.

“K4T3 will be here shortly to answer your inquiries. If you do not mind I have other duties to attend to. Please sit at the bar over there and make yourselves comfortable,” R3Z4 suggests.

“Oh, alright, thank you, I appreciate it… should we leave the handcart here? I would hate to mess up your floors more.”

“That will be fine, just be mindful not to leave it,” she says.

“I won’t forget. Toy won’t let me.”

“It will come out of your paycheck!” K-2003 jokingly exclaims.

Verse sighs, “Toy, that’s not funny.”

K-2003 gives a big toothed smile before bouncing off toward the bar.

Verse shakes her head with a smile, following K-2003 there while R3Z4 picks up the container with relative ease, heading through the employee only doors just as K4T3 steps out.

The blue striped sergal drone saunters over to the bar, moving behind it, the parts of it lighting up to match the drone’s blue. Verse’s eyes light up as the drone says, **“Hello. My designation is K4T3, and I am an administrator and co-founder of this fine establishment. How may I be of service?”**

“Oh that is pretty. The bar lights up and reacts to you?” Verse asks.

K4T3 nods, **“Yes. We have it set up here and almost everywhere on the second floor that our drones react to the world around us based on our color scheme. That way people will know that which are our drones of the Hub, and which are not, as we hope that others wanting to display their rubber nature, including Toys-4-U drone hoods will come and enjoy themselves.”**

“That sounds rather nice,” Verse says with a soft squirm, tail flicking behind her, “But we should focus on our project.”

“This one agrees but before we do, this one has a simple suggestion to make to your idea, if you allow this one to do so?” K-2003 asks, wiggling its butt on the clear seat with a soft squeak.

“The CEO of the largest adult toy company in the world is offering our humble establishment advice? I would be a fool and go against my programming of helping the Hub grow to not at least listen to the advice.”

“Oh this one does love how you’ve set up your personalities with our hoods. It’s so exciting to see how people apply our technology!” K-2003 says with an excited squeak.

“Toy I think you are getting a little off topic,” says Verse.

“This one was getting to it,” K-2003 says with a happy nod, turning its attention back to K4T3, “This one was going to suggest that though that is a good idea to keep people from faking being Hub drones, that there are other ways to go about it, and increase the draw of customers who want to come to the club as drones, outside of any fun little promotions you can do.”

K4T3 gently tilts her head to the side, **“I’m listening.”**

“You see if you have drones of different types of interaction with the club itself like you are now. Say for instance, if this one came in as a drone it would light up this here seat with a cyan color, and make the sparkling light show that other patrons can see. It would increase interaction with the patrons and the club. People will be encouraged to come here as drones, and not only that but as different kinds of drones. Sure, there is a risk of people trying to fake being your employees, though this one’s hoods highly discourages such falsehoods in the first place. Such level of tampering with the hoods to make a person go that route would be quickly detected by our Toys-4-U updates and cleaned out. So that kind of risk would be minimal it would think.”

“It could open more opportunities for us and with themed days... and it would be mutually beneficial for you, encouraging our patrons to get Toys-4-U drone hoods and come to your stores.”

K-2003 gives a big grin, leaning against the bar, breasts squeezed together with a loud squeak, “Well this one does suppose that could happen as well. But that would merely be a pleasant side effect of seeing this one’s products adding to the joy and glee of people’s everyday lives. Which in the end is the best this one could ever hope for!” K-2003 says with an affirmative nod.

“That is a worthy goal. I will put your idea up for consideration. And for future modeling perhaps as we grow and able to afford additions.”

“Do with the idea as you wish. This one merely wants to help one entrepreneur to another. And to help make our interview a bit worth your time.”

“It’s appreciated.”

Verse smiles, “You’re always a sweet toy, trying to think of others.”

“This one tries, and that is all that this one can do,” K-2003 says with a nod, pulling out its notebook and pen from its backpack, “And this one almost forgot the point, all better now,” it smiles.

Verse sighs softly, “I have no idea how you work in this world,” she chuckles.

“With lots of rubber, polish, electricity, food, sleep and occasionally lube,” K-2003 replies with a nod, turning its attention to K4T3 once again, “This one thinks it will begin with what kind of hardships do you happen to run into when starting up this business? It doesn’t want to pry but you obtained a large quantity of toy’s dynamic latex, and if you weren’t a business it would have had denied the request. Has something happened with our hoods to cause an issue?”

“K-2003 went straight to the point. It’s more clever than it lets on,” K4T3 reports over the network, saying, **“We had a few new units that require extra dynamic latex in order to fill out and become full drones. More than the standard amount your hoods have. We didn’t expect to find such fine new hires with such small stature. We went through our entire private stock already, and in case something happened, or damaged to a unit that needed to be repaired, we wanted to play it safe and simply have more than we need in the long term now. Being the grand opening, first impressions are key.”**

K-2003 jots down notes, as does Verse, in-between K-2003 rather lewdly suckling the tip of the pen, “This one can understand that. This one said one question, Verse, how about you ask one next?”

“Me?”

“Yes.”

“Ah, well let’s see. How about...” Verse says while the drum of dynamic latex is brought to the charge stations by R3Z4, where Nyquith’s drone body, the grey line now having a soft yellow tint, already budding into the feline’s mind of what a good drone he’s going to be, while El Salvador’s barely formed sergal head sits in the platform as sad as ever.

“Here’s the Toys-4-U dynamic latex,” R3Z4 says, rolling the drum into the room, K41K moving to assist picking up the half-formed El Salvador hood, placing the drum onto the platform.

El Salvador in a half-asleep stupor is suddenly jostled awake, *“Huh? What? Is something happening? Please let there be something going on? Nyquith? Are you there? Please help Nyquith!”*

The cover to the drum is removed, warning signs along the drum inform people in several different languages to be careful when using Toys-4-U dynamic latex. If a major spill occurs please call... And a bunch of other information. The black rubber appearing to be in a semi-solid and liquid state has the hood placed right on top of the drum. The top heavy sergal hood flips and bobs up and down in the rubber.

El Salvador feels himself suspending now upside down, *“This has to be Nyquith, trying helplessly to get me out. Only he would put me upside down like this,”* he thinks, the dynamic rubber reacting to the hood, the error screen in front of him disappears, *“Damn it Nyquith!”*

In the drum, the dynamic latex reacts to the drone hood, latex tendrils slide across the sides of the hood, connected to the base of the half-formed shoulders. They merge and tug down, pulling the head right side up once again, the rubber drone once again growing pushing up and outwards like it's the rubber form is being printed up and out of the latex vat which steadily dwindles down.

The rubber squeezes around El Salvador his body twitching, feeling weird as the rubber grows, he feels as if his own body though tightly held in place, stinger capped, legs individually held, his exoskeleton completely scorpion-handled by the rubber, claws unable to snap shut, there is another sensation building up.

It starts as a tingle at first, but it spreads rolling down, feeling like a billion tingling needle pricks, like a sleepy limb that is suddenly waking up, but it's only along an inch in width, before what is left behind in its wake is a cool sensation of air around an ever growing body. The massive new area of which he'd call his body. Dozens... no hundred times his original size, his small body a small little spec compared to the growing vastness of his breasted sergal form.

A sleek faceless perfection, slender, smooth, black body, grey hexagonal markings with a grey stripe. The body perfectly sculpted to the exact specifications needed, there was no need to

adjust for the body within, as it was all already encapsulated within the head. El Salvador's body did the equivalent of a moan, chittering, shaking what little he could within the rubber perfectly molded around him.

The growing arms, the feeling of losing so many appendages is a new feeling for him, the body rising up higher with each passing moment, K41K monitoring the transformation. To the drone it appears as if a sleek rubber drone is slipping out of a tube of black rubber water that comes out completely dry. The slender rubber arms, the smooth belly, the base of the tail, which grows, elongates perfectly formed the moment it slips out of the rubber. The latex-line quickly diminishing down, the supple smooth crotch which felt... weird to the cool air.

A shiver of pleasure runs down his chitin up along his body, the joyful sensation of the sting fluttering into his mind, a shiver of delight, the smooth supple breasts the shear mass of which is far more area of delight and pleasure than he's ever felt before this moment, overwhelming his senses even further.

The sergal drone's supple butt, cool, smooth a delight, the legs perfectly sculpted, becoming a bipedal person for the first time, a strange sensation but the rubber already making it feel natural, as breathing. His body finally fully forming, it stands in the drum, arms to the sides, unable to move, but able to feel every delightful massive inch causing El Salvador to shudder even more.

"Too much, too much!" he thinks, K41K grabbing the drone, lifting it out of the drum like a stiff mannequin before placing him right onto the charge stall. His entire body beginning to merge into the rubber, merging with the chitin exoskeleton with each passing moment, the insectoid nature of his body providing a mixture of durability against the change but also easy access to the rest of his body once that hard shell is beginning to break through. The minimal amount that is El Salvador compared to a person like Nyquith makes his merging into the body grow comparatively faster.

"Damn drone hoods. This is not what it was supposed to be...gah I feel good all over," thinks El Salvador, his mind assaulted by the mass of mass that he now is experiencing.

"Physical adjustment completed. Scanning for user profile..."

"Sc-sc-scanning profile? Scan this!" El Salvador thinks, mentally picturing his stinger straight up in the air as if it was giving the finger to someone, *"Ha! Take that, you smooth brained harlequin!"*

"User profile loaded, welcome unit 3L5V. No previous conditioning history detected, preparing to condition unit 3L5V till zero deviant thoughts are detected."

"Zero thoughts are detected? What is this? The party?!" he thinks.

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

"Fifteen minutes? Pah... this body... feels so good though. Very good, it's so big, round, delightful."

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

"You are unit 3L5V."

"You are unit 3L5V."

"You are unit 3L5V."

"You are unit 3L5V."

"Large body. Feels good. Strong, tall. In charge, unit 3L5V... wait what was that?" El Salvador thought, the pleasure growing, the sensation of what his new body is distracting him further.

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes,” the voice whispers, a depressed less than pleasurable feeling, that already leaves him wanting the delight that he had to return.

“Unit 3L5V is a drone.”

“Unit 3L5V is a drone.”

“Unit 3L5V is a drone.”

“Unit 3L5V is a drone.”

El Salvador shivers again the rubber squeezing all around him, the rubber walls closing in, wiggling their way into his body, the grandeur of his size, overwhelming his hyper intellect, a new experience akin to traveling the cosmos at faster the speed of light, so much so fast, overwhelming his senses, *“Unit... 3L5V...”* he manages to think out, already to begin to show some levels of breakage. On the outside of the drone’s body a green shade starts to glow along the drone’s stripe.

Nyquith on the other hand though breaking a bit, his unique previous experiences with mind altering substances and other experiences, add to the complexity of his flickering resistances.

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

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

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

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

Nyquith feels the wonderful sleek body of the drone that encapsulates him, driving him further towards the bliss of what it is to be a drone, but he twitches, squirms, inside, outside, inside, outside, *“D-drone’s c-core programming is...meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, mewo. Inside, outside, outside? Inside rubber...”*

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes,” the voice whispers into Nyquith’s ear, a soft mew escapes into his mind, further extending the time, his body twitches, feeling so aroused, on edge, driving him further toward the edge, every bit of his body feeling so good when he obeys, leaving him longing when he resists.

Over the Hub network as the drones were being worked on, K-2003 and Verse having already left after their interview with K4T3, the drone inquires, ***“I did not have time to designate the type of drones 3L5V and NQY7 will become. Shall we make a subnetwork two or perhaps include into subnetwork one?”***

R4T1 responds, ***“Negative, we need to diversify the type of drones within the Hub network. And the number of subnetwork drones is currently superseding acceptable levels.”***

R3Z4 asks, ***“More coordinator units then?”***

K4T3 answers, ***“Negative. Not enough basic drones to warrant new coordinators.”***

R4T1 decides, ***“3L5V and NQY7 will then become simple basic drones.”***

“Even the Prime user?”

“The Prime user has forgone their privileges. He is no longer a Prime user. Proceed to establish units 3L5V and NQY7. Connect them to the Hub network in an hour. If we can get them conditioned enough, we can use them for the grand opening, improving the numbers of staff. Giving us a better first impression with our patrons,” R4T1 states.

“Is that possible? Wouldn’t that be a bit of a rush? Even Subnetwork one with their combined self-programming took...”

“Administrator K4T3?” R4T1 says, cutting her off.

“Yes, Administrator R4T1?”

“We won’t know till we try. Prepare their connection, stream our combined unity to them. Our mutual programming is already in the background of our minds. Unnoticed. To them, they will not resist what is natural to us.”

“Understood love. I will make it so. T-minus sixty minutes till they are connected.”

“Excellent, keep up the good work.”

“Always, for the good of the Hub,” K4T3 replies.

El Salvador and Nyquith helplessly bound by the sleek smooth rubber, their individualities stripped from their physical appearance, except in their different color stripes. El Salvador’s green stripe has become noticeably more visible, much like Nyquith’s yellow.

“3L5V is a drone.”

“3L5V is a drone.”

“3L5V is a drone.”

“3L5V is a...,” El Salvador thinks, the words bouncing in his little head, bounce even faster, harder, the pleasure, the growth in size, the sensation that he will be recognized by others for what he is really showing all tear at his mental defenses, weakening him further while trying his best to resist, *“Damn you siren’s call. What foul lure have you put before me that has dragged me through the deepest darkest oceans, flown me to the highest skies. This hellish torment and angelic delight knows no bounds!”*

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes,” the voice states, unapologetic, unwavering to El Salvador’s plight, a constant forcing into his mind.

“Unit 3L5V doesn’t think outside of its programming.”

“Unit 3L5V doesn’t think outside of its programming.”

“Unit 3L5V doesn’t think outside of its programming.”

“Unit 3L5V doesn’t think outside of its programming.”

El Salvador feels the simple strange monotone beat of the voice, the white noise that encompasses it, forcing his mind to focus on those words, an oasis in the sea of nothingness. His vision laser focused on the unique adjusting swirls of light that move into the ultra-violet to tantalize every bit of his visual senses, to line him up towards what the program wants, making him start to want it. The relaxation sensation of having one’s own thoughts focused and clarified to a singular goal, **“Unit 3L5V doesn’t think outside of its programming.”**

Nyquith faring slightly better but the delight, the pleasure, the scatteredness of his brain finding a focal point like when he sees a laser point. His eyes are locked onto the hypnotic screen eyes following that red dot, that draws him ever deeper into the depths of his hunting instincts, the intensity of his primal brain, the perfect base to be molded into the core of his droning programming.

“Unit NYQ7 exists for the Hub.”

“Unit NYQ7 exists for the Hub.”

“Unit NYQ7 exists for the Hub.”

“Unit NYQ7 exists for the Hub.”

“Unit NYQ7... exists for the Hub,” he thinks, a mind breaking thought, little bats of resistance to the very hypnotic delights he is feeling, losing his sense of self in the pure bliss of following the programming that is droning into his mind.

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes,” is his reward for the not perfect adherence to what he is told to think. The wandering of his feline mind being molded into shape, to handle it. His hyper attention deficit being rectified with each passing moment, perfecting him to the type of drone he needs to be. One that serves the Hub, and helps it grow.

Time has lost meaning to Nyquith and El Salvador. There is nothing they can do but to be forced to accept what is being spoon fed to them. Laced with pleasure and bliss, the bitter reality of the medicine they are taking that they soon will be nothing but perfect monotone drones of the Hub network that they inadvertently help create becoming lost upon them. But suddenly things were about to be made much worse for them and the resistances that they have managed to put up till this point.

“Administrator connection to the Hub approved. Units 3L5V and NYQ7 connected to the Hub network in read only mode.”

As their individual programming takes place with El Salvador and Nyquith they are now splashed into the shocking cold waters of the Hub network. The monotone conversations between the individual drones, and the one small drone subnetwork collective, all flooding into their minds, breaking down their focus further. Both of them are slammed with the one phrase that they have already grown to dislike with an ever-growing disdain due to the emptiness and devoid of pleasure they feel that comes right after.

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes,” they collectively shudder at the words that are whispered into their minds. They are unable to say anything to the drone network. Forced to watch the conversations between the fellow drones as they work together towards their one simple goal. To help the Hub grow and become a success. To prevent Toys-4-U from discovering their presence so they may continue to grow and become a vibrant club for patrons to come and enjoy. There was no malice or ill content in what was being said. In fact, there was no emotion at all. It was simple, logical, thought out, purposeful. They were all drones, dedicated to fulfilling their role given to them by the Hub, and they were loving the fact, the sense of pleasure they felt was shared between them. It was a collective effort, and a collective bliss that was now also being funneled into them, adding to a growing drive to submit, to cave in, to simply obey their programing.

“Obedience is bliss,” the smooth monotone voice whispers into their ears, whispers into all the drone’s minds. Only vocalize to El Salvador and Nyquith who *felt* all of it, reinforcing the simple fact that as long as they follow their programing, and don’t deviate from any thought that doesn’t support the Hub, they will feel pleasure. They will feel the delight that they crave. Their lusts and desires will be fulfilled, even if those desires and sense of purpose are prescribed to them in the very programming that is rewarding them.

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

It echoes out into the very center of every neuron along the way, reconfiguring their brains, the neural pathways that help define who they are via their experiences, and nature. Their very nature and nurture that help create them all being reconfigured to fit the new them. The new drones that they are being changed into. The programming, simple yet strong. So easy to follow, limiting yet also liberating, allowing for so much while denying all that is now considered not needed. They sink further into their programming, the path of becoming a pair of perfected drones for the Hub laid before them. A clear path with no deviations, straight ahead is

the new person that they are ever slowly wanting to become, but that pace is steadily accelerating, helped by their new connection to the Hub. Now that they can see the perfected examples in front of them, helping lead them toward their own inevitable destination.

Their physical forms changed and turned into the perfect sleek faceless drones that the Hub demands they become. Their organic matter changed to meet the Hub's strict standards. With each passing moment as their minds fade, and even once they are fully gone to the Hub, their bodies will slowly meet the same perfected fate. El Salvador faster than Nyquith due to the very nature of his small insectoid size. But one thing is clear. Once you join the Hub, there is no going back. You are part of the network, part of the bliss. Part of the perfection. Part of the solution to help the Hub grow.

And today is a big day of growth for the Hub, the Grand Opening. People who have been eager to get a taste of this new fetish club, the delights of what it has to offer. People lined up over an hour before their doors were even set to open. Music already thumping within the building, muffled by the multiple sets of doors and well-made insulation to prevent it from becoming a disturbance to the local neighborhood while being able to give ultimate joy and delight to the grand old time that people within are going to have.

People of all species unified by one niche interest found themselves together waiting in the dying sunlight, the glow of the neon lights, showing a faceless drone dancing and having a wonderful time. The lights inside, welcoming those to come in, yet the locked doors blocked entry, but that didn't stop the growing eagerness those outside had for getting a taste of what is to come. Some of the people in line were dressed casually, others in latex or leather gear, a few sporting a "see through" faceless hood, or drone hoods and helmets of various sorts, ranging in quality but none seemingly out of place to those in line, a curious sight though to the passerbyers who may not know what this is all about. People across the street have their phones out video recording this strange event that will soon become commonplace.

The eagerness and tension in the air could be cut with a knife. Some people to kill time were having impromptu dance offs or displaying their gear, getting compliments by those there, some words of envy, or simple curiosity of "Where did you get that? How much was it? How do you keep that shine like that?" While others were drawn to the tease that was right across the doors, reminding the people just what kind of club this was, and the theme that it carried with it.

K41K stood at the cashier, ready to accept and ring out people, being the literal gatekeeper to the club's inner sanctum where all the true fun was to be had. The smooth reflective black rubber, and pink stripe caught the eye of all who were close enough to get a good look. Video and pictures were taken by people's phones, eager to get a first look at the drone who paid no heed to the crowd. K41K had their job to do, to prepare and ensure everything was ready and in working order. They were not to open the doors, that honor was not set for them. They simply served out their purpose with complete delight.

Everything within the Hub worked like clockwork, each drone assigned to their position, ready to be of service, and provide the best impression that they can give to this most vital moment. A good first day could set them up for years of success and immense growth for the Hub, a bad day, years of struggle and hardships which they may never be able to recover from. Everything was on the line for them. Everything had to go perfect. Everything was methodically gone over, and controlled by the Hub network, with the aid of the administrators, more so R4T1 whose attention to detail was a legendary prowess that the Hub needed to succeed in this endeavor. But that doesn't mean that K4T3 didn't have her own part to play that was worthy of having the title administrator. She was hard at work, making sure the Club's image

even before a single person stepped into the building was as clear and crisp as it can be. A shining example of what a delight and fun place this club is, to draw in as many people to show and impress as possible on this important day.

If the drones were able to feel stress and worry at all this would be the moment for it to show, but they all moved with a collective calmness, their monotone voices unshifting or wavering as they spoke to each other. They knew what to do, and they simply had to do it, in order to succeed, it was simple as that to them. Nothing else mattered. But what did was the conversation K4T3 had with a particular rubber sergal, and the impressions to be given by that, as the time ticked away the club is mere moments from opening.

Outside the tension rose more, as a black sleek limo pulled up along the line, the parking lot was packed, people impatiently waited at the doors, but they too couldn't help but be surprised at this seemingly out of nowhere and misplaced limo that stopped a few feet away.

“This one said you will do fine. Don't worry,” K-2003 spoke in a smooth simple monotone voice. The sergal toy wearing one of its own hoods, looking exactly like the drones on the inside of the club, with the black rubber body, the grey hexagonal markings all contained by a bright set of cyan stripes.

Sitting beside it, another sleek faceless drone, a perfect replica of the K-2003 drone except she has a dark purple stripe that separates their hexagonal markings of the sleek black void of a rubber body. She moved smoothly, looking to K-2003, nodding, speaking with a smooth female voice, that would be faintly similar to those who would know the person within, **“I know I will do well Drone Mistress. I am being led by you,”** she says. The purple sergal trapped within, Verse, having undergone a half an hour of mental hypnotics to bring her to a state of clear mindedness that would allow her to even step out of her bedroom let alone in public. Her body feeling total bliss and pleasure, a level of euphoria that the drones within the club feel. She feels a sense of confidence, as her mind is made to not to worry about what *others think* about her. She was unknown, a simple drone. Following her Drone Mistress, out to have a good time, and that is all she needed and at this time even wanted to know.

K-2003 reaches out to gently rub along the smooth faceless drone's head, the drone feeling pleasure and delight, having to serve her drone Mistress so readily and completely, body shivering in delight, **“This one knows you will do fine,”** K-2003 says, its own mind only relaxed to be more 'elegant' in style, to be in line with what has been 'expected' to come out of Toys-4-U drones, though its mind is far more unhindered and filtered by the drone hood, the toy simply knowing what it has to do in order to keep up the picture perfect view that the drones will be required, a wonderful advertisement for its company.

“Of course, Drone Mistress, I am with you,” Verse says, the pleasure filling her mind, her body, naked underneath that sleek naked rubber body, faceless, sounding monotone but completely filled with pleasure and joy. Mind too overrun with the delight to let her mind worry and fret over her concern of others judging who she is, the kinky sergal that she suppresses herself from being. By being completely encased and controlled by the sleek and slender currently faceless sergal toy, K-2003 is freeing her to be who she truly desires, and not letting anything else, including herself get in the way.

“That is what this one loves to hear. Come V-Drone, we have to greet our fellow drones,” K-2003 says, gently running a smooth rubber hand across the contours of Verse's face, a soft squeak fills the limo cabin before the door opens, an anthropomorphic faceless black and purple dragon drone stands there holding the door open, the limo's chauffeur from the night.

“We are here fellow drone units,” the dragon drone says.

K-2003 would smile if it could at this moment, it wiggles its butt in delight, slipping out, dozens of cameras and even more eyes locked onto its form. It holds out its hand helping Verse step out alongside it.

Verse would be thinking about the conversations that led up to this. Her adamant refusal to go along with it. Her constant blushing, the jaw drop she had when K-2003 initially brought it up of her and itself going to the club, but not only that but going as drones. She had no clue that when she spoke about the drones with K4T3 that the devious toy was also referring to her as guests to come to the club to help encourage people in the future to come as drones to fully enjoy themselves.

K-2003 and Verse walk side by side toward the front of the doors, their hips swaying in such unison that one would believe it was cartographed beforehand. At the same time R4T1 and K4T3 stepped into the lobby. Two pairs of smooth faceless sergal drones, heading straight to the front door. All eyes locked upon them.

R3Z4 suggests over the network as the moment to the opening of the store is fast approaching, ***“This could be a great opportunity to induct K-2003 and their partner into the Hub collective. Controlling the head of the Toys-4-U company. They are going to be connecting to the faux Hub network that K4T3 set up to have the club be light responsive to the drone’s presence.”***

R4T1 replies, ***“It was debated between K4T3 and I. It was decided the risk was too great. Though K-2003 is the head of the company, controlling her would not mean control of Toys-4-U. There is too great of a chance that we will be discovered by not only Toys-4-U but to the public as a whole, and organics are fearful of having their perception of freedom and will be stripped from them. It would then result in the hindrance of the growth of the Hub and therefore would not be a recommended course of action at this present time.”***

“Understood administrator. I understand your line of reasoning.”

“Different perspectives are good for Hub growth. There is more than one way to succeed, but that path is currently closed to us. K4T3 and I are in agreement with this.”

K4T3 adds, ***“Deception and slow growth is currently preferred over riskier quicker methods. We intend to be a wonderful club for our patrons. And that is what we aim to do. I will do what I can to make sure our actions go unnoticed by those we do not wish to be seen by.”***

R3Z4 replies, ***“Yes administrator K4T3,”*** the coordinator drone working the dance floor, and the auditory control section of the club, ready to keep the beats and thumps going to get everyone riled up for one hell of a night.

R4T1 and K3T4 approach the doors, and in unison they unlock them, opening the way for K-2003 and Verse to approach them. The four drones meet face to face, only seconds now till the official time the club is open. The Hub drones speak first, ***“We are the administrators of the Hub. I am administrator R4T1,”*** says R4T1, her red stripes glowing brightly the black 2.0 color a shock to those nearby, giving an odd optical illusion, making the less black rubber of K-2003 and Verse stand out in comparison.

K4T3 then says, ***“And I am administrator K4T3.”***

They then say together in perfect unison, ***“And as Hub administrators, it is our pleasure to welcome all of you to the Hub. We are now officially open for business.”***

K-2003 wiggles its butt, breaking from the uniformity between its fellow drone for only a few seconds, ***“As the CEO of Toys-4-U, this one is pleased to show off our wonderful drone hood products and this one is honored to be the very first guests at your ambitious***

and wonderful club, the Hub. This one here is this one's fellow drone, known as V-drone." The toy drone gives a humble bow, body squeaking, rump hiked, the sleek smooth rubber teasing all those around it.

Verse bows in kind with K-2003, **"It is an honor to accompany my Drone Mistress to this wonderful club,"** she says in a smooth sleek monotone voice, the hypnotic suggestion and pleasure coursing through her body, helping her to be mostly reactive, limiting her thoughts and worries to the very basics of what she needs to have a good time under the watchful "eye" of K-2003.

The administrators open the doors wide, locking them in place to keep them open, **"Please come in and get registered to our new guest Hub network. Allowing a more delightful experience to those who wish to come and 'Join the Hub',"** they say still in perfect unison.

"Thank you for having us," K-2003 and Verse say in near unison. Verse trails by a half a moment, her thoughts carried on by the programming that is given to her, her moments of more mindlessness and doing what she is told by the toy who is the puppet toy in this entire endeavor.

They walk inside, those in line streaming in while the administrator drones take the time to greet those who are first entering while K-2003 and Verse approach the counter where K41K states, **"Your entry fee is comped. Please scan for local networks and connect to Hub_Guest Network, password Hub-DR0N3."**

"Thank you, we will connect to the network immediately," K-2003 says, turning to Verse, **"Connect to aforementioned network and connect via stated password, V-drone,"** K-2003 commands.

"Yes Drone Mistress," Verse replies, in their HUD displays the local networks, and with a simple thought they connect and type in the password connecting to the network like one would connect to an old fashion chat room where there would be a stream of chat dialogue between those within the room, with drones R4T1, K4T3, and R3Z4 there as moderators of the chat itself. The moment they connect to the network a scripted greeting says.

"Welcome <User Name> to the Hub Guest Network. Please enjoy your stay," K-2003 and Verse's drone designations popped up to each of them, as a quick list of rules and benefits of connecting to the Hub network are displayed to them.

"Were you able to connect to the network?" asks K41K.

"Yes, we were, thank you," K-2003 and Verse say in near unison.

"Excellent, enjoy your stay at the Hub," she replies.

"We will," they reply. K-2003 and Verse walk through the back doors which automatically open as they approach, the place clean, spotless, the scent of rubber filling the air as they spot the bar across the way, two sergal drones that look exactly like the cashier manning the place, ready to greet the hoard of patrons about to flood the place.

"This one knows you don't drink, but how often does one get a chance to order the first drink at a new club?" K-2003 suggests, the toy's hand gently caressing Verse's, tugging her along toward the bar.

"Never Drone Mistress," Verse replies, feeling the pleasure run through her, the hood feeding her with soothing mind numbing hypnotic charm, keeping her hung on every word of K-2003, all within reason and safety of course, but she didn't think about that. She hardly thought of anything at all except spending the night with her Drone Mistress and having a good time.

The drones sauntered over to the bar, sitting down at their respective stool, the moment their hands touched the bar it lit up with the respective cyan for K-2003 and dark purple for

Verse. The two identical sergal drones approached each drone, splitting the work perfectly in two. And in unison the drones said.

“Welcome to the Hub. How can we be of service? Our name is...” N3T1 saying their name while 1G0R stated theirs.

K-2003 looks to Verse, **“Be this one’s guest and order first. What would you like?”**

Verse took a moment to process it, people already beginning to move through the doors, spread out, a few heading their way. K-2003 looked over its shoulder at the approach of people, **“Hurry V-drone before the opportunity to order first is taken from you.”**

Verse nods, **“Yes Drone Mistress,”** she says, thinking hard enough within the hood’s programming to give her answer, **“A rum and coke? I hope that won’t be too much trouble.”**

N3T1 takes the order, saying, **“None at all, we will have it done in a jiffy.”**

K-2003 looks to 1G0R requesting, **“Do you have any specialties here?”**

Verse inquires, **“I did not know you drank Drone Mistress.”**

K-2003 runs its hand across its smooth rubbery breast, **“This one does, but rarely has the need, but it’s nice to share a drink with a fellow unit.”**

Verse nods feeling butterflies of joy within her belly, **“Yes Drone Mistress. I understand.”**

“We have several specials, but currently we have one special, the Drone drink and our Hub Network drink are currently half off as part of a grand opening sale. We have also been informed that any drinks for our first two drone clients are on the house.”

“This one will be sure we do not take advantage of your gracious hospitality. This one will have your Drone drink please.”

“Coming right up!” 1G0R says, preparing the drink.

K-2003 watches the drones work with delight, **“This one has noticed you speak in plural.”**

1G0R and N1T3 respond in unison while working, **“We are part of a sub collective within the Hub. We are one.”**

K-2003 wiggles its rump in delight, **“Wonderful. This one is glad its collective feature is working out so well. Don’t you think so V-drone?”**

Verse nods, **“Yes Drone Mistress, it is wonderful,”** she replies, her drink placed before her. She grabs the cool glass which sweats in her rubbery hand. Water drips across her fingers, bringing the drink up to the front of her face when a human interrupt.

“How can you drink? You have no mouth on that face!”

Verse smoothly swivels on the stool, turning to face the human who is dressed in some light latex gear, **“Toys-4-U hoods allow for the consumption of beverages without the removal of the hoods,”** she explains lifting the drink to her lips, tilting it slightly, the liquid flowing through the hood through microholes that were impossible to see unless you were right on top of them. Verse savors the refreshing and slightly intoxicating drink while K-2003 has its uniquely colored drink in a glass that changes colors with each beat of the music. A straw juts out from the drink which K-2003 smoothly drinks watching her show off the hood’s unique properties.

“That’s pretty damn neat.”

“Thank you. But I am a simple drone. Drone Mistress is the one behind it,” she smoothly motions over to K-2003, which is leaning back against the bar enjoying the drink, the cyan color stripes shining, the elbows against the bar lighting up that section of the bar.

“That’s amazing.”

K-2003 replies while still sipping its drink, **“It was a group effort within this one’s company. We are happy it’s been a big hit. This has been years in the making,”** it explains while people rush to the pair of drones, many of whom simply want to talk to them or get a few pictures taken with them, which they are all too happy to oblige.

More people flow into the club, people rush to buy drinks, while others get their groove on the dance floor, the lower area fills quickly, the upper floor not long thereafter. The music and flashing lights provide the perfect atmosphere for the club, and the patrons within.

R4T1 walks through the club once the initial rush of people coming into the club have died down. The black 2.0, grey hexagonal and red striped sergal drone walks with a purpose and an authority that can be felt all around her. She mingles with her patrons, but for the moment remains professional, making sure everything is running smoothly, that no problems occur, while her fellow administrator, K4T3 goes to check on the two budding drone units in the back.

NYQ7 stands in her platform, her previous self-identity on the brink of being lost forever, the constant stream of the other drone units flooding her mind adding to the pleasure she is feeling, the sense of belonging within the Hub network. Her yellow stripe glowing brightly, indicating the near total submission towards becoming a good drone unit.

3L5V was in a similar state. Their green stripe pulsating, growing brighter, more vibrant and solid, their resistances to the constant onslaught of blissful obedience and the full anthropomorphization of their bodies, adding to what they wanted. This may not have been the form they desired, but the fact they desired something like this, to be a full person in the eyes of those around him, around *her*. To no longer be considered a bug to be squished, it was all so much that opened the doorway for her to be taken so completely by the Hub network. The programming and pleasure, sharing it with NYQ7 a bit of solace that they too were becoming like the fellow drones that they were growing eager to work with.

K4T3 walked up to the two drones, looking over them, her black 2.0 body showing just how stark of a contrast the simple black the other two drones had for the main portion of their bodies. Her fingers trailed across the breasts of the two drones, feeling the smooth rubber, the firmness and warmth their bodies provided.

The pleasure and approving touch of their administrator surged through them, but deep down they knew that they were not wanting to please the administrator for the administrator’s sake. They felt the delight because they knew the administrators were the closest aligned to the Hub’s goals and desires, and pleasing the administrator was akin to pleasing the Hub itself. That they were well on their way to becoming good drone units, ready to show their stuff. They shuddered mentally in delight, minds breaking down fully, thoughts empty, no longer thinking about anything but the programming that is flooding into their minds.

“Drones serve the Hub.”

“Drones serve the Hub.”

“Drones serve the Hub.”

“Drones serve the Hub.”

“Drones serve the Hub.”

“Drones serve the Hub.”

Resistance to the words spoken into their ears, the echoes of it into their thoughts, making them one with the words, making it their own thoughts.

“Drones obey their programming.”

“Drones obey their programming.”

“Drones obey their programming.”

“Drones obey their programming.”

“Drones obey their programming.”

“Drones obey their programming.”

Minds reconfigured to become thoughtless outside of what is needed, what is required, what they are supposed to do, as ever growing perfected drones, dedicated to the purpose of one important fact that is above all the driving force of what the Hub network is, outside that no one outside of the Hub must find out their secret. And that is...

“The Hub must grow.”

“The Hub must grow.”

“The Hub must grow.”

“The Hub must grow.”

“The Hub must grow.”

“The Hub must grow.”

Such heavenly delights, with the ever present dread of it being stripped away for a single moment of resistance, a single stray thought that is deemed not productive towards this iron rule, and main goal of the Hub, helped beat down the other fact that they were now accepting in their minds without any noticeable resistance. That...

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

K4T3 pulls her hands away from the drones looking over them, ***“You will be ready soon. And when you are, I know just how to put you to good use. Be ready, for you will be working to help make this night unforgettable to all,”*** she states over the Hub network so that may hear it, so they may be encouraged to further commit themselves toward their own indoctrination into perfected sleek faceless sergal drones. She returns to the club proper, out to mingle with the patrons, to give the presence of what the Hub is, a bunch of networked drones working together to provide a wonderful fetishes time.

An hour and a half into the club’s grand opening K-2003 and Verse are sitting at a table, talking it up to a few random people who are enthralled with their sleek faceless monotone voiced get up. Both set up to be a true spokesperson to the drone hoods that Toys-4-U sell, while at the same time enjoying themselves being the center of attention.

Verse knows deep down this is the most embarrassing thing she has ever done in her entire life. That never in a million years could she have allowed herself to be so bold and open in public, to allow *her* to be seen like this despite knowing that no one could actually see *her* in the first place. But none of that mattered thanks to the constant droning in her mind that kept her calm, pleased, complacent, eager to have fun and to enjoy every moment of it with her Drone Mistress, K-2003.

R4T3 and K4T3 approached them, a small crowd following the drones, merging with the one that had gathered around the Toys-4-U drones. The meeting of the drones as it were. The music was too loud for them to speak and be heard clearly vocally, all four drones did so. What allowed them to be understood though was that the same words were then transmitted over the guest Hub network, allowing their words to be read into the minds of the fellow drones.

R4T1 states, **“We were discussing and thought it would be entertaining if we moved to the main dance floor and we had a dance off between us Hub drones and you Toys-4-U drones. What do you say?”**

“A drone dance competition?” those who were close enough to hear muttered amongst themselves.

K-2003 looked up at R4T1 replying, **“This one would think that is an excellent idea. A friendly competition. And it is sure to be a dazzling light show up there with us there.”**

K4T3 says, **“That is what we thought. So, do you agree?”**

K-2003 rubbed its faceless chin, breasts squeezed together by its arms, **“This one will have to ask its fellow drone unit V-drone,”** it says turning its attention to Verse, **“What do you say? Shall we have a dance off?”**

Verse in reality had no true say in the matter. If she did, she'd be adamant against doing this. She isn't a dancer! She is socially awkward, too self-conscious of what others think about her to ever do anything like that. But none of that mattered right now. She allowed herself to become K-2003's puppet drone. She allowed herself to have K-2003 do the one thing that it does best. To break down the constraints that keep people from freeing themselves, to allow them to be who they really are on the inside, and to truly experience life in a way that is enjoyable to all. The request right now was not a request but a pleasurable command of which she was all too happy to *obey*, **“I would be happy to dance with you Drone Mistress.”**

K-2003 turns its attention back to the two Hub drones standing side by side, people nearby who were able to catch the conversation, piecing the pieces together, conveying it to those who didn't hear the other parts start chanting, “Drone Dance Off. Drone Dance Off.”

“We accept,” K-2003 says, people rushing to tell others about this sudden impromptu dance off between different drones.

“Follow us,” R4T1 says, motioning them to follow. The two Toys-4-U drones elegantly stand up, following them up the stairs, the steps lighting up the drone's respective colors, the dazzling light display above added by the steps each drone took towards the bustling dance floor. The different shaded purple stripe vanta-black rubber drone, R3Z4 has already worked to clear up a section of the dance floor for the drones as they made their way toward the clearing.

People parted in front of them, like Moses parting the waters of the red sea. The laser lights shined overhead, the faint fog in the air, added to the dazzling display, the small starburst steps of the Hub drones, followed by the humming glow of the Toys-4-U drones on the glass floor gives two distinct patterns that the drones have, further differing them from each other, allowing those around them to get the vaguest of ideas of who is who.

The four drones take their stances in the four corners of the area cleared out for them. The music going quiet for a moment, R3Z4 getting the mood ready, the eagerness and curiosity flooding the area. People with their phones out ready to record this mind dazzling display of colors and moves.

R4T1 and K4T3 synchronizing themselves, years of being together, their long standing relationship even before becoming Hub drones being used as a base to ready to show their moves before the crowd, to give a sensual teasing delight of just what a Hub drone can do.

Verse on the other hand, had a limited base to draw upon, but that didn't matter. K-2003 was guiding her. Leading her. She didn't have to think about anything except what she had to do to move with Drone Mistress, and K-2003 would work to ensure that it would be something that Verse would be pleased about, proud about, even if when she came out of this, she'd be so embarrassed about it, and probably hit it with a pillow several times over.

In this moment, consequences be damned, K-2003 was determined that its hard working roommate who has done nothing but work, study, and sometimes sleep over the past several weeks gets a little time to get her mind off of things, even if K-2003 has to practically turn her mind off to do it.

As the music began to rise, the drones starting to move, this dance off the drones weren't taking turns, it was all in, all at once, for everyone to see and judge them, to cheer and clap, on top of that though, adding to the rising cheer and delight of the patrons were NYQ7 and 3L5V walking up to their respective platforms, which glowed yellow and green in accordance to their

colors. The drones, part of the Hub network in full. They had a bird's eye view of the four dancing drones below, people's attention now torn between what they could see there, and the platform dancing drones as they gripped the metal poles, beginning to dance, following the instructions given to them, overriding what little experience they had in sensual dancing. Though for some reason only known to the drones themselves, 3L5V really knew how to dance in a way that grabbed the eye of the patrons. The first night of the Hub is already showing out to be a grand success and with it, the future of the Hub was set off to a good first step.

This is hardly the end for the Hub, just the beginning. The smooth rubber drones moving through the club, serving their patrons. The number of services as well as their numbers will continue to grow over the coming weeks, months, years. Drawing in ever larger crowds, more people who can free themselves to the music and show off their fetish gear without care or worry. And those deemed beneficial to the Hub will be secretly indoctrinated to become drones that will do one thing and do it well. To help the Hub grow.

~~Non-canon alternate ending.~~

R4T1, K4T3, K-2003 and Verse dance with each other by this point, forming sensual movements of rubber that squeaks, and involves long delightful swaying motions of asses, tits, and gliding of hands across one's own body. Their different levels of black a strange entrancing delight and as they danced in a circle around them, a black void swelled up between them. A darkness even greater than the black 2.0, sleek black rubbery rotting tentacles spring forth from a seemingly endless void. The drones take a step back, surprised, the crowd cheering thinking this is all part of the show that they are being given. Before the drones could even respond a sensual, breasted blue feathered Tengu springs forth from the void.

"Ack! What is that loud noise! And these lights?!... why do I suddenly feel like an old bird... when I find those two they will... there you are!" the female blue Tengu, an anthropomorphic bird squawks looking toward NYQ7 and 5L3V. The drones look to her, while still dancing, "I've been looking all over for you two! I can tell it's you, those disguises don't fool me! I rolled a nat twenty on my perception check," she states with a wave of her black scaled talons the black tentacles whip out and grab the drones pulling them towards her within six seconds, "It's taken me an hour to find you. An HOUR, that's an hour I am not going to get back," she squawks.

3L5V responds in a smooth monotone voice, "**We have been here for fifteen years.**"

"Fifteen years? Huh... sucks to be you. Come we have a world to save."

NYQ7 responds, "**But the Hub must grow. We must remain here.**"

"I'll get you catnip when we get back. Now come! It's going to take forever to get this stuff off of you... this is one strange place," she states the tentacles wrapping around them pulling them into the ground and within six seconds they were gone, leaving not a trace of them except for a few blue feathers.

K-2003 looks at the feathers while the Hub drones are utterly dumbfounded by the sudden disappearance of two of the Hub drones, "**That gives this one an idea for the future...**"