

DESTINY DELTA

RISE OF THE CYBORGIRLS



BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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"Assessing anatomical qualities," one of the four robotic camera orbs declared as they zipped around their subject. "Please stand still while your anatomical qualities are assessed."

"Okay," Sharie replied as she stood and watched the robots whip and whirl around her on the ends of their prehensile tentacle-arms. Exactly why they needed to examine her physique so closely was a mystery, though she hoped it was going to lead to something interesting. Something different. Something novel.

Novelty is the worst of temptations, and to the bored farm girls of Tessia's agricultural heartland, nothing was quite so novel as the exotic starship

that had come to reap what promised to be a particularly ripe harvest. The windows, wedge shaped edifice hovered over one grassy field after another, its lowered ramp beckoning the local produce to willingly offer itself up to the rumored, the hinted, and, in truth, the largely imagined novelties within. produce to give themselves up to the imagined, pleasingly stimulating novelties within. And give themselves up, the local produce most certainly did!

I wonder what else these things are going to do to me? Sharie pondered pensively as the orbs took their time looking her over. *I really hope it's something fun. It's gotta be fun, doesn't it? Why else would everyone else be doing it?*

Exactly what everyone else had been doing was a complete mystery. No one really knew what had become of the hundreds of curious supplicants who'd already boarded the strange vessel. There was nothing to suggest what its purpose might actually be. It just showed up, and people dropped

everything they were doing to have a look, if for no other reason than to be able to say that they'd seen it.

Quite a few, much like the curious cheetah, just couldn't help themselves. Driven by the sheer unending boredom of farm life, and presented with such a very unusual novelty, they just had to climb the ramp and see what was going on inside the strange ship's stark, angular hull for themselves. The fact that no one had ever come out afterwards didn't seem to bother anyone. Finding out why was all just part of the fun.

Unfortunately, Sharie's own current experience had fallen far short of the sort of novelties that she'd been expecting to discover. Getting naked in public was hardly a novel experience for any fey'li, let alone a fey'li farm girl who probably did half her work without wearing more than heavy leather boots and a straw hat. Getting sprayed from neck to toe with a coating of moist, shiny black goo wasn't much better. She was all too used

to being knee deep in mud, after all, or even using her body as a spool to collect sticky giant silk worm silk out in the woods.

What the cheetah really craved was something genuinely new. Something deeply visceral. Something that would stimulate her in ways that nothing else ever had. All the standing in line, covered in wet black goop, had been anything but that.

Sharie started to wonder why she hadn't seen a single living soul aboard the ship so far, besides the group of farm girls she'd boarded with. There were only the camera orbs, hung from the ceiling on prehensile appendages. They were the ones directing things. 'Go here', 'do this', 'go over there', 'now do this', all in an androgynous, slightly metallic drone that perfectly matched the décor. White walls. Gray ceiling. Black floor. Silver fixtures. All perfectly were clean, with not a single speck of dust to be seen.

This whole place just looks so... sterile, the cheetah wondered as the three hanging camera orbs continued to whizzed and whirled around her, closely examining her gel clad body from head to toe. Like no one lives here at all. I wonder where the other girls vanished off to? Surely they can't all be hiding!

These things! Sharie thought as one of the orbs came in close and stared at her face with its lone, unfeeling, camera-shutter eye. It made her feel more than just a little uncomfortable, like catching the gaze of a half dozen giant silk worms taking exception to her collection of their day's hard work. *They're so creepy! Who do they have to keep checking me out? What's so important about how I look?*

"Anatomical qualities recorded and analyzed," the orb finally declared in its monotone drone. "Fey'li female, maned cheetah phenotype. Healthy. Fertile. Highly attractive physique. Brain structure deemed suitable. Proposed assignment..."

cyborgization. Does the fey'li female consent to her body being cyborgized?"

"I... I guess?" Sharie replied shrugging her glistening black shoulders. She had no idea what 'cyborgized' meant, but it sure as hell sounded much more novel and interesting than standing around in a coating of shiny black goop.

"Very well! Prepare to be cyborgized!" the orb announced.

Without a moments hesitation, Sharie found herself floating up off the floor. A hatch in the ceiling opened, and a new prehensile mechanical tentacle dropped down. What it held sent a shudder down her spine.

The white mechanical torso was more of just a partial solid ribcage filled to the brim with glistening black biogel. Its top was just beneath the level of the collarbones. Beneath was a section of prehensile tentacle spine. On its front were

small, barely translucent white breast pieces. These looked as if they were faintly glowing with a dim, pink luminescence.

"Uh..." Sharie murmured as she floated higher and the tentacle arm dropped the partial torso down beneath her feet. "What are you... what is that..."

"Cyborgization commencing," the orb declared as a second tentacle arm dropped down with a device that looks like a pair of big cat-ear with a prehensile spine-like piece dropping down from the strap.

"Oh! Uh," Sharie said as the ear pieces slipped over the entirety of her big fluffy cheetah ears, while the strap fit firmly under the back of her skull. "What's that? What's it doing?"

Sharie gasped as her toes, her feet, and the tip or her tail began to feel squishy and stick together. Then they began to feel liquid. Then they began to

stretch out. And down. Toward the glistening black surface atop the mechanical torso.

"Oh! Hey!" Shari yelped as a sharp tingly sensation filled her inner ears. She could just about feel as little slithering tendrils delved deep inside. Her hearing become dull. Distant. Muted. And then, with a soft, barely audible pop, it vanished altogether. So too had her ears themselves, melted away into nothing while she was preoccupied with the deeply unsettling sensation within them.

"What in the world," Sharie murmured as her feet, lower legs, and tail began to vanish into the surface of the torso. At first it wasn't clear at all where the actual mass of her body was going, but after a few moment, liquid biogel began to spray out from the cavity beneath the 'ribcage' and onto the floor.

The cheetah began to feel a little off. A little foggy. Something was going on inside her head.

Inside her brain. Another pop filled her ears. She could hear again, and with surprising clarity. It wasn't her ears doing the hearing, however. It was the devices that were inside her ears, transmitting what they heard, or rather what they wanted to be heard, directly into her brain.

"Goddess above!" Sharie gasped as the whole of her legs mashed together into a single liquid mass. It was all happening so quickly that her body didn't have much time to respond. Only the briefest tingles between her legs preceded the liquefaction of her womanhood. It was gone in an instant, quickly followed by her hips, her tummy, and then up toward her breasts.

Liquid biogel now sprayed out with some force as the torso quickly ascended. As her breasts melted away, the device passed through the place where her hips had been. Up and up it came until, with a dizzying wave of tingly weirdness, it found its place just underneath her collarbones and shoulderblades.

The last spatters of liquid biogel sprayed onto the floor. Sharie was no longer floating, but instead held in place by the mechanical tentacle. The spine that connected to her headpiece melded with the biogel coating her neck and back before plugging into a port on the back of the torso piece.

"Oh!" Sharie exclaimed as she became aware of the torso that was now very much a permanent part of her own body. She couldn't feel anything of it at all, but somehow she knew its exact position and how to move its prehensile spine. This she wiggled around like a tail as the lone orb again examined her.

"Cyborgization stage one, complete," the orb finally declared as the cheetah's breast pieces and the tips of her ears briefly flashed with a green light. "Commencing stage two."

Sharie held her breath as part of the floor slid open, and a pair of rather attractive looking robot

legs rose up. These were connected to a hollow pelvis shaped in feminine form, complete with a butt-like posterior plate. A long prehensile tail extended from this, ending in a robust looking connector.

The tentacle holding Sharie whipped her over to the legs and placed her spine down into its receptacle. This locked in place, and just as with the torso, the cheetah instantly became aware of the position of the new limbs, as well as how to balance without being able to actually feel them. The tentacle holding her detached with a click, and vanished back into the ceiling.

"Cyborgization stage two, complete," the orb declared. "Commencing stage three."

Sharie hardly had time to contemplate her new sensationless body before another mechanical tentacle slithered out from a hole in the nearby wall and locked into place on the end of her own mechanical tail. A very strange, very deeply

intrusive sensation fluttered through her mind. It was as if something was somehow accessing every little piece of who she was and testing it in some manner or another.

"Reformatting cyborgirl in three..." the orb began. "Two... one..."

"Uh... reformatting?" Sharie questioned. "What's that..."

Spoink!

In an instant, everything was gone save the new cyborgirl's vision of the room and the slowly fading echo of the mind-wiping 'spoink'. Everything that she was had been locked away. There was nothing left. No knowledge. No skills. No memories whatsoever. She was a totally black slate, ready to be made into whatever it was that the machines happened to desire.

"Selecting profile," the orb's meaningless words echoed through the cyborgirl's mind. "Selected profile: public relations. Reprogramming cyborgirl in three... two... one..."

Spink!

"Unit 3936, please state your configuration," the orb ordered.

"Unit 3936," cyborgirl 3936 replied in a dry, monotone drone. "Physical configuration is... standard humanoid fey'li 23S. Organic processor class 3B. Memory class 4D. Operating system Cyborgirl X1. Principle functional software package PubRel Version 3. Secondary software package Recruiter Version 4. Shall this unit boot into operational mode?"

"Negative," the orb replied. "Unit 3936, enter standby-storage mode."

"Unit 3936 entering standby-storage mode," the cyborgirl replied. Her breasts and ear tips blinked yellow and then went dark. She closed her eyes. A door opened, and another prehensile tentacle appeared.

"Unit 3936 to storage," the orb noted as the tentacle picked up the new cyborgirl and whisked her away. "Unit 3936 cyborgization complete. Next subject!"

TO BE CONTINUED...