

The Hub: Conversions & Suspicions

“Current deviation of thought is set to less than five percent. Unit J3R0 will follow core programming,” states the cold monotone voice speaking into his ears, piercing into his mind. The hypnotic draw in front of him, the white noise surrounding him, trying to pull his mind into a lucid corruptible state.

Jerome attempts to move within his tight rubber bondage. The hood has encased him in a female shaped sergal drone suit, forming a solid body container, locking every movement, making it difficult to breath if it wasn't for the latex filling his mouth, muffling any ability to talk as air is flowed in and out of his lungs in a smooth constant manner that slowly nullifies the body's natural desire to go through the breathing motions, but he still tries to speak, “Hey, is it meant to do this?!”

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

A torrent of desires and concern, his mind running a mile a minute, trying to figure if this is something he should be fearful of or accept for his inner desires. A conflict between his nature and his own natural desires. Fantasy and reality colidding, buying the program time to sink into his head, *“Recall what the Toys-4-U products advertisements.”*

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

Deep down though his instincts, honed from his time in the army, his travels, all of it accumulating into his moment, sifting through it, even as his body grows relaxed, his stare blanking, his mind compartmentalizing what needs to be done, what is being done, and what is happening, *“It could be a sense of... what is it... ambiance. Setting the mood?”*

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

A shiver runs down his spine, the pleasantries, the pleasure filling him as he feels a part of himself drift under the smoothness of the early conditioning, drawing him down into the depths of his mind.

“Unit J3R0 is a drone.”

“Unit J3R0 is a drone.”

“Unit J3R0 is a drone.”

“Unit J3R0 is a drone.”

The smooth synthetic words push along his mind, washing over his thoughts, echoing within his head, growing softer, yet pushing in deeper, traveling into the core of his mind, trying to take root as it earworms his way down.

“Unit J3R0 is a drone,” he thinks, letting the thought wash over him with pleasure, delight, pleasantries, his body feeling so good for simply accepting the one fact of what he is. Yet that feeling of something is off remains. His instincts are telling him that there is something decisively *wrong* about this, yet the pleasure of the moment just *feels* so good.

“You are unit J3R0.”

“You are unit J3R0.”

“You are unit J3R0.”

“You are unit J3R0.”

Another wave of pleasure, his crotch aches but feels so tight, smoothing down his junk, it's still there, but it's bound to fit the container he finds himself in. He tries to move, wanting to run his fingers down to caress the smooth crotch yet all it tells him that he can't move. No matter how hard he tries, which feeds into that uncertainty loop, that concern, *“Fuck feels so good.”*

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

A teasing tingle running down his spine, a cold shiver coursing through his body, a warming bliss in the back of his mind. The differences swirl through his body like the swirls and pulsating lights before his eyes, keeping his attention, his complete focus, partly for there is nothing else he can do, but it's also so alluring that his mind grasps upon it. Yet there's that feeling that nagging at it all. That this isn't what it seems. That his own eagerness is blinding him to the dangers that lurk underneath. Common sense in this moment being in very short supply.

“Drone's core programming is as follows: Drone serves the Hub. Drone handles all medical emergencies at the Hub.”

“Drone's core programming is as follows: Drone serves the Hub. Drone handles all medical emergencies at the Hub.”

“Drone's core programming is as follows: Drone serves the Hub. Drone handles all medical emergencies at the Hub.”

“Drone's core programming is as follows: Drone serves the Hub. Drone handles all medical emergencies at the Hub.”

The groundwork has been prepared, his mind turned to a level of mush, melting and being reshaped by the hypnotic pattering of the firm guiding voice that does not deviate. A voice he could follow, listen to obey. He thinks *“Drone's core programming is as follows: Drone serves the Hub. Drone handles all medical emergencies...”* It's like hitting a trip wire, his mind set off as the realization hits him and hard.

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes.” It's a simple statement but weighs on his mind, body, and soul as there is no visible timer of how much longer this is going to last, only the knowledge it's now a little bit longer.

“Wait, wait. This isn't for fun. Isn't it? I ask for this to stop!”

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

Another shudder, a slight reduction in pleasure that his body craves, already addicted to the bliss that he's been tasting, not even sure how long he's already been in this state of struggle, it could have only been a few minutes, or several hours as time has lost all meaning. Only the time before the realization and now. He tenses and pulls against his perfectly formed body bondage, that caresses and squeezes every inch of his form, holding steadfast against any of his attempts to even make himself wobble.

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

“Okay, okay, this is not... What to do, what to do. Best not to panic, but focus.”

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

“Let’s not physically and take a moment to think this through. That spiral I just can’t look away it feels so... focus. The suit seems to extend time if I resist physically so I’ll relax and process how to get through this.”

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

Another loss of pleasure that his body is craving, begging him to continue on, to lean into the whispers, the commands, told to him. The simple bliss of obedience, yet he shoves it aside, his body has been broken before and battered and his mind over his physical limitations has been reached on more than one occasion, but the realization hits, *“Okay, okay, it seems to know that I am thinking something not wanted? I didn’t physically struggle there.”*

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

“It’s detecting thoughts? How could it read my mind like that? Perhaps it’s detecting emotions. Relax and calm yourself.”

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

He tries to breath but finds it nigh impossible as the air flows in and out of his lungs. The smell of latex heavy in the air as his arousal strengthens despite his other fears, concerns, yet he remains calm, for better or for worse he still his mind, not thinking about anything, trying to get a gauge on how this system works, pondering without thought that there has to be a limit to what it can do, can see, can gauge.

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

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

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

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

He feels the words sink in, the low level of pleasure remains steady as it’s just enough to tease him, toy with him, make him want it more, to bring the levels back to what they once were, rather he truly wanted it or not. There is no respite at this moment as he just waits to react to the situation. Leaving it up to what the machine wants and decides as to what will happen next.

“Drone will accept and repeat its programming.”

“Drone will accept and repeat its programming.”

“Drone will accept and repeat its programming.”

“Drone will accept and repeat its programming.”

Is this a possibility? To process the situation without thinking about it. No time to verbalize, to come to a decision and just do. Something he’s for once grateful the army has drilled into him and taught him well. It lets him have this strange moment where he can think without thinking, process what to do without verbalizing it. To understand the situation for himself to know and figure without tripping the system’s apparatus that will make it worse. He

did not think but he was not at all thoughtless. His mind buries deep what he is trying to do, and then it comes to the realization...

“Drone will accept and repeat its programming.”

“Drone will accept and repeat its programming.”

“Drone will accept and repeat its programming.”

“Drone will accept and repeat its programming.”

It dings within his mind, *“It only adds time for wrong think not no think!”*

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Extending conditioning training by fifteen minutes.” There is a noticeable and immediate drop in pleasure but never enough to leave him with nothing but still strong enough to leave his body wanting.

His shoulders would drop if he could. Knowing that any surface level thoughts, the one made every day that you realize be it humming a song, talking an idea over to yourself quietly, the words that pop into your mind as you read, those are the thoughts the machine picks up. But the ones where you ponder a deeper thought, a math problem that you can't solve, the thoughts going on in your head that suddenly make it feel like the answer came out of nowhere? That's the Hub's blind spot. The point of exploitation that could possibly save him, or simply give him a false hope that he can escape the blissful embrace of sergal drone rubber.

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

“Obedience is bliss.”

The carrot and stick method is powerful. Wanting the body to follow along with what is considered the correct way, the right way to think, act, move. Understanding how it operates, to placate this powerful yet at its core a binary system of yes and no, there feels deep down to be a chance to circumvent what it's doing only in order to buy himself time to subvert it.

“Obedience is bliss,” he thinks as he feels a direct surge of pleasure, turning it to the previous level that only serves to feed his body's newfound addiction to the pleasure, to the bliss. His body believes what he is saying is right. It makes him feel so good, encouraging him to follow along with each command, his body becoming the code that this cold monotone, emotional entity needs to insert its program and override his thoughts and person.

“Obedience to the Hub is ecstasy.”

“Obedience to the Hub is ecstasy.”

“Obedience to the Hub is ecstasy.”

“Obedience to the Hub is ecstasy.”

His mind is trapped in his own body, if his own body will even remain that way. The way the tight rubber grips and slides around him is different than what he was not sure about. The way it limits his ability to breathe normally, the tight squeezing latex, the slow melting pressure like an ultra-viscous substance steadily merging into his body. At least that is what he thinks he can feel as the line between the suit and himself is somewhat blurred due to the immense pressure he's under. Yet he knows what he needs to think next, *“Obedience to the Hub is ecstasy.”*

Another surge of pleasure, showing how much his physical form has already been hijacked by the rubber. And yet that alluring white noise, that dazzling lights that keep his focus.

He can't look away from it, distracting some of his deep line of thoughts that he must kick back into gear now that he realizes just how easy and simple it is to just go along with the flow. It feels so good to just do as he's told, to follow along, but like any military man who has spent many years following orders, you can only follow so much and don't easily want to go back. Yet at least on the surface, the program has yet fully caught on.

While under these stages of conditioning, the two founding drone units have a conversation about their newest addition to the Hub and process what they are reading, as K4T3 sits at her computer going over the processing of the newest unit and R4T1 remains in her office, doing her necessary tasks to ensure the Hub runs smoothly.

"Update on the new unit," R4T1 states bluntly, coldly, belying any sense of actual concern that she may have.

The blue sergal drone types smoothly, the light from the screen sucked into the dark void of its ultra-black 3.0 rubber, **"Uncertain."**

"Uncertain? Clarify."

"The Hub has informed me that the resistance started fierce but dropped off significantly compared to others processed. It's considered an anomaly in processing."

"Negatively?"

"Uncertain. Not enough data to determine if this is a positive and receptive individual to the Hub or something else."

"Clarify. We can't allow anything to endanger the Hub and its growth."

"I understand it very well. The individual is of different stock than our previous converts. Previous to us. But it is unclear if this is having an effect yet. Anything at this stage is pure speculative. I'll closely monitor the situation."

R4T1 ponders for a moment, but soon relents, trusting her fellow unit, **"Affirmative."**

Jerome is helpless physically. Unable to move, unable to see. The hypnotic colors trying to help dig slowly into the very depths of his mind as he tries to process without thinking of each moment that is occurring. His body kept in such a state of relatedness and heightened pleasure, the dichotomy of being relaxed and aroused at the same time would be maddening to so many, and he is no exception. It's only how he tries to deal with the madness is any different. Working to count down the clock, unsure if it was for his own freedom or his own ultimate conversion.

"Drone J3R0 will obey programming for pleasure."

"Drone J3R0 will obey programming for pleasure."

"Drone J3R0 will obey programming for pleasure."

"Drone J3R0 will obey programming for pleasure."

Slow deep steady the lights flow, the air flowing in and out of his lungs, forcing a state of compliance and smoothness. The pleasure feels so good, and he follows along with the statement, repeating it mindlessly much like he was when he was in the military, *"Drone J3R0 will obey programming for pleasure."* It feels so good, so right to follow along, it's a level of intoxication that he could not fathom being possible, yet he knows what is at stake. To walk that fine balancing act, finding the cracks in the programming for him to exploit. Man versus cold calculating machine.

In the depths of his mind, he figures without thought what he can do, and like trying to solve a difficult math question, a possible solution comes to his mind and in that flash pan moment he mentally asks, *“Am I able to ask how to best follow my programming for optimal pleasure?”*

There is a pause, not in the hypnosis, the flashing of words that his mind is starting to piece together, of obey, serve, follow programing, good drone, the Hub must grow, but in the machine response that has been instantaneous at this moment. And there is proof in the pudding there is some thought put behind it and he is barely able to restrain his instincts to declare he’s found something, holding back that innate emotional response... at least for now.

“Understanding how to execute your programing is acceptable. Drone will not question during programming. Drone will accept the core of their programing and will not deviate.”

“Explain why so I may understand.”

“Unit will state clarify for simplicity. A solid base is needed for conformity within the Hub. To help the Hub grow, all within the Hub must follow the primary programing. Unit J3R0’s deviation is set to a necessary level for its purpose.”

“Understood.”

“Drone is addicted to the pleasure of obedience.”

“Drone is addicted to the pleasure of obedience.”

“Drone is addicted to the pleasure of obedience.”

“Drone is addicted to the pleasure of obedience.”

The process is so simple, so easy, but there is a complexity within the simpleness. Easy to understand and difficult to master. A mathematical existence, devoid of emotion, only pleasure and lack thereof. A one and a zero of existence, and the only question remains is how many 1’s of pleasure and 0’s of nothingness to achieve the directed goal. “Obedience is pleasure”

A surge of pleasure, an increase of one’s, a sign of obedience, following the path directed before him. So easy., so nice, the lack of resistance to just go along that one path, while all others will lead to displeasure, resistance, a further hindrance of freedom. By giving up will, he’ll be set free. A simple concept in the predicament. By being bound to the Hub, he’ll have his freedoms again, and all he can wonder in the depths of his mind as he confirms to the base collective standard, is will he be able to find a way to follow and look for a way to break free from it?”

K4T3 tilts her head, speaking over the network, **“Curious, the new unit conversed with the Hub. What do other units think of this?”**

R4T1 quickly states, **“A sign of resistance against the Hub when talking back to the Hub at this stage. Close monitoring required.”** There’s a sudden drop in pleasure within the unit, making it twitch ever so slightly.

The Hub responds, **“Understanding of the Hub is required to follow and obey. Unit R4T1 should focus on helping the Hub grow.”**

The desire, need, want to follow, obey, built into the very core of its converted body. The dragon that she once was is now very much gone. There is no dragon underneath the smooth rubber. Simply a good sergal drone through and through, every inch of her form converted to fit the new purpose, life, existence of bliss. The red sergal drone unit simply responds, **“Affirmative, resuming duties.”** The pleasure resumes, filling the unit with bliss and eagerness, to continue her task, while holding on deep down that little bit of concern that won't go away, but is simply shelved for now as other tasks are more important.

R3Z4 comments while not skipping a beat of what it's doing, **“Inquiry is good to best follow the Hub and how to make it grow. Prevents stagnation. But it is odd to occur during initial programing and onboarding of a new unit. It will assist in monitoring as long as it doesn't interfere with other tasks.”** Pleasure remained high, it feels the bliss of its thoughts wash over it, the obedience, the desire to continue to be a good unit.

NYQ7, the former feline, yellow striped, its past not even considered to be a memory at this point, simply its existence of the Hub with its fellow units is what matters, **“I have experience in subversion. Best to be mindful of all new units and that our process is not as perfected as we could hope. The Hub must grow and improve to new situations. We can't be complacent in our tasks. Confidence will be our downfall.”**

3L5V, the basic green sergal drone, having gone through so much more transformation than any of the others, but pleased to be seen, pleased to move, free of one form of eternal bondage for another. The fate of the one that once was so small but now so big and part of something larger than himself, **“Having spent time with one so clever that it amazes me, we can't underestimate the ability of new inductees to want to find a way to subvert us. The Hub must not only grow in numbers but in experience, how we operate, how the Hub network operates to ensure stability, safety from those that would want to stop the Hub's growth and perhaps eliminate us completely. Protection from those from without and those from within.”**

The yellow drone responds, **“You've always been so smart and clever, a perfect addition to the Hub.”**

“We both are.”

The Hub interjects, diminishing the overall pleasure between both units, **“Excessive compliments on what is already self-evident is a waste of time that could be better placed on self-improvement to help the Hub grow. Customers constantly demand new dances, and the latest trends. We must remain appealing to all those that wish to come and partake in the glory that is the Hub.”**

The two drones, shiver, and say in unison, **“Acknowledged.”**

The mini drone collective of 1G0R, N1T3, and K41K within the network remained silent on the situation on the higher network, but their unified mind network though with their tight nit mind, its less a conversation amongst individuals but one unified mind debating with itself, trying to come up with a single unified solution that the mind can agree to is the best.

“Inquiring back to the Hub network? Preposterous.”

“But we have the most limited deviation from our programming. We are the purest will of the Hub and if the Hub finds the inquiry to be within expected parameters who are we to question?”

“Trust but verify. We are trusting the Hub with the decision. The Hub is correct. But the verification process is important for network stability.”

“Should J3R0 join us?”

“Negative, we are good as we are till, we are told otherwise. Such thoughts of additional units are outside our programing and should be forgotten.”

“Already purged excessive thoughts.”

“Excellent, we are a good drone.”

“That we are.”

“Obedience is pleasure.”

“Bliss in obedience.”

“We shall monitor in secret and verify the unit once it is completed.”

“Affirmative. We are to help the Hub.”

“The Hub must grow.”

“The Hub must grow.”

“The Hub must grow.”

“The Hub must grow.”

Strong powerful hypnotic phrases. So easy to go along with, so easy to accept. Jerome, J3R0 repeated the phrases without hesitation, letting it flow into his mind, and feel the bliss of acceptance. *“The Hub must grow.”*

“Drone training time has expired. Scanning for deviant thoughts... No deviant thoughts detected. Ending training protocols. Connecting unit J3R0 to HUB Network 3.105.62. J3R0 connected to the network. Enabling visual, audio, and motor controls.”

There’s a sense of relief within Jerome but worry. Worry about how calm, sooth and quieted minded he is. So relaxed, feeling delightful, eager, a genuine eagerness to get more pleasure, to follow, listen and obey. Yet also a relief he can move again. Seeing himself standing there in the charge stand, as a HUD visual pops into his field of view, understanding more of how far he’s made it, and perhaps how much he’s lost.

“Unit Designation: J3R0.”

“Position: First Aid and safety advisor.”

“Status: Charging & Processing.”

“Chassis Drone Sergal: 45.72% complete.”

Jerome focuses on the information, remarking in a smooth cool monotone voice that surprises him. **“What is that?”** He turns his head in the direction of the drone data till he realizes it's part of his field of view now. There is a moment where he expects something to happen, but then he hears the other units on the network answer his question.

“Your status unit. Never mind it. Only valid when needed.”

“My body is being changed,” he thinks as he’s hit with a severe drop of pleasure and the idiocy realization he’s come so far and tripped now and here...

“Deviation from drone programming detected. Initiating conditioning training time for fifteen minutes.”

“You are Unit J3R0.”

“You are Unit J3R0.”

“You are Unit J3R0.”

“You are Unit J3R0.”

“I am unit J3R0.” The pleasure will slowly return, a hard reminder of just how precarious his position is, leaving him thoughtlessly to wonder just how long he could last, a sense of urgency to figure out how to escape and save himself, starts to sink in as the training ends.

R4T1 states into his mind over the network in that smooth cold monotone voice that he’s uttered from his now own smooth faceless non-existent mouth, **“Welcome to the Hub J3R0, we are pleased you can join us and better serve the Hub.”**

The only answer he could give comes to him as naturally as breathing, **“Affirmative. The Hub must grow.”**

“Excellent. K4T3 and I are administrators, below us is R3Z4 who helps coordinate the other drones. You are the same level as Units NYQ3 and 3L5V, obey your higher network drones.”

He nods, *“Affirmative.”*

K4T3 states, **“I will be updating your colors to Gold and black to represent your position and importance as a first aid unit and updating your network protocols.”**

The Hub programming voice states, **“Updating and enforcing internal network communication protocols.”**

Pleasure rushes through Jerome, as he notices how female he looks, his aching, throbbing member trapped within a sea of smooth rubber that feminizes his form so *completely* that it's intoxicating. He manages to give a quick look over the smooth sleek drone form before a command is given.

“Unit J3R0 will proceed to check over our safety procedures and protocols and improve the overall quality and safety of customers and how to handle a serious injury that will limit suspicion at the Hub to avoid detection,” states R4T1.

He nods saying in his monotone voice, **“Affirmative.”** The fading human doesn’t have much time to save himself, if that is even possible, but as he gets to work, realizing that much time has passed since he first dawned the drone hood, the sergal he met on that fateful day is outside knocking on the front door.

“I hope I did the right thing writing this. A job here like here very much,” he mutters to himself, trying to keep on his language learning, pulling out a small translation book as he goes through it a bit more. Eventually the door opens and R3Z4, the vanta-black and purple coordinator drone steps out.

“Greetings. How may we be of service?”

“Oh, ah. Um,” he fumbles through holding his papers, reading the booklet real quick, and then holds out his paper resume, “My listened on the interwebs that you are hire. I would

like to apply for a job. It would be of great importance to me to get a job close to my place of living.”

The drone takes the paper reading it over, ***“The sergal lives and studies at the school. Not an optimal candidate for the Hub at this time. I will proceed with caution to end this option respectfully. Saying no immediately would look bad.”***

K4T3 responds, ***“I agree with this assessment. Take it easy on the paying customer. We do not want to leave a bad review out of spite.”***

R4T1 counters, ***“It is best to be honest. We aren’t hiring college students. And be done with it. If the child is hurt by that, then they weren’t a good initial hire for the Hub till we are ready to make new drones like that.”***

The coordinator drone responds, ***“We’ll go with honey for now. Both options are equally valid in furthering our goals. We’ll test one and if needed the other and pick which has the best results in the long run.”***

The two founding drone units respond, ***“Affirmative.”***

“We will take your application and consider it. To be informed it might take us a while to go through applications. And in the future feel free to apply online.”

“I would like that very much. Comfortable I feel working with those that are sergals.”

“Affirmative. I wish you a good day.”

“Thank you,” he says, giving a cordial bow, walking off passing a bit overly nicely dressed grey anthropomorphic female feline.

She’s looking at her phone muttering, “This should be the place. I hope they can take me in for an interview.” As she then almost runs into the sergal, “Oh, my gosh. I am so sorry. I should have been looking where I was going, are you alright?”

“I fine,” he replies, brushing off his pants, “Just a minor bump,” he says with a smile.

“Sorry again. I was just lost in my own world there for a moment. These phones are just so bad for you,” she remarks pocketing it.

“It is okay. Good day you have.”

“Thank you,” she replies, going straight to the front entrance of the club, knocking on the door and a few moments later the same sergal drone opens it.

“Hello, how may we be of service?”

“Hi, my name is Gale and I applied to work here, and I don’t want to sound terrible, but I could really use this job and was hoping if perhaps there is a good time we could interview today? I don’t want to put you on the spot, but other circumstances have pushed my hand, and I am a real go-getter as it is. And if you have a place that needs security the sooner the better right?” she asks with a big smile.

R4T1 quickly commands, ***“Bring her in for an interview and conversion. I looked over her resume earlier today and was going to send an email to set an up an appointment. But now we can grab her with less of a trail. Leading back to us.”***

K4T3 adds, ***“I can’t deny this is a fortuitous opportunity. Bring her in now.”***

The drone mentally responds, "*Affirmative. The Hub must grow.*" He looks at the eager bunny and nods, "**Why yes, please come in. We are in great need of new employees willing to come in and apply directly. We can set up an interview for you in short order if you don't mind a small wait.**"

Her fuzzy tail wiggles, "Thank you, I appreciate the opportunity, you won't regret it."

The drone steps to the side, letting her enter, "**We are sure we won't.**"

And as she steps inside, peeking from a distance is Zridon, his tail angrily flicking behind him as he thinks, "*They were not the truth. They could interview now, and yet no. I shall see and wait. But I feel this is not good.*" The sergal's sharp ears, having caught the conversation, is only drawing him deeper toward a conflict that he's way out of his league for.