Drone Classification System

It all started as a day like any other in the sprawling megacity, people went to work, shopping, and to anywhere else they needed to go as the buses and magtrains took them to their respective destinations. People toiled away at their jobs, went out for lunch, watched what was happening on the holovids, and thought about what they would do when night came. Nobody suspected that when night came none of their plans would come to fruition; for the millions of creatures that lived, worked, and played in that city they were completely unaware of the force that had been slowly gaining in power until it had reached critical mass. It was on that day that for all those in the city their world was completely turned upside down.

The invasion of the Sabredrones.

By the time people figured out what was going on it was like a cascading nuclear reaction as those who got changed quickly would find others to do the same and so on. The Sabredrones had also taken their time and planned out their invasion very carefully, finding high-density areas where a few of them would start converting others, and then release them into the crowds in order to continue the process. There were some that managed to evacuate but eventually the quarantine order was put into effect and the entire city went into a state of lockdown. That’s how it remained; any attempts at contact with those inside were met with nothing but static that made people fear the worst.

No one had gone into the megacity in weeks, save for a few brave souls from the military that never returned, but finally a transmission came out from there that informed those on the outside that the one in charge would like to speak with an independent news crew to show what conditions were like inside the dome. It was likely prompted by the threat that they were going to just drop a neutron bomb and call it a day, and though that option was still on the table there were too many unanswered questions to level the megacity while the threat was still contained. Though there was a slight problem in finding a crew that was willing to do such a thing, even with the guarantee from the one that called himself the Sabredrone Overlord that no harm would come to them, eventually an APC carrying a film crew and reporter were on the main highway heading into the megacity.

“Someone tell me again why we’re doing this?” the vulpine reporter said as she looked at herself in the mirror.

“Breaking a story about the events that caused the mutation of millions of people in the space of like three days will probably nab you another award for your wall,” the ocelot replied as he filled with the camera, the bull with the boom mike next to him nodding in agreement. “Plus if I overheard correctly the boss man was going to put you in a corner office for doing this one.”

“If I get out of there alive,” she replied before looking over at the alligator that was serving as their military liaison for the trip. “How people have you sent in there that actually made it back to report? Huh? I’m guessing I wouldn’t need all my fingers to count them up?”

The alligator man just continued to check his equipment while they waited for the automated vehicle to drop them off. Though they all didn’t want to say it they knew the vixen was right, there wasn’t going to be any back-up and if they lost communications with the rest of the group they would probably just be considered lost causes like everyone else that had attempted to go in before them. The anxiety in the air was palpable and only grew more intense when they felt the electric discharge of them passing through the force-field that had cut the city off from the rest of the world. It was the point of no return, now that they were inside the megacity they wouldn’t be able to leave until the job was done.

Since there were no windows inside of the car they had to wait until it came to a complete stop and the doors opened to let them out. None of them knew what to expect, though the cameraman had stated that it was probably like the destroyed cities one would see in zombie movies it was all speculation. Satellites had attempted to get an image of what was going on but with the relative power of the force field used to keep the threat in it caused too much interference to get any sort of clear picture. All the four could do was brace themselves as their car came to a complete stop and the doors slowly slid open…

For a few minutes no one dared poke out their head, hearing tales of people who would get hit with a ball of rubbery goo and start transforming, until the army alligator barked at them to get off. After jumping slightly the ocelot and the bull got out so they could get their positioning, the vixen coming out after them and finally the alligator with his gun. The second that they got off the vehicle the doors closed shut behind them and it drove off back the way it came, leaving the four of them alone in the megacity that had all the eyes of the world on it. As they looked around the promenade that they had been dropped off at and they looked around they were rather surprised at how… normal it looked.

There were no burned out buildings or vehicles in the streets, garbage wasn’t everywhere and there weren’t bodies scattered about. It was almost rather anticlimactic in a sense, the vixen moving in front of the camera after finding a spot that showed the most of the city behind her. “Alright guys, on me,” she said as she made sure the microphone on her throat was ready to pick up the words she said. “Three… two…”

“One,” a voice suddenly said to the side of them, all four of them jumping back in shock as the alligator rose up his gun. “Oh dear, I hope I didn’t startle you too badly.” The creature that stood before them definitely was not out of the ordinary, its shiny rubber skin glinting in the light as it looked at them with glowing green eyes. “My name is Serathin, Overlord of the Sabredrones and your tour guide for the duration of your stay here in my fair city.”

“I’m… Felicia,” the reporter said as she quickly regained her composure, motioning angrily at the cameraman and sound guy. who had both been pointing their equipment at the ground from the shock, and went over to shake the hand of the rubber creature. “This is my cameraman James, my sound manager Boris, and the one in the military uniform is Jackson.”

“A pleasure to meet all of you,” Serathin replied. “It’s been a while since we’ve had guests and honestly we’ve been rather anxious to get out and stretch our legs. Made the most of it though, as you’ll see, and if you could make sure not to point the hardware at any of mine that would be most appreciated.”

The alligator didn’t even realize that he had still been pointing the gun until the creature made mention of it, slinging it around his back as Serathin motioned for them all to follow him. With their hearts no longer racing they were able to take in the form of the one that called himself Overlord, definitely seeing the saber teeth of the namesake as his impressive physique was completely covered head to toe with a layer of rubber and nothing more. A long mane of synthetic hair cascaded down his back and the green stripes on his black and purple arms glowed like his eyes as he led them down the stairs and onto the street proper. Once the four of them got out of the arrival area they were once more met with another surprise that none of them had been expecting.

The entire area was filled with Sabredrones, most of them looking almost identical in nature as they walked about as naked as the Overlord that had created them. What was even more bizarre was how they were acting; all of them were going about their daily business like one would see in any other street of any other city, save for the fact they were rubber with many sporting some sort of collar, cuffs, or other sort of gear. A clearing of the throat from Serathin brought their attention away from the creatures going about their tasks and put it back on him, explaining to them that the majority of those that he had converted were the typical sabredrone. Those in the group were aware of what they looked like as they were the primary spreaders of the rubbery outbreak that claimed the city as Serathin brought them to a restaurant.

“I thought that you might want to interview one of my more interesting drone variants,” Serathin explained as they walked over to a booth that had a single sabredrone sitting in it, his arms tinged pink instead of the usual purple as the vixen sat down opposite him. “This is Amasis. He was one of the first to be converted and as you can see by the markings he got quite a fair few himself before the city was finally quarantined.”

“The… markings?” Felicia asked, looking at the glowing green stripes on his body. “You mean the stripes?”

“Exactly,” Serathin replied with a smirk. “But enough of me talking, I want you to have a chat with him and see what life is like as a sabredrone and such while I get the noodle order I had placed. Have fun, and that goes for you two as well!”

“You two?” the vixen asked again, turning his attention to the glowing green stare of the creature in front of her. “What does he mean by-“

Felicia was cut short as the four of them heard a hiss, all of them looking at the rubber sabrecobra head that rose up from the table while a smirk formed on Amasis’ face. “As Serathin said, I am Amasis,” the chimera sabredrone said as he motioned to the snake next to him, which turned out to be his tail. “This is Uraeus.”

“It’s… ah, a pleasure to meet you both,” Felicia said, turning back to James to make sure the camera was rolling before she got started with the interview, getting a thumbs up from the ocelot before turning back. “Now I have to say the first thing that surprised me was how… I guess you could say normal everything looks? After the chaos of the night that the Sabredrones invaded things were a little chaotic to say the least.”

“Even more so if you were in the heart of it,” Amasis replied. “But once the initial conversion was over and the force field was put into place we all pitched in and put everything back to right. For most of us this was our home, and for other it became as such, so we wanted to make it nice.”

“I see,” Felicia replied. “I happen to notice that despite the usage of the word drone it appears that there is quite a lot of individual thought and personality, especially with you. Are you all currently speaking as one in some sort of hivemind or something like that?”

Surprisingly the question caused the rubber creature to laugh, leaning back slightly in the booth. “Not everything is like what you might see on television,” the chimera sabredrone stated. “But to answer your question we are all linked via the Sabredrone Network, which is a hivemind of sorts and can be utilized as such if need be. For most of the time however the Overlord allows us to go about our daily lives, I can only imagine that he doesn’t have the time or patience to micromanage the millions of us out there.”

“I suppose that does make sense,” the vulpine replied with a small laugh. “I’m not sure if this is too sensitive for you, but could you perhaps tell us how you managed to end up this way? Serathin stated that you were one of the first few that were changed during that night, if you can perhaps you can recount the events that led up to this event.”

“Of course,” Amasis replied. “I was one of the first that had gotten caught, was at the movies when it happened and didn’t realize it at the time but I was about to get a private screening of my own…”

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Amasis and Uraeus sat in the rather comfy seats of the theatre, which had been mostly empty from the time they had gone in until right up to the opening trailers. This had been a deliberate arrangement, the chimera waiting until the end of the run of an only semi-popular movie so that he could watch with the full movie experience while having as few people around as possible. As luck would have it an insanely popular superhero movie was premiering the same night as well, which meant that most people were drawn to that instead of the one he was about to see. It meant that in a theatre that could sit over sixty there was just himself and his tail snake as he put a bucket of popcorn next to him in the empty seat.

With the movie theatre keeping the trailers rather quiet Amasis could occasionally hear the sounds of the other movie going on that had already started, an occasional explosion or a shout from the action-heavy flick. As the last minutes of the trailers began and the lights dimmed he could hear more shouting, then the occasional scream, and it only seemed to grow louder to the point it could be clearly heard by the chimera. He began to put down his chair and his hooved feet pressed against the sticky floor as both he and his snake tail looked at the wall in curiosity and concern.

But just as he was about to go out and see what was going on the sounds of panic quickly died down again, to the point where Amasis started to doubt that he had heard. Maybe it was just the sound of the movie, the chimera said to himself, Uraeus nodding before he went to the popcorn bucket and taking a kernel. Just as he started to recline back in his seat to enjoy the movie once more he heard the sound of the door opening into the theater. It appeared he wasn’t going to be completely alone, but with an entire theatre to choose from he didn’t think it would really matter.

Unfortunately it appeared to the chimera that the person was going to be one of those that were going to sit right behind him. Just as he as was about to look behind him to see who was about to do such a thing when he suddenly felt a pair of hands press against his shoulders and pin him to the leather. “Where do you think you’re going?” a voice said in the darkness. “The show is just about to start.”

Uraeus let out a hiss and went to strike at the creature that had just pinned him, but before the snake tail could strike it was grabbed by another one that had walked in front of him. With the light of the movie going he could see the one that was in front of him, causing the chimera to gasp at what he saw. This creature was covered head to toe in rubber, even his eyes as they glowed with a green light while he leaned in. “I can sense already that you’re going to be a fun one,” the second creature said as their muzzles hovered a few inches from one another to the point where Amasis could feel the breath coming from his sabretoothed muzzle. “Going to be much better than the last theater, had to rush it just to make sure to get everyone.”

Amasis found himself swallowing hard as he started to realize that another aspect of the two creatures was that they were completely naked, the four armed creature in front of him sliding underneath his shirt. “You… you were what I heard in the other theatre,” Amasis said, feeling himself growing strangely at ease despite being between two alien rubber creatures that were admittedly extremely handsome in his eyes. “What did you do them?”

“Shhhh…” the creature said, bringing a glowing green finger up to the lip of the chimera. “Let’s leave that as a surprise. I guarantee you will enjoy it, in fact it appears you already are…”

Amasis grunted as he found his pants getting pulled down around his ankles, looking down to find his own member already starting to harden under their ministrations. He also saw in his vision that where the rubber hands of the other male had touched the rubber of his body had started to spread over his body as well. The chimera grunted loudly as he began to feel pleasure spreading where the rubber did, seeing Uraeus wiggling as well as the shiny latex began to assimilate his scales as well. The male keeping his upper body pressed against the lounger seemed to be content to keep him there, though as the lust began to filter through his body the hands on him were less and less needed.

It was clear to the two rubber males, whom the name Sabredrone came unbidden to Amasis’ mind, knew what they were doing as he felt his legs get lifted into the air. The four-armed Sabredrone began whispering into his ear of how this was definitely the best method of conversion, feeling the rubber tongue licking against his ear and cheek before finding its way into his mouth. The chimera found himself allowing it to pass his lips as he nodded his head, the pleasure quickly overwhelming his rational thought. It was like the two Sabredrones were pulling the negative thoughts from his mind and replacing them with the euphoria of being enveloped in rubber like the two muscular males.

This was definitely better then the movie… Amasis thought to himself as the Sabredrone between his legs took his pierced cock and began to push it into his pucker. With the conversion already well underway it didn’t take much for the ring of muscle to allow the thick tool inside him. His mouth opened wide in a gasp as he could feel something in his mind, a foreign tendril of thought that hadn’t been there before… other voices joining his own as they introduced him into the Sabredrone Network…

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

The vixen attempted to hide her shock at hearing the story, not realizing how… intensely sexual it would be. Amasis was quick to clarify that it wasn’t like that for all the drones, or even most, but for those who would enjoy such a thing they were very willing to indulge. “So you’re saying that you wanted for these drones to convert you?” Felicia asked. “There have been reports that near the end of the invasion before the quarantine was put into place that there were some that were willfully giving themselves to the sabredrones.”

“I’m sure there were,” Amasis replied with a chuckle. “Even if we never spread past this force field there would be those that would migrate here in order to become one with us. Who knows, you may find yourselves to be one of them.”

The four looked at one another wearily, but before they could go back to asking Amasis more questions Serathin came back holding a bag. “I think it’s time that we move on to the next part of the tour,” the rubber sabrewolf said as he motioned for them to stand up. “From the timeline that the alligator’s friends have given me your ride will be here before the sun is down, which means that I have a lot to get through before then if I’m to make my case known. Thank you Amasis for your contribution, but now it’s time to see who gets to control all the drones when the need is there and I’m not around.”

The four continued on a little further behind the rubbery creature, comparing notes with one another through whispered conversation that they hoped their tour guide wouldn’t hear. It appeared that while most looked like copies of one another there were a few that could customize their appearance a bit. There were also other types of drones, one of which was heading straight towards them. Unlike most of the drones that had a similar body type to the one they were following this one had notably feline-like features, including a particularly long tail that swayed back and forth as well. He also had a spined fin that ran down his back between his wings as Serathin introduced this one as Newlyn.

“Newlyn is one of my controller Sabredrones,” Serathin instructed them. “Basically whatever he says they do, and he’s often in control of dozens at one time. Makes group projects much easier to accomplish, wouldn’t you say?”

“I think you’re exactly right Overlord,” Newlyn replied with a chuckle. “I thought we could walk around the atrium a bit while we talk. Is that going to be alright with James?”

The vixen looked back at the ocelot, who shook his head simply and got the camera ready. Felicia got herself ready as she normally did, looking into the lens to make sure everything still looked good before turning her attention back to Newlyn once James made it clear they were rolling again. “So Newlyn, you’re what they call a sabredrone controller,” Felicia stated. “Can you perhaps explain a little what that means?”

“Simply put, I’m like the dispatcher for all the drones out there,” Newlyn replied as they started to walk down the path. “As you can imagine there are a lot of Sabredrones out there and the potential for them is enormous; with the addition of the Network and my control over them we’re like ants, capable of tremendous feats like completely building this atrium in weeks.”

The four of them looked around in slight awe, not realizing that the glass structure around them hadn’t been there before the sabredrone invasion. “Impressive,” Felicia stated, turning back to the snow leopard sabredrone. “Perhaps you can relate to us how you became a controller over, let’s say, a regular sabredone?”

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Newlyn walked down the street, the Sabredrone walking with several others that had been freshly converted as they poured out of the building where several dozen restaurants patrons had been just freshly converted. It had been several hours since the initial incursion of the Sabredrones was noticed by the general public. Thousands had already been assimilated by this point and as the former snow leopard moved with several others in unison they saw other rubber creatures fly overhead. This was bound to happen the second that their invasion plans were found out, plans that Newlyn hadn’t been a part of until he had been confronted by several Sabredrones and rather pleasurably transformed.

Though Newlyn had wanted to explore his own body some more, feeling his new rubber horns and wings with his hands, he had been commanded by the controller Sabredrone that was controlling the horde that had swarmed the eatery. There were others that needed to converted, whether the same method as his own or just by touch to bring them into the fold, and they were the driving force behind it. As they went however the former snow leopard couldn’t help but continue to feel his lust, licking his lips as he saw the rears of the other males walking in front of him with those tails swaying back and forth.

Suddenly there was a loud crash as that happened in the alley next to them, the dozen creatures that were walking by turning their heads at the same time. With his augmented eyesight Newlyn could see that a car had attempted to try to drive down the narrow back away in order to avoid the growing group of Sabredrones that were gathering on the main street, only to have lost control and hit a dumpster. At first it looked like a normal accident, but as they approached he could see that there was another problem… the dumpster had gotten wedged into a wall and sliced into a natural gas pipeline. The other Sabredrones didn’t realize this and as they got distracted by attempting to catch those that were trying to get out of the damaged vehicle Newlyn couldn’t get their attention through the Network.

“Everyone stop!” Newlyn shouted, jumping up on the car while both Sabredrone and survivor looked up at him. “We need to move this car away from the dumpster and move it so that we can shut off the gas! If we don’t it could cause the entire building to go up in flames… so I want four of you in the front, four of you in the back, and two on each side right now!”

Despite being a drone just like them the others found themselves following the dominant male, arranging themselves around the car just like Newlyn had asked. With their synchronicity and augmented strength they were able to easily lift the damaged vehicle, those in the car just watching in awe as they slid them back down the alley. The second they were far enough away Newlyn and a few others went to the gas main and shut it off, this hissing gas quieting down until it stopped completely. As the former snow leopard breathed a sigh of relief he heard a crashing sound and saw that the others that had stuck around the car had gotten the four out and began to convert them.

“Well there goes my stripe…” Newlyn muttered to himself as he stood up, breathing a sigh of relief that they weren’t about to explode as he saw the front of the car smoking slightly.

“I think that what you’ve done merits something more then just a stripe,” a voice said behind him, Newlyn slowly turning back and immediately falling down to one knee as he saw that it was the imposing visage of the overlord himself. “I’m impressed, you really whipped those drones into line. With everything else I see in you I think that you would be a prime controller Sabredrone. What do you think?”

“I would be honored!” Newlyn replied happily. “Anything to serve the Sabredrone network.”

“I’m pleased to hear that,” Serathin stated. “Now we could either do this the easy way…” the muscular male said as he gestured down to the heavy black rubber cock nestled between his legs. “Or we can do this the fun way.”

Newlyn quickly gave him the answer as he gripped those powerful thighs and brought his maw up to the half-hard shaft. With his unique anatomy he was able to practically slide it all the way into his throat, feeling not only the blissful sensation of serving the overlord but also the pleasure of having that thick cock inside of him. As he his throat bulged with the shape of the shaft the Sabredrone began to feel his body tingle, the rubber shifting as he suddenly became aware that he could change himself while he was impaled. While he bobbed his head up and down the stiffening member his head morphed, shifting from canine to more of a rounded feline appearance.

That was just the start of it, when Newlyn could see just how easily malleable his body had become he decided to truly live out a fantasy of his. The kneeling male let out a muffled groan as his tail, which had already become thicker and more reptilian as it was modeled after the overlord, stretched and expanded. The changing rubber creature gripped the legs of the other pleasured male even tighter as it continued to swell, becoming almost as long as he was as it shined in the light. There were a few other touches here and there as Newlyn felt his connection to the network become more powerful as well, elevating him above the drones that surrounded them as he became a controller.

“Looking good,” Serathin said as he pulled the other rubber male off, taking his hand and running it down the latex fin that had grown down his back as an added touch. “As much as I would love to help you break in your new body there is much more work that needs to be done and more Sabredrones to help…”

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

“That’s quite the amazing story,” Felicia said. “To think that Sabredrones had the ability to get promoted like that… and that there seems to be a hierarchy in the system other than just the overlord and the drones.”

“It was quite the honor,” Newlyn replied. “And yes, you will definitely be surprised at how different we all are. In fact, I think we’ve arrived at your next interview already.”

The four looked around and realized they were in front of a zen garden, one that had a single sabredrone sitting in the middle of it in apparent meditation. Just like the one that was escorting them he was much different the standard sabredrone. His feathered wings flared out slightly as Newlyn called him over and as he stood up he also had an extra set of rubber arms with glowing green palms he used to push himself to stand. As he got closer he was also the first they had seen so far that had any modifications to their body aside from their rubbery transformation, several glowing green piercings could be seen including nipple bars, a nose ring pieced through the middle of his nostril, and a prince albert as he walked over towards them.

“I’m Texotic,” the exotic sabredrone introduced, all four of his hands able to shake theirs at once. “I’m what you call a corrupter sabredrone, one that can see into your minds and pull on those threads of desire you attempt to keep hidden.” As they looked at each other and began to step back the sabrewolf laughed and waved his hand while another ran its fingers through the green mane of synthetic fur around his neck. “Don’t worry, I have specific instructions not to mess with you, goods returned untouched and all that noise.”

“That’s great to hear,” Felicia stated, casting a nervous look to the others as she asked if they were still rolling before going back to him. “So far we’ve been told of different variants of Sabredrones, controllers, and now corrupters. Is there any method to who becomes what when they transform or does the overlord assign these roles to you after the fact?”

“There can be cases where someone is just naturally inclined to take on a role,” Texotic explained, puffing out his chest slightly. “I… for instance… seemed to be destined to be a corrupter…”

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Before anyone even knew or heard of a Sabredrone Texotic was walking down the street, the blue-furred wolf looking around with his di-chromatic eyes. Even though he had been going back home there was something in the air that he couldn’t quite explain, a disturbance in the air that most probably didn’t even know it was there. The innately psychic wolf could feel it, and it was strong enough that it had caused his head to turn. Though part of him just wanted to get back to his place, the sky growing dark over the megacity, his curiosity got the better of him and he started to track the signal.

It quickly led Tex down several alleys before he got to a noodle store that appeared to be abandoned in the otherwise lively entertainment district. “Just move on,” he said to himself, running his hands through his long hair. “This is a weird vibe, even for you…”

But not only was the feeling getting stronger, but it was also tinged with a lust that had caused him to start rubbing his own chest without realizing it. It was like a pulse, a heartbeat or something similar as he found himself stepping forward despite himself. When he got to the door he found that it wasn’t even closed properly, standing slightly ajar enough for him to be able to look inside. It wouldn’t hurt to take a peak, the lupine thought to himself as he carefully moved up to see what might be causing such a bizarre sensation.

What he saw in the darkness of the closed door caused his eyes to widen; from the sunlight streaming in the windows he could see a group of people that looked like they were dressed up in rubber suits, all of them almost identical to one another as they watched two males having sex in the middle of the group. There was also one that was definitely not like the others, the much bigger latex male sitting on the counter watching eagerly at the two. As Texotic continued to watch he saw that while the two had looked like two relatively normal anthros he could see that as one humped into the other more and more rubber was starting to appear on their bodies.

“If you want to come in and have a seat I’m sure you’d be more comfortable,” the leader of the group said, all of them stopping and looking at the door at the same time right at the door where he stood. Though Tex began to feel himself backing away the bigger male waved his hand dismissively. “Don’t worry, we’re not going to bite, and I would like to talk to you.”

Even though the situation was surreal, a group of rubbery creatures sitting in an abandoned noodle shop that clearly were more than a little supernatural in nature, he also realized that while he stood there he felt that the resonance in the area was… strangely pleasing and very erotic. The fact they were in head to toe rubber and very pleasing to the eye as he found himself stepping inside. The others remained silent as he walked passed them, all of them with glowing green eyes that definitely wasn’t part of some suit. As he stepped in front of the biggest draconic sabrewolf they both gave one another a bemused look as Tex remained standing with a cocky attitude.

“I can sense that there is definitely more to you then meets the eye,” the creature said. “Not like these creatures, ones that came to me seeking someone to turn them into what you see before you now. Talents like yours would be wasted as a controller as well, together with my power you would be able to do more then just control those who’ve stated my power… you could corrupt the minds of many, make people flock to you and the Sabredrones. What do you think, instilling the lust and desire I sense in you to so many others?”

As Texotic stood there in thought the other Sabredrones had started to move in, already showing their willingness to serve the dominant male as they began to rub their rubbery hands against his body. “You… certainly drive a hard bargain,” Texotic replied, groaning slightly as one of them slipped their hands down his pants and grabbed onto his stiffening cock. “A really hard bargain… but I think that you may have just convinced me.”

The second the words left his mouth the black latex that had been on the bodies of the Sabredrones around him began to transfer onto his fur, melting it down save for his chest that began to glow green. Tex could already tell that he wasn’t going to be like the others, though one thing was going to remain constant as one of them kissed him on the lips and he felt his teeth immediately start to push down past his lower jaw. The entire time the sensual feeling of rubber not only caressing his body but becoming it caused him to let out little grunts and growl as they took off his clothing.

“Welcome to the Sabredrone Network,” Serathin said with a smirk as he watched the wolf’s already defined physique grow a little bigger, the rubber smoothing everything out to give him a flawless form. “Once you’ve finished having your fun we’ll have to discuss where to implement you.”

“Actually, I ah!” Tex started to say, only to get interrupted by the twin sensations of one of the Sabredrones starting to lick and nuzzle on his cock while most of his attention was brought to his sides where a second pair of arms began to stretch out of his synthetic form along with the customary wings. “Ohhh, now that’s very nice… but as I was saying I actually know a prime place to start. Tonight happens to be the primer of a very popular movie, a lot of people are going to be there and distracted…”

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

After giving them his story he continued to explain that drone types like him and the one that they were about to meet, known as assimilators, were part of the driving force behind the initial invasion. Once creatures like him had been created they were able to tone down the initial response of the general public when Sabredrones started to appear, replacing things like panic and fear with awe and curiosity that allowed the other drones to spread so much faster with less interference. Felicia let him finish up what he was saying before she raised a hand in question.

“Sorry, but as you were talking I couldn’t help but realize that you bear a striking resemblance to one of the sabredrones that had… transformed the one we talked to earlier,” she stated. “Do you happen to know of one in particular named Amasis?”

“Mmmm, you could certainly say that,” Texotic replied with a smirk, the inflection causing them all to look at one another. “What, you’ve already seen that Sabredrones act much like they do did before, you think we couldn’t find mates too? Be a pretty sad existence if we couldn’t do things like fall in love.”

Before the vixen could apologize the five of them heard a voice that caused them all to look up. “I thought we weren’t supposed to tease our guests,” the sabredrone above said as he hopped down from the perch he was on and landed on the ground without so much as a sound and rose up next to the other one. “The Overlord instructed me to come and meet them here, he’s currently working on something and wants me to take them to the last stretch of the tour.”

Unlike Texotic, Vyrnen was extremely sleek and lithe. Black rubber muscles were framed with glowing green lines, but otherwise he would have been able to move through the shadows easily. He also had an almost predatory aura about him, one that was enhanced with a big grin. Since they were still rolling the assimilator Sabredrone carried right on where the corrupter left of, more then ready to start on with his story.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Vyrnen had been in the subway system when the power went out, though most people weren’t on the train at the time. People were using the tunnels in an in attempt to make their way out of the megacity without dealing with the creatures that were crawling on the street level. It had only been a few hours since the sabredones had shown themselves but it had already thrown everything into bedlam. They had also seemed to have situated their outbreaks to hit major transportation lines, causing massive traffic jams, subway delays, and even maglev trains.

The dragon stumbled around in the darkness as he broke away from the pack, using the switch junction to go from track to track. He had memorized the routes before because of his job and they were coming in handy now as he found his path unobstructed by others or Sabredrones. At this rate he would get out towards the edge of the city, keeping to the more obscure routes. After that he would be exposed, but by that time he would be already be nearly outside the megacity limits and he would be in the clear.

Just as he got to another side of the rail line, this one still powered up as he went down the tunnel. As he started to make his way to the next line he stopped, hearing the sound of metal clanging far behind him. His stomach churned into knots when he realized that he wasn’t quite alone. Immediately the dragon began to think about how to handle this… he could run, but if there were Sabredrones there they would probably chase him and there wasn’t any other ways out except for the switch up ahead. Or he could attempt to hide, but it was the same problem where there was little in the way in the empty tunnel.

But as he got up the small hill and looked further down he saw that there was a bit of scaffolding that had been set up, and Vyrnen realized that he could work this out in his favor. It was also a well-lighted area and as he heard another sound of movement behind him the dragon decided that was the time. He bolted forward and immediately three rubbery creatures came out of the shadows, lunging straight at him from the wall they were crawling on. Vyrnen felt his adrenaline spike and he darted to the scaffolding, sliding through it just as the three Sabredrones tried to pounce on them.

Though they were momentarily thwarted by his wiggling through it the creatures were very athletic and soon were following him through the metal piping. Vyrnen used everything that he could to his advantage, using the tarps and ropes to stop them up. But that wasn’t what the dragon was snaking through them for, his target was the braces at the end of the scaffolding. He could practically feel the breath of the other creatures on his back as he finally got out from between two rungs of the outer ladder, and when he did he rolled on the floor and kicked hard on the bracing.

The metal frame shuddered before starting to collapse on itself, catching the three Sabredrones on the inside of it. While they attempted to get out, the nature of the scaffolding turned it into a steel cage. Vyrnen could hear the three screeching in rage, but that didn’t concern him as he found himself breathing a sigh of relief. He did stick out his tongue at him and proceed to flip them off, telling them better luck next time before turning to leave…

…only to bump into another assimilator Sabredrone right behind him.

“Hello there,” the Sabredrone hissed, the dragon swallowing hard as he found himself backing away. “Gave them quite the chase, did you?”

“I… suppose…” Vyrnen replied as he continued to try and back away, only to see that the three that he had managed to get back out of the broken scaffolding. “Don’t suppose you could let me go.”

“No,” the assimilator Sabredrone said with a smirk. “However… considering you were able to give us quite the chase perhaps you would like to join us? We could certainly use someone as… clever as you.”

“Do I… have a choice?” Vyrnen asked as he felt one of them come from behind, feeling something hard and throbbing pressing between his cheeks.

“Of course not,” the assimilator sabredrone stated. “But you’ll love it.”

The dragon couldn’t exactly deny that as the rubber began to spread over his scales, the blue lines on his body turning bright green against the shiny black. As the Sabredrone assimilator in front of him went up and kissed him right on the muzzle. Vyrnen let out a muffled grunt as he felt the power immediately course through his body as his muscles began to thicken. More of the rubber began to spread over him and as the tongue had slid inside his mouth it covered him there.

The other two assimilators had knelt down and were ready to welcome in their new pack mate, sliding their tongues and muzzles around his throbbing cock while another one began to push up inside his tailhole. The rubbery creature behind him moved his hands from clamping around his shoulders to slidng down to his chest to rub his firming pectorals. With the latex continuing to assimilate him and his muscles growing underneath them it was like they were sculping his body, turning it into the perfect hunter to join them…

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

When the assimilator sabredrone finished with his tale the group found themselves in an outdoor arcade, a place where a number of the shiny rubber creatures were relaxing as the day wound down towards the end. Once more it seemed to deliberately scream normalcy, they even got real hot dogs from a sabredrone with an apron on standing behind a food cart. “So are we meeting your overlord here?” Felicia asked after finishing the impromptu dinner. “There’s not a lot of time left in our visit I’m afraid.”

“He’ll be here to collect you soon enough,” Vyrnen replied, motioning over towards one of the arcade machines. “But there is still one more class of sabredrone that you have to meet before your tour is completely up.” Even the alligator had his jaw drop slightly as they looked over and saw the thickly-muscled cobra sabredrone bouncing away on the machine, its green-striped heavy tail waving around and even lifting the rubbery creature up while he followed the arrows on the machine flying by in rapid succession. “I give you into the care of Tanakeah, one of our guardian Sabredrones.”

The four continued to look on in slight awe at the creature that stood head and shoulders even above them, taller even then the assimilator as Vyrnen snapped his fingers to get their attention and motioned for them to follow. They went up to the game console and stood there waiting until the rubber cobra finished up with his game, then immediately turned his attention to the group with a wry smile. “Looks like I’m your last stop before going back,” Tanakeah said as he hopped off the platform. “I know you don’t have much time left so why don’t we go ahead and do it right here?”

“I think we’re getting a little bit of interference from all the machines,” James said, he and Boris looking down at the camera feed display. “Or maybe it’s just the force field, I noticed it a few times before too.”

“Is it going to ruin the shot?” Felicia asked sternly.

“Well… no,” James replied. “Just will look a little strange on post.”

“Then let’s leave it as is,” the fox replied, brushing back her fur once more. “Last thing we need to do is burn daylight trying to find a new spot and missing out on one of these types of Sabredrones.” James just shrugged and nodded, then once more set up and started filming as the vixen turned back to the rubber cobra sabredrone. “So Tanakeah, we’ve spoken with many of your… fellow cohorts today, and they all seem to have their roles in this new system. Can you explain yours?”

“Well as the name suggests I protect the others,” Tanakeah answered with a small chuckle. “We’re the ones that get called in should other Sabredrones be in trouble, normally fighting a threat off instead of converting it. So far there hasn’t been much use for someone like me and I’m hoping that it stays that way, but you never know.”

‘I see,” the reported stated. “So when talking to the others they all seemed to have their story of how they got to be the way they are, some transforming into their role right away while others were given such a thing by either the overlord or someone in that same rank. How did you get to become a guardian?”

“Well funny story that,” Tana stated, his grin growing wider. “You see, I actually had an in with the overlord that I hadn’t realized until all this went down…”

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Tanakeah found himself quickly getting surrounded by more and more Sabredrones as the megacity fell, people shouting as they all attempted to get to the main highway leading out. The cobra helped a few others getting along the road that had become flooded with people since cars had been jammed up in the city center. “Almost there!” he shouted as those that he had managed to help followed. “If we can just get to the city limits we can get out before-“

Suddenly the cobra was cut off as the air shimmered about a mile ahead of them, everyone watching as a bright blue light curtain came up that formed into a dome. Tana and the others gasped as they saw it and knew exactly what it meant. The city had been quarantined… and that meant no one was going to be able to leave. Those on the highway were dumbfounded when they tried to think about what to do next, even though they were effectively trapped. Just as they realized the futility of the situation the Sabredrones that had been hot on their heels eventually caught up and soon people were being converted left and right.

Even though Tana knew there wasn’t much they could do the cobra continued to fight the horde off, attempting to keep people safe while they tried to get back to the city. But it wasn’t long until he had a collar around his neck along with the others, everyone eventually getting put into a converted bus and heading back into the city. The Sabredrones had taken over most of the city at this point and those like them were being shipped off into conversion facilities. All he could do at this point was wait and see what would happen to them, hoping against hope that he could figure something out before they were converted…

“Tana?” a voice said, the cobra so intensely trying to find a hole in the security that it startled him when he turned and saw a sabredrone looking at him. “Are you Tanakeah?”

“…yeah,” the cobra said. “Why?”

“I’ve been instructed to have you come with me,” the sabredone said. “Your friend wishes to speak with you.”

Friend? Had another found their way into the facility? Tana found himself more curious then anything else and decided not to make waves, especially when he felt a tingle from around his neck and felt himself immediately began to comply. He was bought away from the lines and up towards an elevator, the cobra being brought far up into one of the huge skyscrapers where they had put in the conversion facility. Once they arrived at the floor the Sabredrone motioned for him to go in, then as Tana walked into the large office the elevator shut behind him.

“Tana!” a voice said, causing the cobra to spin around yet again and this time his jaw dropped open in shock. “I was hoping that I would see you again soon.”

“No way… Serathin?” Tana replied, looking over the somewhat familiar figure standing before him, though the huge, rubbery creature wasn’t like the draconic sabrewolf that he used to know. “You’re behind all of this?”

“Of course,” Serathin replied, winking at the cobra and walking up to him. “Here I thought that seeing so many that look like me out there you might have figured it out. I can understand though, it’s been crazy out there.”

The two continued to talk for a little bit and Tana found out that Serathin was the first to have been corrupted actually. He knew that the draconic sabrewolf had gotten heavily into rubber as of late and had started to become more dominant, but nothing could have expected this to be the outcome. A legion of Sabredrones and a megacity that had completely fallen to him… and wanted to share it with the cobra. Tana was surprised as he floated him the offer of becoming a guardian, knowing that he would be the best at protecting the Sabredrones that he had created.

Tana bit his lip slightly as he knew that he had been offered something that was directly counter to what he had been doing before. Instead of attempting to escape he would be helping those that had been transformed, and with his friend giving him the offer it made it even more tempting. The sabrewolf also knew that the serpentine man was also into rubber. At that moment he realized that the only reason that he had actually been running was from the fear that everyone else was expecting.

Eventually the cobra found himself nodding, and almost immediately he found something slithering around his arms and legs. When he looked down at his limbs he saw that rubber tentacles had wrapped around them, and as he looked back he could see that they were connected to the body of the sabrewolf in front of him. “You don’t think I would forget about what you enjoy,” Serathin stated as he lifted the cobra up, taking the male and letting more of the tentacles curling around him. “Now why don’t you go ahead and relax, guardian…”

The cobra let out a pleasured moan as he felt the tentacles tightening, the rubber spreading over his scales as tingles ran along the entire length of his body. His muscles strengthened, his tail thickened, everything was growing bigger with every second. Serathin seemed to know how exactly to manipulate his increasingly rubbery body, his hissing growing much louder as he began to feel all those in the Sabredrone Network connect to him, applauding their newest protector…

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Once the vixen and the others had gotten their fill of talking to the guardian Sabredrone they nodded to Serathin, who started to escort them once more. As they walked out of the building and back into the streets of the megacity they could see that streetlights were starting to flicker to life, illuminating the rubbery creatures that walked around continuing to shop and do other things. After a day in the city with these drones it was hard to think of them as the menacing, apocalyptic enemies that the world originally pegged them as. James even wanted to stick around and get some extra footage of the night life of these creatures, only for the alligator soldier to promptly refuse and tell them to move on.

Eventually they made their way back to the promenade where they had been dropped off, the five of them getting up onto the platform just as the automated APC came in to greet them. “I suppose this is your ride,” Serathin joked slightly as he looked at them. “As you can see you’re all heading back to the rest of the world in one piece and not shiny at all, though I can see at least one of you that might want to change that.”

Serathin winked at the bull, the others looking at him as he blushed and grinned sheepishly. “Well I know one thing is for sure,” Jackson stated, the alligator shaking his head. “You’ve certainly made my job harder than I thought. Here I thought that I was going to have to protect these three while going through a war zone, now I’m going to have to somehow explain that despite being completely taken over by rubber creatures this place still resembles a functioning society.”

“Sorry for making your work harder,” the rubber sabrewolf said with a chuckle. “But at least we’re leaving on better terms then we’ve started, I appreciate you not pointing your gun at me anymore.” The Overlord turned to the other three and gave them a small nod. “As for the rest of you I do hope that you can tell our story, the entire reason that I brought you in here in the first place was to show that this place isn’t full of bloodthirsty animals ready to spread across the world like a plague.”

“It’s definitely been enlightening,” Felicia stated, once more shaking the sabrewolf’s hand along with the other two. “We’ll make sure that the full story gets out there, people definitely need to see this.”

“They certainly do,” Serathin replied, patting the APC that had just pulled up alongside them briefly before an alarm went off that caused him to stop. “Well your chariot awaits, I’m sure you have an entire night filled with debriefing and various probing to make sure that you aren’t corrupted in any way. You all have fun with that.”

It was clear from the sour look on their faces, even the alligator’s, that they already knew what was waiting for them when they got back to the other side of the forcefield. As they all stepped inside and the door closed they could already see that a scan was happening to their bodies as well as their equipment. Once it had finished they could hear the vehicle sealing shut, keeping them quarantined, and start driving back towards the forcefield. On the other side of that stood an entire platoon of soldiers along with medical researchers ready to give them another look over before bringing them to their next destination. But as the three news crew members looked at one another they couldn’t help but smile, knowing that it was all about to be worth it as soon as their story hit televisions and computers across the globe.

Meanwhile Serathin continued to stand there and watch as the APC drove past the forcefield, watching arcs of electricity that would likely fry anything that might be attempting to hitch a ride before disappearing out of sight. It didn’t take long after that for others to join him standing there on the platform watching. The first was Vyrnen, the assimilator sabredrone landing on the ground with Newlyn and Texotic right behind them. After about a minute Amasis and Tanakeah came up onto the promenade from the lower level, taking the stairs as they all continued to watch the vehicle until it disappeared out of sight.

“Do you think it’s going to work?” Amasis asked, Uraeus continuing to look out as the chimera stared up at Serathin.

“Of course it’s going to work,” Texotic replied confidently as he put one of his left arms around the rubber sabredrone chimera’s shoulder while the other went to his waist to pull their bodies closer together. “It’s my purpose to corrupt others through non-transformative means, and I think what we got here is going to influence a lot of people onto our side.”

“Hopefully some of them are those that control this force field,” Vyrnen stated, his tongue curling around his saber teeth. “I haven’t been on a proper hunt in ages.”

“I think we’re not going to have to wait very long,” Serathin said with a chuckle. “In fact, I think its time we start to prepare for our expansion into the world, though thankfully most will at least have a sense of the different kind of drones… makes transforming them into what they want to be so much easier.”