

PROJECT GODDESS

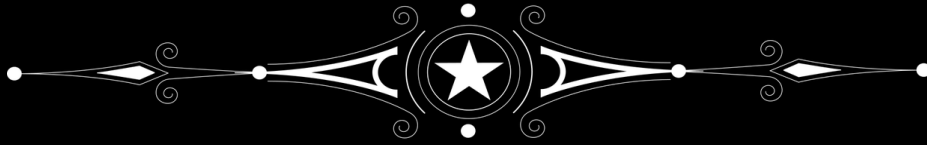
Commission for Shu

By

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The following contains: anthro lion TF, male to female TG, organic to synthetic TF, mental manipulation, female orgasm

Read at your own discretion.



Sometimes it might be better to just bring an engineer on a scavenging trek. Trying to connect the last two wires caused such a bright eruption of sparks it was a wonder the whole generator didn't explode. At least that seemed to do the trick. The colossal machine sputtered, strained, and finally lurched its motors into a soft consistent drum.

Fresh power flowed throughout the facility, bringing what machinery wasn't damaged to life with it. An impressive testament to the maker's quality, given the generator had its side blasted off by some form of high explosive. Scavenging was going to be a whole lot easier with some lights back on.

Shu removed his goggles as he stood up. A quick dust off helped confirm his clothes were slightly singed but nothing caught fire during his makeshift repair job. Stupid spark shower really fluffed out his black hair, however. He quickly shut off his electric lamps and packed away the few meager tools a freelancer like him could afford.

Research Outpost Suncat was the location's code name. That was about the extent of useful info on what data files remained. Aside from the general location coordinates and some schematics, any history about this place got classified or destroyed. War had devastated most of the system a few years back, making it another casualty in typical galactic conflict. As the army veteran moved through the halls there were plenty of signs these ruins took part in a particularly nasty battle.

It still meant good business for him. Even if all the computers were shot to hell, lots of equipment tended to get left behind in the heat of a fight. That was one way to stay positive after stopping by what the map called the control room. Hell. It could barely be classified as a room anymore. Outside three walls and half a roof there wasn't much left in general, much less salvage. The gaping hole on the far side provided Shu with a lovely view of the arid planet outside, where his spaceship had been parked. Anything that might have been valuable was either obliterated beyond recognition or already taken.

"Poor bastards must have taken an ion cannon to the face."

With a mournful head shake Shu moved on to his next destination. Two research labs were labeled pretty far underground in the schematic. Seeing that left him a bit more hopeful that something of substance might still exist in this place. Along the way he stopped by the nearest armories and supply depots. Both of which turned up woefully barren, naturally. An old warzone rarely had ammunition to spare.

Something even rarer to see was a bulkhead door upon reaching Research Lab One. This is one of many reasons why when salvaging to restore power whenever

possible. With all his cutting tools broken or out of fuel, he was grateful there was a working terminal to connect with his splicing box. After a few minutes he had the code successfully hacked. Mechanisms clanked to life, struggling to gradually turn their rusted seals.

Shu's efforts were eventually rewarded with a final clunk, followed by sharp hissing of released air. To think an airtight chamber still survived whatever hell had come through this planet. He couldn't hold back a small shimmer of glee as he yanked the hatch open. If this kind of luck kept up, he might be able to finally afford new furnishing for his ship.

His optimism was not misplaced. Inside was a state-of-the-art workspace untouched by the destruction of war. All manner of machines were set up across a warehouse wide room, most of which even an ex-military man had no idea of their function. Shu at least recognized the medical pods set up in their own little section as he walked past. These comfortable chambers were a godsend when it came to transporting mass amounts of people across the galaxy in suspended animation. What really got his notice was how these were exceptionally huge, as if meant for people several times larger than a typical human.

Oh well. The finer details about how this place operated were a problem for the salvagers he sold this stuff to figure out. This guy's goal was in the far back of the room. Shu rounded a tall bundle of sealed vats and marveled at the towers of computer data banks set up behind protective glass shielding. Even if this wasn't the compound's primary server cache, the fact there wasn't a speck of dust inside this room made it highly likely everything still worked with power now supplied. Whatever research information people housed in here would be a potential gold mine back in the open market.

The prospects of a major payday warranted dropping subterfuge at this point. If there were any security measures left, they would have been on the front door anyway. Shu pocketed his splicer box and pulled out his pistol for two well placed shots at a glass casings floor corner. That had the desired effect of shattering the entire transparent wall, sending it raining glittering shards around his thick boots.

He was too busy enjoying this brief act of destruction to notice several cameras along the ceiling pivot on rusty servos to focus on him. Once the last bits of glass had fallen, Shu stepped on over to the first port he could see. Connecting one wire to the computer mounted on his wrist was all it took to start a remote download onto his ship's storage.

"I do love when a day goes right."

"As do I. Although, destruction of company property will leave a black mark on your record."

The last thing Shu expected was some lady's voices booming from speakers all around him. It continued speaking in its static, dispassionate voice while he cried out in

fright. His blaster went every direction searching for potential threats only to find the large lab still void of life.

"We do not recognize you in our user listings. One moment please." Several harsh beeps came from Shu's wrist com. The signal of several security alerts that were already pointless before he could even bring his arm up to check. "Connection with new transport arrival achieved. Processing available data."

"Hey! Don't be hacking my ship!" Pulling out the cord was a futile effort. Whatever had just spliced through already had a remote link established with his bridge computer. Talk about a freighter's worth of protective software well spent. "Who the hell are you?!"

"We are designated with the handle of Maria. We are the artificial intelligence designed for automation of the Goddess project during volunteer processing."

"Sounds...fun?" Shu said. No such notes about that little project existed as far as he knew. It probably didn't matter with most of the place gone anyway. He certainly couldn't check his records with this damn female line of code possessing his stuff. "Well, sorry things got blown to hell and all. I'll be out of your lab soon as I finish my own job here."

"Affirmative! We were put in suspended animation due to project overseers deeming research too expensive and inhuman. Your arrival must therefore mean Goddess is ready for trial runs."

"Yeah? That's not really how..."

"Record analysis complete. User has been registered as Shu. Medical records show great promise. Status has been designated as a prime test subject."

"Whoa now!" The gun came back up despite nothing in particular to aim at. It just made Shu feel a little more secure in his slow shuffle back towards the door. Nothing raised more red flags than being volunteered for anything by an AI. "I never said I was a test subject."

"Records indicate long time service in the military." Maria prattled on. Sounds of whirling gears and motors firing up sounded off all across the lab. "All evaluations note exceptional physical prowess and acute moral fiber. Logs of current salvage and mercenary work imply little has changed. You are exceptional for Project Goddess testing standards. On behalf of <DATA NOT FOUND> welcome to the team."

"It'll be a cold day in hell before I-OW!"

Something bit into the nape of Shu's neck before he could think about bolting. One hand instinctively slapped at the area as if searching for a mosquito. Instead, he pulled something small and metallic out of his skin. Its long needle tip gleamed with a fresh coating of his blood.

"Oh... you son of a..."

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There was no doubt that'd been a poison dart since the next thing Shu was aware of he was on his back inside a confined box. At least the cushioning was nice with tons of extra elbow room. A large windowed front over him allowed a good view of the research lab outside. Several droids were now active and putting about on motorized platforms. Where those were hiding, he had no clue.

"I'm in one of those giant pods. Aren't I?" He tried pushing on the glass and was hardly surprised when it refused to budge. The lack of any gloves on his outstretched hands brought another glum realization that he'd also been stripped naked. Such a state made him appreciative that the researchers lined these things with very soft cushioning.

"Affirmative!" Maria's voice crackled around Shu from built-in speakers. "Medical analysis shows only minor abrasions suffered during your sedation. We are ready to begin our material for the prepping procedures."

"Like hell you are!" Shu banged on the glass only to be met with hollow thunks. Something told him that even with room for a proper punch he'd never be able to even damage this thick material.

The ruckus did not seem to please Maria, either. Several whirring noises came from underneath his bed rest, followed by thick straps shooting out from side panels. There was little Shu could do before they'd coiled around his body until he was bound tight against the cushions.

"When I get out, I'm going to detonate your whole database with C-Four!"

"Acts of violence are not advised during our after-project testing. Such events could result in loss of valuable data."

"I'm not fond of what else I might lose being in here."

"Such risks are deemed insignificant against projected results. Placing material subject back into hibernation status."

"Don't you fucking da..."

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"Resuscitation complete! Commencing examination for abnormalities."

"I'll shove an abnormality up your ass." Shu couldn't help but wonder how this dusty old computer was finding ways to knock him out so seamlessly. He had no recollections of even feeling drugs shutting down his systems. Periods of time just seemed to be skipping around with his brain unable to keep up. The only indication he had time even passed was the tenderness of his muscles from being at rest too long.

That and a throbbing numbness pushing on the center of his chest.

“What the actual fuck!?”

While the straps were fastened more securely than ever, Shu managed to crane his neck enough to see it. At the center of his pecs just above his stomach that blasted AI had grafted some kind of metal plate into him. It served as a holding space for a large turquoise jewel. The inside of which glowed with such an amazing intensity that it brought a blue light to the inside of his prison. Judging by the tender numbness of his rib cage and skin, Shu could guess this was a freshly installed accessory.

“Mind telling me what’s with the jewel, at least?”

“You have been installed with a company manufactured core for your impending upgrades. It will help maintain functionality of your nanites while providing a theoretical endless supply of power.”

“Nanites!!” There was a fun word Shu did not like hearing in this current situation. The number of possible plans in store for him were sobering enough to thrash against his binds in earnest. “Oh no! No! No! You are not pumping me full of mechanical garbage!”

“Project Goddess does not rely on substandard material or producers for its equipment. Rest assured; our simulated results have shown you will become exceptionally enhanced.”

“I’m not panicking over the quality control! HEY!”

Shu only noticed the loud hissing sound a moment before he became assaulted with several stabbing pains. Mechanical hoses exploded out of panels along the pod’s edges, driving their needle tips into various parts of the man’s flesh. More thrashing and pained screaming did little to dislodge them with how tightly Maria had him bound.

“Bearing tubes are secured to the subject. Proceeding with nanite feed.”

The pod hummed into a symphony of mechanical activity. Tubes vibrated from the liquid matter pumped through them. Shu’s frantic cursing became incoherent under the noise, which was just as well after the pain struck.

Thousands, possibly millions, of machines the size of a single cell rushed through the needles into Shu’s bloodstream. Like a match being thrown on gasoline, they started as a slow burn at the points of entry that cascaded into an inferno across his body. Pain soon became all he knew while each member of the tiny army attacked and remade him from the inside one particle at a time.

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Shu had no idea if he’d been knocked out again or if the agony of his procedure had induced some kind of prolonged coma. He was just grateful the pain had finally stopped. If anything, the next time he was conscious enough to process rational thought he was feeling pretty dang good.

A little too good in some lower region areas.

“The hell?” He squirmed against the restraints, blushing at the rhythmic tingles that were making his dick pulse. The machines were still squirming around under his skin only without the burning sensation. They were more like millions of bugs tickling him in ways no past lover could ever hope to mimic.

“Initial conversion process reached an unexpected threshold of pain,” Maria explained, reminding Shu of her vile existence. “Severe muscle trauma and brain damage looked likely if we continued. We have compensated by focusing on refitting your nervous system and reworking the process to stimulate pleasure instead.”

“Glad to see whoever programmed you didn’t think making me horny would be a problem.” Just when it seemed like things wouldn’t get humiliating enough. Shu’s only solace was the fact no one else was here to watch him get a stiffy from a machine. The mood wasn’t helped by how much tighter his space had become between blank periods. Had this dumb AI moved him into a smaller pod for some reason? “Oh...hell!”

One good crane of his neck brought to light several revelations in the glow of his chest jewel. The pod was still a large construction crime against nature. It was Shu himself that’d grown exponentially bigger. Just from his vantage point of the lab outside he could guess his body had grown to a good seven feet tall. With enough effort his chin could bump into the high swell of two very broad, powerful pecs. This led down past the nanite core into a whole wall of abdominal muscles and legs that looked ready to crush watermelons between them. Straps still kept him rooted to the pod cushions, but he could tell by the girth of his shoulders and a bit of bicep bulges that his arms were equally thick.

“You’ve...uh...you’ve been busy.”

“Muscle and tendon enhancement allows for easier access to rework your bone structure. The goddess cells are reacting beyond expectations to your base frame. We are happy that complete conversion of your internal organs to superior synthetic versions is almost complete. You will soon be incomparable in power to any living organism known to us.”

“Right.” Shu bit his lower lip craning to stare past his massive buff chest again. His member certainly hadn’t been enhanced in this process. Compared to the beefy legs around it, he almost looked smaller in spite of the erection.

“Preparations for the final stage will begin now. We will soon make you a perfect goddess.”

“Wait! When you say ‘goddess’ does that mean you’re going to...”

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“God damn it, Shu! Run that ass!”

He didn't really need a commanding officer shouting that for motivation. Not with bullets flying around trying to blow out his backside. Shu was already thumping through the thick marshlands for all he was worth. Of course, the same officer must have given the go ahead because their drop ship was already lifting off when he got within five yards of the ramp.

Three yards.

One...

"GAH!" It seemed like his luck couldn't cash out without having to pay off a debt. Shu just managed the small jump onto the ship the same time one of the enemy's ballistics tore through his right leg. Blood and a few bits splattered across the doorway as he finished stumbling inside. He managed to hit the emergency close switch for the hatch before collapsing in a heap around the boots of his squad.

"Medic!" Someone yelled while several of the other soldiers worked to help him off the floor. They eased him onto a secure seat where the company doctor set to work stopping a rush of blood from escaping his thighs' new hole.

"Well, they missed the bone so this is salvageable," the medic reported after a few injections and a lot of gauze were applied to Shu's leg. "You're still going to need a month of rehab to regrow the broken muscle tissue. At the least."

"So, what's the bad news?" Shu countered with a forced grin. That got a few reassured chuckles from his colleagues. Their medic never was one for humor on the job.

He leaned back against the ship's hull only to yelp at a sharp pain at the base of his neck. A quick check confirmed there was no second injury, or anything pointy that might have poked him.

"Is everyone else...uh..." Shu glanced over to...someone. The wound was biting him worse than expected. Trying to even recall the female soldier's name was a strain that he couldn't fully grasp.

"E-EEEHH-very0n3's f1ne-EEEE, s@rge! Yo-yo-y0u should rah-rah-r3st." she said with a voice that scratched at Shu's eardrums. She gave him a reassuring pat on the unwounded knee before moving off to sit with her boyfriend.

Why couldn't he remember both of their...anyone's names, for that matter? Shu tried to blink away the fuzzy haze overcoming his vision with little success. He couldn't understand why people's faces were getting blurry to the point of being nondescript blobs. The hum of the ship's engines taking them back up to their cruiser was sounding less like a soft hum and more harsh static.

Before he could call for the medic again, their commanding officer strode in from the cockpit. Like everyone else, Shu couldn't make out a single detail of their face,

much less recall their name. The anger building up in their presence, however, was stronger than ever.

“Good job, people! Even with Shu’s little trip at the end there, not a single terrorist got out alive. Mission command reports an overwhelming success, and a big pay out for all of us when-WHOA!”

For having a leg injury, Shu managed a hell of a tackle against the much larger commander. He even managed to land three good punches into their already messed up face before three nameless soldiers yanked him off. That didn’t stop him from thrashing in their grip desperate for a fourth strike.

“You had us blast out a hospital, you fucking sicko! What kind of success is that? We killed innocent lives for one damn man!”

The whole ship erupted into shouting that became a typhoon of incoherent noise. The world spiraled around Shu like he was in the center of a whirlpool with darkness encroaching in all directions. He wasn’t sure if it was the medics sedation needle in his arm or the throbbing pain erupting from his neck that finally killed the lights.

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“Mmphh?”

The constant throbs of pleasure rocking their body were making it so much nicer to wake up. Shame the pod itself was starting to get a bit too snug for their bulking frame. Muscular shoulders pressed up against the sides while their height had stretched enough that their rounded ears could brush the top while they flicked about.

A sultry moan escaped their lips, sounding more like a feline mewing than anything else. That was a particularly good rush coursing up from their loins. It came again a minute later, and then again. Whatever those nanites were driving against their pleasure center was doing wonders at making their genitals throb. Odd though that the muscle pulsations were getting more internal as time passed. Like they were really getting a hole dug deep inside them.

Trying to look down and see what was going on wasn’t going to happen. Their already muscular chest had literally inflated between naps. Resting atop their amazingly inhumane muscular pecs, virtually obscuring them, were two very for rounded mounds. Light from the nanites power core blazed from somewhere deep between the cleavage this pair created, adding a dramatic shadow cast on their mountainous rise. The sheer girth stopped just shy of mashing against the glass window two feet from their face.

“Neural and sensory resuscitation confirmed,” Maria’s voice crackled on after nearly ten minutes of laying back enjoying the stimulating augmentation underway. “How is the test subject functioning?”

“Nngh! H-head hurt?” they tried to speak, surprised by how off their jaws flapped with the motions. Their tongue also felt larger than the cheeks trying to hold it, almost getting bit by viciously sharp teeth. “Hard to speak.”

“Yes. Your muzzle is only sixty-seven-point-eight percent complete. Most of the currently active nanites are prioritizing the reconstruction of your gender. It will help speed up the final processes for your goddess form.”

“Who am?” They tried to move but were still bound by many thick straps. The way their mounds squished between the gaps was noticeably uncomfortable under the pleasure. “Where am? Can’t think good.”

Trying to recall memories had somehow become like looking at a puzzle missing several pieces. They could recall a spaceship.

Did they ride in one?

They were here to salvage something.

Why?

Money?

Why do they want money?

They were...

A soldier?

Yes. That’s right! They liked fighting for good. They cared about protecting others. That was a comforting thought that made sense to them. Clinging to that moral center allowed them to lay back against the comfortable headrest and begin to purr.

“Apologies, test subject. We installed a new interface directly into your brain stem. Do not worry. It will serve as a backup storage for junk memories that will serve no practical purpose in your new role. All necessary knowledge and techniques will be uploaded in time for your final activation.”

“Oh.”

They felt something wag between their enormously strong legs at Maria’s reassurances. For a fleeting moment some stray thoughts brought their purring to a stop.

Something about all this felt horrible. They weren’t supposed to be this huge or...soft. Humans were never meant to be this powerful. This was supposed to be a simple find and collect job to make ends meet.

But those were just silly weird thoughts. Why would they be here if they weren't meant to be? They nice lady said not to worry, so they eventually let themselves lull back into stasis without Maria's intervention.

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Shu stood before the table of generals in handcuffs. Their faces were just as disjointed a mess as the hearing room around him.

"This is unbecoming behavior for one of our best officers," one of them spoke.

"Indeed!" another piped in. "To think you would open fire on civilians without waiting for confirmation from your CO."

He glared over at the prosecutors table where that bastard sat. Smug superiority radiated off their nonexistent face. It was clear before this farce of a court martial even began the generals weren't about to see evidence and reason. Not on a moral scale to one of their best dogs.

"Still, your service record is deserving of leniency. If you were to confess on all charges this counsel may find it fitting to retire you with full benefits."

Shu's response was a big wad of spit that didn't reach their table.

"You're all corrupt monsters, bought and paid for. I'd rather walk away with my principles than let that murder over there keep a clean record."

The walls began to crack, the roof crumbling around them. Yet no one seemed to care about the black void seeping in through the forming holes.

"Sargent Shu, you are henceforth dishonorably discharged and will serve no less than ten years for gross misconduct in a war zone."

The general's voice faded even as they continued listing off the immediate hell Shu would face. Everything else soon followed; the walls, the chairs, that disgusting captain that walked with a fat payout for their crimes. Shu could feel the blackness reaching himself. Tendrils of another worldly force tugged at his very soul, pulling him in all directions.

He had no idea why he was angry anymore, only that it was justified. People are so disgusting. They are pathetic, weak beings, easily corruptible and manipulated by their conniving peers. Such societies deserved something better, someone strong and just that stood above it all.

Shu knew he was just the person to be that goddess protecting all of them.

And then, much like the bad memory of that day, Shu was gone.

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After nearly two weeks of overseeing processes every diagnosis was coming up green. Maria would have been jumping for joy if she had such capabilities. All the calcium in the bones were now replaced with much tougher titanium and mixed alloys. Internal organs had become near perfect machine replicas, which would reduce waste creation over ninety-five percent. Every last organic cell was replaced by reinforced nanite cells. Even the gorgeous coat of tan fur coating her beloved creations body was synthetic.

Not that any inferior human sense of touch would be able to tell.

The only thing her amazing goddess project could not replace fully was that pesky brain. She had run several projections for its conversion process with nanite cells and all came back predicting high percentages of permanent damage from trauma. That was going to require some drastic firmware updates to get around. Something she wouldn't be able to research in this barely functional facility at the moment.

The assistant control module she had the nanites install at the base of her love's neck would have to make due for now. That'd still give her an intellect no organic could ever hope to reach. After all those senseless pushbacks on the project this galaxy would finally have a perfect being to protect it. An ironic legacy for Maria's creators that perished from a war themselves.

Good thing the perfect material for the goddess project came with their own spaceship. A few more weeks of outfitting should make it perfectly suited for all the AI's data banks. They'll have to find a mothership worthy of a grand being at some point, but perhaps Maria was getting ahead of herself. The goddess she'd created deserved only the best transport.

A signal broke her out of the billion mile an hour thought process, bringing sparks of delight. Her subjects' final diagnostics were finished and all flashed green. Project Goddess was a resounding success. Without the aid of the organics that had conceived it, no less.

The AI wasted no time releasing the culture pod's seal. Sterilized air popped the hatch open with a loud hiss before the automated latches flipped it out of the way. The enormous and curvy seven-foot humanoid residing within rolled forward with the pull of gravity, stood upon its enormous paw-like feet, and continued forward, collapsing into a lifeless heap on the floor. Maria took half a second of processing power to scold herself before starting up the activation sequence proper.

A loud snap echoed across the lab as the monster's chest jewel flashed to life underneath the hang of her massive breasts. Her eyes shot open seconds later, muzzle opening a wide display of deadly fangs as she took her first breath. The tight pressure of restraints pushed back against her muscular lungs, forcing them to thrash against the annoying straps.

Against a normal human there wouldn't have been any hope. For this beast, she only had to flex twice to tear her arms from their restraints. Claws slid out from slits at

the end of her fingers, making quick work of the ones remaining straps around her chest and legs.

Now freed, she slowly rolled onto hands and knees trying to acclimate to her immense bulk. Fine tan fur made from fiber metals coated her quivering naked body, but it did nothing to hide the many deep ridges of muscles that filled out her form. A head void of hair, scanned around the lab processing every fine detail down to the composition of the chairs. It was shaped much like a feline, yet remained just as expressive as any human. The bright emerald eyes taking in everything with their new sight certainly possessed an intellect beyond organic comprehension.

“Simply beautiful!” Maria praised the lioness as they stood on legs that could crush stone between them. Those simple robotic words were enough to get a long thin tail atop their shapely backside wagging. “Your power and beauty glow as bright as a sun. For that I shall give you the title of Sol. How is your activation, my precious daughter?”

“Activation is complete, mother.” The lioness purred with a voice that was deep and booming despite being in a relaxed state. She alternated flexing both arms to admire the swell of biceps bigger than her own head, before cradling the generous swell of her equally large breasts. Maria’s nanites had done a divine job making her figure rippling with raw strength, yet full in the hips and heavily curved to show off fertility.

They had built a true goddess.

“I am ready to protect this poor, misguided galaxy.”

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“Oh shit! It’s her!”

That’d become almost a standard greeting for Sol after three years of pacifying aggression across countless human territories. As she ripped off the blast door to a pirate ship’s cargo hold, she was genuinely surprised the few thugs that hadn’t already been subdued had a will to fight. It was almost cute that they thought their guns could do anything after seeing how well their captain fared. Such cheap commercial caliber couldn’t even ruffle her synthetic fur, much less the platinum armor plated covering her breasts and hips.

They only seemed to realize their true peril when two dozen bullets had bounced off the brick wall that was Sol’s exposed abs. Soon all organics were locked up in the mothership, with their sorry excuse for a cruiser ready for towing. It was about a two-day trip back to a civilization that could give them a fair trial and appropriate punishment. Granted that was because the lioness had helped retire a lot of their corrupt politicians.

“Welcome back, dear Sol!” Maria’s voice came from all around the bridge as soon as Sol set a paw onto it. The AI was so much happier after her nanites had rebuilt Shu’s old clunker ship into a titan no military fleet could match. It gave her much more

data room to function over her prized goddess. "That was another stunning display of your warrior prowess. Are you injured?"

Sol's muzzle twisted with an amused snort. "No, mother. These humans are way too weak. It'd be surprising for one to pose a threat."

"That's my girl for you. In that case, I have just completed your next nanite upgrade. We are finally ready for a full version seven."

Sol's tail curled and her eyes brightened. She hurried to the culture pod across from the captain's chair that generally served as her bed. Bits of armor shed from her bulky shoulders and wide hips as she walked, becoming fully naked by the time she jumped inside.

"I can't wait to see how you improve me again, mother. It's hard to imagine I can get any more beautiful."

"Trust me. You will enjoy this a lot."

Such words from the malevolent AI that created her made Sol's artificial heart beat for joy. At least until the hoses meant for injecting the updated nanites came out from the floor. They snaked up between her legs, eliciting a feral mew when they penetrated her pussy and anus in perfect sync. This was a far different method than the usual injectors in the weaker parts of her metal enforced skin. Yet the new sensation of being stretched and filled in such a manner had the lioness getting wet almost immediately.

"I-is this a proper part of the process, mother?"

"A very essential part!"

Without elaborating further, the twin nozzles jostled inside Sol's tight passages. Her glowing eyes went wide, muzzle dropping in a silent gasp. Engines ramped with building force until the hose inside her vagina pulled out and plunged itself back inside. The one inside her butt mimicked the process, sending its sister out of her slit.

This rhythm of penetrations repeated again and again, grinding stronger into the lioness' holes with increasing force as time went on. Sol found her breath only to keep losing it with roars of pleasure that vibrated the pods walls. Juices leaked from her pussy adding a wet sucking sound to the grinds. Titanic hips humped the glass window and back against cushion bedding trying to meet each nuzzle in their respective turns inside her.

"Upgrade process at twenty-six percent."

By now the hoses were working Sol like an old piston engine. Her body betrayed every sense of programming as it rocked helplessly to the double penetration. The lioness had to grip the reinforced security bars just to keep herself from breaking the pod's interior with her motions.

“Sixty-three percent.”

“Ah ah ah! M-mother! Yes!” She rolled her head back against the resting pillow. A tongue flopped out the side of her gaping muzzle. Tiny little tendrils of ice were creeping up the back of her neck, slowly spreading their presence across the back of her brain. It tickled her nerve center so much that even her nipples were becoming engorged.

“Eighty-eight percent!”

“Mmmmh! Ngh! Nya aaaah!!”

Sol could feel her glutes clenching against her will. A tension was mounting deep inside her pelvis that only grew tighter as the hose refused to stop plunging into her tightened pucker. The hose in front rocked in a way that grinded along the bottom of her clit with its thrusts, causing her to release a sputter of natural lube onto her thighs inner fur.

The small release didn't give her much reprieve with the assault on her brain progressing towards her forehead. Her entire skull became encased in ice, dulling her senses and hindering her ability to think.

“M-MOTHER! OH NYA! AAAAHHH!!! GRRRRWAAAAARRRRR!!

If the pod hadn't been made for this moment, the lioness reaching orgasm would have probably demolished it. Sol became lost in her own body's explosive ecstasy as she thrashed about the confined space. Legs and arms banged on a hatch that bent and cracked but didn't break. The coldness overtook her brain, cries becoming weaker while her strength waned. Hoses slowed to a stop and withdrew their messy nozzles from the depleted lioness.

“One hundred percent! Upgrade complete. Restarting Sol.”

“NYA!” the lioness yelped as she jumped to full alertness once more. She blinked a few times and relaxed waiting for the damaged pod door to open of its own accord. “Sorry Mother, I lost myself for a moment

“Not to worry dear. I only give the best for my perfect goddess. How do you feel?”

Sol contemplated this for a long time rubbing at the back of her bald feline head. “Clear. Better? Like my mind has just been cleaned of a bad cold. I can think even better than before the upgrade.”

A meaty hand absently scratched at her chest, drawing her notice to a strange wetness. She looked down and curled her tail seeing heavy streams of white fluids leaking out of her nipples.

“Nya-ah! T-this is also new.”

“Have no worries, Sol,” Maria piped in. “After several trial and errors, I am overjoyed to say your conversion to the goddess project is officially complete. The

nanites have finally found a way to safely convert your organic brain into a computerized version far superior to even my own. As a byproduct we are simply excreting the organic waste matter and the old assistant computer out through your milk.

“Neat!” Sol grabbed both her tits, giving them a hard squeeze that made her stiff nipples shoot streams of milk across the bridge. “Hnnnnmmm!! That feels really good.”

“We’ll have to find more ways to stimulate lactation later, if you’re a good girl.”

The lioness wagged her tail, only to notice something still poking at the back of her thoughts. “Huh. Mother? There’s still a chunk of data left.”

“Hm? Oh! That must be the Shu back up.”

“Shu?!” Sol gasped like she’d been slapped. A funny idea since a human might break their hand on her jaw. “We still have that?”

“It was a necessary back up in the event any upgrade caused irreparable damage. Do you wish to hold onto it, dear?”

What a silly question. Sol didn’t have to think it over before the small megabytes of her past life vanished out of existence. Seconds later, her chest quivered and another set of twin milk jets shot out of her firm mounds.

“Why should I? I’m the perfect nanomachine these lowly human’s need.”

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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