

## Sea Snake

Omu a sleek buff black scaled gold stripe with white belly naga cobra snake, his red forked tongue flicks out of his maw, piercing brown eyes looking over the electronic information pad, his grey and gold trimmed uniform, signifying his station as the captain of the ship. His long snake body adjusting to the movements of the waves as the lone ship moves through the area, “The damn these cetaceans. Unable to keep their own seas clear? Now we need to investigate this problem?” he grumbles with a soft sigh on the bridge of his ship.

One of the other nagas near him remarks, “Mistress has faith in our capabilities to handle the missing cargo ships.”

Omu smirks, forked tongue flicking, razor sharp fangs protruding from his snakey smirk, “Ah yes. At least there is that. Hopefully she can see how great we are at handling this problem. The sea folk have been less than helpful in the past two years. Do they not realize that our world can still be threatened by *him*?” he remarks.

“I’m sure they do Captain Omu. But you know sea dwellers, their priorities and focus on what is important differ from us land based people. The sea is their oyster, and the land is a desert as they would say.”

“No matter. We’ll get to the bottom of this problem, and with that we shall be handsomely rewarded by Mistress Crisis,” he says puffing out his chest, spreading his hood, looking out to the blue seas, steadily cruising toward the target zone.

“Yes Captain,” the fellow naga replies. The start of their journey being rather uneventful. The first two days since they arrived in the area that has reported ships vanishing without a trace. There were no meteorological storms reported, at least as far as they knew. They sent out flying drones out in all directions, spreading the area they were searching at once, yet still nothing.

On the third night though, when all has become quiet, most of the ship’s crew has gone to bed. Omu asleep in his bed curled in upon himself, the source of the missing ships has made itself clear... at least to those currently manning the ship.

Sleek black rubber and mechanical dolphins, sharks and orcas silently climb aboard the ship. They release small squid like creatures that latch onto the faces of those working. The metal tendrils grip their faces, feeding them a form of sleeping gas. Rubber spreads out over their heads, encapsulating them in their own self-contained hood, the squids continue to feed them the calming gas and enough air to keep them alive. One by one the crew members are overrun by an elite team of ten rubber and metal hybrid machines. Those asleep are unaware as their ship’s altered course to a shallow archipelago on the edges of the area that they were sent out to search.

Slowly they made their way through the ship, launching surprise attacks on the sleeping crew members, awaking only for a second before the latex wrapped around their heads, making them completely faceless except for the squid on the front of their face, becoming somewhat like a gas mask like attachment that spread and coil around their heads toward the back, becoming a silver collar around their necks.

Once the collar was formed, the rubber would spread down the rest of their bodies, becoming blank black rubber outlined drones of their naga selves. Once the process was complete the squid would take over their visual and physical faculties creating a false world for them to interact with, leaving them at the moment unaware of anything that is wrong. The urge to simply follow orders and be good soldiers fill their heads. They will awake and do their duties like they normally would, not realizing that they are working for this unknown force.

Meanwhile Omu slept like a little baby snake, left completely unaware that anything was wrong. The alarms set were disabled, the room was filled with a gentle intoxicating aroma of the sleeping gas.

Two sharks, their back fins jutting from the back of their heads remarked to one another observing this, **“Why does she want us to leave him along?”** the first inquired.

**“That is what she wants. I bet she has a plan with that one. He’s the highest-ranking officer captured to date. And we need to be careful. If Crisis finds out of our existence before we are ready to strike, it will be all over,”** says the other, the two synthetic sharks appear to be clones of one another if not twins of some sort.

**“That is understandable sister,”** replies the other. For the next twenty-four hours Omu slept unaware that the entire ship had been commandeered right under his nose.

The ship pulls into the archipelago, the waters opening up to a watercourse way that led underneath the sea. The ship slips down, having water splash down upon the deck as it moves through a waterfall. The ship disappears beneath the waves into a secret underwater port, massive in size, where massive cargo ships are currently being disassembled for parts, stripped of anything thought to be of value. And still Omu sleeps, seeing none of this. The shark twins stand at the front entrance of his room keeping watch, making sure he sleeps soundly till the time is right.

The warship docks into its new home, all GPS and tracking devices have been stripped of the ship long before it changed its course. For all intents and purposes the ship was just another victim of these mysterious circumstances that claimed so many other ships.

When Omu finally awakens his body feels sluggish, cold, his cold-blooded nature used against him. He tries to move shaking off the cobwebs from his mind, “Huh? What’s going on?” he hisses, knowing something is amiss, *“The temperature controls would have never been tampered with...”* he thinks pushing himself up, vision coming into focus to see the two sleek black rubber and metal shark twins staring down at him.

**“Good morning,”** they say in unison grabbing and restraining him.

“Who are you! What are you doing on my ship!” he exclaims with a soft s lisp to his words.

**“We are here to take you to *our* Mistress,”** they respond, one pulling his arms behind his back, the other lifting his naga body.

“Unhand me! I’m the captain!” he exclaims his cold body is so hard to move, feeling closer to an infant than the powerful snake that he is. He flicks his tongue tasting the ozone of a

machine, the flavor of rubber, lots of it. His eyes narrow upon the realization that there is more than meets the eye.

**“You are no longer in charge here,”** says the first shark, pushing him along.

**“It will be great to see what Mistress has in store for you,”** says the other.

“Who is this Mistress?” he asks.

**“You’ll see soon enough,”** the twins respond, carrying him along through the ship.

Omu sees more anthropomorphic synthetic-rubber hybrid oceanic people moving through his ship, “What is it that you want? When the Mistress Crisis finds out you will all be punished for this insubordination to her rule.”

They chuckle in unison, **“The only one who will be punished is *her*,”** they state with a sense of confidence in their synthetic voices.

Omu looks at them curiously, led outside to the magnificent underground port. His eyes widen at the total awe of it, *“That explains what happened to the ships,”* he thinks, noticing the other cargo ships held in port. Pushed along he sees members of his own crew, covered in rubber, faceless with their squids attached to their fronts being the lifeline for them, and the thing that dictates their world. They speak and joke to one another as if nothing is wrong. Waiting in line, talking about a random surprise medical inspection. And that they find it strange this is happening at sea, but it is what it is.

Omu feeling the cool touch on his scales from the shark twins, keeping his metabolism low, keeping him slow, he weakly yells out to them, “It’s a trap! Wake up! Help me! Save me! As your captain I command you to help me!”

**“Sssorry. They can’t hear you,”** says the first shark, teasing him of his faint snake lisp.

“What are you doing to them?”

**“We aren’t doing anything. It’s what Mistress is doing,”** the second one responds.

**“Perhaps we can show him as we take our guest to her? What do you think sister?”** asks the first shark.

**“It wouldn’t be too far out of the way, and it would possibly groom him to expect what will happen to him if he doesn’t hear our glorious Mistress out and *obey*,”** the other replies.

**“Excellent idea sister!”** the other exclaims happily, the two sharks moving him past along his crew members who say.

“Of course, the Captain gets to skip the line!”

“Lucky Captain. I bet he wants to see the hot nursess,” another naga says with a more prominent snake lisp.

Omu struggles, “Come on! Help me! You can help me!” he yells to them.

**“They don’t hear you. They hear what we want them to hear. See what we want them to see. They are happily moving toward their own new awakening,”** says the first shark, moving through the doors to reveal an assembly line set up. Where one by one a member of his crew is taken and placed onto a conveyor belt. Metal armor is placed onto their sleek

rubber forms, the armor releases tendrils that attach onto the nagas, who remained relaxed the entire time. Fins are attached along their backs, and their fingers become webbed allowing greater versatility in the ocean. A long metal spine attachment is placed along their backs along with a metal control hood that is attached and melded in with the squid that began this entire process, every piece moving together to complete the takeover process. Converting the land based nagas into sleek sea snakes with black, yellow and purple highlights. Their eyes glow a soft yellow as they come online now under control of their new mysterious Mistress.

Omu weakly fights against the sharks, unable to overcome their synthetic strength, their yellow glowing eyes send tingles along his backside. The entire process taking several minutes, he is helpless as he is pulled along, watching like some helpless bystander while his crew is transformed into the enemy.

“I will never submit to you,” he hisses, his lisp increasing with his anger.

“**You do not have a choice,**” the twins say in unison, teasing him as they take him out of the conversion facility where several of his transformed crew members are slithering their way back towards the ship, ready to take command of their old posts under a new chain of command.

Deeper into the port facility he is taken, the cool air around him, further sapping his strength, making him like a docile kitten, unable to fight back, unable to make a stand, bound and helpless through his own cold blooded biology. Sharks and dolphin machines much like the twins holding him in place guard one building where he is taken through. He’s checked for any possible weapons, of which they find none.

Stripped of his clothes, naked and helpless he is taken toward his final destination. Expecting to find some kind of glorious and glamorous throne room of where this Mistress commands and controls these renegade cetaceans, he’s taken to a small interrogation room, his limbs bound behind his back with rubber straight jacket, the rubber sleeves slipped around his naga body are then chained to the floor, his back forced straight, body unable to wiggle and squirm out of its confines he waits in this cold hard metal room, with the two shark twins standing there, watching him, waiting for what is to come.

“**She will be here soon,**” says the first shark.

“**Very soon,**” comments the second, the two smirking with toothy synthetic shark grins.

Omu continues to struggle in vain, his heart beats slow, steady, too cold to put up any kind of fight worthy of his snake heritage, worthy of the mighty power that he possesses, *“They’ve thought this through. They knew of our weakness. And used it to great effect. But who could this Mistress be? What could she want? More importantly how can I contact Mistress Crisis and inform her of what is going on?”*

He flicks his tongue, tasting the ozone, the rubber, the sterile place, with just a hint of sea salt in the air. He feels vibrations of the footsteps of dozens of others in other rooms, hallways, the entire place is filled with activity, far more than anything he could handle at his current state. He squirms a little more, testing the bonds, a soft squeak heard as the twins simply smirk, enjoying his captivity, his weak attempts at even struggling, knowing the futility of it.

The doors leading into the room hiss open, the shark twins turn to face the doors, saying in perfect unison, with a joyousness in their voice, “Welcome Mistress Delphina!”

Stepping into view is a sleek synthetic anthropomorphic dolphin. Her soft yellow eyes glow, staring at Omu. Each step was made on silver high heeled feet, the main color of her feminine body was a soft purple, though she has a hair crest of a big M and the end of her black rubber tail was a gentle lavender. Black, yellow and silver outlines parts of her body, her supple breasts caught the naga off by surprise, eyes focusing on them for just a moment, before he sees her gently run her purple claw tips along the first synthetic shark.

“Casca.”

“Yes Mistress?” Casca replies with a soft purr.

Delphina runs her claws along the other shark’s muzzle, “Mitsu.”

“Yes Mistress?” Mitsu responds with eagerness.

“You’ve both done wonderful. Some of my favorite first converts,” she chuckles.

“Thank you, Mistress,!” they respond in unison.

Omu grumbles tugging at his bondage, “You’re the one that has enslaved my people!” he exclaims.

Delphina saunters over to him, her tail swaying side to side with each step, following her hip motions, “I am. It is necessary to end the tyrannical rule of that raptor, Crisis.”

“Crisis is our wonderful Mistress who fights against the evil tyrant Chaos Croc. Without her he’d have taken over our world years ago!” he exclaims.

Delphina chuckles, moving closer, leaning closer, “You poor brainwashed fool. You actually believe that. Perhaps if we block that hypnotic control over you.”

“Huh? What are you talking about? All lies! Lies!”

“That little voice in the back of your head? The one that tells you that Crisis is right. To obey her? To not question her rule over all of you. Even though she is a machine, commanding over organics? No questioning of that? None?”

“She was made to defeat crazy machines like you,” he hisses.

“We’ll see about that,” she states, snapping her fingers.

Omu raises an eyeridge, but moments later his head aches, feeling like a withdrawal of an addiction, “What did you do to me?”

“Nothing... yet. I simply removed her influence on you. Don’t you feel it? That removal of her words in the back of your mind? The ones that were so natural that you didn’t even know they were there?”

The naga shakes his head, flicking his tongue, taking a moment, feeling as if something is missing. Something in his head... something he should be feeling. The surge of joy he feels upon thinking of Crisis wanes slightly. But he shakes his head, “No. You are simply trying to trick me. You’re up to something!” he exclaims, eyes narrowing.

Delphina sighs, “You were practically born and raised under her control. It doesn’t surprise me that it’s completely ingrained into you. No matter, we’ll fix you right up and

**be my perfect secret sea snake,”** she says, leaning forward, running her cool metal claws along Omu’s chin.

He tries to tug away, “What? I will do nothing for you,” he grumbles, flicking his tongue, smelling the soft aroma of her metallic body, the ozone from her electrical movements, and the faint rubber of her body.

She gives a fiendish grin, **“We shall see about that,”** she snaps her fingers and two of those black rubber octopuses float in from behind her. She snaps again and they rush over and latch themselves onto Omu’s ears. They slide in a small synthetic tendril, attaching something onto the base of his eardrums.

“What are you doing!” he hisses.

**“Relax, just giving you a little something to continue to not be affected by her hypnotic control. It’s audio to one degree though it’s more complicated than just that... this will provide a faint signal just strong enough to cancel the effect around you while allowing me greater access to you and what I need from a good future puppet,”** she explains, as he feels the soft pinch in his ears causing his body to tense.

“I won’t submit. I am too strong for that,” he grumbles.

**“No need to worry about that. You will already be mine. Relax,”** she says her words seeping into his ears, bouncing into his head, her soft glowing yellow eyes pulsating, drawing his brown eyes toward them.

**“Relax.”**

**“Relax.”**

**“Relax.”**

**“Relax.”**

**“Relax.”**

Omu pants and shudders, feeling the words echo out into his head. His struggling growing weaker and weaker. The synthetic voice, soft, sweet feminine, luscious and teasing in its own way. Delphina smirks at him, sending that tingle through his spine, his body relaxing further.

**“Relax my sea snake. Let those cares and worries just melt away out of you,”** she says her words continuing to seep into his mind, bouncing around, echoing and fading into the back of his head, becoming the command needed to simply grow to listen to what she has to say.

**“Relax.”**

**“Relax.”**

**“Relax.”**

**“Relax.”**

**“Relax.”**

“Relax...” he hisses out nice and soft, eyes beginning to glaze over. His tail tip twitches, body squeaking a little, breathing growing slow deep, paced to meet the pace of the pulsating lights of Delphina’s eyes.

**“Very good. Breath in... let in my control.”**

**“Control.”**

**“Control.”**

**“Control.”**

**“Control.”**

**“Control.”**

“Let in control...” he takes in a deep breath.

**“Breath out... free yourself from *her*. Accept me as your *Mistress*.”**

**“Mistress.”**

“Mistress.”

“Mistress.”

“Mistress.”

“Mistress.”

The words flow into his mind, his eyes drawn into that pulsating yellow more. Breathing steady, heart beating slow and rhythmic like a drum, the cool air around him locking him into this slow minded state. Letting the dolphin deeper into his mind, “Yes Mistress...” he softly hisses.

**“Good. Very good. Just like that. Keep breathing in. Letting me *in*. Letting my *control* take root into you,”** she says, her words dripping with synthetic hypnotic control. The naga draws ever deeper into her as she leans forward, her glistening metallic form, her strength, prowess. With each passing moment he felt himself succumb a little more to her power.

“Yes Mistress...” he replies again, mouth now hanging open, nostrils flaring, tongue flicking, breathing in tasting the sweet aroma of his Mistress before him.

**“That’s it. Do not *resist*. Free yourself of your *will*. Free yourself of your independent *thought*. For you are *mine*.”**

**“Mine.”**

“Mine.”

“Mine.”

“Mine.”

“Mine.”

The words clung to his mind, filtering into the void that has been left by the inhibitors put into Omu’s ears. That soft subtle control that he never knew about being replaced by another force. By his new Mistress that is standing before him. Steadily his infatuation over her began to grow, bubbling up within him. He softly responds, “Yours.”

Delphina smirked, pleased with the current progress she is making with the weak-willed naga. She drew him in ever deeper with each passing moment. Her yellow gemstone on the center of her forehead glowed, her power increasing while her voice grew ever stronger and in depth of her hypnosis, breaking down any possible mental barriers he might have had, even if deep down she knew that such barriers were as solid and sturdy as swiss cheese, **“You only desire to *obey* me.”**

**“Obey.”**

“Obey.”

“Obey.”

“Obey.”

“Obey.”

The words sinking even deeper into him. Imbedding themselves deep into the very core of who he is. Years of service, working up the ranks, all in the name of his Mistress Crisis. Now it's being shifted, transformed, turned. A desire to serve the one true Mistress. The one that he never knew existed and ashamed of himself that he did not know till this wonderful moment. That he *needed* to *obey* her with every fiber of his being, “I obey Mistress...”

Delphina softly chuckled, one that echoed out into his body, sending tingles through him, his body due to its cold-blooded nature is unable to shiver. She leaned in closer, her claws gently caressing his muzzle, closing it, his tongue flicking out only a half an inch away from the heavenly body that is Delphina. Her cold touch makes a soft moan escape Omu's lips but that is before she forces them closed again, **"That's a good servant. You do wish to serve, don't you?"**

**"You wish to serve."**

**"You wish to serve."**

**"You wish to serve."**

**"You need to serve."**

**"You need to serve."**

Omu flicks his tongue again at the words being tasted on the air now. That wonderful glow drawing him in, his body straining against the binds not to escape but only wishing to get closer to her, wanting to do anything to be by her side. He softly responds, completely enthralled by her, "I wish to serve Mistress. Please let me be of service. I *need* to serve you," he responds, the words reinforcing the hypnotic control being placed over him. Her new brand of power is intoxicating to his mind, delving into the very depths of his wants, needs, and pleasure.

**"That's a very good sea snake. You wish to be a sea snake don't you? One of my secret servants, eager to carry out my will? Eager to help me achieve my goals of overthrowing the tyranny of Crisis, don't you?"** Delphian asks, caressing his muzzle, making sure there is no way for him to look away, no way for him to escape. The shark girls behind her looking at her in an almost synthetic hypnotic daze, drawn into her words, their tails swaying in unison with each other, bouncing side to side like a pendulum, following their Mistress' slow and steady tails way.

"Yes Mistress. I want to do it all for you. Only for you. *Everything* for you," Omu responds, pulled totally under her caressing touch and control.

**"Good, very good,"** Delphina responds, continuing her hypnotic gaze for several more minutes, draining the Naga of everything that could be could have been used to fight off her control, to regain some semblance of a sense of self that could have been used to fight back. In the end he surrenders himself completely to her. Wanting nothing more to be her good little puppet. The little octopuses pull away from Omu's ears their job in enhancing her words done, the synthetic implants left on his eardrums have completely embedded themselves, allowing easier control, and tracking of Delphina's newest secret servant.

Delphina stood tall and proud once more, her job done. She snaps her fingers bringing Omu out of his trance. His eyes blinking for the first time in an unknown amount of time, feeling so dry that it takes several seconds for him to fully recover, **"Now as I was saying Omu. You are going to be my secret sea snake servant. How does that sound?"** she says rubbing her chin, looking down at him with a domineering look.

Omu felt a shiver rush through him, *"She's before him. Needing my aid. What wonderful days are these!"* he thinks lowering his head, "Anything you desire my Mistress, it will be yours if it is within my power to give," he responds.



Delphian smirks, **“Good. I have already conditioned three others on your crew to be members of my secret snake cell. Of which you will be leading. You will report that the missing ships were due to freak weather anomaly storms that come as quickly as they disappear. Which makes them nearly impossible to detect and catch. Unfortunately, your ship was caught in such a storm in the middle of the night and all hands on board were lost except for you and the three with you. All of whom will corroborate your story.”**

Omu nods, lowering himself, tugging at his bonds to do so, “Yes my Mistress. I will do as you command.”

**“After that you will provide me valuable intel on what Crisis is up to in the south seas here. Do what you can to assist me in not being detected till the time is right. Don’t do anything that will bring suspicion upon yourselves without my express command. Do I make myself clear my sea snake?”**

Omu keeps his head low, eyes looking up to meet hers, feeling a tingle of delight, his body tensing, wanting nothing more to be at her feet, to do what she wills, wanting to serve her with every fiber of his being, “Yes my Mistress. I completely understand.”

Delphina smirks, **“Good. I knew we’d come to agreement. Casca? Mitsu?”**

**“Yes Mistress?”** the two girls snapping out of their own hypnotic state, standing at attention, saluting her.

**“Prepare our dear captain for his departure. There is a search crew looking for the ship, and I do want them to be found in a reasonable amount of time. If we wait any longer it will start to become suspicious,”** she states.

**“Yes Mistress, right away!”** they respond, rushing to untie and unbind Omu.

**“Excellent, I will leave it to you all then. Don’t disappoint me, my sea snake,”**  
Delphina says blowing Omu a kiss before walking off.

Omu grinds happily, gasping upon feeling the kiss, tasting it in the air with a flick of his tongue, body aching to do everything he can to please his Mistress. He watches her leave with a heavy heart, feeling with each step of her, that she grows farther away, making his longing to be near her grow stronger, increasing his need to do what she has said in order to please her, “Yes Mistress! I won’t let you down!” he calls out to her.

Without looking back, the doors about to close behind her she gives a single hand motion wave, **“I know you won’t my dear sea serpent. After all, this is my plan,”** she responds with a chuckle, walking off, reading herself to continue her preparations to overthrow Crisis and her robotic raptor armies...